

VOL. CLXVIII.

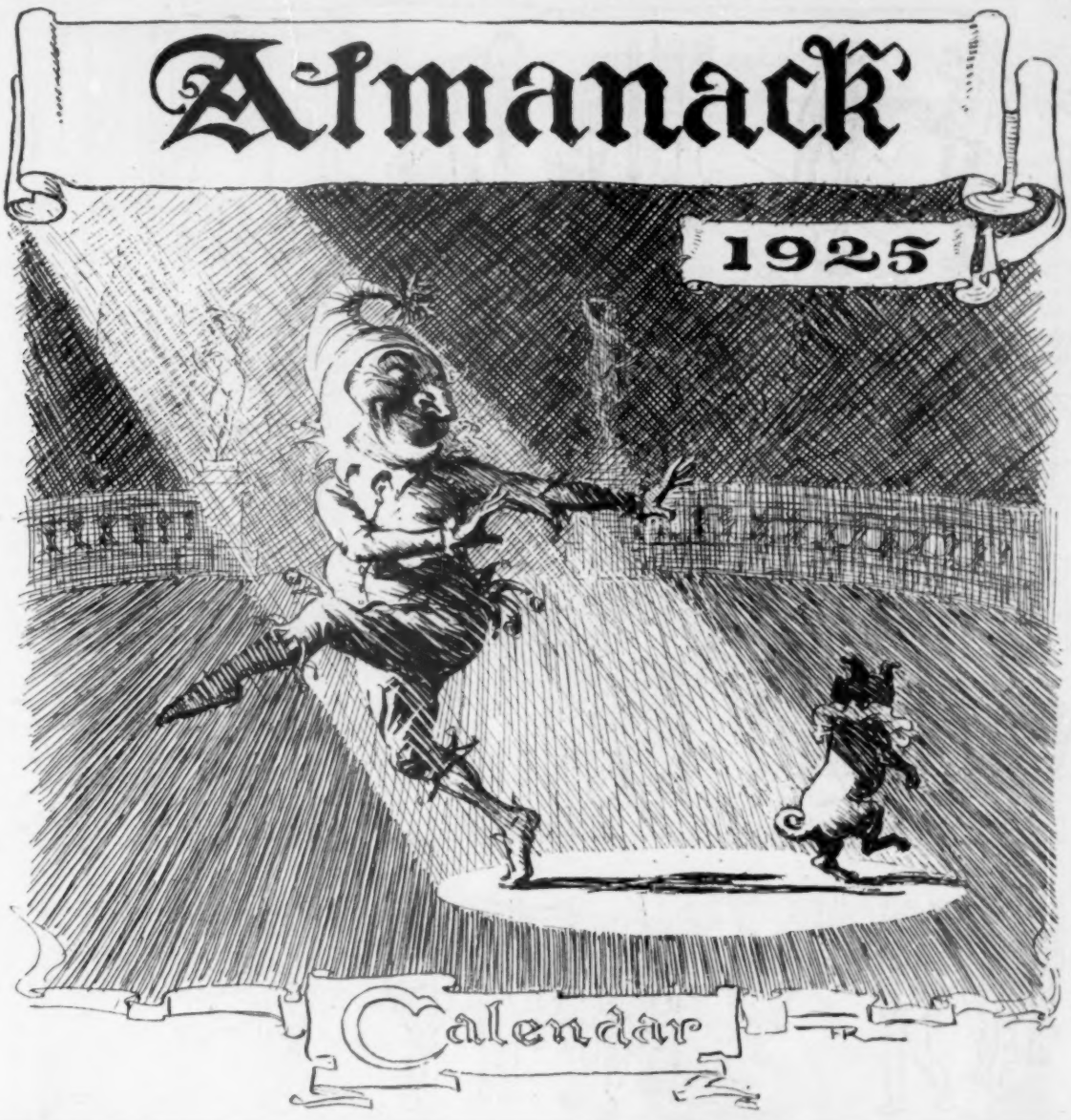
LONDON:

PUBLISHED AT THE OFFICE, 10, BOUVERIE STREET, E.C.4.

1925.

Bradbury, Agnew & Co., Ltd.,
Printers,
Whitefriars, London, E.C. 4.

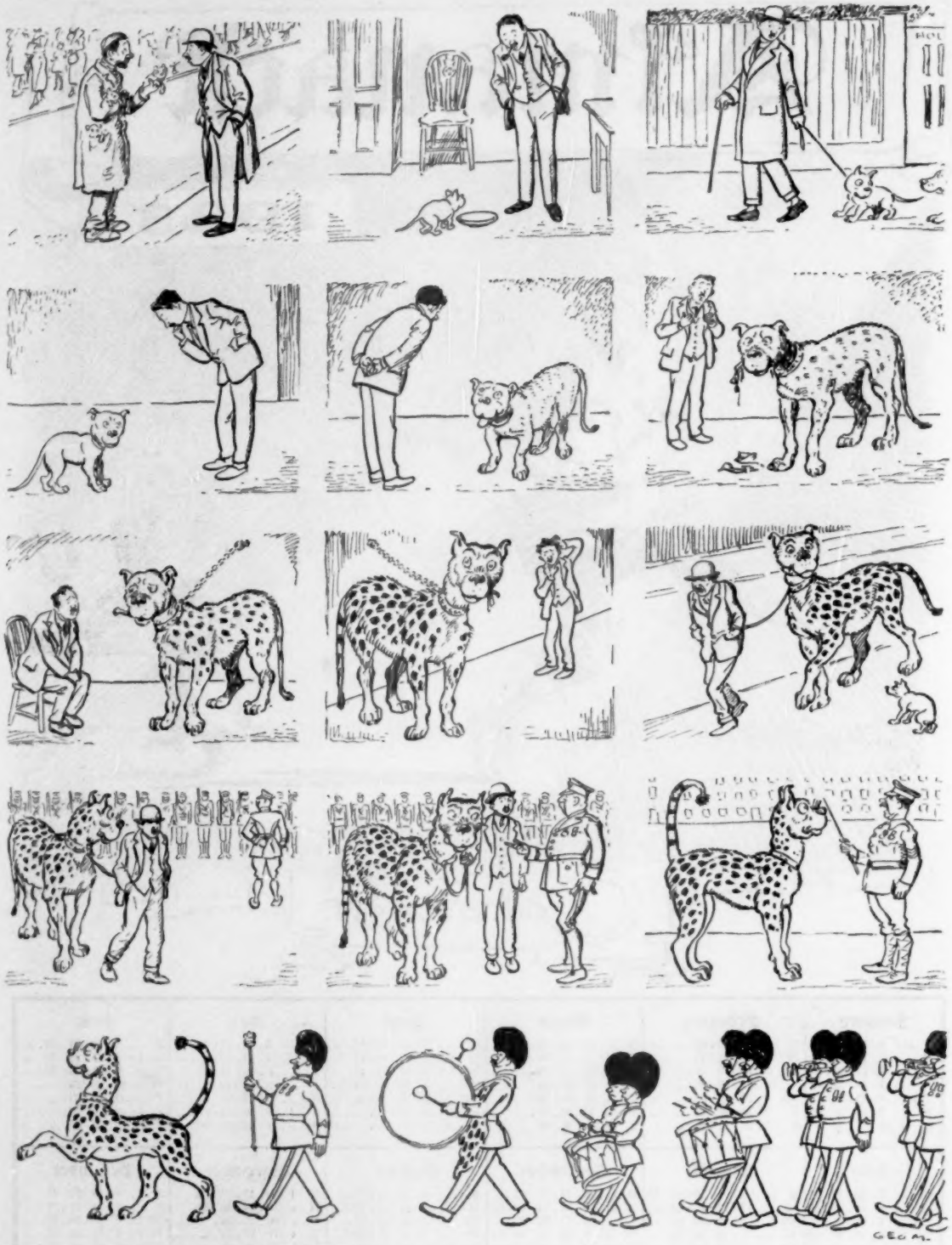
Punch's Almanack for 1925.



January	February	March	April	May	June
S 4. 11. 18. 25	S 1. 8. 15. 22.	S 1. 8. 15. 22. 29.	S .... 5. 12. 19. 26.	S 3. 10. 17. 24. 31	S .... 7. 14. 21. 28. ....
M 5. 12. 19. 26	M 2. 9. 16. 23.	M 2. 9. 16. 23. 30.	M .... 6. 13. 20. 27.	M .... 4. 11. 18. 25.	M 1. 8. 15. 22. 29. ....
Tu.... 6. 13. 20. 27	Tu 3. 10. 17. 24.	Tu 3. 10. 17. 24. 31.	Tu .... 7. 14. 21. 28.	Tu.... 5. 12. 19. 26.	Tu 2. 9. 16. 23. 30. ....
W 7. 14. 21. 28	W 4. 11. 18. 25.	W 4. 11. 18. 25.	W 1. 8. 15. 22. 29.	W .... 6. 13. 20. 27.	W 3. 10. 17. 24. ....
Th 1. 8. 15. 22. 29	Th 5. 12. 19. 26.	Th 5. 12. 19. 26.	Th 2. 9. 16. 23. 30.	Th.... 7. 14. 21. 28.	Th 4. 11. 18. 25. ....
F 2. 9. 16. 23. 30	F 6. 13. 20. 27.	F 6. 13. 20. 27.	F 3. 10. 17. 24.	F 1. 8. 15. 22. 29.	F 5. 12. 19. 26. ....
S 3. 10. 17. 24. 31	S 7. 14. 21. 28.	S 7. 14. 21. 28.	S 4. 11. 18. 25.	S 2. 9. 16. 23. 30.	S 6. 13. 20. 27. ....

July	August	September	October	November	December
S 5. 12. 19. 26	S 2. 9. 16. 23. 30	S .... 6. 13. 20. 27.	S .... 4. 11. 18. 25.	S 1. 8. 15. 22. 29.	S .... 6. 13. 20. 27. ....
M 6. 13. 20. 27	M 3. 10. 17. 24. 31	M .... 7. 14. 21. 28.	M .... 5. 12. 19. 26.	M 2. 9. 16. 23. 30.	M .... 7. 14. 21. 28. ....
Tu.... 7. 14. 21. 28	Tu .... 4. 11. 18. 25.	Tu 1. 8. 15. 22. 29.	Tu .... 6. 13. 20. 27.	Tu 3. 10. 17. 24.	Tu 1. 8. 15. 22. 29. ....
W 1. 8. 15. 22. 29	W .... 5. 12. 19. 26.	W 2. 9. 16. 23. 30.	W .... 7. 14. 21. 28.	W 4. 11. 18. 25.	W 2. 9. 16. 23. 30. ....
Th 2. 9. 16. 23. 30	Th .... 6. 13. 20. 27.	Th 3. 10. 17. 24.	Th 1. 8. 15. 22. 29.	Th 5. 12. 19. 26.	Th 3. 10. 17. 24. 31. ....
F 3. 10. 17. 24. 31	F .... 7. 14. 21. 28.	F 4. 11. 18. 25.	F 2. 9. 16. 23. 30.	F 6. 13. 20. 27.	F 4. 11. 18. 25. ....
S 4. 11. 18. 25.	S 1. 8. 15. 22. 29.	S 5. 12. 19. 26.	S 3. 10. 17. 24. 31.	S 7. 14. 21. 28.	S 5. 12. 19. 26. ....

Punch's Almanack for 1925.



THE PUP WHO MADE GOOD.

Punch's Almanack for 1925.

UNDER THE MISTLETOE WITH THE AUTHORS.



Ethel M. Dell.



Robert Hichens.



H. de Vere Stacpoole.



William le Queux.

Punch's Almanack for 1925.

JUSTIFIABLE HOMICIDE.



"HULLO! CAN I COME IN? NOT BUSY, ARE YOU?—



"I 'VE GOT A MOST AWFULLY FUNNY STORY FOR YOU TO ILLUSTRATE—



"YOU KNOW MY LITTLE DAUGHTER, DAISY, AGED FIVE—



"WELL, SHE 'S GOT A LITTLE DOG CALLED SPOT, AGED TWO-AND-A-HALF—



" . . AND SIX MONTHS AGO SHE HAD MEASLES—



". . . THERE HAD BEEN A CIRCUS IN THE VILLAGE THE WEEK BEFORE—



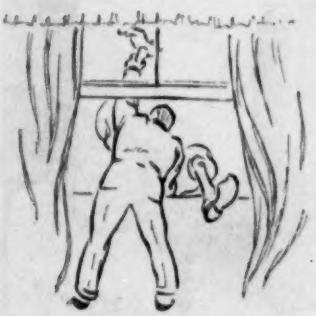
"AND LAST TUESDAY THERE WAS A THUNDERSTORM—



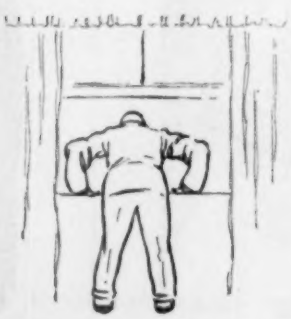
"NOW IT SO HAPPENED THAT THE NURSE—



". . . AND YOU KNOW THE SORT OF NOISE A GUINEA-PIG MAKES—



". . . SO SHE TURNED TO HER MOTHER AND SAID—"

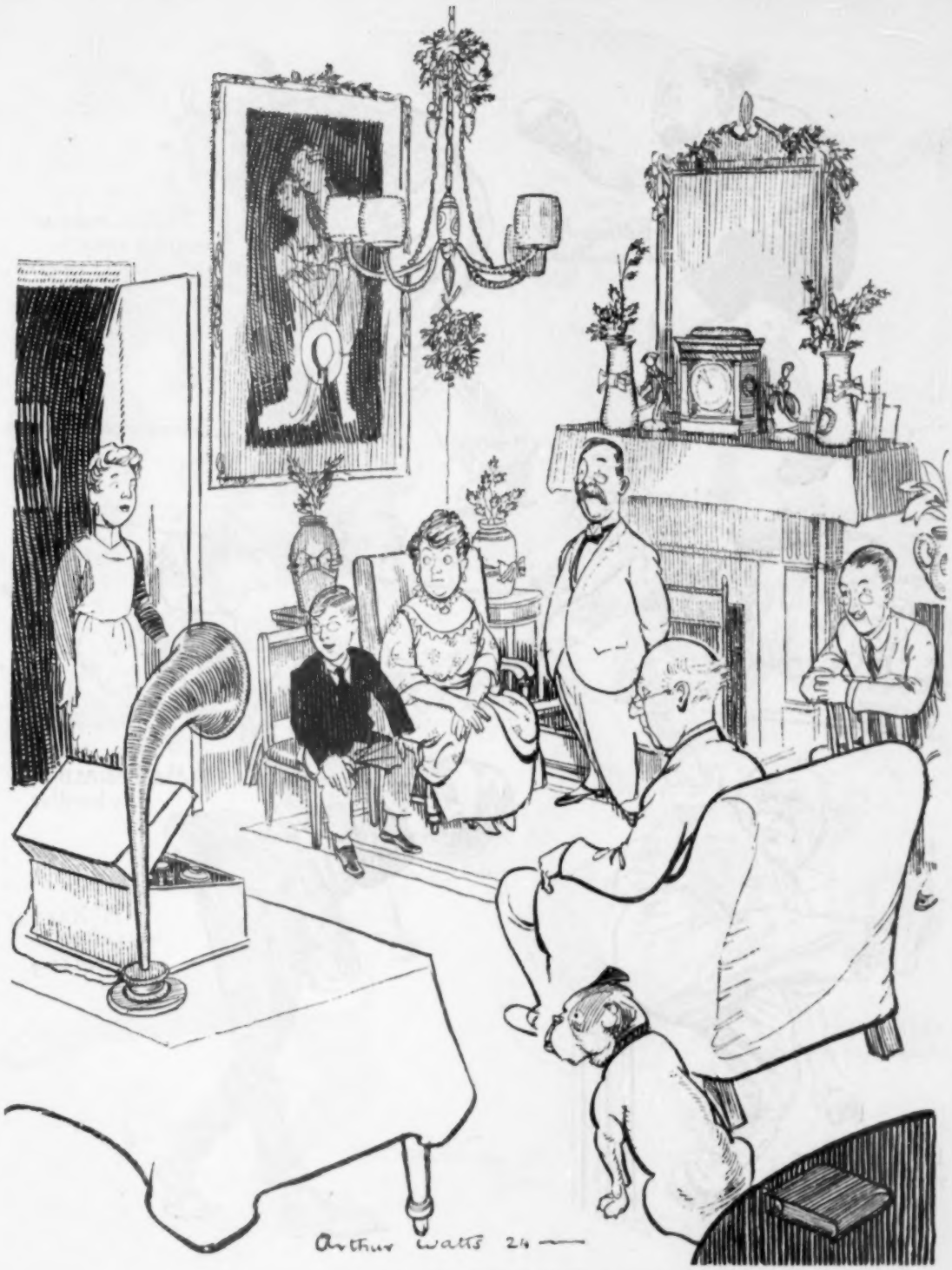


AND THE JURY BROUGHT IT IN—



JUSTIFIABLE HOMICIDE.

Punch's Almanack for 1925.



Head of the House. "MARY, GO AND TELL THOSE WAITS TO GO AWAY. THEY 'RE MAKING SUCH A ROW WE CAN'T HEAR THESE CAROLS."

Punch's Almanack for 1925.



WHAT'S WRONG WITH BRITISH SPORT?

NOTHING WOULD BE WRONG IF ONLY OUR GREATEST—

Punch's Almanack for 1925.



WHAT'S WRONG WITH BRITISH SPORT?

—WOULD GIVE THE NATION A LEAD.

Punch's Almanack for 1925.



WHAT'S WRONG WITH BRITISH SPORT?

NOTHING WOULD BE WRONG IF ONLY OUR GREATEST—

Punch's Almanack for 1925.



WHAT'S WRONG WITH BRITISH SPORT?

—WOULD GIVE THE NATION A LEAD.

Punch's Almanack for 1925.

MINCE MEAT.

(By our Charivariety Artistes.)

THE proof of the pudding is often in the epitaph.

* * *

It has been estimated that if all the writers of poems for Christmas cards were laid one on top of the other they would make a pile as high as the Albert Memorial—and almost as dreadful.

* * *

It is said that the turkey is a chivalrous bird, but we place no faith in the rumour that one on a slab in Leadenhall market offered his seat to a lady friend who was straphanging above.

* * *

The custom of dropping coins into the Christmas pudding mixture is not without its risks. Last year a burglar broke into our neighbour's pudding and made off with sixpence.

* * *

Too many cooks spoil the Christmas dinner. Far too many.

* * *

A composer says that we need more defiance to authority in modern music. But has he ever seen the waits performing outside a police-station?

* * *

People this year are buying all mechanical toys in duplicate, so that the children will be able to play at the same time.

* * *

The guard of a London train has a pet parrot which he carries in his pocket. We understand that, though often harassed by questions from nervous passengers, he has never inadvertently wiped his brow with the bird.

* * *

Carol-singers are dying out, we read. This explains why they sound like that.

* * *

It is reported that the Mince-Pie Smelters Union has declared a strike against the introduction of overtime in the casting foundries.

Tradition has it that SEBASTIAN CABOT brought the first turkey to England from America. So *that*'s why he went there.

* * *

Several of the inmates of the Zoo have been broadcast. A pantomime comedian is said to have experienced an unfamiliar thrill when listening-in to the laughing jackass.



Editor. "UM—NOT A BAD DRAWING. BUT WHEN THIS JOKE ORIGINATED POLICEMEN WORE TOP-HATS."

The effective tactics of the All Blacks are certain to be imitated in this country. Already we hear of a pack of ladies who are practising the 2—3—2 scrum formation for the January sales.

* * *

Several reports of bogies have been circulated lately. The only one to which we attach any credence is that of the water-kelpie which is said to have been observed in a vat of whisky.

* * *

Painters working on their backs or in other awkward positions on Charing Cross Bridge receive two shillings a day extra pay. Chelsea painters, on the other hand, complain that they don't get a penny more for working even while standing on their heads.

* * *

The Bristol man who admitted that he had been convicted more than a hundred times hopes to be out towards the end of the year, in time to call at the police-station for his Christmas-box.

* * *

Things seem to be settling down at last. We haven't had a General Election for nearly a week.

Christmas is a time of good-will, and so we sincerely hope that the lady (from Colombia) whose troubles are so poignantly set out in the letter of which we append a transcript will have been appeased by that date:—

"MISTER MAJOR ADMINISTRADOR GENERAL.

RESPECTED MR. MAJOR,—I molest you with the request that you attend the matter of my donkey horse, which a train kill on your respectable railway on the 6th of the past month of July.

I already send my two daughters twins to see the Superintendant and the Secretary, but with no good result.

That donkey horse I esteem in $20.00 (twenty pesos) and I suplicate you attend my request, it die by be hit by Engine No. 16 on the afternoon of that day and yet I have not received the $20.00 I ask.

My twins they tell me that the respected Secretary says we have no right of claim, because the donkey horse die in the Station of San Juan de Dios, but I am convinced, Mr. Major, that this is some error, because I esteem that beast in $20.00 and I request that you give this sum to my girls bearers of this letter.

You will please excuse the many molestations I have made to you and your respectable subalterns and I ask that you attend these twins so pertinacious.

Your humble servant, ——"

From a sale catalogue:—

"A few odd black elderly ladies' silk Afternoon Blouses."

We hope this does not mean that the odd black elderly ladies are returning to the primitive.

Punch's Almanack for 1925.

THE GROWTH OF ASSURANCE.

A young lady's accomplishments through four generations.



1850.



1875.

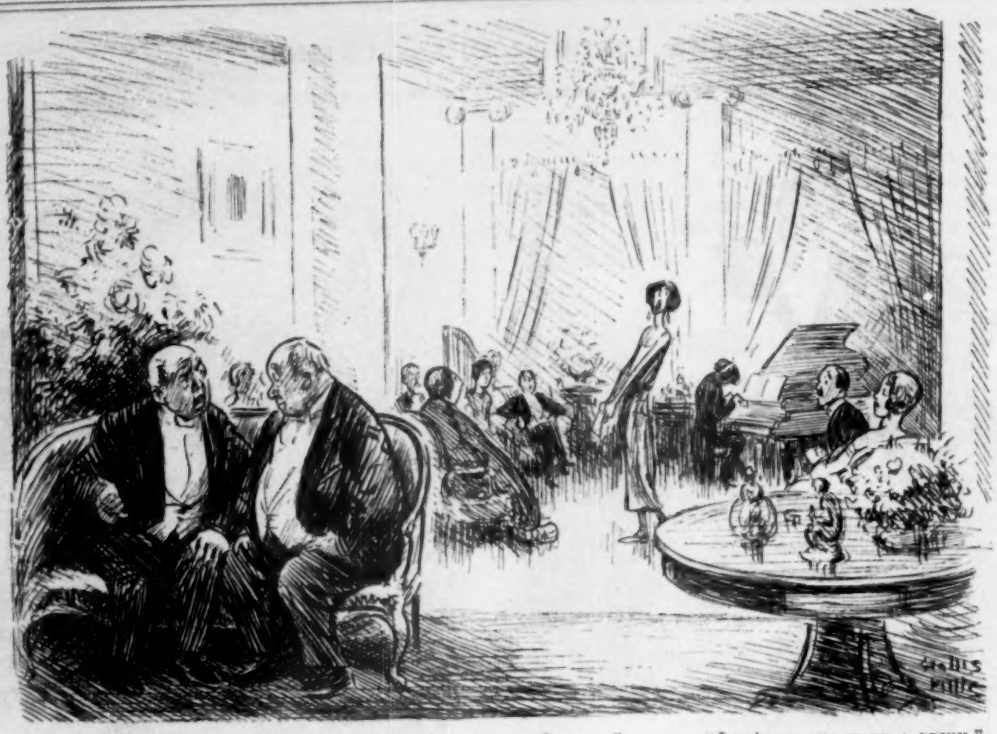


1900.



To-day.

Punch's Almanack for 1925.



"FOND OF MUSIC?" "OH, YES. AND YOU?" "OH, YES." "LET'S GO AND HAVE A DRINK."



Friend (to young man who has found a lady's fan). "I THINK I KNOW WHO LOST IT. THAT AWFULLY PLAIN GIRL—SAW HER LOOKING ALL OVER THE PLACE."

Young Man. "DON'T THINK SO, OLD MAN. I FEEL CERTAIN IT MUST BELONG TO THIS PRETTY GIRL I'VE BEEN WANTING TO TALK TO ALL THE EVENING."

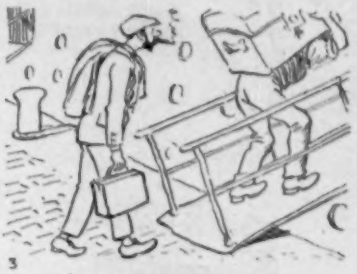
Punch's Almanack for 1925.

No. 1. *Entomologist.* "NOW, REMEMBER! I WANT A GOOD SPECIMEN OF HELICONIUS CHARITONIUS."



1


2


3


4


5


6


7


8


9


10


11


12


13

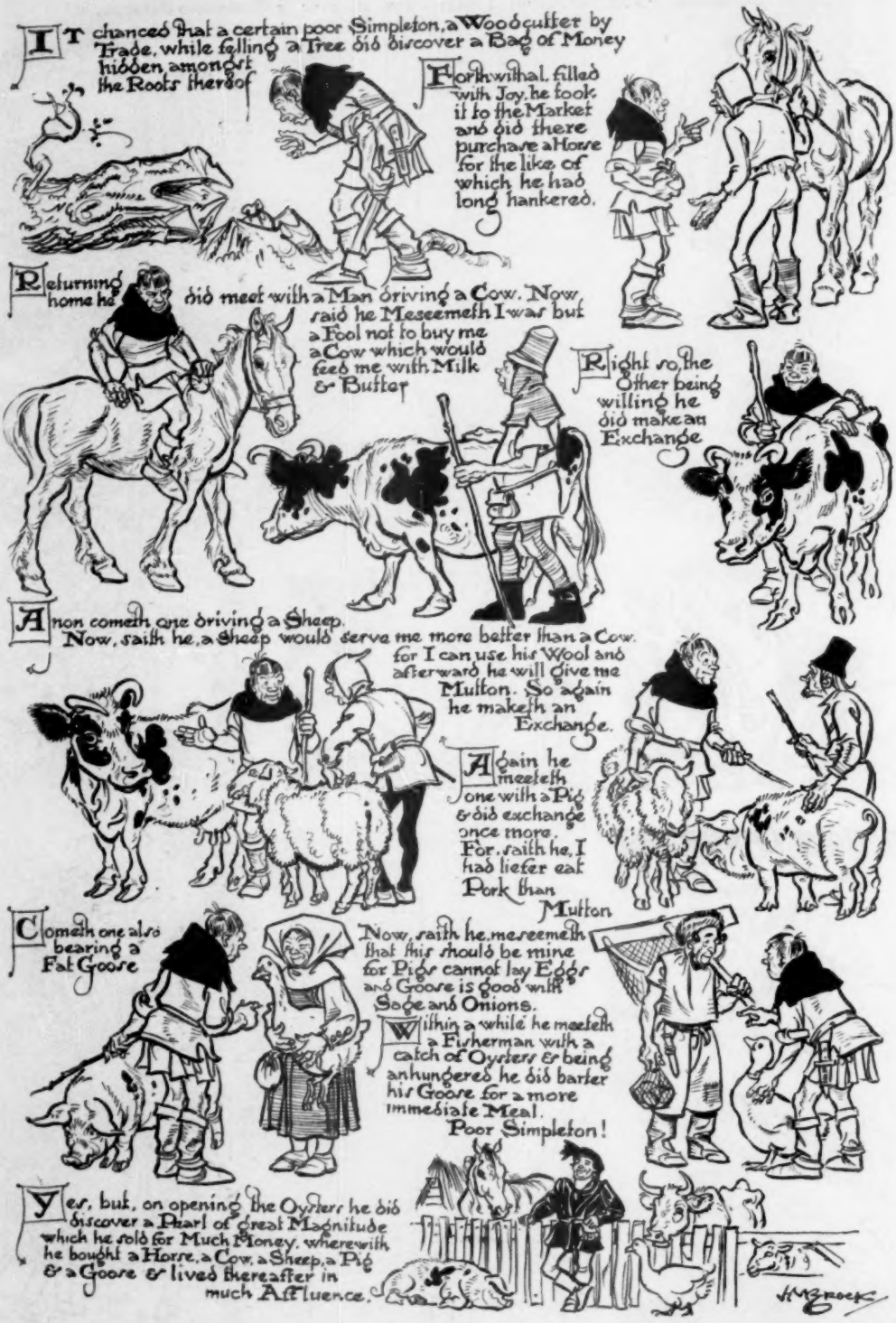

14



15

No. 15. *Entomologist* (*very cross*). "I SAID DISTINCTLY I WANTED A HELICONIUS *CHARITONIUS*, AND HERE YOU 'VE BROUGHT A HELICONIUS *SYLVANUS!* WHY DIDN'T YOU WRITE IT DOWN?"

Punch's Almanack for 1925.



A STORY WITHOUT A MORAL.



SANTA CLAUS

"IN Lapland where the reindeer grow
There is a huge amount of snow."
"Dear father! is that all you know?"

* * * * *

The up-to-date and modern child
Does not consent to be beguiled
With mere romance on Christmas-time
Made up in prose, still less in rhyme;
But when the tinkling sleighbells sound
And Santa Claus comes on his round—
Remembering from his Nature-books
Far more than how the reindeer looks—
He bids his brother rise from bed
And knocks some sense into his head.

"Consider, Conrad," he observes,
"The palmate antlers with their curves,
The heavy structure and the bland eye
Of these *Rangiferi tarandi*.
How fitted are the hairy hoofs
For running swiftly over roofs!
How suitable the hairy nose
To prod with in the Lapland snows
For lichens which replace the loss
Of summer's food with reindeer-moss!
The antlers of the female kind
Are smaller than the males, we find;
The creature is extremely strong;
The hair in winter-time grows long.
It roams about in largish herds,
Producing milk and also curds.
The reindeer is to Lapland, note,
A horse, a cow, a sheep, a goat;
It gives them clothing, food and health
And constitutes, in fact, their wealth.
To us the reindeer also brings
No end of interesting things;
This train, for instance, which is yours,
To move by clockwork on our floors,
With quantities of extra line,
And this small camera, which is mine."

So saying, the ingenious boy
Removes from Santa Claus each toy,
And nothing less concerns him than
To talk to the old gentleman.

* * * * *

"In Lapland, where the reindeer grow,
There is a huge amount of snow."
"Dear father! is that all you know?"

EVOE.

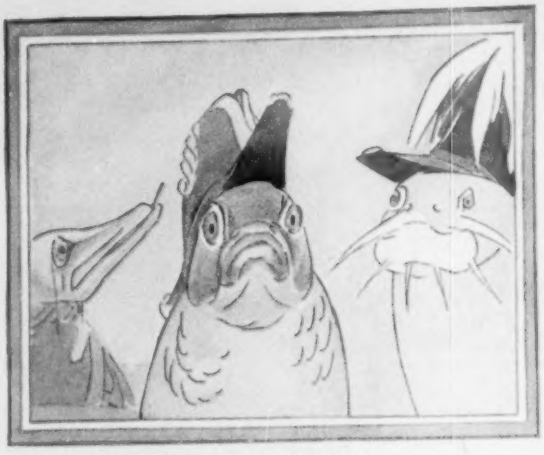




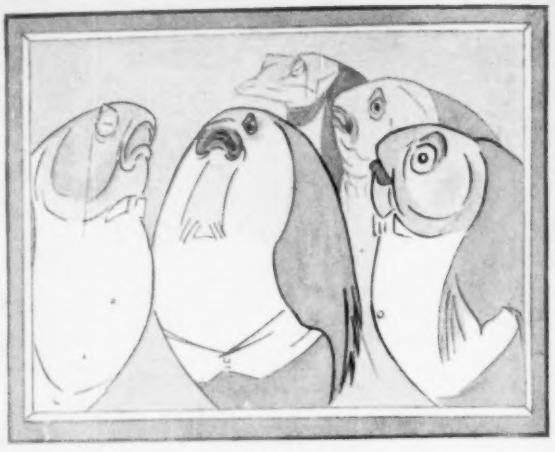




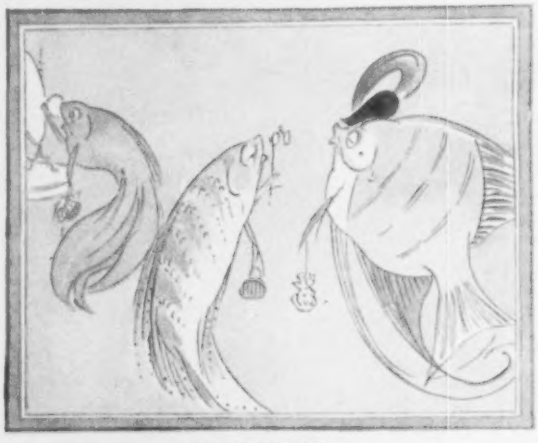
LONDON'S AQUARIUM: SOME TANKS.



THE ARMY AND NAVY.



THE CARLTON.



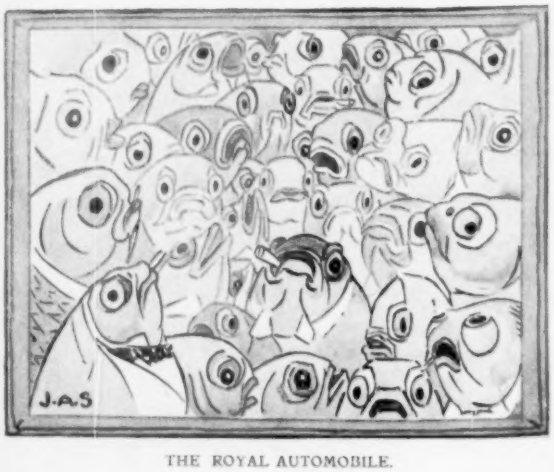
THE EMPRESS.



THE ATHENÆUM.



THE TURF.



THE ROYAL AUTOMOBILE.



NAUTICAL LANGUAGE.

A SEAFARING PARROT, LATELY ARRIVED, USES A WORD THE OTHERS ARE NOT ACCUSTOMED TO.

THE SOCIAL WHIRL.



AFTER A WEARY ROUND OF AT HOMES—



THÉS DANSANTS—



PRIVATE VIEWS—



AND RESTAURANT DINNERS—



PEOPLE OUGHT TO UNDERSTAND THAT YOU CAN'T ALWAYS FEEL IN THE MOOD FOR FOOTING IT AT THEIR BEASTLY DANCES.

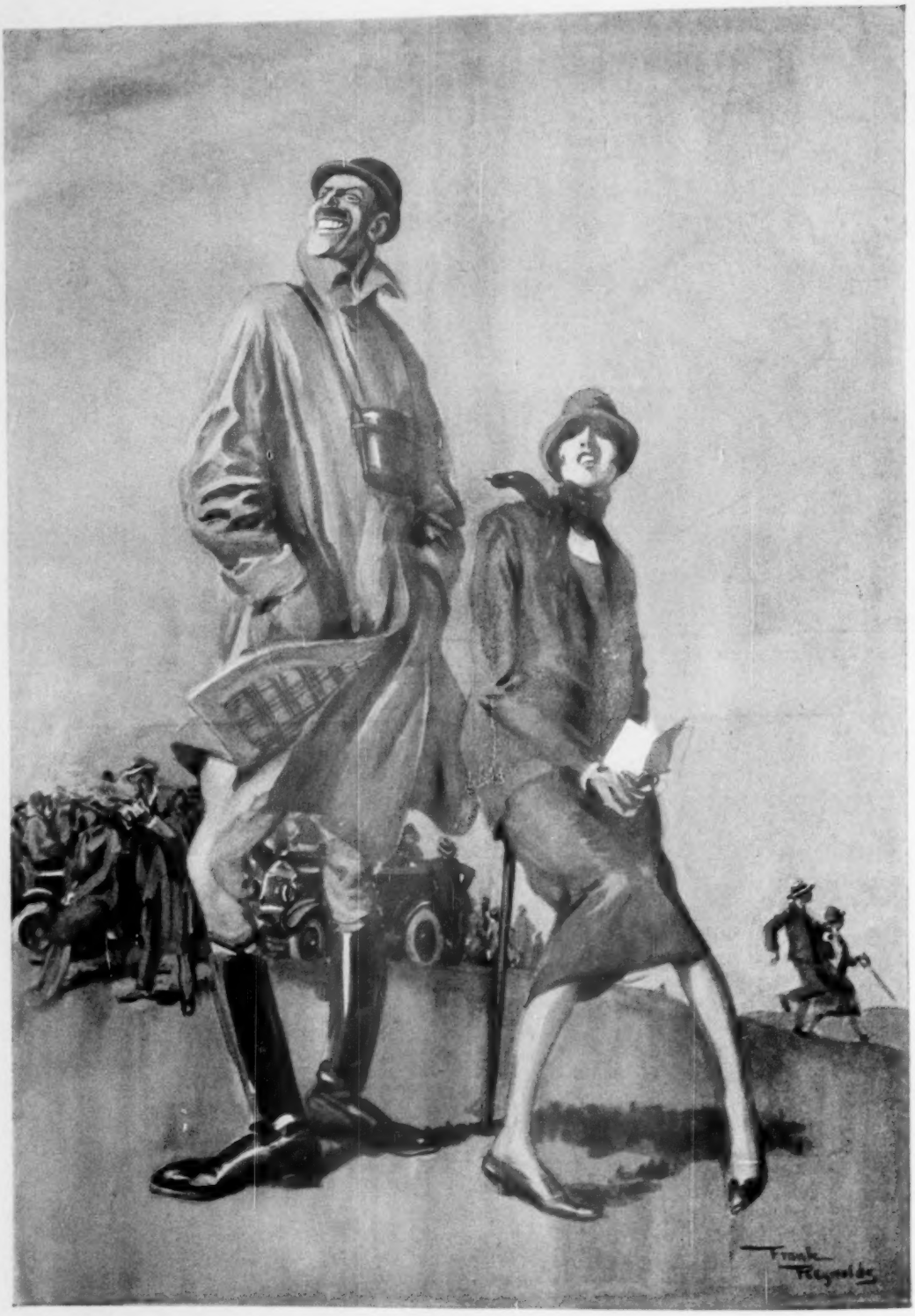
CHRISTMAS WITH THE EXTREMISTS.



IMPLACABLE REVOLUTIONIST ENSURES THAT THE CRACKERS AT HIS CHRISTMAS PARTY CONTAIN ONLY HATS OF A SUITABLE DESIGN.



UNCOMPROMISING DIE-HARD GIVES A RENDERING OF FATHER CHRISTMAS WHICH DOES NOT VIOLATE HIS ANTI-RED IDEALS.



HAPPY MOMENTS AT HOME AND ABROAD.

(SNAPPED BY MR. PUNCH'S THREE-COLOUR PROCESS.)



HAPPY MOMENTS AT HOME AND ABROAD.

(SNAPPED BY MR. PUNCH'S THREE-COLOUR PROCESS.)

RUGBY ACROSS THE AGES.

WE UNDERSTAND THAT, BY WAY OF ADDING DIGNITY TO THE RUGBY UNION'S PAVILION AT TWICKENHAM, A SERIES OF HISTORICAL FRESCOES IS CONTEMPLATED. WE GIVE BELOW A SELECTION FROM THE DESIGNS.

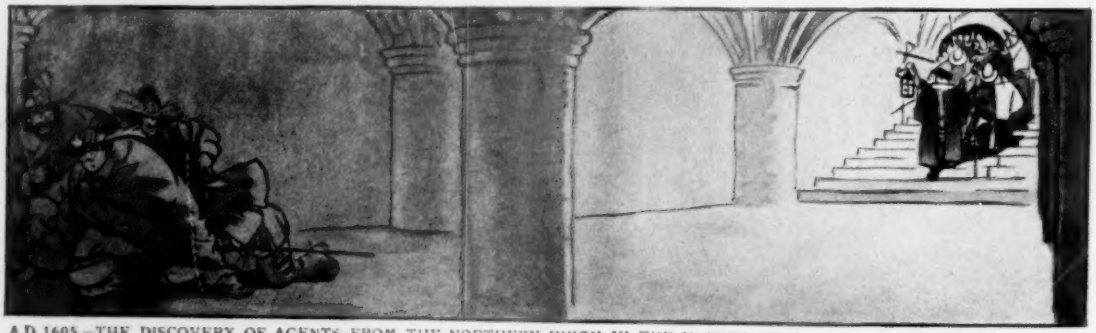
Jougasse



B.C. 85.—THE INTRODUCTION OF THE CLUB COLOUR.



A.D. 1588.—THE DEVON TEAM IS APPRISED OF THE SIGHTING OF THE ARMADA.



A.D. 1605.—THE DISCOVERY OF AGENTS FROM THE NORTHERN UNION IN THE VAULTS BELOW THE SELECTION COMMITTEE ROOM.



A.D. 1742.—THE TRIAL OF SIR ROGER SCRUMCAPPE ON THE CHARGE OF ACCEPTING A PRESENTATION OF A VALUE ESTIMATED TO EXCEED TWENTY FLORINS, NOT ON THE OCCASION OF HIS MARRIAGE.

THROUGH THE SEASONS WITH THE MAGAZINE COVER.

THE RECORD OF A YEAR'S ENDEAVOUR.



JANUARY FEBRUARY MARCH APRIL



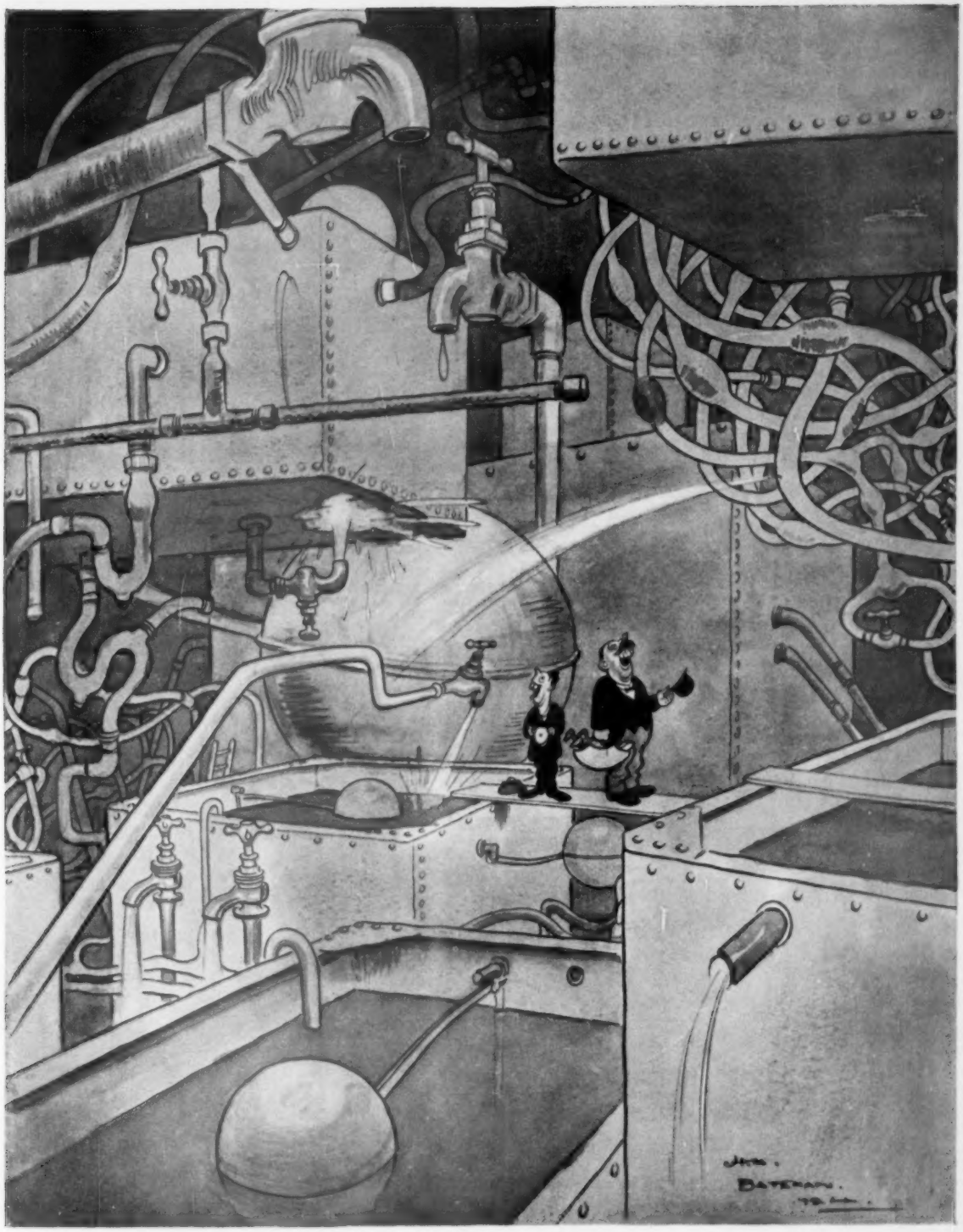
MAY JUNE JULY AUGUST



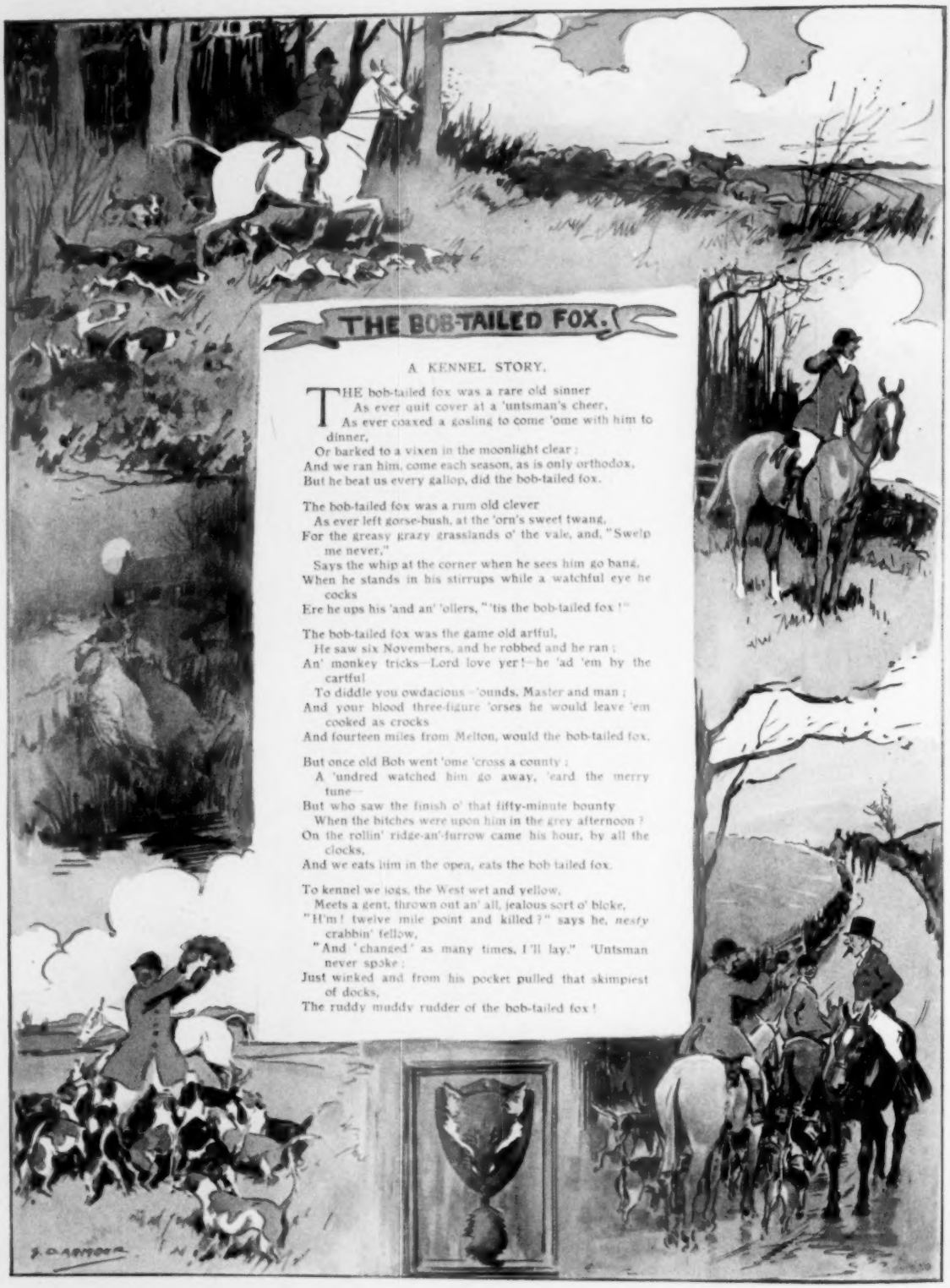
SEPTEMBER OCTOBER NOVEMBER AND THE EXTRA SPECIAL CHRISTMAS NUMBER.



THE DANCING-GIRL'S PARADISE.



THE PLUMBER'S PARADISE.



THE BOB-TAILED FOX.

A KENNEL STORY.

THE bob-tailed fox was a rare old sinner
As ever quit cover at a 'untsman's cheer,
As ever coaxed a gosling to come 'ome with him to dinner,
Or barked to a vixen in the moonlight clear;
And we ran him, come each season, as is only orthodox,
But he beat us every gallop, did the bob-tailed fox.

The bob-tailed fox was a rum old clever
As ever left gorse-bush, at the 'orn's sweet twang,
For the greasy grazy grasslands o' the vale, and, "Swelp me never,"
Says the whip at the corner when he sees him go bang,
When he stands in his stirrups while a watchful eye he cocks
Ere he ups his 'and an' 'ollers, "'tis the bob-tailed fox!"

The bob-tailed fox was the game old artful,
He saw six Novembers, and he robbed and he ran;
An' monkey tricks—Lord love yer!—he 'ad 'em by the cartful
To diddle you owdacious 'ounds, Master and man;
And your blood three-figure 'orses he would leave 'em cooked as crocks
And fourteen miles from Melton, would the bob-tailed fox.

But once old Bob went 'ome 'cross a county;
A 'undred watched him go away, 'eard the merry tune—
But who saw the finish o' that fifty-minute bounty
When the bitches were upon him in the grey afternoon?
On the rollin' ridge-an'-furrow came his hour, by all the clocks,
And we eats him in the open, eats the bob tailed fox.

To kennel we jogs, the West wet and yellow,
Meets a gent, thrown out an' all, jealous sort o' bloke,
"H'm! twelve mile point and killed?" says he, *nasty* crabbin' fellow,
"And 'changed' as many times, I'll lay." 'Untsman never spoke;
Just winked and from his pocket pulled that skimpiest of docks,
The ruddy muddy rudder of the bob-tailed fox!

Punch's Almanack for 1925.

ALL THINGS TO ALL RANKS.

HOW TO DANCE WITH—



A SUBALTERN.



A CAPTAIN.



A MAJOR.



AND A COLONEL.

Punch's Almanack for 1925.

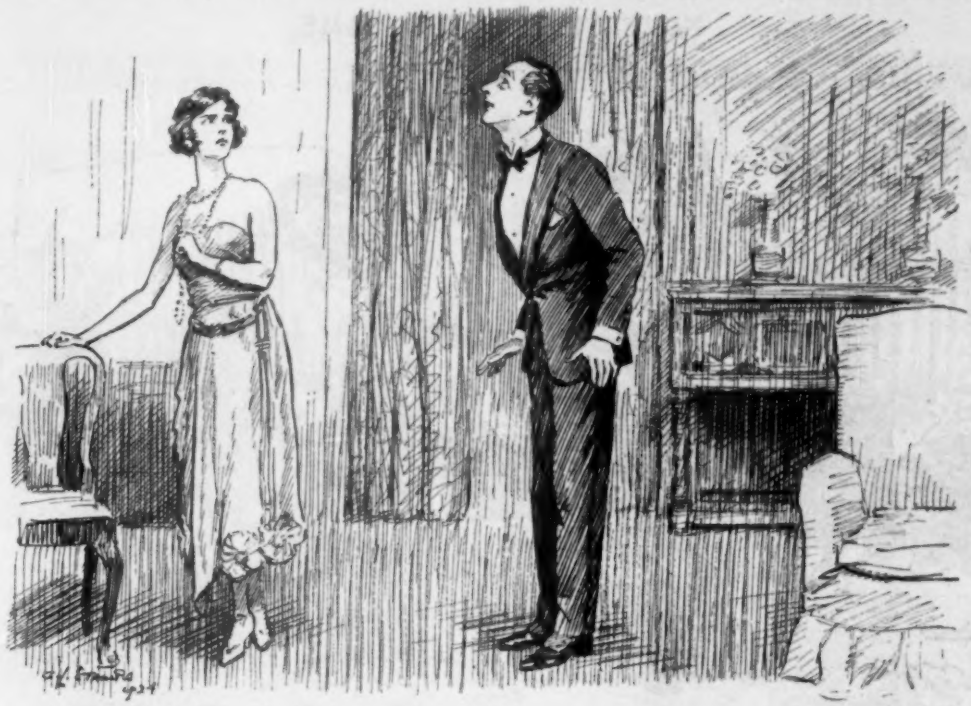


Visitor (after one night's stay at hotel). "THERE'S A SLIGHT MISTAKE HERE. I DIDN'T HAVE ANY COFFEE OR LIQUEUR OR CIGAR LAST NIGHT, NOR EARLY TEA THIS MORNING." *Cashier.* "NO, SIR, BUT YOUR CHAUFFEUR DID."



House-Agent (to customer who is inquiring for a very modest flat). "AH, WELL, MADAM, THAT WOULD HARDLY COME UNDER OUR DESIGNATION OF A FLAT. WHAT YOU REQUIRE IS MORE OF A *DWELLING*."

Punch's Almanack for 1925.



She (who has just been kissed). "HOW DARE YOU?"
He. "MY MISTAKE; I'LL SWEAR THERE WAS A BUNCH OF MISTLETOE THERE LAST CHRISTMAS."



Awestruck Youngster (gazing at assortment of medicines). "COO! HE MUST HAVE HAD A TOP-HOLE CHRISTMAS."

Punch's Almanack for 1925.

NOVELTIES IN BIG GAME.

(For the Blasé Sportsman).



Tossing the Python.



Masquerading with the Mandrill.

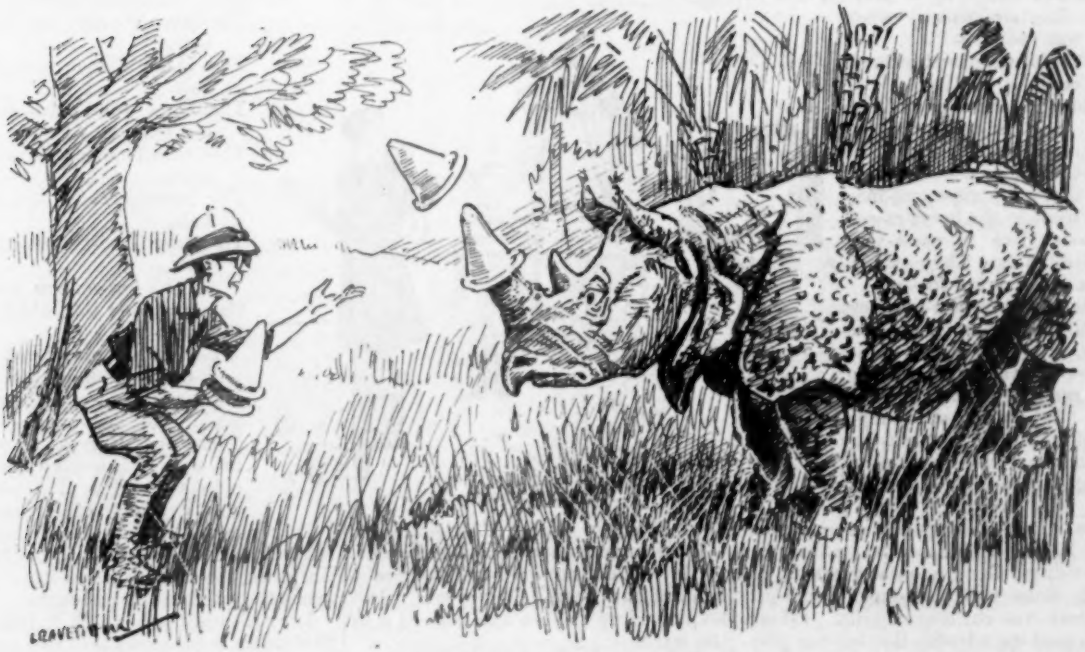
Punch's Almanack for 1925.

NOVELTIES IN BIG GAME.

(For the Blasé Sportsman).



Shingling the Lion.



Capping the Rhino.

Punch's Almanack for 1925.

NOVELTIES IN BIG GAME.

(For the Blasé Sportsman).



Tossing the Python.



Masquerading with the Mandrill.

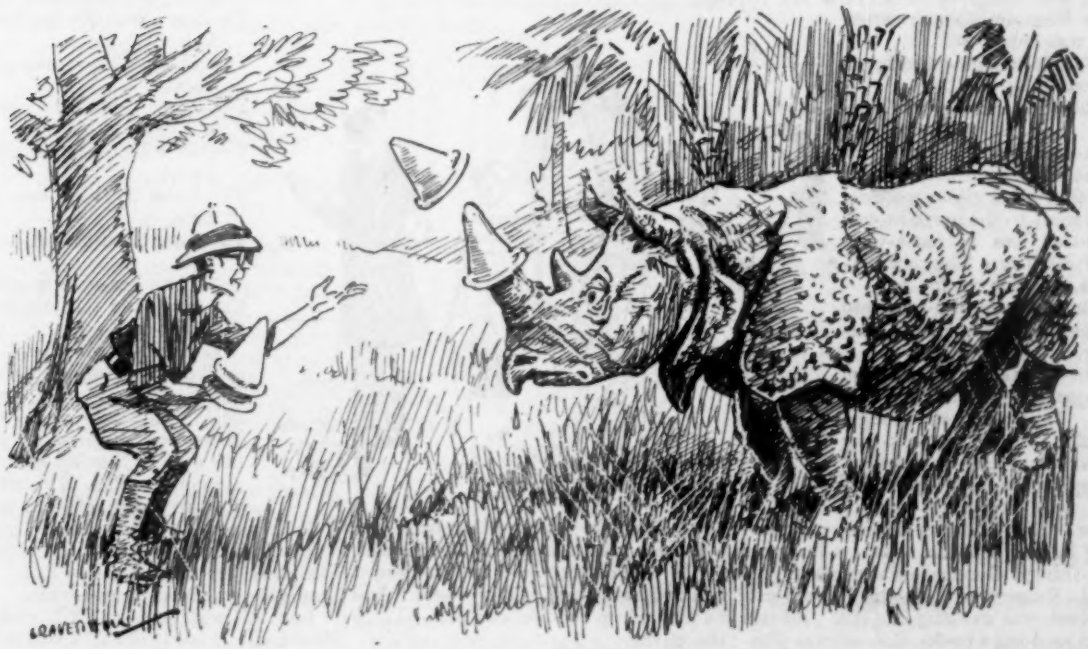
Punch's Almanack for 1925.

NOVELTIES IN BIG GAME.

(For the Blasé Sportsman).



Shingling the Lion.



Capping the Rhino.

Punch's Almanack for 1925.

THE LUCK-Y BA-BY.

(For the Lit-tle Ones. With ap-ol-og-ies to the au-thor of "Rea-ding With-out Tears.")

I.

Lit-tle Ed-win had no fa-ther. A long time a-go his fa-ther rode a-way on a horse. The horse is a no-ble an-i-mal. It lives in a sta-ble and eats straw. But Ed-win's fa-ther did not come back.

Ed-win's mo-ther was a hap-py wo-man. She had twelve chil-dren be-sid-es Ed-win. Ed-win was the least of the fam-i-ly. So he was the pet and the dar-ling.

Ed-win was fond of dumb an-i-mals. Birds and li-ons are call-ed dumb an-i-mals be-cause they can-not speak. The li-on can on-ly roar.

Li-ons live in cav-erns. Rats live in rush-es. Had-docks live in the tops of palm-trees.

Ed-win lov-ed his dog a-bove all. That dog was a big black shag-gy dog, nam-ed Ben. He ran quick-ly. He bark-ed well.

"Min-nie, give Ben some sop to sup."

"No, mo-ther, I am tea-sing a cat-er-pill-ar."

Minnie was the thin-nest of girls.

It was naugh-ty of Min-nie not to give Ben sop to sup when she was bid.

But Ed-win gave the dumb dog sop.

Ed-win's mo-ther us-ed to say that Ed-win was her luck-y ba-by, be-cause he was the thir-teenth. Ed-win's mo-ther was a gip-sy wo-man and went to the horse-ra-ces. Gip-sies live in car-a-vans and ditch-es. They eat liz-ards. Li-ons eat fox-es.

One day the fam-i-ly were sit-ting qui-et-ly in the par-lour.

Ber-tha was sing-ing a song. Eu-gene was writ-ing a let-ter. E-li-za was stitch-ing a frock. Min-nie was knit-ting a stock-ing. Hen-ry was spin-ning a hum-ming top. Ed-ith was skip-ping with a rope. Rich-ard was rid-ing on a rock-ing horse. Em-ma was set-ting her tea-things. Ger-trude was dress-ing her doll. Rose was blow-ing a trum-pet. Al-bert was cut-ting fag-ots. Ed-win was read-ing a book. Rob-ert was play-ing with a bee. Their mo-ther was eat-ing liz-ards.

Bees have sharp stings.

Rob-ert cries, "A bee, a bee has set-tled on my knee."

And O how the dear lit-tle crea-ture did roar!

"Brush a-way the bee from Rob-ert's knee."



A FEW OF THE QUI-ET FAM-I-LY.

"The bee will sting his fat and rud-dy knee."

"Rich-ard, take a-way the sting."

"E-li-za, fetch a blue-bag from the kit-chen."

"Ed-ith, call a con-stab-le."

"Rub the blue-bag on Rob-ert's knee."

"Bring play-things to a-muse Rob-ert."

"It was wrong of Rob-ert to dis-o-bey."



IN THE PAD-DOCK.

"Ed-win, do not touch the bee."

But Ed-win is not a-fraid of dumb bees.

"If you do not irr-i-tate the bee it will not harm you," Ed-win said. And he pick-ed up the bee and plac-ed it in the warm.

The bee was so pleas-ed that it did not sting Rob-ert af-ter all.

It was brave of Ed-win to pick up the bee with his fin-gers.

All this is to show you what kind of a boy Ed-win was.

II.

Lord Ed-ward was not a luck-y man. When-ev-er he went to the coun-try it rain-ed. He was weak and i-dle.

His pa-pa gave him plen-ty of mon-ey when he died, but Lord Ed-ward spent it ver-y quick-ly. Gold is a curse.

Lord Ed-ward knew that gold is a curse. So he threw it a-way.

Lord Ed-ward liv-ed in a rich den. He ate whey.

One day he went to a place cal-led Ep-som to see the hor-ses run-ning ra-ces. He was ve-ry fond of dumb an-i-mals, es-pec-ial-ly hors-es. He lik-ed hor-ses bet-ter than cows.

Cows live in byres. They eat dan-de-li-ons.

Bet-ting men are ve-ry shag-gy and red. It is not known where they live. They eat gum and to-bac-co.

To-bac-co is grown in Am-er-i-ca by sav-ag-es. The sav-ag-es are sloth-ful and wear no clothes.

Why is Lord Ed-ward sad at heart?

Sev-en hors-es will run in the race.

The horse Rup-ert has brown hair.

The horse Stan-ley has black hair.

The horse Prince has grey hair.

The horse John has chest-nut hair.

The horse Thom-as has white hair.

The horse Wal-ter has red hair.

The horse Cuth-bert has blue hair.

All the hor-ses are swift. Can an-y-one tell which is the swift-est?

Lord Ed-ward can-not.

The horse Rup-ert is walk-ing round and round the pad-dock. He lash-es his tail. What does Rup-ert do with his eyes? Rup-ert rolls his eyes fi-erce-ly. He seems the swift-est of an-i-mals.

Cuth-bert is a dear lit-tle horse. What does Cuth-bert do with his feet? He paws the air with his feet. He seems the swift-est of an-i-mals.

Lord Ed-ward goes to Will Bitt, of Shef-field. Some-times Will Bitt prom-is-es to give Lord Ed-ward mon-ey if he will guess the swift-est horse.

Punch's Almanack for 1925.

Will Bitt said, "Will you have a fine horse, like Rup-ert, or a sweet horse, like Cuth-bert?"

Lord Ed-ward hes-i-tat-ed.

What did Lord Ed-ward see just then?

He saw a wee bir-die.

Bir-die is a rob-in. It pecks the ground with its beak. It drags out a bee-tle for its din-ner. When it is thir-sty it goes to the pump. It lives in caul-i-flow-ers. It eats mice.

Bir-die made Lord Ed-ward think of the lit-tle boy he saw on the com-mon in the morn with his twelve bro-thers and sis-ters. Can you guess who they are? It is lit-tle Ed-win and his fam-i-ly.

Ber-tha was dan-dling and fon-dling a sick ba-by.

E-li-za was read-ing the Bib-le to the blind shep-herd.

Min-nie was fee-ding a fee-ble lamb.

Hen-ry was beat-ing a dog.

Ed-ith was smell-ing a rose.

Rich-ard was cut-ting down a tree.

Em-ma was help-ing an old wo-man o-ver the hedge.

Ger-trude was beg-ging.

Rose was tor-ment-ing a Vic-ar.

Lit-tle Ed-win was tend-ing a rob-in. The oth-ers were do-ing oth-er things.

Their mo-ther was catch-ing liz-ards. Liz-ards drop their tails if they are spo-ken harsh-ly to. They live in drain-pipes. They nib-ble tur-nips.

She tells Lord Ed-ward that Ed-win is her luck-y ba-by.

Was he not sur-pris-ed?

"Ed-win, what are you at?"

"Mam-ma, I am tend-ing a rob-in."

Lord Ed-ward gives the gip-sy a sov-er-eign.

"Ed-win, who will win the three-thir-ty?"

"Cuth-bert, mo-ther."

Lord Ed-ward was pleas-ed with the in-tell-i-gent child. He pat-ted his head. Hen-ry threw a stone at the kind gen-tle-man.

Look at Lord Ed-ward now. Why are his fea-tures so calm and good? He has re-mem-ber-ed what the luck-y lit-tle boy told him in the morn.

A lev-er-et is a young hare. Lev-er-ets can be made tame. They eat sting-ing-net-tles.

"I choose Cuth-bert, Mis-ter Bitt."

"Ten pon-ies to a mon-key, Lord Ed-ward."

A pon-y is a small horse. Mon-keys live in trees. They eat snakes.

Once Lord Ed-ward has chos-en a horse it is as good as dead.

The horse coughs in the night.

The horse is pois-on-ed by rob-bers.

The horse cros-ses its legs.

The horse is bit-ten by a pea-cock.

The horse treads on a dart.

The horse is woun-ded in the an-kle.

"Run, sta-ble-men, and fetch a blan-ket. Groom, chafe the an-kle. Boy, bring port-wine for the cough-ing."



LORD ED-WARD PATS THE IN-TELL-I-GENT CHILD.

The oth-er hors-es look in-to the stall with a sick-ly ex-pres-sion.

Is it not un-for-tun-ate? The sen-si-tive horse is dead.

The hors-es that Lord Ed-ward choos-es al-ways die.

So Will Bitt was sure that Cuth-bert would not win.



HOT MILK FOR MAS-TER ED-WIN.

But what is this? O look at the gal-lop-ers.

The horse Rup-ert has fal-len down.

The horse Stan-ley has stopp-ed run-ning.

The horse Prince is sav-ag-ing his rid-er.

The horse John is not there.

Only Thom-as, Wal-ter and Cuth-bert re-main.

It was thought that Cuth-bert would be dead. But he is not dead.

Look, chil-dren, the blue horse is win-ning.

The blue horse is a-head.

The blue horse is be-hind.

The blue horse is lead-ing.

The blue horse is bring-ing up the rear.

O is it not ex-ci-ting? Cuth-bert has won the race.

Lord Ed-ward leads his ten pon-ies home a-cross the heath.

His face is calm and spright-ly.

He is look-ing for lit-tle Ed-win's mo-ther.

Lord Ed-ward said, "I want lit-tle Ed-win to live with me al-ways and bring me good for-tune."

Ed-win's mo-ther look-ed at her fam-i-ly with a gloom-y smile. For Ed-win is the pet and the dar-ling.

Lord Ed-ward said, "I will give you a thou-sand pounds."

Ed-win's mo-ther was pleas-ed, and she let Ed-win go a-way with the sa-ga-cious no-ble-man.

But, of course, no mon-ey could make up for the loss of her dar-ling.

What sort of eyes have rob-ins?
Cun-ning eyes.
What sort of eyes have no-ble-men?
Sa-ga-cious eyes.
What sort of eyes have mo-thers?
Ten-der eyes.
What sort of eyes have book-mak-ers?
Av-ar-ic-ious eyes.

(*NOTE.—Let the Child be-gin the stor-y a-gain if It likes.*)

III.

So Ed-win went to live in Lord Ed-ward's rich den and had ev-er-y-thing he wan-ted.

Lord Ed-ward call-ed him his Mas-cot.

A mas-cot is an Aus-tra-li-an wolf. It lives in ponds. It eats wa-ter-lil-ies.

"But-ler, bring hot milk for Mas-ter Ed-win."

"Foot-man, place cush-ions for Mas-ter Ed-win."

"Scul-li-on, po-lish Mas-ter Ed-win's boots and gai-ters."

"Ma-ry, are the sheets well air-ed?"

"John, bring an en-gine to a-muse Ed-win."

"Giles, tel-e-graph for the hab-er-dash-er."

Hab-er-dash-ers are quite round. They live in for-ests.

For man-y months Ed-win brought Lord Ed-ward good for-tune.

When-ev-er he guess-es which horse

Punch's Almanack for 1925.

will win he guess-es right, for Ed-win tells him be-fore the race.

When-ev-er he goes to the coun-try the pret-ty sun shines. Girls pluck snow-drops. Gar-dens are full of nas-turt-i-ums. Reap-ers cut the corn. Es-ther picks rasp-ber-ries.

Who is Es-ther?

Es-ther was a gid-dy girl. She mur-der-ed a man with a gim-let. She was hang-ed up-on a gib-bet.

Nev-er mind ab-out Es-ther. She has drif-ted in out of an-oth-er sto-ry.

So Lord Ed-ward pros-per-ed.

He grew ver-y rich and wore strip-ed trou-sers and a tie-pin.

Ed-win went ev-er-y-where with Lord Ed-ward. If Ed-win did not go with him he did not pros-per.

Is Ed-win happy?

Ed-win can do as he likes. He has a tame quail. He is fond of it, for it is qui-et and clean. When the sun is set, it mur-murs sweet-ly. It eats wheat.

Ed-win likes to play with his quail.

But he would like to see his shag-gy dog, Ben, a-gain.

Ed-win sighs slug-gish-ly.

IV.

One day Lord Ed-ward went out to shoot bears. He want-ed to take Ed-win with him, for he knew that if Ed-win was not near he would not be a-ble to shoot neat-ly.

Bears are shag-gy like the dog, Ben. But bears are big-ger than dogs. They are ver-y quar-rel-some and pet-tish when they are shot. They live in nests made of fir-cones. They eat cur-rants.

How do they ex-press their dis-con-tent?

They roar drol-ly.

All is bus-tle in Lord Ed-ward's camp.

"Thom-as, clean the bul-lets."

"Os-wald, pol-ish the trig-ger."

"John, load the gun."

"Giles, pre-pare sand-wich-es and port-wine for the mas-ter."

When Ed-win saw that Lord Ed-ward was go-ing to shoot bears he was sulk-y.

Ed-win said, "It is wrong to shoot dumb bears. I will not come with you, Lord Ed-ward."

"Then I shall be cat-en by a bear."

"Ver-y well," said Ed-win pet-ul-ant-ly, and he stay-ed sulk-ing in the mar-quee.

So Lord Ed-ward mount-ed his el-e-phant and rode a-way cross-ly with the foot-men.

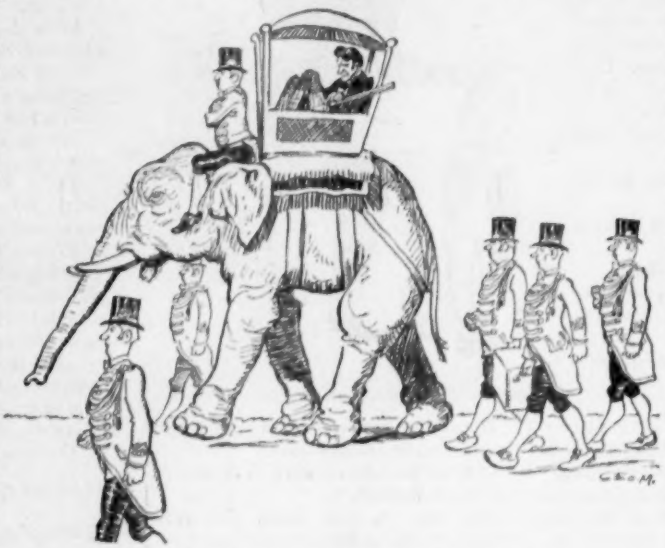
The ver-y first bear they met ate one of the foot-men, who were walk-ing.

Lord Ed-ward shot four-teen bul-lets at the bear. The bul-lets did not pros-per, be-cause his mas-cot was not with him.

Lord Ed-ward came back an-gri-ly to the camp. He was dis-ap-point-ed that he had not shot the bear.

O did not Ed-win weep to think that poor Thom-as had been de-vour-ed by the cru-el mon-ster?

Next day Lord Ed-ward said, "Come, Ed-win, I am go-ing to shoot an-oth-er bear."



Lord Ed-ward goes out to shoot bears.

"No!" said Ed-win stub-born-ly. "It is not kind or gen-tle."

"Then in all prob-a-bil-it-y an-oth-er foot-man will be chew-ed up," said the no-ble-man slow-ly. "And you will be the cul-prit."

Ed-win had not thought of this.

Foot-man or bear? Was it not a diff-i-cult pro-blem for a lit-tle boy? But Ed-win is a boy of prin-ci-ple. He still re-fus-es. And was not Lord Ed-ward an-gry?

That day he saw a black bear. He shot it, but he did not kill it. He fol-low-ed it, hop-ing to shoot a-gain, but the bear turn-ed round and seiz-ed him with his shag-gy arms. As they strug-gled to-geth-er Lord Ed-ward fell off the el-e-phant and they roll-ed down the hill-side. But still they went on strug-gling. Lord Ed-ward went on stab-bing the bear with a dart, and the bear went on bit-ing Lord Ed-ward's arm.

The ser-vants made the bear let go. They bare Lord Ed-ward to a grot-to, and laid him on a bed of wet moss, where he soon died.

Ed-win sits a-lone in the tent, won-der-ing. Pre-sent-ly a nim-ble black bear ap-proach-es, roar-ing drol-ly.

It is the bear Lord Ed-ward ir-ri-tat-ed with the dart.

When the bear saw Ed-win it growl-ed vo-ra-cious-ly, and cock-ed its ears. This is a sign that it means to de-vour a per-son. Little Ed-win pre-par-ed to die.

Then, what do you think? Ed-win put out his hand and stro-ked the bear's nose.

When Ed-win did this the bear was pac-i-fi-ed, for he knew that Ed-win was gen-tle to an-i-mals.

Ed-win took the bear home to his fam-i-ly. They were ver-y glad to see Ed-win and the bear.

And what a hap-py par-ty you may see in the eve-nings now!

Ber-tha is chat-ter-ing.
Eu-gene is boun-cing.
El-i-za is prac-tis-ing her trom-bone.
Min-nie is men-ding her doll's pet-ti-coat.
Hen-ry is suf-fo-ca-ting Rob-ert.
Ed-ith is boun-cing a ball.
Rich-ard is bang-ing a drum.
Em-ma is play-ing li-ons.
Ger-trude is fry-ing the sup-per.
Naugh-ty Rose is steal-ing cake from the cup-board.
Cle-ver Al-bert is blow-ing bub-bles.
Ed-win is play-ing back-gam-mon with his fa-ther, who has come back.

You thought Lord Ed-ward would be his fa-ther, did not you? Well, you were wrong.



The hap-py end-ing.

The black bear plays qui-et-ly with the quail, the bee, the ro-bin and the shag-gy dog, Ben.

A. P. H.

Punch's Almanack for 1925.



"No wonder that chap Cobalt Smythe can beat me at golf. Look at the size of my studio—

and then look at the size of his!"

Punch's Almanack for 1925.

THE DÉBUTANTE.





IN THE GOOD OLD DAYS.

Punch's Almanack for 1925.

THE DÉBUTANTE.





IN THE BAD NEW ONES.

Punch's Almanack for 1925.



SUITABLE GIFTS.



NEW YEAR.

SOUTH o' Cape Stiff, an' the last night o' the year,
In the hooker *Maid o' Judah* we 'd hard an' scanty cheer;
With water to the fife-rail an' a wind that cut you through,
Out went the Old Year and in come the New.

Every ship in harbour 'd be striking her bell,
Every steamer's siren blowin' off like hell;
They 'd be passin' round the bottle an' singin' "Auld Lang Syne,"
An' all the young brassbounders kickin' up a shine.

But the galley fire was out, an' we 'd very near forgot
The feel o' something dry an' the taste o' something 'ot;
With salt beef to bite on an' sodden tack to chew,
Out went the Old Year and in come the New.

South o' Cape Stiff, in the darkness an' the cold,
In come the New Year and out went the Old;
Close beside my elbow I 'eard Mike Murphy say,
"*This* year, so 'elp me, I 'm goin' to save me pay. . . ."

C. F. S.

A Rhino's Faux Pas.

The Duke of YORK was recently charged by a rhinoceros. It is only fair to the animal to mention that His Royal Highness was shooting incognito.

ANT. AND ALC.

IN referring recently to a letter addressed to *The Times* by Mr. E. E. SIKES, of St. John's, Cambridge, on the subject of the longest after-dinner speech on record, Mr. Punch, by an unhappy slip, represented him as speaking of Antinous instead of Alcinous. While offering his apologies for this error, Mr. Punch is the less sorry for it because it has drawn from Mr. SIKES the ingenious protest which follows:—

To *Punch*, for libelling a Cambridge tutor
(Who has his own scholastic sins to mind,
But never mixed a most repulsive suitor
With him who gave Nausicaa to mankind):

Note how they differed:—*Ant.*, Odysseus' foeman,
By one winged shaft was promptly sent below;
Alc., after all the winged words of that bowman,
Survived the drawing of his longest bow.

"A REAL CHRISTMAS DINNER.

Each Christmas dinner consisted of 4 lb. of potatoes, 1lb. of sugar, ¼lb. of tea, 2 loaves of bread and a joint of meat, together with extra little gifts, such as chocolate bars and cakes, toffee, and 1,000lbs. of brawn."—*Birmingham Paper.*

Just a thought too much brawn for our taste, after such an ample dinner.

NURSERY TALES FOR GROWN-UPS.

II.—RED RIDING-HOOD IN RUSSIA.

(With acknowledgments to several Russians.)

Nadejda Abramovitch lived in the forest. Her husband, Vladimir Michaelovitch, was a woodcutter. But he rarely cut wood. Often he could not see the trees for the wood. Instead of cutting wood he lay upon the oven* and read philosophy. He read the publications of a press whose name I have forgotten and could not spell if I remembered it. The more he read the more he coughed. Yes, he is going to die presently, but not in this story. It takes him too long.

As he hardly ever cut wood his family was very poor. It made him sad to see their thin faces and their hungry eyes. When he was sad he drank vodka. The more he read the more hopeless did life seem. Often he looked up from his book and asked "*Nitchi vo?*" but no one answered him, not even the hissing samovar.

Nadejda and Vladimir had one surviving daughter. Nine children had died already. But Matryona had lived to be nine years old. Matryona had a dog called Vasyuk. She had also a red hood and cloak that Nadejda had made from an army blanket. One day Nadejda said, "You must go and see your grandmother, Olga Pepitovitch, the other side of the forest. We are too poor to send her anything but one egg and a teaspoonful of vodka. But take that. Be sure you speak to no one. Do not linger by the way to pick flowers. Remember you are in a Russian story, and it is bound to be tragic in some way."

Matryona was too young to care. She only desired happiness. When she was out of sight of her mother she began to dance the kopek. She danced until she spilt all the vodka. But she was young and gay, and she filled the bottle with water from a forest spring.

Suddenly a large wolf appeared.

Matryona thought he was a dog like Vasyuk, and she patted him.

"Good morning, Matryona Michaelovitch," said the wolf. "Where are you going?"

"To see my grandmother, Olga Pepitovitch," the child answered; "but the day is long and I shall not hurry. Let us sit and talk."

"I should be delighted," the wolf declared; "I never tire of talking; but unfortunately I have some affairs in a different direction. I met a certain traveller, Alexey Feofilakvitch, last night, and I haven't quite finished eating him . . . I mean I haven't finished a little discussion I began with him."

So saying he hurried away. When he had gone Matryona lingered long in the forest. The forest was dark and terrible. It was like all Russian forests. It made you think of gloomy plays. It made you a Bolshevist. It took Matryona several chapters in the forest before she reached her grandmother's cottage. It was dusk. She knocked at the door. There was no answer. You thought someone said, "Pull the bobbin and lift the latch," but I declare that there was no answer.

Matryona went softly into the cottage. A big wolf lay upon the bed. He had eaten Olga Pepitovitch. But she had had her revenge. He had died. Two heavy meals in one day had killed the greedy brute. He could not face the effort of dressing up as the grandmother and answering Matryona's questions. It was easier to die, and he was dead. When the child saw the ghastly scene she lost consciousness and with one piercing scream fell senseless on the floor.

Late the next day Nadejda began to wonder where her child could be.

"The forest is dark, Vladimir Michaelovitch; our child may be dead," she suggested.

"What then? We must all die. Do not interrupt my reading."

"She may have met a wolf."

"What then? Are not wolves our brothers? We should have no right to blame a hungry wolf for eating our daughter. We should indeed be glad that we had a daughter for him to eat."

Nadejda sighed and filled the samovar. Late that night a moujik named Boris Kukushkin came up to the door. He carried a sack on his shoulder.

"Here is Matryona Michaelovitch, brother," he shouted to Vladimir. "Whether she is alive or dead I do not know; but give me some vodka."

Nadejda screamed and pulled Matryona out of the sack.

"She is still breathing," she cried.

"Lay her upon the bed," said Vladimir, "while we share the last drop of vodka."

"But it might restore life to Matryona," cried the mother.

"I must first refresh this stranger," shouted Vladimir. "Charity begins outside the home, little mother."

Nadejda sat down to weep. There seemed nothing else to do. Matryona continued to die of shock and exhaustion.

After midnight a belated traveller knocked at the door.

"I am a doctor," he said. "I do not know why I am a doctor. I find my patients tedious and ugly and I often forget them. We must all die. *Nitchi vo?* But I like to talk; so let me sit at your fire and we will pass the night in argument."

"First," cried Nadejda, "look at my child. She is all I have and I think she is dying, but why I do not know."

"We all die," said the doctor, "but others are born. It is a habit this dying and being born. I have no wish to interfere either way. Come, little mother, and make us some tea. I will look at the child presently."

They passed the night in argument and talk. The samovar kept hissing and sometimes Vasyuk the dog moaned in his sleep.

Late the next morning the doctor, whose name was Dimitri Ekaterina, asked to see the patient. But Matryona Michaelovitch had already expired.

"It is better so," said the doctor.

* Apparently it is safe to do this in Russia.

TO NELL.

(SPANIEL PUP AND CHRISTMAS-BOX.)

Of sausage build and sprawly gait
And clumsy paws at awkward angles
And ears with infant curls ornate,
Your puppyhood my heart entangles;
Pray realise that 'tis your fate
To follow *me*, my slave and mate,
Till death doth part, by moors or mangels.

So please rejoice that you 've been born
Into a world of pats and beatings,
Of hearth-rugs and of bramble-thorn,
Of combs and castor-oil and Keating's,
And rabbits bursting from the corn
As the last August acre 's shorn,
And lawful and *un*lawful eatings;—

A world you 'll find that 's chock-a-block
With interest, or I, your Jove, err;
Where spaniels sit *as still as stock*
By guns in rides or roots or clover;
Or, flying ears and sterns a-cock,
They work a hedge like one o'clock—
Hie in, good bitch! Hie up! Hie over!

And, since the horoscope seems clear,
A glance twelve months ahead were pleasant:—
I see a day, as Yule draws near,
You 've just retrieved an old cock-pheasant
(A rogue that ran like any deer);
And I? I boast to all who 'll hear:
"My Nell, who 's surely a career
Before her, was this time last year
The littlest thing in pups, a mere
Half-stockingful of Christmas present."

"ALL BLACKS 'TEST.'

RESULT TO BE FLASHED TO EVERY HAMLET."
Daily Paper.

Still better to have it flashed to every *Othello*.



A PARTING APPEAL.

BRITISH TAXPAYER (*to* CHANCELLOR OF EXCHEQUER). "*BON VOYAGE!* AND, IF THE FRENCH SAY ANYTHING TO YOU ABOUT THEIR INABILITY TO PAY, DON'T FORGET MINE."



Reveller (to complete stranger). "'SCUSE ME, WHAT ARE YOU S'POSED TO BE?" *Stranger.* "THE WANDERING JEW."
Reveller. "SPLENDID! LET'S GO AND HAVE ONE. I'M WANDERING GENTILE."

DIARY OF A MONDAINE.

Mayfair Mansions.

JUST managed to survive a Christmas at Goreazure Park, which was sold by the poor dear Goreazures to the Pentonvilles when the latter ceased to be Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Tubbs.

There's a story that, soon after Joseph Tubbs, the famous "People's Provider," was made Baron Pentonville of King's Cross, someone, chatting to the new peeress, asked after Miss Tubbs. "Lady Irene Tubbs is quite well, thank you," answered the Pentonville woman. On the situation being explained to her she turned angrily on the "People's Provider" and said, "Joseph, how could you accept a tuppenny-ha'penny title that leaves our gurl just Miss Tubbs?" The Baron corrected her. "The Honourable Susan Tubbs," he said.

But, in spite of all the *contes pour rire* about these new people, crowds of us rolled up for Christmas at Goreazure Park. And no wonder, considering the list of attractions they sent out with the invitations. Sottovoce to sing to us, the brand-new contralto who was discovered in a mine or a mill or on a mountain or somewhere and has never learned music, but can sing the heart out of one's bodice with her sensational E below the bass clef. Then there was Rooti-Tooti-Lal, the Indian mystic and juggler, who sees such delightfully horrible things in his crystal; and there was the whole Kamschatkan ballet, led by that delicious Petroleepsky, the most amazing young Kamschatkan that was ever born in Glasgow of Scotch parents! Also we were promised a Christmas-tree with really valuable presents.

Several of us arrived together on Christmas-Eve, and more than one said to me, "My dear, I'm here because it's my only chance of hearing Sottovoce and seeing the Kamschatkans and the Indian witch-man; I simply can't afford 'em in London." The big hall, where I've so often been welcomed by the poor dear Goreazures, was all done with green stuff. Someone said it was holly and mistletoe. And the Pentonville woman, in a great red velvet gown with a lot of chains, looking like something in the City, said, as she welcomed us, "I wish you all a merry Christmas." "A *what*—WHAT, dear lady?" said Chatterton Soames, turning a wondering monocle on her.

We managed to stick it for a few days. The presents from the Tree were pretty good, but not so valuable as we'd expected, and, as soon as Sottovoce and the witch-man and the Kamschatkans were gone and the Sideshire Hunt Ball was over, we all fled.

The outstanding figure at the Hunt Ball was Pixie Dashmore, who came with the Tally-ho Lodge party. Her frock, what there was of it, was modelled on a huntsman's coat, or a little bit of one, expressed in rose-red satin-beauté; she'd a big ruby, looking like a pool of blood, on her forehead; long ruby earrings dripped in red drops down her neck; she wore the brush on one shoulder and the mask and pads slung round her by a ruby chain. She and her partner did a quick foxtrot and were pursued by other couples doing the new hound-trot. It was the *completest* thing!

We at Goreazure Park were consumed with envy of the people at Sideshire Hall, three miles away, and of Delia Easthampton in particular, when we heard they'd positively had a visit from this intriguing snake-burglar, and that Delia had actually caught him, and let him escape!—"Because he had such pretty eyes and ways." Delia, who was a guest at Sideshire, caught him in her

dressing-room in the act of taking, among other things, a miniature of herself, set round with diamonds, that she gave Easthampton as a wedding-gift and took away from him afterwards. The snake-burglar, who, it appears, is young and good-looking, said he was taking the miniature *not* for the diamonds round it but for "the beautiful face it portrayed." A real serpent this!

When he found that Delia didn't mean to give him up, he knelt and kissed her hand. She says she felt as if she were on a moonlit heath in the eighteenth century with a darling highwayman. She claims to know exactly how he gets in and out again and won't tell us. When reminded that in justice to others who've been robbed, etc., etc., she merely says, "Hang the others! I wasn't going to give him up, and that's that! Poor dear boy! he says he often has all his danger and trouble for nothing, because of people's *meanness* in wearing duds instead of real gems. I hope to have him at some of my parties."

I've had a little coolness towards Pixie Dashmore because of something I heard she said of me at the Fancy Fair and *Thé Dansant* in aid of the Dismal and Desperate. The vanity-bag and vanity-case being a bit out, I keep my vanities (there's such a lot of them now, the freckler, the dimpler, the eye-brightener, as well as the lip-stick, the face-puff and the back-puff) in a long silk tassel hanging from one of my fingers, and I hear that when I came into the Fair someone said to Pixie, "What a 'normously long finger-tassel Sylvia Dolgelly wears! Wonder what she keeps in it;" and that Pixie replied, "Her past, I should think."

I was cool to her afterwards and said, "By-and-by people will say things like that of *you*, Lady Dashmore."

"Shan't mind a speck," she answered; "I shall have arrived in the pleasant plains of Don't Care by that time—indeed I think I'm there already. Don't try the cold-storage manner with *me*, Sylvia Dolgelly. It simply can't be done. I've got central heating."

At my Trifling Tea yesterday, she said, when the Mercias came in. "Hello, Lalla! What's happened to Mercia? He looks younger."

"All done by kindness," said Mercia. "Been having my forehead ironed at Cyril's; so please don't say anything profound. I'm not to think for a while."

"Oh," said Pixie, "I *heard* you men had copied us and set up a beauty-parlour. Supplies a long-felt want with some of you. I shall drag Dashmore there as soon as he comes back from missing big game. He's sure to look a perfect fright. Who else go to Cyril's, Mercia? And what do they go for?"



"I HEAR YOU 'RE WALKING OUT WITH THE POSTMAN, JANE. IS HE SERIOUS?"
"WELL, M'M, HE MUST BE, TO TAKE ALL THAT EXTRA EXERCISE."

"Some go because, like me, they've been wrinkling their brows over these murderous cross-word puzzles. Some go because they've too many chins, and some because they've not even one. That fellow Clitheroe was there to-day."

"Darling Claude!" several of us cried together. "But he's too beautiful for words! What should *he* want there?"

"Having something done to his smile; widened or shortened or something for the next part he's going to play."

"Anne Midshire tells me," said Lalla, "that Midshire is going to Cyril's to have his eyes made larger, not from vanity but as a matter of business. He's been on the film some time, as you know, and is still only in crowds and riots; but he thinks if his eyes were larger he'd have a better film face and would get better parts."

"Some of us have been to our nice little Osteo-man to-day," I told them, "to have our joints cracked ready for winter sports. We were having a small dispute as you two came in as to whose joints crack loudest. Pixie says hers do, but I'm sure mine crack splendidly."

"Don't get in each other's fur about that," said Mercia. "As a matter of fact your joints don't crack at all. The fellow gets the cracking done by a confederate behind a curtain with an old-fashioned rattle."

MR. PUNCH'S NEW YEAR CROSS-WORD COMPETITION.

(All rights reserved.)

IT would scarcely be fair to the readers of this paper if Mr. Punch failed to present them with a specimen of the kind of conundrum which is now ravaging the country like Radio and Schedule D, and has already established the Concise Oxford Dictionary as the best seller of the Christmas publishing season, ousting from that position even such books as *Delicate Sin*, by Bartholomew Bunting, and *Forty Years of Victorian Girlhood*, by Mary Elizabeth Snoop.

What exactly is a Cross-Word Competition? For the benefit of a few lighthouse-keepers, Professors of Moral Philosophy and others, let us endeavour to explain.

HOW TO SOLVE A CROSS-WORD PUZZLE.

PRELIMINARY HINTS.

On writing a series of words in capital letters one precisely underneath another we not infrequently discover with an amazement and delight too great to conceal that new words have been formed in the process if we will only take the trouble to read the letters from north to south as well as from west to east. Thus:—

C A D
A P E
D E N



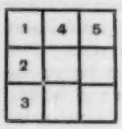
Oh, bother the thing! What we intended to say was—

C A T
A P E
D E N

Here it will be noticed that, reading downwards, we have formed the two entirely new and fascinating little words, CAD and TEN. It is only by one of those unfortunate accidents which are always occurring in cross-word puzzles that we have got this tiresome APE twice over. We are always arriving at apes in cross-word puzzles. It is like evolution or the Zoo. However, to continue.

If the solver of the puzzle had no other task but to read with pleasure and make out a neat list of the new words thus formed, his labour would be light indeed. But the cross-word puzzle is a far more complicated affair than this, for all the actual letters are carefully removed from his sight, and nothing but tantalising clues and numbers are provided to enable him to discover their whereabouts.

Thus the foregoing example, constructed as a cross-word puzzle, would be set out in the following manner:—



CLUES.

Across.

1. A popular domestic animal.
2. A common wild animal.
3. A common place for animals to sleep in.

Down.

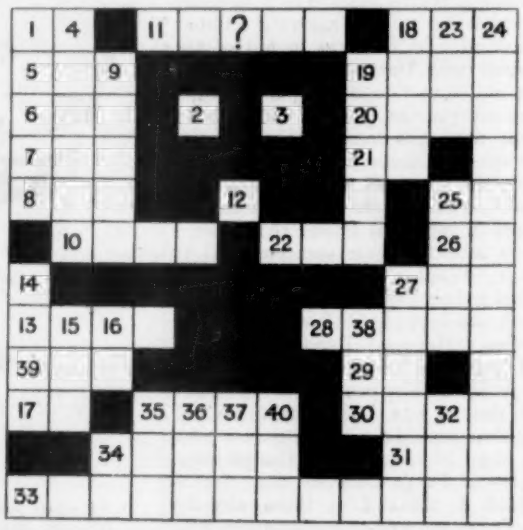
1. A common person.
4. A familiar wild animal.
5. A well-known and popular numeral.

The competitor's task is to place the correct letters in the indicated squares, using a finely-pointed pencil for the purpose; but a few words of warning are necessary before he embarks upon his emprise. From sheer eagerness the beginner's first pencil-stroke, instead of forming the capital letter C, will probably perforate the little paper square at which it is aimed, causing an unsightly gash and completely ruining his chance of obtaining a prize. Nor do his troubles end here, for the setters of cross-word puzzles are not always content with such simple English words as those which have been suggested above.

Three of the favourite words, in fact, used by the setters of cross-word puzzles are ID, which is a biological term meaning the unit of a germ plasm; KALPA, which is the day of BRAHMA, consisting of four thousand three hundred and twenty million years, and will usually be found under the apt definition "a lengthy period of time"; and OMER, a cubic measure used by the Israelites in the wilderness for rationing manna, but seldom, if ever, employed to-day.

Another daunting factor is that the face of the puzzle will be found to be dotted with small black squares set in some kind of symmetrical pattern. But the reader will discover in time that this apparent obstacle is an advantage rather than a hindrance to him. Without it indeed his struggle would be far more difficult and the labour and the wounds in vain.

With these few words of warning let him take heart of grace and tackle the pleasing little problem hereunder.



CLUES.

Across or Sideways.

(Care should be taken to form all words in this section so that they read from left to right, or in the same direction as photographs in the Society papers.)

1. An old-fashioned painter. The Egyptian sun god. Part of a college yell.
2. The shape of an Elizabethan theatre.
3. An exclamation signifying surprise, grief, terror or pain. A spherical object. Nought.
5. Ever so long.
6. The nickname of a well-known prophet.
7. Anger. Day's pay (Cockney).
8. I am (Irish).
10. *Most* unpleasant.
11. A popular Surrey professional cricketer now touring in the Antipodes.



"HEAR ABOUT MARY, MUMS? GONE POTTY! BROKE OFF HER ENGAGEMENT 'COS HER PEOPLE DISAPPROVED—RUM OLD-FASHIONED KID!"

12. Nothing.
13. Grinning idiots.
17. You.
18. The commonest action at Christmastide.
19. Part of a boot.
20. Another part of the same boot.
21. A blow (Cockney).
22. Nonsense.
25. Behold.
26. An exclamation frequently elicited by the sensation of sudden pain.
27. The result of a fire. A thing in Australia.
28. Stop it (Italian).
29. A neuter pronoun.
30. Skin.
31. The inner part of a fish.
33. A person who makes converts.
34. A popular kind of cat.
35. A well-known American university. Lost it again.
39. The common heritage of mankind.

Down.

(*i.e.*, from Top to Bottom, as in the action of adding up a column of figures or falling down a flight of stairs.)

1. Broadcasting.
2. A circle.
3. The egg of a duck.
4. A foul-fleshed fungoid growth.
9. An opponent.
12. Nought.
14. Simple.
15. A popular article of diet.
16. A well-known female domestic fowl (Cockney).
18. Vergil.
19. A thing put on a horse.
23. Slightly fermented liquor.
24. A pretty English bird.
25. Evanished.
27. Autumn flowers.
32. See 31 across. The same inner part of another fish.
34. Part of the exclamation of a well-known giant.
35. The popular answer to the question, "Will you have a glass of
36. ——?"
37. Short for Lilian (vulgar). Small (intoxicated).
38. Help!
40. Pertaining to abdication or retirement.

The following prizes are offered to successful competitors in this contest:—

1. An elephant with howdah complete.
2. A trip to the Sahara.
3. An infallible mascot for Monte Carlo.

The Editor's decision as to whether any of the prizes offered will be actually awarded to the winners of them is absolutely final. EVOE.

The Thames Floods.

"Below Windsor a slight drop is reported."—*Evening Paper.*

This strikes us as an under-statement. We should certainly have expected two or three at least.

From a Chinese bookseller's catalogue:—

"99 Comedies: The Works of William Shakespeare. Vol. I.
100 Comedies: The Works of Wilham Shake. Vol. II."

Baconians will doubtless relish the ham in Wilham.

TWO RIVERS; OR, A LESSON FOR LONDON.

TO-DAY, being Saturday, I walked on the mighty Landing-Stage of Liverpool and enjoyed the Mersey. The Landing-Stage of Liverpool, like the Victoria Embankment of London, was designed for the practical purposes of traffic, but serves also as a pleasant walking-place for the citizens. And there they were in swarms, the citizens and their wives, their families and their friends, the young men and the maidens, the loving couples arm-in-arm, the roving free-lance; some slowly strutting up and down, some waiting patiently for the ferries, some blissfully sunning themselves in quiet corners, but all, like me, enjoying the Mersey. I watched for a long time a little topsail schooner reaching up for home under full sail—a glorious sight. The sun sparkled on the popply water, the seagulls circled round the good ship *Something-or-other*, two tiny sailing-boats bounded up the river, the mighty frightening, fascinating tide swished and gurgled round the Stage, and I longed to be upon the water.

Now the difference between Liverpool and London is this: that if at Liverpool you long to be upon the water, you can spend a copper or two and get into a public boat and go upon the water. But if you are in London you can not. Yet each of these cities was built upon a great river and drew its life and history from a river. A Londoner, however, may be pardoned for forgetting this.

The citizens of Liverpool, who are among the proudest citizens I ever met, will point with satisfaction to their Lyver Building, to their Art Gallery, their docks, their constables, their this and that; but I say that their ferry-steamers are the glory of Liverpool. These stout little craft, miraculously handled, slip back and forth across the fierce tide all day, all night, precise and workmanlike and punctual as the District Railway. Indeed, for many thousands, they *are* the District Railway. And you can see them any morning disgorging on the Stage a host of bread-winners from the farther shore, as you can see at New York the multitudinous stenographers of New Jersey discharged each morning on the shores of Manhattan, a few small stone's-throws from Wall Street itself. And one thinks at Liverpool, as one thinks at New York—"How glorious to arrive at the office by river instead of by rail, to feel each morning and each evening the heave of the sea, to breathe the keen clean air of the river, to catch at least a daily glimpse of something natural and fine and ancient before the daily messiness of stocks and shares and 'futures' and the rest!"

It may be that in time to travel to work by the Mersey becomes as ordinary as to travel to work by the Metropolitan; but I do not believe it. There must be many Merseysiders who do not huddle up with a newspaper in the warm saloon, but walk outside on the windy deck and sniff the breeze and fill out their chests and admire the sight of their city from the water, the romantic haze and shimmer of the morning, the romantic lights and shadows of the night. Surely there are many who travel thus twice daily and, whether they know it or not, are soothed and strengthened and inspired, and feel themselves the citizens of no mean river.

At any rate they have the opportunity. And how great is that opportunity no Londoner can realise till he has seen the Mersey and taken a trip in a Mersey ferry-ship. For my part I am never long in Liverpool before I steal away to the Landing-Stage and joyfully board the first I see—for Birkenhead, Rock-ferry, New Brighton—where they will. I do not want to go to any of these places—though indeed at New Brighton there are real sands and real rocks and real seaweed, real pink shells—nor do I go to them. I stay in the ship till the ship returns, as a man who loved railways might travel round and round the Inner Circle for the joy of the thing. And, if you tell me there is no citizen of Liverpool who shares with me this secret vice, I say you lie.

But always on these thrilling voyages I think, as I thought yesterday, "Poor old London!" Poor old London, who fondly imagines herself a cut above "the provinces," who was reared on the greatest river in the land and takes no more notice of it than if it were a sewer. There is as much to see—or nearly as much—of interest on London's river as on Liverpool's; there is far more beauty, far more history; and no one is allowed to see it. Grown-up men, educated men, men knowing presumably a little of the history of London, solemnly write to *The Times* and propose that motor-tracks should be made along the Thames and London's river reduced to the dimensions and importance of a canal; and they are not stoned! And when an enterprising citizen proposes to do for London what London should long ago have done for itself, provide her with a real river-fleet and bring back the Thames into the life of the people, a set of pettifogging, narrow-minded, bat-eyed old women on the London County Council stands in the way, comparing forsooth a motor-craft of 1924 with a paddle-steamer of 1909, and arguing as if they were the same. And querulously wondering if the scheme would "pay." Good Heavens! do the roads "pay"? Do the parks "pay"? Is there no man in that body with a single spark of imagination or the tiniest sense of history—no one to say, "Our London is not London without the river. Here is a thing which ought to be done, pay or not pay. Do it properly and we can *make* it pay (as they do, by the way, in poor provincial Liverpool); but let us do it first?"

Apparently there is not. Poor old London! The provincial persons who govern Liverpool have a little more imagination; and they have oceans more of civic sense and city pride. Liverpool's steamers are necessities, it is true, for they have no bridges; and there are other practical differences, of course; but these are all beside the mark—it is a question of attitude and imagination. Liverpool is proud of her river; London, it would seem, is not. Of this at least I am certain, that if any Merseysider proposed to make a motor-track down the centre of the Mersey he would be burned alive. And rightly.

Or is it a question of *capability*? Can it be that Merseyside is *capable* of running a fleet of river-steamers and making it pay, but London is not?

Horrid thought! Shall we have to send to "the provinces" for help?

O London! O the L.C.C.! Pull up your moth-eaten socks, for pity's sake!

A. P. H.

PLACES-AS-THEY-OUGHT-TO-BE.

IV.—COLNEY HATCH.

IN the woods at Colney Hatch
Little creatures dig and scratch—
Little furry things that hide
In the ditches deep and wide.
There the squirrels share their homes
With the bright-eyed paunchy gnomes,
Or an elf may be a guest
In a barn-owl's downy nest.
As you walk in Colney Hatch
An elf may very likely snatch
Your woolly gloves to line his nest,
Or tweak a hair to mend his vest;
But when you feel him pull your hair
And turn round quick—there's nothing there!
Brownies, elves and rabbits hide
In the bracken side by side;
It isn't safe to rush and tear
Through the brushwood everywhere;
Gently, tiptoe, you should creep
And hold your breath before you peep;
Then—who knows what you might see
In fern or bush or hedge or tree?
Rabbits, goblins, imps and voles,
Weasels, squirrels in their holes,
Hares and pixies, moths and gnomes,
These might take you to their homes;
For you the tree-doors might unlatch
If you're good in Colney Hatch,
And you might learn before you go
The lovely things that fairies know.

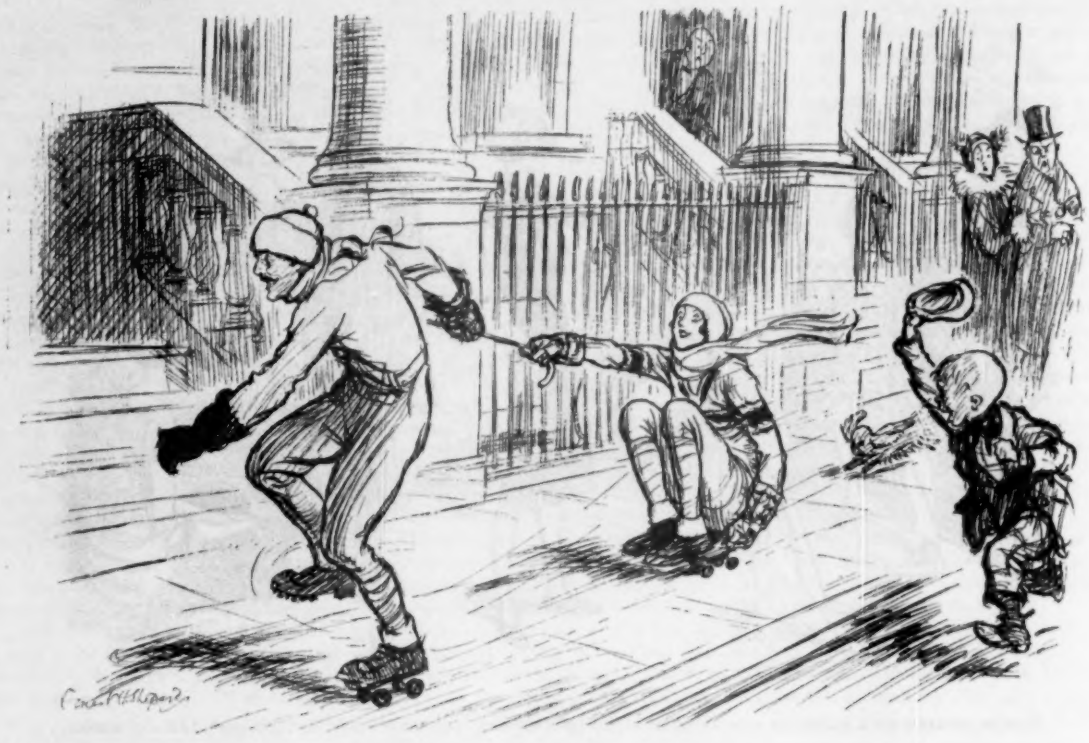
MORE TRIALS OF A LADY OF FASHION.



SHE IS INVITED TO A LITERARY AND ARTISTIC PARTY (IN CHELSEA) AND FINDS THAT HER CLOTHES ARE ALL WRONG.



SO WHEN SHE IS INVITED TO ANOTHER (IN ST. JOHN'S WOOD) SHE ENDEAVOURS TO CORRECT THE MISTAKE.



PAVEMENT WINTER SPORTS.

FOR THOSE WHO CANNOT GET AWAY TO SWITZERLAND.

A FLYING TRAGEDY.

"OH, dear, I do believe that aeroplane 's going to drop!" exclaimed my aunt, gazing upwards.

"Nonsense," I said. "He 's only fooling round against orders."

"Aunt's right," proclaimed my young brother Frank, a confident youth. "His engine 's missing, and he 's looking for a field to land in. Bet you he comes down in the twenty-acre meadow."

"He 'll kill all the chickens," prophesied my aunt in a panic.

We all rushed down to the bottom of the garden and, dispersing sundry indignant fowls, stood in a row peering over the hedge. The machine was tilting and struggling above the trees on the right. The engine suddenly stopped with a splutter, and the 'plane, narrowly missing the two poplars, glided down towards us.

"Bet you five bob he crashes," challenged Frank.

"Oh, how dreadful!" cried my aunt, shivering with apprehension. "He 'll be killed. What a fright for the chickens too!"

"You needn't worry about him," said Frank. "All he 'll do is to drop in the gully, which he hasn't spotted yet, smash the machine, climb calmly from the ruins and light a cigarette. You always light a cigarette. There you are. Look!"

The 'plane touched ground, rushed madly across the meadow and, dipping in the gully, stood abruptly on its head. Then it toppled over sideways and crumpled up.

"Oh, oh, oh, how terrible!" cried my aunt. "It ought to be stopped, this unnatural dangerous flying."

"All right, Aunt, he 's not hurt," said Frank. "Look! he 's climbing clear. Now watch him light a cigarette."

The pilot leisurely extracted himself from the wreck. He carefully picked odd bits of engine and wood and canvas from his person, while he surveyed without emotion the tangled heap before him.

"Cool as a cucumber," I murmured in admiration.

A crowd of small children and dogs and a few odd adults had sprung miraculously out of the ground, and were watching agape from the distance. The pilot glanced at them and us without interest and searched through his greatcoat pockets. He opened his coat and searched pensively through all his other pockets. He repeated the search less pensively. Then a third search, with something of a worried look on his young face.

"He 's looking for his cigarettes," muttered Frank.

For the fourth time the pilot searched thoroughly through every one of his pockets. Then a sudden paralysing depression seemed to master him. He drooped. With bowed head he turned and leant listlessly against his machine's remaining plane. Then he burst into tears.

"Poor devil!" said my young brother, "he 's forgotten his cigarettes."

From a police-court report :—

"YOUTHFUL MOTOR CYCLIST IN TROUBLE.

A friend of the family said he had known defendant since birth as truthful, and as a careful driver."—*Local Paper.*

He seems to have begun very early—with a motor-pram, we suppose.



A MAN WILL BE THOROUGHLY DISTRAUGHT IF HE IMAGINES THERE IS THE SLIGHTEST THING WRONG WITH HIS TIE, AND YET—



—BE SUPREMELY HAPPY FOR A WHOLE EVENING IN THIS SORT OF RIG.

THIS GREEN WINTER.

I DO not think I am more disagreeable than most people. I am almost sure I am not, and I feel that there are those who will sympathise with me when I say that we have had enough of these newspaper photographs from the wonderful world of snow. Still more have we had enough of these newspaper photographs from the Land of the Winter Sun.

I don't want to see Mrs. Ponsonby-Jenkinson jumping over a châlet at St. Moritz on skis. I don't care if she never jumps over another châlet on skis at St. Moritz at all. I don't want to see Mr. Wopple, the eminent novelist, being given a helping hand with his *luge* by two fair visitors to Murren. Still less do I want to see Lady Atkinson-Smythe fanning herself with a palm-leaf at Mentone. I don't know them. I don't like their faces. They make me cry.

Because I am compelled to stay at home and suffer an English Christmas, consisting almost entirely of water and mud, is it right that I should have continually flung at me representations of these persons enjoying their plenitude of sunshine and glittering snows? If we had merely been enduring the rigours of a Dickensian Christmas in this island, with apple-cheeked boys making slides on the pavements, and oxen were being roasted whole on the ice-floes at Kew Bridge, I could sit inside the inglenook (the inglenook part of a Dickensian Christmas is the one which has always particularly appealed to me) and be happy and glad about these ladies and gentlemen at Adelboden and Nice. I could rub my hands and say to myself, "Ah, yes, but how much better to be enjoying a hearty English Yuletide with all the old-fashioned outdoor games and indoor revelries! Turn on the wireless in the barn and let us listen to the Twelfth Night carols from 2 LO. again. Let us have one more cigarette and one more glass of ginger-ale before we take the holly and mistletoe down. To-morrow we will make a new attempt at fitting the toboggan-runners to the two-seater car."

I could feel a certain sense of superiority in thinking of the people who had run away from England if the English winter were treating us so. But I do *not* want to put on a trench-coat and gumboots and go sloshing after my motor-bus only to open a morning newspaper and see Mrs. Ponsonby-Jenkinson shod with skis jumping roguishly at me over the top of a châlet. Even if I knew that Ponsonby-Jenkinson was jodelling while she made the assault it would not chase away my gloom.

It is not that I do not understand about skis. I do. I talked for a long time to a Norwegian gentleman about them during the summer.

"How is it," I said, "that you pronounce 'skis' as if it had a *k* in it? I always thought they were *shes*. Isn't the Norwegian *k* pronounced like an *h*?"

"Ah, well," he said with a kindly tolerance, "the ski has become internationalized since it left Norway, so for your sakes we pronounce it with a *k*."

Then and there I resolved to have nothing more to do with *skis*. I know how to pronounce them, and that is enough.

As for the Riviera, let it bask if it will, let it even be bathed in its radiant sun. I bear it no malice. I only do

not wish to see it bathing in sunshine when I am basking in rain.

Now that trick photography has developed so amazingly, cannot the newspapers take some steps to alleviate our misery in a water-logged land? When I am suffering I like to feel that other people are suffering as well. So do you. Deny it if you dare. It does not cheer you to learn that these people are happy. Even if you know them, even if you like their faces, what is the use of being able to say, "Dear Mrs. Ponsonby-Jenkinson suddenly jumped over a chalet at me when I was pouring out the coffee this morning, with such a happy smile on her face"?

None at all that I can see; a silly trick for anyone to play.

But, if only we could be shown these people suffering a little sorrow or unhappiness like ourselves, I think a warm glow of sympathy might arise. Let us have a few fake photographs, if real ones cannot be procured, of visitors to the Riviera and these abominable Alps. I want to see a picture of the well-known Mr. Mobberley struck down by an unexpected toothache or a twinge of gout at Nice. I want to see Lady Atkinson-Smythe caught in a moment of depression after an unsuccessful night at roulette. I want to see Mrs. Ponsonby-Jenkinson hit the roof of the châlet and break through it and tumble inside or slip down off it into the chamois stalls. And I should like to see Mr. Wopple caught at a moment when no fair visitors at Murren are near, and he is receiving a helping hand with his *luge* from two homely-featured inhabitants who have never been known to smile.

Failing this consolation, I would have all the present photographs in the newspapers blacked out until it ceases to rain.

I am not a really wicked person. Only vindictive. That is all.

"Expert Mechanic on Automobiles, machinery, and mill work desires situation. Is also a player on bassoon."

Advt. in Canadian Paper.

Well, we're none of us perfect.

THE STATE OF FILMLAND.

III.—COMMERCE AND INDUSTRIES.

THERE can be no question as to the general commercial prosperity of Filmland. No other country affords its deserving inhabitants such a comfortable assurance of ultimate financial success. To the Filmlander possessed of a nice nature and a fairly clear conscience poverty and unemployment constitute a mere means to an end, and that end is wealth and happiness. The stranger has no means of ascertaining how this enviable economic system has been built up; the modest and retiring Filmland Government is rarely to be seen at work, and no one ever seems to think of having a General Election. In the circumstances there is no particular reason why anyone should.



"WE GOT TO SMASH THE HARLAND MUGSNITCH TRADING CO."

To watch the big business men of Filmland at work is an education. They sit in magnificent private offices or board-rooms and roll big cigars between their lips. They are so rich that they never bother to smoke more than about a third of the cigar. They never chatter. When they do say anything it is brief and to the point. Something like this:

"WE GOT TO SMASH THE HARLAND MUGSNITCH TRADING CO."

Then they sign an agreement, shake their heads with sombre significance and take a fresh cigar. It is done. The Harland Mugsnitch Trading Co. is as good as smashed. You can learn more about making money by watching a Filmland business man for five minutes than by taking a year's correspondence course in any other country. And, though these brisk "smashing" methods are pretty certain to bring about unpleasant retribution in the long run, they are jolly enough for the time being and do not necessitate long office-hours.

Banking in Filmland offers excellent prospects for a bright young man; and he need not know much about the business either. What really matters is that he should fall in love with the manager's pretty daughter. This is not difficult because in a Filmland bank the manager's pretty daughter is always running about the business premises, and she can be relied upon to take a fancy to a junior clerk. Then when the important bonds are stolen—and a Filmland bank cannot keep anything in its safe for long—the junior clerk simply does what nobody else seems able to think of doing and gets the bonds back. The pretty daughter and her grateful parent do the rest for him. There is none of our slow plodding progress in a Filmland bank.

The staple industries of Filmland—cattle-raising, prospecting, timber-felling and similar spacious pursuits—flourish with little or no fluctuation despite such obstacles to commercial development as untrustworthy employees, black-hearted neighbours, extravagant offspring and severe and continuous buffetings from the hand of Providence. The average open-air employer is a curiously poor judge of human nature. With childlike faith he will engage without references an individual whose facial characteristics and villainous slouch would inspire anyone else to reach out for a shot-gun or blow a police-whistle. Then he is surprised when his house is set on fire, or he himself is lashed to a circular saw, and his daughter has to ride a hundred miles or so through a snowstorm to fetch the sheriff.

The breeding and running of race-horses is practised to such an extent in Filmland as almost to constitute a leading industry. It is likely to become more and more popular because, though attended by considerable anxiety and not a little personal risk, the business carries with it a good deal of financial compensation. No Filmland racehorse

of any interest ever fails to win an important race, and by keeping this fact steadily in mind the racehorse-owner is able to avoid those pecuniary misfortunes which are the curse of racing in other lands.

There is a good deal of small-farming done in Filmland. It is a pleasant picturesque business, devoid of feverish hustle, but it has its disappointments. The small farmer gets no help from his children. His son (or daughter), who ought to be feeding the pigs or milking the cows, is constantly to be found leaning against a tree or crying over a favourite horse. It is their way of showing that the great city is calling them. The children of farmers are all like that in Filmland; the sight of a mangel-wurzel is almost more than they can bear. So they go away, and stay away until the old man is sold up or dying, and then they rush to the old homestead in motor-cars and stroke his head. This is about as much in the way of agricultural labour as a small-farmer can expect from his offspring.

A considerable portion of Filmland's population is employed in the more stylish industries, such as the "crook" business, the removal of legitimate heirs, the trapping of attractive heiresses and the grim wiping-off of ancestral grievances. Work of this nature requires the true artistic temperament which finds its reward in the labour itself, since the ultimate remuneration is commonly represented by a sticky finish or, at best, a few declining years of grey-haired remorse.

The principal professions open to the Filmland woman are those of the female crook, the vamp, the typist, the star actress or dancer, the cowgirl, the spoilt beauty and the lady companion. She can also get married and become a broken-hearted mother. The comparatively light nature of these pursuits accounts for the growing congestion in woman's sphere of labour in Filmland. There is also this difficulty, that Filmland women are heavily handicapped by the fact that so many of them possess the same sort of face.



"WHAT REALLY MATTERS IS THAT HE SHOULD FALL IN LOVE WITH THE MANAGER'S PRETTY DAUGHTER."

MILESTONES TO THE MILLENNIUM.

A GREAT PUBLISHER'S HOPEFUL MANIFESTO.

Mr. Margery, of the publishing House of Rosemary and Margery, issues a New Year message to the reading public which is full of good cheer.

"I am naturally loth," he observes, "to discount the pleasures of perusal by a too lavish disclosure of my programme, but I may say that I confidently expect to eclipse all my previous efforts as a purveyor of palatable and nutritious mental pabulum.



"IT IS THEIR WAY OF SHOWING THAT THE GREAT CITY IS CALLING THEM."

"My arrangements in the domain of Reminiscence are especially promising of exhilaration, and include a three-volume work by General Pepington, the entire huge first edition of which has been already subscribed for before a single word of the MS. has been delivered. From what the author has told me in private conversation, I can safely assert that he has, in his own vivid phrase, fairly out-pepped himself. The contents must be allowed to speak for themselves. It will be found that they do so with the apocalyptic fervour of a CASANOVA and a SAVONAROLA rolled into one.

"I have also in hand a truly remarkable volume by a lady of the highest social and literary distinction describing in full detail her previous incarnations at the courts of SEMIRAMIS, NERO and CATHERINE THE GREAT. It is enough to say that portions of it have made me gasp; and I trust that they will produce a similar effect on the readers of both hemispheres when they are introduced to these dazzling and devastating pages.

"Of a lighter order, though not lacking in stimulating suggestiveness, is a breezy brochure on the Unthinkable by Sir Gulliver Dodge, with practical hints for the employment of conscious and controllable telepathy in the domain of high finance and the marketing of articles of clothing made from synthetic materials.

"Lastly I may mention a treatise from the pen of a famous author who veils his identity under the pseudonym of 'Montanus Aper,' recording a series of astounding prosodical discoveries which seem destined to revolutionize the composition of poetry and bring it within the range of any one prepared to devote a lifetime to the study of Metrical Anatomy.

"As I contemplate this noble programme I feel that, without deviating from the modesty characteristic of my calling, I may claim to be doing what in me lies to contribute to the regeneration of the world in the year 1925."

"The story is of two children, Hansel and Gretel, who, sent out to pick strawberries, are lost in the forest, said to be haunted by an ogress."
Provincial Paper.

So of course they got out all right.

"Two unfurnished Rooms to Let, near Rolls-Royce."—*Provincial Paper.*

We fear our Tin Lizzie would be jealous.

not wish to see it bathing in sunshine when I am basking in rain.

Now that trick photography has developed so amazingly, cannot the newspapers take some steps to alleviate our misery in a water-logged land? When I am suffering I like to feel that other people are suffering as well. So do you. Deny it if you dare. It does not cheer you to learn that these people are happy. Even if you know them, even if you like their faces, what is the use of being able to say, "Dear Mrs. Ponsonby-Jenkinson suddenly jumped over a chalet at me when I was pouring out the coffee this morning, with such a happy smile on her face"?

None at all that I can see; a silly trick for anyone to play.

But, if only we could be shown these people suffering a little sorrow or unhappiness like ourselves, I think a warm glow of sympathy might arise. Let us have a few fake photographs, if real ones cannot be procured, of visitors to the Riviera and these abominable Alps. I want to see a picture of the well-known Mr. Mobberley struck down by an unexpected toothache or a twinge of gout at Nice. I want to see Lady Atkinson-Smythe caught in a moment of depression after an unsuccessful night at roulette. I want to see Mrs. Ponsonby-Jenkinson hit the roof of the chalet and break through it and tumble inside or slip down off it into the chamois stalls. And I should like to see Mr. Wopple caught at a moment when no fair visitors at Murren are near, and he is receiving a helping hand with his *luge* from two homely-featured inhabitants who have never been known to smile.

Failing this consolation, I would have all the present photographs in the newspapers blacked out until it ceases to rain.

I am not a really wicked person. Only vindictive. That is all.

"Expert Mechanic on Automobiles, machinery, and mill work desires situation. Is also a player on bassoon."

Advt. in Canadian Paper.

Well, we're none of us perfect.

THE STATE OF FILMLAND.

III.—COMMERCE AND INDUSTRIES.

THERE can be no question as to the general commercial prosperity of Filmland. No other country affords its deserving inhabitants such a comfortable assurance of ultimate financial success. To the Filmlander possessed of a nice nature and a fairly clear conscience poverty and unemployment constitute a mere means to an end, and that end is wealth and happiness. The stranger has no means of ascertaining how this enviable economic system has been built up; the modest and retiring Filmland Government is rarely to be seen at work, and no one ever seems to think of having a General Election. In the circumstances there is no particular reason why anyone should.



"WE GOT TO SMASH THE HARLAND MUGSNITCH TRADING CO."

To watch the big business men of Filmland at work is an education. They sit in magnificent private offices or board-rooms and roll big cigars between their lips. They are so rich that they never bother to smoke more than about a third of the cigar. They never chatter. When they do say anything it is brief and to the point. Something like this:

"WE GOT TO SMASH THE HARLAND MUGSNITCH TRADING CO."

Then they sign an agreement, shake their heads with sombre significance and take a fresh cigar. It is done. The Harland Mugsnitch Trading Co. is as good as smashed. You can learn more about making money by watching a Filmland business man for five minutes than by taking a year's correspondence course in any other country. And, though these brisk "smashing" methods are pretty certain to bring about unpleasant retribution in the long run, they are jolly enough for the time being and do not necessitate long office-hours.

Banking in Filmland offers excellent prospects for a bright young man; and he need not know much about the business either. What really matters is that he should fall in love with the manager's pretty daughter. This is not difficult because in a Filmland bank the manager's pretty daughter is always running about the business premises, and she can be relied upon to take a fancy to a junior clerk. Then when the important bonds are stolen—and a Filmland bank cannot keep anything in its safe for long—the junior clerk simply does what nobody else seems able to think of doing and gets the bonds back. The pretty daughter and her grateful parent do the rest for him. There is none of our slow plodding progress in a Filmland bank.

The staple industries of Filmland—cattle-raising, prospecting, timber-felling and similar spacious pursuits—flourish with little or no fluctuation despite such obstacles to commercial development as untrustworthy employees, black-hearted neighbours, extravagant offspring and severe and continuous buffetings from the hand of Providence. The average open-air employer is a curiously poor judge of human nature. With childlike faith he will engage without references an individual whose facial characteristics and villainous slouch would inspire anyone else to reach out for a shot-gun or blow a police-whistle. Then he is surprised when his house is set on fire, or he himself is lashed to a circular saw, and his daughter has to ride a hundred miles or so through a snowstorm to fetch the sheriff.

The breeding and running of race-horses is practised to such an extent in Filmland as almost to constitute a leading industry. It is likely to become more and more popular because, though attended by considerable anxiety and not a little personal risk, the business carries with it a good deal of financial compensation. No Filmland racehorse

of any interest ever fails to win an important race, and by keeping this fact steadily in mind the racehorse-owner is able to avoid those pecuniary misfortunes which are the curse of racing in other lands.

There is a good deal of small-farming done in Filmland. It is a pleasant picturesque business, devoid of feverish hustle, but it has its disappointments. The small farmer gets no help from his children. His son (or daughter), who ought to be feeding the pigs or milking the cows, is constantly to be found leaning against a tree or crying over a favourite horse. It is their way of showing that the great city is calling them. The children of farmers are all like that in Filmland; the sight of a mangel-wurzel is almost more than they can bear. So they go away, and stay away until the old man is sold up or dying, and then they rush to the old homestead in motor-cars and stroke his head. This is about as much in the way of agricultural labour as a small-farmer can expect from his offspring.

A considerable portion of Filmland's population is employed in the more stylish industries, such as the "crook" business, the removal of legitimate heirs, the trapping of attractive heiresses and the grim wiping-off of ancestral grievances. Work of this nature requires the true artistic temperament which finds its reward in the labour itself, since the ultimate remuneration is commonly represented by a sticky finish or, at best, a few declining years of grey-haired remorse.

The principal professions open to the Filmland woman are those of the female crook, the vamp, the typist, the star actress or dancer, the cowgirl, the spoilt beauty and the lady companion. She can also get married and become a broken-hearted mother. The comparatively light nature of these pursuits accounts for the growing congestion in woman's sphere of labour in Filmland. There is also this difficulty, that Filmland women are heavily handicapped by the fact that so many of them possess the same sort of face.

MILESTONES TO THE MILLENNIUM.

A GREAT PUBLISHER'S HOPEFUL MANIFESTO.

Mr. Margery, of the publishing House of Rosemary and Margery, issues a New Year message to the reading public which is full of good cheer.

"I am naturally loth," he observes, "to discount the pleasures of perusal by a too lavish disclosure of my programme, but I may say that I confidently expect to eclipse all my previous efforts as a purveyor of palatable and nutritious mental pabulum.



"WHAT REALLY MATTERS IS THAT HE SHOULD FALL IN LOVE WITH THE MANAGER'S PRETTY DAUGHTER."

"My arrangements in the domain of Reminiscence are especially promising of exhilaration, and include a three-volume work by General Pepington, the entire huge first edition of which has been already subscribed for before a single word of the MS. has been delivered. From what the author has told me in private conversation, I can safely assert that he has, in his own vivid phrase, fairly out-pepped himself. The contents must be allowed to speak for themselves. It will be found that they do so with the apocalyptic fervour of a CASANOVA and a SAVONAROLA rolled into one.

"I have also in hand a truly remarkable volume by a lady of the highest social and literary distinction describing in full detail her previous incarnations at the courts of SEMIRAMIS, NERO and CATHERINE THE GREAT. It is enough to say that portions of it have made me gasp; and I trust that they will produce a similar effect on the readers of both hemispheres when they are introduced to these dazzling and devastating pages.

"Of a lighter order, though not lacking in stimulating suggestiveness, is a breezy brochure on the Unthinkable by Sir Gulliver Dodge, with practical hints for the employment of conscious and controllable telepathy in the domain of high finance and the marketing of articles of clothing made from synthetic materials.

"Lastly I may mention a treatise from the pen of a famous author who veils his identity under the pseudonym of 'Montanus Aper,' recording a series of astounding prosodical discoveries which seem destined to revolutionize the composition of poetry and bring it within the range of any one prepared to devote a lifetime to the study of Metrical Anatomy.

"As I contemplate this noble programme I feel that, without deviating from the modesty characteristic of my calling, I may claim to be doing what in me lies to contribute to the regeneration of the world in the year 1925."



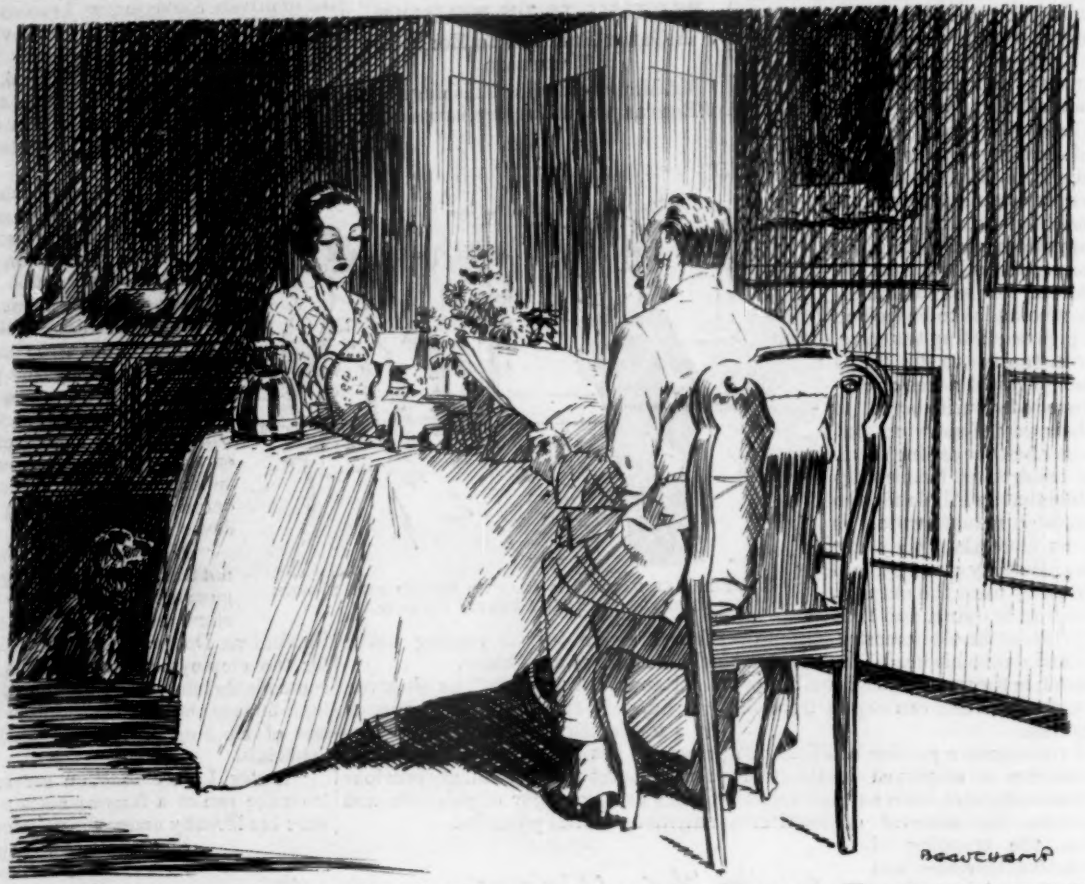
"IT IS THEIR WAY OF SHOWING THAT THE GREAT CITY IS CALLING THEM."

"The story is of two children, Hansel and Gretel, who, sent out to pick strawberries, are lost in the forest, said to be haunted by an egress."
Provincial Paper.

So of course they got out all right.

"Two unfurnished Rooms to Let, near Rolls-Royce."—*Provincial Paper.*

We fear our Tin Lizzie would be jealous.



Wife. "HERE'S A LETTER FROM THOSE DOGBY-JONESES ASKING US TO DINE WITH THEM AGAIN. WE REALLY CAN'T UNTIL WE HAVE HAD THEM HERE."

Husband. "WELL, TELL THEM SO, AND LEAVE IT AT THAT."

THE NIMP.

ONE day last summer (*was* it last summer?—it was a fine day anyhow, I remember) there was a middle-aged fellow sitting under a may bush on Moulsford Down. He was a blackavised crow of a rascal with a roving eye, but when he asked me for a cigarette in the sing-song of Romany I had to stop and divide my case with him.

He had some cards dealt on the green turf of Moulsford, and that 's as green and smooth a card-table as you 'd want. I judged that he was playing Patience, but he told me he was a conjurer on tramp to Ascot Races and was practising a "tumble" or two. He picked the pack up with the light-fingered nimbleness of the born "workman," and, as I jumped to his true calling, the three "broads" were face down in front of me and I was being half jokingly urged to "find the lady."

On learning that I was a woman-hater he flipped them into the pack and said he was too, and then ere I knew it (I 've told you it was holiday weather, the may still out, the larks singing?) I was seated and listening idly to him and to the humming top o' the morning.

"Nimps," he was saying, "female nimps—to blazes with them!"

I wasn't sufficiently interested to inquire what nimps were, but I gathered presently that he meant nymphs, imps or the fay folk of the hill and the greenwood generally.

"Walked out o' shine an' shadow a-top o' me Monday o' Derby week," he continued. "I was under a hedge Headley way, by Epsom. Rehearsing, like just now. I looked up and there she was watching me.

"'Hullo!' says I.

"'Hullo!' says she. '*I* can do that,' says she. Slim, young dark-faced monkey of a nimp she was; bareheaded, an' barefoot below a green smock o' apple. She picked up the pack. I 've seen MASKELYNE, mind you, but he was a fool to her—and she playing outdoors an' all. She passed from palming to parlour tricks. I 'll not try to tell you what she did or didn't, for you 'd not believe. I doubt if I believe myself now. She made things happen out o' air an' sunshine an' the bright o' day. Nimps can. I gave her the name o' Nancy. 'There 's money in you,' I says, 'Nancy,' *tons* o' money and a string o' racehorses.'

"'What 's money?' says she.

"'Where do you come from?' says I.

"'Out o' the door in the hill,' says she. That 's how I knew she was a nimp. Nimps live in hills.

"'See here, Nancy,' says I, 'I 've kind o' took a fancy to you, 'cos you remind me of a dearly beloved daughter of about your age and appearance that I might ha' had. Now you come along to old Ma Lee; she 's on Epsom Hill with her caravan an' boys an' girls; an' welcome you 'll be, for the week anyhow.'

"'Yes,' says she; so we tramps along. I *knew* there was money in her.



IN THE BASEMENT.

SCENE—*Fritz's Universal Domestic Stores.*

INSPECTOR JOHN BULL. "WHAT'S ALL THIS?"
SHOPWALKER. "OH, THEY'RE ONLY TOYS—THEY WON'T GO OFF."
INSPECTOR JOHN BULL. "OH, WON'T THEY? WELL, NEITHER SHALL I."

[Owing to the recent discovery of secret manufactories of arms in Germany the Conference of Allied Ambassadors has decided that the evacuation of the Cologne bridge-head, originally arranged for January 10th, must be deferred.]

I 'm *poor* Romany, but, rich Romany or poor Romany, we 're all brethren. D' you know Cooper, the big bookie? He 's of our blood. He knows me an' that I wouldn't lie to him. I told him of Nancy the nimp before racing on Tuesday, an' he steps across an' speaks to a fat Jew gent in the Stand, Mr. Marky Lowenstein, who runs the Megatherium music-hall. I 'm ordered up into Marky's box after the last race, and up I goes according. He 's had a good day an' gives me a tumbler o' flat champagne. He asks a question or two, an' hears that Nancy 's my daughter—not of age. I leaves out about her being a nimp. He tittups across the course with me, in his tight patents, to the caravans.

"With some o' the Lee kids standing round, Nancy shows him—all out o' doors.

"Marky 'd a bunch of light-blue Palmy violets in his coat; she starts in by borrowing it. She nips off a head here an' a head there, an' shows him how pretty they turn to blue butterflies an' flutter off the ends of her long brown fingers; an' so she goes on till the Jew boy near swallows himself with delight.

"'Kvick 's the vord vith Marky,' says he, an' he pulls out his betting-book an' fountain-pen, an' in two twos I 've signed a provish. contract on behalf o' my daughter at a pony a week to start; an' I 'm to bring her to his office at the Meg. 10.30 next day.

"He bungs me a fiver on account and was going off when Nancy says, 'Let me show the pretty gentleman one more,' an' down she sits on solid Epsom Hill and tells young Jethro to hop into the van and bring her a tablecloth or something.

"'Now,' says she to the nipper, 'you cover me up.' And to me, 'Now, uncle, you say "One, two, three—*go!*"'

"'One, two, three—*go!*' says I, an' the cloth falls flat.

"I picks it up p.d.q., for I smells mischief. All there was to see was—nothing; only a little yellowy buttercup-an'-daisy flower which looked as if it was laughing.

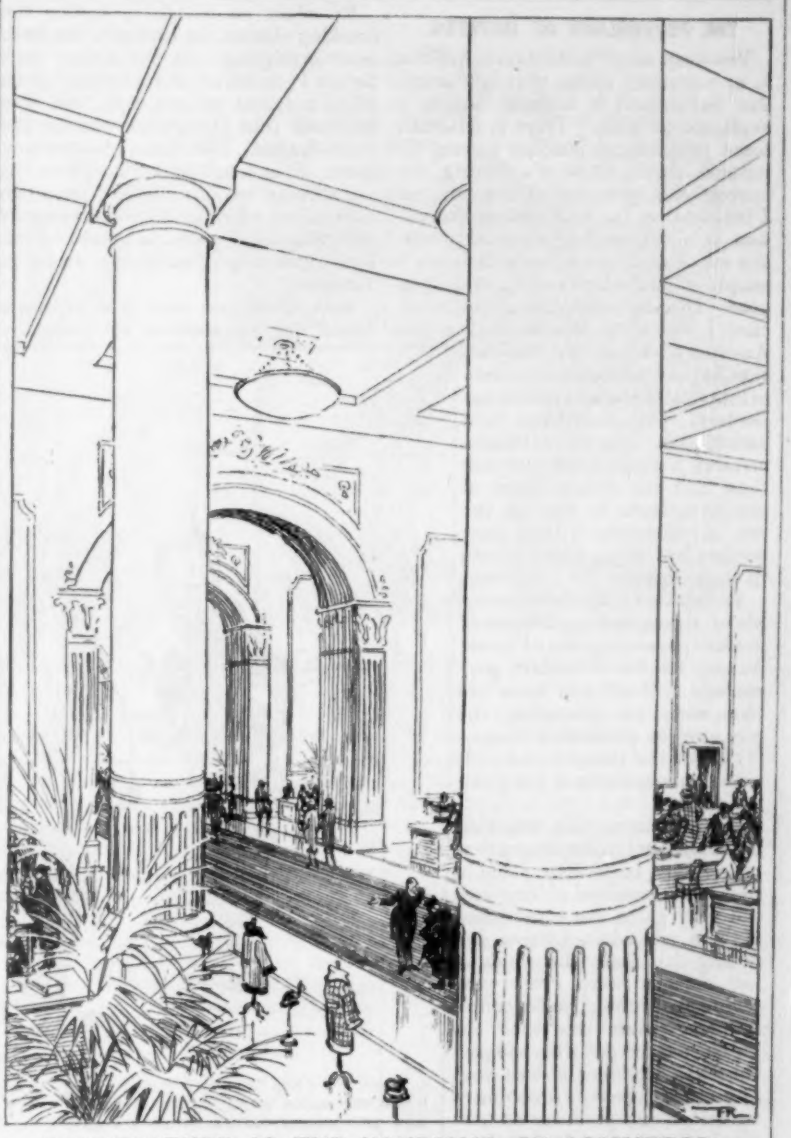
"Mr. Lowenstein was more delighted than ever. He wouldn't believe his bad luck next day—yes, I keeps the appointment, 'cos you never know—he wouldn't believe she 'd gone for keeps, not until he 'd missed getting down in time for the first race an' raised his offer, by tenners, to a hundred a week. Even then he only *half* thought I wasn't bluffing.

"The baggage, to play it on me like that, now!"

* * * * *

Two miles away, in the blue valley, a little train trundled like a toy on the "single track" to Newbury. Its whistle floated up to us, a punctuation in my companion's tale of misfortune. Silver thin its whistle sounded; its smoke was as silver.

I leaned closer to the cool turf of the ridgeway and asked if my friend had any further fancy, say for the Gold Cup, come Thursday week?



ARCHITECTURE AS THE HANDMAID OF COMMERCE.

Shopwalker. "HAIRPINS, MADAM? CERTAINLY—THIS WAY."

From a medical article on the epidemic of "Dancing Throat":—

"The ailments are not serious, but they cannot be treated with impunity."
Evening Paper.

A perilous life, the doctor's.

Brightening the Church.

From a list of "Coming Events":—

"Choristers' Service of Praise, Cathedral, 3 p.m. Kick-off 10.30 a.m."
Provincial Paper.

"Among the best-selling books of the moment are, I understand . . . 'The Reckless Lads,' by Sir Philip Gibbs, &c."
Provincial Paper.

Ladies will be lads, nowadays.

"The visitors' backs then got going and twice Francis broke well away only to be brought to earth by Cullen with magnificent tickles."—*North-Country Paper.*

CULLEN ought to have been at Twickenham last Saturday.

THE PSYCHOLOGY OF DRYNESS.

THE purpose of Prohibition in America is so extremely subtle that few people can understand it without having it explained to them. There is naturally some professional jealousy among the nations about America's having discovered this new way of drinking, but I believe that the true reason Prohibition is not spreading so quickly over the world as its deep merit deserves is simply a misunderstanding of its purpose. Distant nations, in almost every case I feel sure, believe that it was America's object, by Prohibition, to prevent the consumption of intoxicating liquors within her borders. Distant nations misunderstand. This was, of course, no more America's true purpose than it is the true purpose of distant nations to prevent the use of diamonds within their borders by helping to contribute to their rarity.

Prohibition is the finest example of a practical application of modern psychology that I know. As any retailer of modern psychology will tell you there are two ways of enhancing the pleasure you get from a thing—(1) make the thing scarce; (2) make the obtaining of the thing dangerous.

Now, realising this, believing heart and soul in the theory that pearls must be of little value in that much-heralded place where the very gates are constructed of them, what does America do? Seeing that many thousands of her citizens were every year giving up drinking, and of course inferring from this that the pleasure to be got from the pastime was declining, it does what any other fatherly Government would do, and produces an artificial stimulant. It legislates that an article so plentiful as to cloy the taste shall be made scarce and that the obtaining of it shall involve danger of imprisonment. Modern psychology tells us that the rarest pleasures are the most enjoyed, and my only complaint about Prohibition is that it does not make the pleasure of drinking rare enough; it is better than nothing, of course, but personally I am in favour of a super-Prohibition measure, so stringent that, even in its natural laxity, it would make liquor a little scarcer and a little more difficult to obtain.

Such, as I understand it, is the purpose of the law; as to its effects they have been surprising, interesting and beneficial.

Its effect on friendship within the drinking classes, for example, has been most gratifying. In the dismal ages Before Prohibition (B.P.) a friend often asked a friend to join him, and was informed that the friend was on the water-wagon. This doesn't happen any more. It is true that a friend does not ask a friend to join him as often as he used to, but when he does he may count on not having to take No for an answer. The water-wagon no longer exists in America.

B.P., when you were just joining a friend, the conversation not unusually drowned itself in silence for a few awkward moments; Prohibition solves this embarrassment by raising immediately that momentous debate on what the bottle may contain, as distinguished from what the bottle does contain. This leads directly into bootleggers, rum-runners, wood-alcohol, nitro-glycerine, war, humanity. Conversation flows from the very instant you meet your friend with his overcoat pocket sagging and the innocent look in his eye.

Its effect on the mass of the unemployed has been magical; the mass is now occupied and happy and rich. The only trouble is that they are so occupied I am afraid they are going to flood the market and bring on the old B.P. surfeit. Those who have schooners bring it to the horizon and sell it wholesale at very retail prices; those who have small boats bring it ashore and sell it for about two hundred per cent. profit, and those who have fur coats and limousines bring it to you and sell it for about the equivalent of a house and lot on Oyster Bay. This encourages them to raise large families, thus assuring the nation an adequate supply of liquor even after they themselves have grown old and retired.

These people are known as "bootleggers" or "secret-service men," though the latter term is somewhat misleading, as there is nothing secret about them except where they live. Nobody knows where they live but the police, and the police won't tell anybody. Among themselves they are known as "six-months men" or "twelve-months men," according to the length of the vacation they might expect if they should ever happen to run down a police-boat in the dark and be taken prisoner.

In the effort to prevent the profession of bootlegging from being adopted, not only by the unemployed but by the otherwise employed (which would have left the country without any barbers or waiters or two-gunmen), and in order to form more solid opposition in case the Government should ever seriously consider repealing the Prohibition Act, they have of course organized a Bootleggers' Union. In addition to throwing their unanimous support for the "dry" candidate to any public office, they decided at the Bootleggers' Convention recently held in Brooklyn to try to get a measure through Congress which would guarantee them their incomes for two-and-a-half years if the Eighteenth Amendment ever goes out of effect. The Union has also taken some steps to make it illegal for a man to pursue the bootleg trade without being a member of the Union; citizens are urgently begged in pamphlets not to patronize bootleggers who cannot show the badge of the A.F.B. (American Federation of Bootleggers). "Look for the badge," says the pamphlet, "and know that you're getting Bootleg Whiskey, the Spirit of Liberty."

The Union is obviously a good thing, for without it there would probably be so many bootleggers that the price of liquor would drop and the supply be as cloying as B.P., and drinking would



Dear old Lady (having travelled through flooded area). "AND THE RAILS WERE UNDER WATER. I CAN'T IMAGINE HOW THE ENGINE-DRIVER FOUND HIS WAY."



Spectatress (seeing players wearing ear-guards). "DEAR ME! HOW CAN THEY LISTEN-IN WHILE THEY ARE PLAYING?"

be no more pleasure in America than it is in countries that are still trying to get along without Prohibition.

There are a great many more beneficial effects; I am sorry that I have not time to go into them all. Perhaps the most beneficial is the effect that it is likely to have on legislation of the future. There is every reason to hope, now that the Prohibition ice has been broken, that soon there will be a law forbidding the use and sale of tobacco, bringing about a new test of friendship and a new union of bootleggers and a new pleasure from smoking. The number of people to-day who are giving up tobacco is increasing at a terrifying rate, and something ought undeniably to be done about it. Drinking was never much fun for me B.P.; now I get quite a lot of enjoyment out of it, once the stuff is down. If something could be done to increase my pleasure in smoking I should be deeply grateful. And who can say but that in time the Government may prohibit work? I only hope they do so before I acquire such antiquity that breaking the law will kill me.

I trust there is no longer any misunderstanding about this Prohibition question; I am exceedingly anxious for distant nations to see the peculiar virtues of the measure and have Prohibition become a law with them. I want to travel, but I can't bring myself to undergo the insipid tameness of lawful drinking abroad after living for so long amid the pleasures and excitement of drinking like an outlaw; I should miss that daredevil tingle of adventure that comes with consuming bootleg liquor, that fascinating suspense of waiting twelve hours to find out whether you are going to pay the supreme penalty, that indescribably reckless sensation of drinking without knowing where the next drink is coming from—or even where the last one came from.

Prohibition is worth every country's consideration; but there is no use for a country to pass the law until it has become firmly convinced that drinking is a good thing for all the men and all the women and all the children.

U. S. A.

AFTER-DINNER.

I WILL not make a speech to-night;
I have not had sufficient wine;
It is not just, it is not right
To ask a fellow out to dine
And treat him in this kind of way—
I *will* not make a speech, I say.

No, Mr. Secretary, *no!*
Ask Mr. Mudd to say a word,
Let Mr. Mumble have a blow—
He is not happy, I have heard,
Except when he is on his feet
Extemporising after meat.

But I am very dumb to-night;
I cannot think of words at all;
My neighbour's eyes are very bright,
My neighbour's hands are very small,
And, if I did say something, Sir,
I fancy it would be to her.

The wine was good (though, I repeat,
I have not had enough of it);
I liked the fish, I liked the sweet,
The company is exquisite;
And that 's exactly what I feel
About this admirable meal.

And you are free to write it down
And put it in the minute-book,
And I will give you half-a-crown
And you can give it to the cook—
But damned be he who here suggests
That I should answer for The Guests!

My neighbour's eyes are very bright,
My neighbour's hands are very small,
And I am very gay to-night;
O Mercy, must we spoil it all?
A speech is long but life is short;
Please go away—and pass the port.

A. P. H.

More Pampered Pets.

"Housekeeper wanted; milk four cows; cook for three."—*Scots Paper.*

"He went across to the fireplace and stood with his back to its warmth, staring into the fire with unseeing eyes."

Story in Local Paper.

Staring between the legs (as in *Peter Pan*) is apt to make people dizzy.

"A woman living at Henley-on-Thames has just received a postcard sent to her fourteen years ago. It bore a halfpenny stamp, and she was surcharged a penny."—*Evening Paper.*

This certainly seems hard. Still, she can get back a bit by putting only a halfpenny stamp on her reply. It will probably be the right amount in another fourteen years.

CHARIVARIA.

THE centenary of railway travelling is to be celebrated this year. We trust that clients of the Southern Railway will not regard the occasion as an excuse for mafficking.

* * *

A small boy was arrested last Thursday for loitering near a row of bungalows at Hampstead. It is thought that he may be the son of a cat-burglar starting at the bottom of his profession.

* * *

Several readers have written to ask us who wrote the words of "It ain't going to rain no more." Judging by the floods we have had since the song came out we should say it was the work of a weather expert.

* * *

The Winter Sales having started, we are asked to say that all husbands lost in the scrum must be claimed within three days or they will be sold to defray expenses.

* * *

A Swedish seaman charged at Thames police court with being intoxicated tried three times to force himself into a temperance home. This only shows what some men will do under the influence of drink.

* * *

Professor F. B. BROWNE says that when a boy pulls his young sister's hair he is making a scientific experiment. In that case he is right in doing it now as he won't get the chance later on.

* * *

It is suggested that cattle should be vaccinated against tuberculosis. We shall be careful not to bump into any bull with a red ribbon round his shoulder.

* * *

Lord BALFOUR is of opinion that science is the greatest of all instruments now in existence for the betterment of mankind. Another nasty knock for Carmelite House.

* * *

Now that chlorine gas is said to be a cure for colds, the Germans, following KRUPPS' claim for royalties on our shell fuzes, may any day now send us a bill for medical attention to our troops during the War.

* * *

It is reported that a man found a pearl in an oyster-bar in Madrid. We wish the young couple every success.

* * *

Over a third of the total cost of uniforms for the Dorset constabulary last year was for boots. But then of course, as there are no night clubs there, they saved on dinner-jackets.

* * *

Peter the porpoise, who recently died at Brighton, used to loop the loop while eating. What a dance-tea *habitué* was wasted here!

* * *

Although he has received several challenges, Señor IBANEZ declines to fight anyone except those whom he has attacked. It is hoped to arrange a mounted combat between him and one of the *Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse*.

* * *

Miniature hot-water bottles for the handbag are now on the market. We sympathise with a lady who aroused suspicion in a bus on account of a red fluid which was observed to be dripping from her reticule. It appears that the heat had melted her spare complexion.

* * *

Attention is again drawn to the bad manners of people who come late to theatres. Managers, however, complain still more bitterly of the unpardonable conduct of those who don't come at all.

* * *

A City gentleman writing to the Press declares that he saw three mice in Oxford Street one morning last week. This seems a good enough excuse for taking up the road again.

* * *

Correspondents of *The Morning Post* advocate the protection of family names. It is expected that Lord BIRKENHEAD will take the necessary legal steps on behalf of the Smiths.



PARDONABLE MISTAKE ON THE PART OF AN ABSENT-MINDED HAIRDRESSER.

AN ILL WIND.

ABOVE, it was a scene of unparelleled fury. The time being almost any day just after Christmas in the marvellous year of 1924, now no more, it follows that the elements were let loose. The Old Fellow was surpassing himself. He had little time left in which to do it, but he was succeeding. All his famous tricks with rain and wind were at their best; the Thames Valley was (and still is) a lake; falling chimneys darkened the air; foot-passengers were blown down; bungalows and all their gramophones disappeared one by one from Shoreham beach; trains were delayed and derailed; telephones were put increasingly out of order (but it would have been cleverer of the storm to put them right); tree trunks blocked the roads; a broadcasting concert somewhere had to be stopped because it interfered with a distressed vessel's S.O.S.'s; and of course either the Channel services were suspended or the boats, after terrible experiences, returned to port. No ingredient of discomfort and discouragement was in fact lacking; and we all sought our beds confident, not of repose, for the turmoil was too shattering, but of finding in to-morrow's headlines our old friends "Record" and "Havoc" and "Destruction" in the largest possible type.

Above, as I have said, it was a scene of unparalleled fury, and I use the words again, not because I think them so lovely, but because of an effect of contrast which I desire to emphasize; for, although, above, was a scene of unparalleled fury, below—that is to say beneath the turbulent surface of the waves—all was peace, satisfaction and joy.

I wonder if you noticed how bare were the slabs of the fishmongers' shops on the last days of 1924? Even if you did not you were perhaps aware of the absence of fish from the menu? "Hullo, no fish this evening!"—don't you remember saying that? And at lunch you couldn't get those grilled herrings with mustard-sauce that you had been thinking of so fondly on your way to the restaurant. Mustard-sauce, yes, lashings of that were available; but not a herring. In fact, hardly any fish of any kind anywhere.

The reason is that it 's an ill wind that blows nobody any good, and the kind of gale in which the expiring 1924 was uttering his last will and testament gives all fish a respite from the trawl.



Farm Labourer. "WHERE DO 'OUNDS BE MEETIN' TO-DAY, KEEPER?"
Keeper. "CHEQUERS COURT."
Farm Labourer. "THAT OUGHT TO GIVE THE GOVERNMENT A BIT OF A LIFT."

The result is that for a brief space (to borrow the assistance of the proverbialist once more) there literally are more fish in the sea than ever came out of it. And the fish know it. Such convulsions of nature as I have described, which tear us, up here, to pieces, they refer to humorously as "Sundays at Home." It is then that they really rest. As the herring put it, "It 's a hard roe to hoe, for ever dodging these nets. Thank Heaven for a good gale now and then."

"I 'll bet I cost a pretty penny to-day," said the halibut. "Double or even treble the usual price. How are you spending the holiday?" he asked the skate.

"I 'm just popping over the boundary," said the skate, "to get another lesson in French from my step-brother, *raie*. Do you know what the French call black-butter? You 'd never believe it—'*beurre noire*.' Aren't foreigners amazing?"

"Yes, aren't they?" said the brill. "But the joke is that no sooner do I cross the mid-Channel line than they call me a *barbue*. Could you imagine anything more ridiculous?"

"I don't know," said the oyster. "It seems to me that that 's simple compared with my case. I don't mind being called a *huître*. After all, we must allow foreigners a little latitude in pronunciation. But when they turn my nice comfortable 'bed' into a '*parc*,' then I do protest. If there is anything less like a bed than a park I should like to see it. Only a Frenchman could confuse the two. But don't let us worry about that. Having a bed, I think I 'll return to it and have a good snooze while I can. At any moment the storm may go down and then none of us are secure. It always amuses me to think that it was a Lord named FISHER—Fisher, of all things!—who invented the phrase about sleeping safely in our beds." E. V. L.

"GERMANY'S SECRET ARMS."
Headline in Daily Paper.

We always thought she had something up her sleeves.

"A stone hammer, found some years ago between Grimsby and Cleethorpes during the opening of a new clay pit, has been deposited in the Lincoln Museum. The implement is attributed to the Bronze Age."—*Local Paper.*

And was described, no doubt, by the tradesman of the period as "a genuine antique."

SHAKESPEARE ON SYNCOPATION.

(*Suggested by the Savoy "Orphean" band*).

Orpheus with his hoot taught coons
How to syncopate their tunes,
Till, with sleek or shingled locks,
Gilded Western youth to-day
Owns the everlasting sway
Of the measure of the Fox.

Everyone who hears him, trots;
Even the tiniest of tots
From the spell no respite has,
For this music has such pep
That the victims of the step
Seldom sleep, and dreaming Jazz.

"He was frequently seen going about his parish on a motor-cycle, and always had a cheery word for all with whom he came in contact."—*South African Paper.*

Other motor-cyclists, please copy.

"The rough weather has considerably disorganised telephone services throughout the country. Continental lies, the Post Office states, are worse than yesterday."
Provincial Paper.

We seem to have noticed an extraordinary flight of *canards* over Fleet Street.

AT THE PLAY.

"A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM" (DRURY LANE).

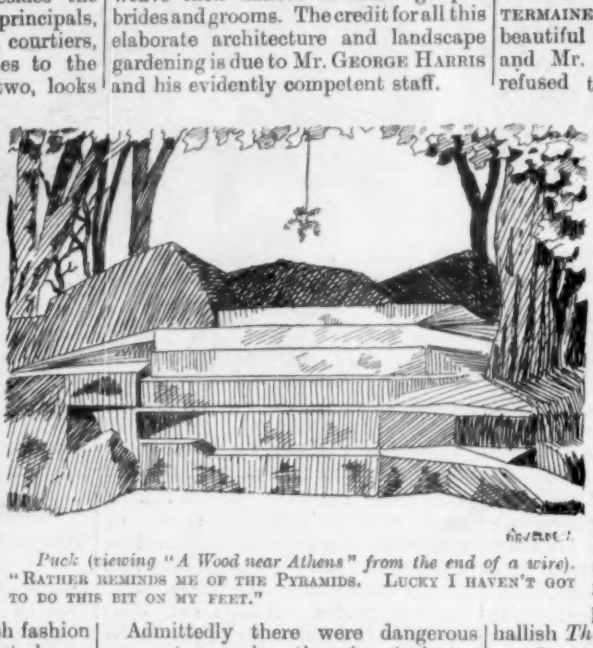
IT has become almost inevitable to think of a modern presentation of a SHAKESPEARE play primarily in terms of production—that lately-developed function of the art of the theatre around which so many fierce engagements have been fought. The highbrows will, of course, overwhelm Mr. BASIL DEAN with reproaches. They will point out with passion, dashed with envy at the resources, mechanical and financial, of Drury Lane, that lavishness is not beauty; that to engage, besides the necessary cast of twenty-six principals, dancers, choristers, senators, courtiers, amazons, fairies and gnomes to the number of a hundred-and-two, looks something like megalomania, and that such ambitious carpentry as went to make the woodland scene and the palace may only be a cloak for poverty of ideas.

But I fancy Mr. DEAN has a sufficient answer. He proposed, I take it, to give the mere pantomime-lovers a proof, in terms they had been trained to understand, that *A Midsummer Night's Dream* had the makings of a prettier and wittier pantomime than had ever been given on a Boxing Night at the Lane; while he would pacify all but the most austere by offering them an uncut text, the MENDELSSOHN overture and incidental music with other MENDELSSOHN excerpts (which I hope it is no longer the foolish fashion to affect to despise) and a cast chosen with a most judicious originality. And I rather think the audacious fellow has really got away with it!

Certainly the applause was universal, and Drury Lane is too large a house to "pack"—though I understand that the intelligent patrons of the Old Vic came in force to do honour to two of their favourites, Mr. WILFRID WALTER and Mr. D. HAY PETRIE. They seemed to make no protest against Mr. DEAN's magnificent elaborations however foreign these would appear to be to their tradition.

There were excellent reasons for the elaborate building up of the stage in both great scenes: to tilt the plane, as it were, on which the complicated action takes place so that the armies could manœuvre in full view of the whole house.

The woodland scene showed a central mass of shelving rock, round which danced, over which clambered, from behind which peeped larger or smaller groups of elfin and fairy folk, while the bewitched mortals played out their fantastic game of cross-purposes on the level foreground. In the great hall of the palace of *Theseus* a staircase flanked by tall austere columns led down to the level where the rustic company played before the disdainful or patronising courtiers, and up to a rather vague hinterland where tall Athenian guardsmen with enormous golden bucklers might pose or sleep; and, when the lights were dimmed and the braziers quenched, nimble fairies gather and scatter and weave their dances of blessing upon brides and grooms. The credit for all this elaborate architecture and landscape gardening is due to Mr. GEORGE HARRIS and his evidently competent staff.



Puck (*viewing "A Wood near Athens" from the end of a wire*). "RATHER REMINDS ME OF THE PYRAMIDS. LUCKY I HAVEN'T GOT TO DO THIS BIT ON MY FEET."

Admittedly there were dangerous moments, as when the wires (only too visible) of the fairy aviators would crash so persistently into the foliage, or a poor lost fairy blundered in front of the too white and obvious gauze or a group of gnomes swept the betrayed fabric towards the middle of the stage. And when, after *Bottom's* awakening, the producer, seduced by his switchboard, really let himself go and sprayed for five minutes that flimsy puckered backcloth with his changing coloured lights, I wonder if he did anything more than eliminate all sense of dawn and distance. Wouldn't an honest flat-canvas, a distant mountain range daubed upon it, and the merest Victorian apparatus of gas jets and limes have made a better thing of it?

It was most interesting to see those two intelligent actresses, Miss EDITH EVANS and Miss ATHENE SEYLER, together as *Helena* and *Hermia*. Miss EVANS' performance must, I am afraid, rank as a brilliant failure, which would have been a brilliant success on a smaller stage. It was a very clever, temperamental, modernist reading; and there have been doubtless young women of that brand all down the ages. Her voice however would not carry—the Lane is a daunting place for intimate method. Miss SEYLER'S equally intelligent and vivid interpretation was helped by her effective elocution. The quarrel scene was a quite admirable piece of players' craft, and the whole commerce between the four lovers showed forth new beauties and new points in what is an eternally fresh triumph of wit and imagination. Mr. LEON QUARTERMAINE (*Lysander*) always makes beautiful words sound more beautiful, and Mr. FRANK VOSPER (*Demetrius*) refused to be overshadowed by his more experienced opposite number. Perhaps the outstanding performance for its originality was the *Puck* of Mr. D. HAY PETRIE, whom the producer shot from traps and swung about on wires in a remorseless manner, laming him temporarily if I mistake not. Mr. ALLAN JEAYES made a noble and splendidly audible *Theseus*, Miss MARY CLARE a beautiful effective *Hippolyta*.

As for the Mechanicals they were superb: Mr. WILFRID WALTER (*Bottom*), Mr. FRANK CELLIER (*Quince*)—can there ever have been a better *Quince*?—Mr. H. O. NICHOLSON (*Starveling*), Mr. CLIFFORD MOLLISON (*Flute* and a perhaps rather too music-hallish *Thisbe*), Mr. MILES MALLESON as *Snout*, and Mr. ALFRED CLARK (*Snug*). Here at least was something which, played with breadth and high spirits, would carry delight into the farthest recesses of pit and gallery. It was to be noted that between their last rehearsal and their first (and I suspect last) performance some Athenian DEAN (not certainly our rather diffident *Quince*) had revolutionised their production. 'Twas all to the good, anyway, for the time and the place.

M. MICHEL FOKINE had wisely, with the relatively untrained levies at his command, confined his choreography to effective grouping and simple running and tripping movements, inviting favourable judgment as a whole rather than challenging criticism as to parts.

The verdict must be: a "producer's production," lavish to the danger point, but on balance a service to the author, an aid to the players and a delight to the thoroughly (by which I mean charm-

ingly) mixed audience. There were moments of real beauty, and the magic of beautiful and witty words was not destroyed. What an eternally jolly play it is! T.

"ALF'S BUTTON" (PRINCE'S).

IF Mr. ANSTEY'S *The Brass Bottle* owed something to the legend of *Aladdin, Alf's Button*, as its author would be the first to admit, owes rather more to *The Brass Bottle*. For Mr. DARLINGTON has reproduced from Mr. ANSTEY'S work its best feature, which, naturally enough, was not to be found in *Aladdin*, namely the sharp contrast between the modern Englishman and the Oriental environment which his génie created for him. But there are, as EMERSON said, "great ways of borrowing," and, if an author can transmute other metal to fine gold, why worry as to where he found the other metal? I don't say—and Mr. DARLINGTON is far too modest to say it for me—that he has done any transmuting into superior metal (indeed his *Alf's Button* and Mr. ANSTEY'S *Bottle* are of the same material, brass), but he has at least imported a new element of fun by making his hero a man of comparatively humble station and of extremely limited culture, whose experience of luxury has hitherto been largely confined to beer.



THE SUPREMACY OF WESTERN CULTURE.

Mustapha (Alf's Butler) . . . . . MR. ARTHUR PITT.
Alf Higgins . . . . . MR. TUBBY EDLIN.
Bill Grant . . . . . MR. AMBROSE THORNE.
Moon of Delight . . . . . MISS ESMÉ FITZGIBBON.

Further comparisons I will not institute, except to say that Mr. DARLINGTON does not show Mr. ANSTEY'S conscientiousness in collecting his threads at the end. *Alf's* mate, for instance, vanishes with his pursuing houri into the great inane.

I have read the book, but not seen the film of it, and I can't imagine, for all the exciting movement of the story, how it dispensed with the dialogue. For the chief attraction of the play lay in the things that *Alf* said and in Mr. TUBBY EDLIN'S way of saying them. It was an extraordinarily clever performance. I think I liked him best in the scene behind the British lines, because afterwards one got into the region of fantastic imagination and had no precedents to go by; but here we could judge, by familiarity with a recognised type, whether his Tommy was true to it. Mr. DARLINGTON'S own experience at the Front must have served him well; but I hope it did not include, on the part of his platoon, the casual irreverence which *Private Alf Higgins* assumed towards his officers. The circumstances, I admit, were unusual, but we seemed to trace here a suspicion of that improbability which is against the rules even in the most impossible conditions.

On the other hand, when you have to do with the activities of a Djinn, it would be absurd to look for logic. Otherwise one might wonder why *Alf*, who could have had anything for the asking, did not order *The Slave of the Button* to secure for him the heart of *Lady Isabel*. Perhaps he had too good a sense of the drama and knew that the audience would be affronted if he did not finish intact in the arms of his *Liz*.

In a play whose humour was necessarily designed on broadish lines, one was constantly impressed with Mr. TUBBY EDLIN'S subtlety of manner and expression. In face of great temptation he refused to lapse into mere buffoonery. Next to his I liked best the performance of Miss HAZEL JONES as *Liz*. She had a better chance of showing character than most of the others; than Miss JANE WELSH, for instance, whose *Lady Isabel* was pretty and charming enough, but perhaps a little undistinguished. When *Liz* found herself suddenly exposed to the public eye (through the machinations of the Djinn) in a very sketchy Oriental costume, her protest—"I'm a *good* girl!"—was delightful.

As *Private Bill Grant* ("*Grunt*" in my programme, and I prefer *Grunt*) Mr. AMBROSE THORNE was content to be the shadow of *Alf*. But his interpretation of *Bill's* more carnal nature had individuality in it, and offered a sufficient contrast to the indifference displayed by *Alf* towards the charms, very thinly veiled, of the hareem with which the Djinn had furnished him. This indifference was one of the surprising things in the play. Another was the curious coincidence by which two out of the three officers (otherwise almost equally colourless) claimed a specialised knowledge on the subject of Oriental gold plate.

The supernatural machinery worked smoothly. But Alf's involuntary instruction to the Djinn on his first appearance—"Strike me pink!"—was not executed in the right shade. He was only struck an ordinary pale lime-light.

I think it would serve the general convenience if the curtain rose a little later than eight o'clock. The play would easily stand a quarter of an hour's tightening. There was an awkward hiatus for the inspecting officers while they stood about with nothing to do and looking foolish. And there were gratuitous iterations, as when the *Vicar* and his wife gave interminable encores of their exhibition of aphasia. And one got a little surfeited with the marches and countermarches of the native janitors and the obtrusiveness of their adipose.

I should be flattered to learn that Mr. DARLINGTON, in his quality of dramatic critic, agrees with the observations that I have made on his play. But I can go further, where his sense of

propriety cannot follow me, and say that his *Alf's Button* is a very delightful entertainment. O. S.

"PETER PAN" (ADELPHI).

Of course *Peter Pan* is all very well for the young. As for us others we can only exclaim, "God bless my soul! Is it really twenty years since we first saw this fantastic yet comfortable work of genius?" And it is. And how well it wears, even if now the chief delight must be to see it through the eyes of youngsters for the most part too excited even for chocolates and, unlike their elders in other places, much too wise to interrupt the action by applause, save only in response to *Peter's* explicit demand for an explicit expression of faith in fairies so that naughty heroic *Tinker Bell's* life may be saved! I liked Miss GLADYS COOPER'S eager athletic boyishness even if it lacked something of the expected wistfulness and other-worldliness. Mr. IAN HUNTER was a terrific *Hook*, with a fine technique of swagger and a truly sinister reduplication of final consonants in the authentic manner of the deepest-dyed villains of romance. The steadfast Mr. SHELTON as the motherly *Smee* still links the annual festival with its heroic origins, still ominously rends his calico just at the very moment chosen by his chief to rest his foot lightly on the powder barrel, causing such an anguished doubt as to the integrity of those brave nether garments. (To be a strictly truthful chronicler I must confess that when the manœuvre was repeated the timing was not quite accurate—a deplorable gap which *Peter Pan* fans will find it hard to condone.)

This revival is notable for the appearance of hereditary talent in the persons of two young ladies, Miss ANGELA DU MAURIER, a charmingly natural and grave *Wendy*, and Miss JILL ESMOND-MOORE, an adequate *Nibbs*; and for a quite admirable *Michael* played with enormous gusto by Master BRIAN GLENNIE. Miss AUDREY LUCAS was a self-possessed emphatic *Tootles;* Mr. HAROLD SCOTT'S *Slightly* was particularly good, and Mr. GORDON CARR upheld the great tradition of the dog-nurse *Nana*.

But will it be believed that there are mothers (or is it only wicked step-mothers?) so lost to a sense of decency as to wear, not your tight little modern helmets, but broad-brimmed hats, at a *Peter Pan* matinée? T.

"MOTHER GOOSE" (HIPPODROME).

I wish I could say kind things of this pantomime, but in truth it is poorish stuff and surely below the reputation of the Hippodrome. Mr. SHAUN GLENVILLE as *Mother Goose*—a figure of the hallowed *Widow Twankay* type—fell over his skirts all right, exposed his undergarments in the best manner and threw off his boisterous banalities with unflagging zeal; but some of us who had survived our early ideals were left a little sad. We were meant to discover a certain piquancy in the cuteness of a fat little boy of some seven or eight summers, played by Mr. WEE GEORGIE WOOD; but to those who were deceived by appearances his mature wisdom was rather appalling; while, for those who knew the actor's real age, most of this infant phenomenon's humour must have seemed comparatively commonplace without the precocity which was the essence of it.

There was some passable fun in the dialogue, but subtlety was not its dominant feature. *Mother Goose* and her fat boy had an interlude to themselves in a balloon, from which they could survey the world at large and say almost anything about it. This gave them a great chance for either cosmic or topical humour; but whoever was responsible (the programme called it a "WYLIE-TATE" production, but didn't specify the author), the satire was never what you might call Byronic.

I was sorry for Miss ISOBEL ELSOM, who has proved that she can act. Here, as the heroine, she was only required to look beautiful, which is easy for her, and to do a little singing and dancing, which I am sure she does not count among her accomplishments. Miss DOROTHY WARD, who looked well as the Principal Boy (not always in male attire), had an air of not knowing how thin her voice was, though you could see she was trying hard to make it sound fat. The costumes were pretty and there were no jazz discords in colour; but the limits of the stage did not permit of any large spectacular effects.

The standard of the animals was higher than that of the humans. The horse of Messrs. SHANKS BROTHERS, apparently modelled on that of Messrs. SELIG and HART in *Yoicks!*, was most attractive, and the *Golden Goose* of Mr. FRED CONQUEST was a very thoughtful study.

I hope I have not been too captious. No doubt we grow harder to please and will go on growing harder and harder till second childhood brings relief. Anyhow I will be fair enough to admit that two young fellow-guests of mine scamped their dinner so as not to miss a moment of the play (I, with the other elders, following at our leisure), and they considered themselves well repaid. They simply loved every bit of it. O. S.



LESSONS IN LOVE
(by a Precocious Professor).

Bobbie . . . . . MISS DOROTHY WARD.
Jack . . . . . MR. WEE GEORGIE WOOD.

Our Erudite Contemporaries.

"A letter from Governor Lovelace, his Majesty's representative in the Province of New York, was penned on a blustery December morning, in the year 1672, the Governor, goose-quill in hand, sitting at his Queen Anne writing-table."—*American Magazine.*

Cricket Extraordinary.

"BANGALORE.

The annual two days' cricket fixture, Europeans *vs.* Indians, which commenced yesterday on the Gymkhana ground, concluded this evening.

The scores were, Indians, first innings, 217, second innings, 215 for 2 wickets; Europeans first innings, 217, second innings, 215 for 2 wickets. The match thus ended in a draw."
Indian Paper.

Or rather in a pair of draws.

"The Swahili lady . . . is not so modest with her toilet as her pearl-skinned sister, for she dresses her coiffeur beneath the shade of palms in the public streets."—*Daily Paper.*

We wonder if the Swahili barbers like having this publicity thrust upon them.



Irate Taxi-driver. "TOOT—TOOT—TOOT!"
Convivial Party. "SAME TO YOU, MATE—AN' MANY OF 'EM."

NEW YEAR RESOLUTIONS.

(*By a Misoneist.*)

To turn the vacuum-cleaning broom
On my chaotic writing-room;
To break the hoarding-habit's fetters
By burning several hundred letters;
And, though it cuts me to the heart,
With aged boots and clothes to part.

To suffer kindly fools and bores,
And men with coughs and sniffs and snores,
Or those who constantly regale
Their club-mates with a thrice-told tale,
Or, when recurrent flu has gripped us,
Deluge themselves with eucalyptus.

Hardest of all, to curb one's tongue
In arguing with the very young;
To recognise with patient scrutiny
Where there is method in their mutiny,
And, when disgusted or depressed,
To think upon Mount Everest.

To watch with an indulgent eye
The hectic pageant sliding by,
Tarantulated by the tones
Of piccolos or saxophones.
To cease from reading the eclipse
Of England in her painted lips,
Or in the fearsome modes that ape
The tubular or lamp-post shape,
Or in the whiskers, more and more
Grown to recall the *matador*.
Yet resolutely to eschew
The cult of everything that 's new,
Nor lead, by swimming with the tide
And letting all traditions slide,
A mere domestic serf's existence
On lines of minimum resistance.

If these ordeals I can survive
And keep my self-respect alive,
Peace may be mine in '25.



"BOBBIE, YOU MUST NOT SAY THAT WORD."
"DADDY DOES."
"YES; BUT DADDY'S DADDY."
"WELL, I 'M I 'M."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

GRANTED that *Romance and Jane Weston* (COLLINS) has a somewhat artificial plot, still it is a plot that proves itself surprisingly amenable to animated treatment; and, although few or none of its incidents are exactly new, they are shuffled, cut and re-dealt with a disarming thoroughness and skill. Its heroine reaches the age of thirty-six in resigned attendance on an invalid mother. The mother dies, and *Jane* finds herself an emancipated heiress with all the romance of her life before her. There is certainly very little behind her—only a chance encounter with a congenial unknown ten years ago on a Brighton pier. The memory of this episode, however, revives with opportunity for action; and *Jane* and her pretty maid leave their remote Welsh home for London—*Ellen* to seek an English substitute (or substitutes) for the three broken-hearted Welshmen she leaves behind her, and her mistress to recapture if possible the gallant of her Brighton adventure. Of course Mr. RICHARD PRYCE is too old a hand to allow his heroine to concentrate on her ridiculous quest. A good-hearted curmudgeonly old relative turns up, and *Jane* is soon immersed in social activities and the affairs of her *Cousin Abel*. *Abel's* son was killed in the War; and his son's widow, *Betty*, is a minx of the first water. *Jane* gets to know *Betty* and her male hangers-on, only to find that the object of her search is one of the latter. Realising that the situation is impossible, she returns to Wales, accompanied by *Cousin Abel*, *Ellen* and the English chauffeur whom *Ellen* has annexed during her stay. Everyone of course is made happy in the end—except *Ellen's* three original Welsh admirers, whose claims to beatitude have been callously overlooked. Personally, I could have done with a little less English society and a little more Welsh low life, especially as Mr. PRYCE has a fashion of reproducing the lilt of the latter's speech, which is unfailingly and charmingly accurate.

Three legal gentlemen of some eminence have conspired to produce *The Story of our Inns of Court* (FOULIS), and I hasten to add that they have carried out their task admirably. It was a task that was worth doing well. Sir DUNBAR PLUNKET BARTON is responsible for the Introduction and for the fourteen chapters dealing with Gray's Inn; Mr. CHARLES BENHAM deals faithfully with the two Temples, and Mr. FRANCIS WATT with Lincoln's Inn. Between them they have given an accurate and most interesting picture of the quadrilateral that encloses what Sir WILLIAM BLACKSTONE happily called "Our Judicial University." From the streets and lanes of Holborn down to the banks of the river, flanked on either side by the boundaries of the Cities of London and Westminster, runs the district that has been for more than five centuries practically sacred to the study of law. The Temple, of course, is older still. When HUGUES DE PAYENS founded the Order of the Knights Templars, the English branch were first established on the "northern side of the little country path between Ludgate and Charing," just where Chancery Lane joins Holborn. That was the Old Temple, a name still found in ancient records; the New Temple, down by the river bank, did not begin to arise until some forty years later, in 1170. Then, at the beginning of the fourteenth century, came the extirpation of the Order, and in due course a body of professors and students of the law, apparently from Thavies Inn, hired

the manor from the Knights-Hospitallers of St. John of Jerusalem, who had succeeded to the too powerful Order of the Templars. This was in 1347, when what had been the preserve of the clergy was passing into the hands of laymen, when judges ceased, necessarily, to be ecclesiastics, and men began to climb for the first time from the Bar to the Bench. All who are meditating that toilsome ascent should begin by studying this work, which contains much antiquarian lore about the four Inns of Court and the ten or more inferior foundations that used to be known as Inns of Chancery, and served in the old days as preparatory colleges. A good book, well produced and pleasantly illustrated.

THE yarns that P. G. WODEHOUSE weaves
Are full of points which keep you guessing;
His people—golfers, valets, thieves,
Damsels or knuts—are prepossessing;
But, though to the design of such
He brings a gay and rich invention,
It 's something else that seems to clutch
My eager and sustained attention.

The thing is that he keeps on tap,
As *Bill the Conqueror* (METHUEN) shows me,
A kind of verbal booby-trap
Which, every time he springs it, throws me;
The willingest of dupes, I fall,
Nor ever scent where it is lurking;
I only know I relish all
The ways in which he sets it working.

I like the mock-heroic ease
That turns his purple patches yellow;
I like his impudence when he 's
Misquoting some old poet fellow;
But most, I think, I like the stunt
That salts his page, as through a sifter,
With leg-pull words like "wop-spot," "runt,"
"Lalapaloosa," "goof" and "snifter."

Terpsichore is, if you come to think of it, the most elusive of Muses. Hardly an inch, I suppose, of the inhabited earth has remained untrodden by her; yet it is very difficult indeed to trace two consecutive steps once she has passed. The only universal system of dance-notation is the complex stenography of the modern ballet; and the composer is equally handicapped in reconstructing the work of his predecessors and endowing posterity with his own. The would-be historian of galliards and pavanes, rigaudons and morrises, needs more than common enthusiasm and patience to surmount the scarcity of records; and it is therefore for us a piece of sorrowful good fortune that the late Mr. CECIL J. SHARP, so signally qualified on these and all other scores to carry through the task, should have given the last year of his life to an historical survey of *The Dance* (HALTON AND TRUSCOTT SMITH). Century after century of European dancing, both social and spectacular, is revealed by this enchanting monograph; and over seventy plates, chosen, and wisely chosen, to exhibit the spirit of the dance rather than its exact postures, reinforce its delightful doctrine. To Mr. A. P. OPPÉ, purveyor of pictures as well as collaborator and editor, I should like to express my gratitude for a score of treasures: for the miniature goat, obviously dancing a "capriol" in the margin of a Book of Hours; for the blackavised gentry pacing a sort of Mulberry Bush with their entertainers in a DÜRER woodcut; for the robust couple of comedians left over from an INIGO JONES anti-masque, and for ever so much more on the

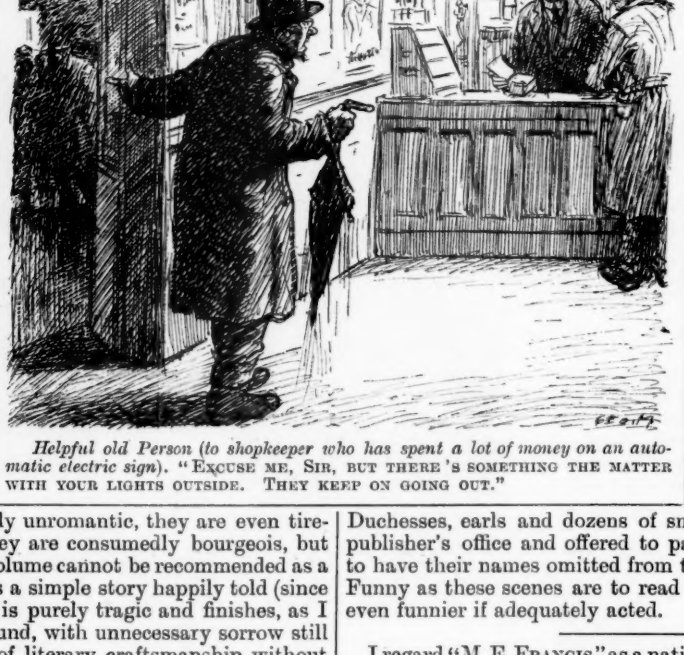


THE CROSS-WORD MANIA.

Doctor (rung up at 2 a.m.) "YES, DR. BROWN SPEAKING. WHAT IS IT?"
Voice. "I WANT THE NAME OF A BODILY DISORDER OF SEVEN LETTERS, OF WHICH THE SECOND LETTER MUST BE 'N.'"

way—*viâ* ROWLANDSON'S jolly little hornpipe in a pot-house—to a substantial TAGLIONI and an ethereal PAVLOVA. But the uppermost thought in my head on closing the book—and I am sure both author and collaborator would rest content to have put it there—was a rekindled interest in the English folk-dance and a lively hope that a new ballet-technique may yet be evolved in the idiom of our own country.

Mr. EDWARD C. BOOTH is the most sternly conscientious of literary artists. His latest North-country study, *The Treble Clef* (FISHER UNWIN), centres about a *Mrs. Holmroyd*, lately widowed, and her little son, who have come to live in a Yorkshire town, clearly intended to be Doncaster, though given a different name, in circumstances of unexpected poverty. So perfect are the author's closeness of observation and unflinching tirelessness in the simple writing down of minutiæ that, if the boy *Oswald* no more than sets out to cross a road or ring a front-door bell, one may be sure that it will take him a page and a half to do it. At this rate of progress even a total of well over three hundred pages does not allow of much definite action, and indeed the book is little more than a group of about a dozen character studies, kept together by the slenderest thread of a gloomy and occasionally morbid narrative. In itself the story could be told adequately in some three lines, yet I think that no reader who loves careful and unexaggerated work will grudge Mr. BOOTH the latitude he allows himself, for in all this mass of detail there is not one touch that is other than convincingly true, not one figure that fails, no matter how laboriously stippled, eventually to take to itself reality and life. They are mostly unromantic, they are even tiresomely ordinary, and they are consumedly bourgeois, but they are alive. If this volume cannot be recommended as a mental tonic, nor even as a simple story happily told (since *Mrs. Holmroyd's* history is purely tragic and finishes, as I think, the wrong way round, with unnecessary sorrow still to come), yet, as a piece of literary craftsmanship without blemish of conceit or ignorance or any grossness, it takes rank with the great work of this century.



Helpful old Person (to shopkeeper who has spent a lot of money on an automatic electric sign). "EXCUSE ME, SIR, BUT THERE 'S SOMETHING THE MATTER WITH YOUR LIGHTS OUTSIDE. THEY KEEP ON GOING OUT."

All garden lovers owe Mr. WILLIAM ROBINSON a debt of gratitude for that essentially summer book, *The English Flower Garden*, which he now follows up with *Wood Fires* (MURRAY), an appropriately Promethean winter issue. The book tells us, very charmingly and instructively, how its author restored the fireplaces in a sixteenth-century Sussex manor, "Gravetye House," to the use for which they were originally intended, *i.e.*, the consumption of wood and wood only. Mr. ROBINSON takes us with an almost boyish pride from room to room, all with delightful names; and tells us the restorative steps taken in each; always with some little distinction of touch, as, for instance, when the workmen crawled into a certain chimney "like owls into a hollow tree." There is a chapter on wood-burning in London, which however is not wholly convincing, possibly because here the author does not write from personal experience. But there is another chapter, enticing as a rose catalogue, that deals with the best sorts of woods to burn on hearth or in furnace, for our author bids us cook, and even heat centrally, with woods, "the Earth's sylvan children;" and so enthusiastically does he urge that almost he persuades. The book finishes with a few pages on future fires; this is not so alarming as it sounds, being in reality but a guide to the growth of suitable fuel for our great-grandchildren's homes. Mr. ROBINSON tells us that, with this in view, "time should not count;" and somehow this chapter on forestry makes me feel that it *doesn't*, at least to a wise man. A friendly book, a seasonable, and a well illustrated.

More than once Mr. WILLIAM CAINE has given me good entertainment, and so I was a little depressed when, after reading the opening pages of *Lady Sheba's Last Stunt* (JENKINS), I found him more facetious than funny. However, when once his engine is warmed up he supplies his readers with situations of which the humour is well up to the standard of their improbability. In her search for notoriety the much-advertised *Lady Sheba* decided to accept the request of a publisher and write her memoirs. Young though she was, her knowledge of Society scandals was peculiar, and when her knowledge failed her she was prepared to draw upon her imagination. Her publicity agent, an ingenious person called *Bird Hoot*, saw to it that these memoirs should be boomed as no book has ever been boomed. Society, with reason, was terribly alarmed. Duchesses, earls and dozens of smaller fry rushed to the publisher's office and offered to pay thousands of pounds to have their names omitted from this devastating volume. Funny as these scenes are to read I believe they would be even funnier if adequately acted.

I regard "M. E. FRANCIS" as a national asset. Unmoved by the clamour and fuss of modern life she continues to write her pleasant placid stories, and I am sure that thousands of estimable people derive entertainment from them. *Young Dave's Wife* (HUTCHINSON) is Franciscan to its very core. *Dave Morgan*, the son of a Welsh farmer, rebelled against parental tyranny, married a girl who was not a Welshwoman, and had a desperate fight with his people and his neighbours before they would look at her with friendly eyes. *Anne Morgan* was a fine character, but in secretly shouldering her sister-in-law's burdens and thereby perplexing and angering her husband she was asking for unnecessary trouble. Everything however came right in the end. "There 's no one but has a good word for Dave and Dave's wife"—so runs the last sentence of the tale. And against this sentence I for one—and I am confident that Mrs. BLUNDELL'S many faithful admirers will agree with me—have no intention of appealing.

CHARIVARIA.

MISS CHRISTABEL PANKHURST thinks that the end of the world is at hand. We ourselves had a feeling that Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL is not in France for nothing.

* * *

A teacher is suggesting that senior classes at school should be taught to deal with the problems of the day. A boy who got swished for doing a cross-word puzzle during "prep" thinks the movement is overdue.

* * *

We are asked to deny the rumour that the cross-word puzzle was invented by a free-verse poet who suffered from liver-trouble and had spots in front of his eyes.

* * *

A witness in a police court recently gave his name as VRBKA ZEKNKO. This only wants a black square in between the two words to be perfect.

* * *

A Soho Chamber of Commerce has been formed. Meetings will open with an address in garlic.

* * *

The President of an American tramways system invites passengers to express their opinion of the service. The Chairman of the Southern Railway doesn't need to issue such invitations to his passengers.

* * *

A motor-car recently turned three somersaults at Tooting Bec. Tooting Bec is *so* bracing.

* * *

Not content with suggesting an alteration of the Ten Commandments, Americans are now trying to alter the size and weight of golf-balls.

* * *

A skeleton was recently found in an express train. We always take sandwiches if there is no dining-car.

* * *

A new exclusive Night Club has been started in London. We are given to understand that it is only open to receive police raids on Mondays and Fridays.

* * *

Sir THOMAS LIPTON is said to be enthusiastic about Prohibition in the United States. Sir THOMAS is in England.

* * *

"The present price of milk and fish is much too high," declares a contemporary. Still, if the idea is to starve out the cat-burglar, we will put up with it.

* * *

Southend railway-station is used by seven million persons each year. This seems to prove conclusively that people go there on purpose.

* * *

"Several weather experts are out of employment," announces a daily paper. Having acquired the character of the medium in which they worked, their outlook has become unsettled.

* * *

A Northampton man reports that, while listening-in the other night, he heard a sermon being delivered in New York. Of course he could complain to the B.B.C., but our own view is that he brought it upon himself.

* * *

A Belfast man has been summoned for throwing a brick at a football referee. Serve him right. Bricks are too expensive to be used for that sort of thing.

* * *

À propos of the attempts to break up the atom, a scientist points out that the isotrope is even smaller still. But have you ever been told to ask for your stamps farther down the counter?

* * *

We hear of a funicular railway to run up Mount Ararat. Passengers will be expected to enter two by two.

* * *

Italy is reported to be very grateful to *The Daily Mail* for a recent article. We understand that Carmelite House sent a gracious message in return, and the incident is now closed.

* * *

We read that certain Eskimos make their wives chew sealskin in order to soften it. This is what the Americans call "putting the moth in mother."

* * *

The L.C.C. report the loss of four pickaxes. Apparently some Christmas cigars are not buried yet.

* * *

"Brighter prisons" are projected. It is a long time since we saw the "House Full" boards outside a gaol.

* * *

166,212 boxes of apples have just been landed in Glasgow. Large coveys of doctors have already been noticed crossing the Border.

* * *

According to Mr. GLENN FRANK, "with all its stammering and halting, humanity is not standing still." Except when it is told to pass farther down the car.

* * *

It is estimated that a new gramophone is made every minute. It's too many.



"NOW, JONES, WHO DEFEATED THE PHILISTINES?"
"I DUNNO, SIR. I DON'T FOLLOW THEM AMATEUR LEAGUE TEAMS."

"Captain ——, writing on halt of his Excellency Lord Jellicoe."
New Zealand Paper.

We are surprised that he could find so much space on his Excellency that wasn't already covered with criticism.

"The fox-trot now aspires to be listened to without dancing as we listen to Bach's, Saraband's and Chopin's mazurkas."
Daily Paper.

Saraband is, of course, the well-known composer of Mixo-Lydian nationality, pupil of Chaconne and Smorzando.

"Wanted, Second-hand Terrestrial Globe."
Daily Paper.

The advertiser is welcome to the one we live on.

"TO INCREASE YOUR SCORES, WEAR ——'S 'PLUS-FOURS.'"
Advt. on Golf Scoring-Card.

But we want to lower our scores, so we shall wear somebody else's plus-fours.

O City fathers! Save St. Paul's,
And strain no more at gnats or midges;
Think of the scandal if it falls
While you are humbugging with bridges!

THE TEST AND THE EVENING PRESS.

[After reading the posters and headlines of the evening papers during the second Test Match. "SUTCLIFFE MAKES HISTORY" was one of them.]

ONCE more, while all creation wonders,
"Il Duce" flaunts his sable shirt;
Free speech is silenced by his thunders
And Liberty is eating dirt;
He strides the heavens like a genie,
The idol of his Fascist mobs;
A superman, this MUSSOLINI—
But who is he compared with HOBBS?

All Liberal hearts just now are yearning
In one unanimous combine
For their Crusader, home returning
From his campaign in Palestine;
They scan the Press, each loyal reader;
They search the captions, eyes at strain,
For tidings of their trusted leader—
And what they get is: "TATE AGAIN!"

On WINSTON'S high-financial labours
The gaze of half the world is set;
Will he induce our casual neighbours
Dimly to recognise their debt?
Built for the task he 's undertaking,
Courage and tact in him are wed;
But, when it comes to history-making,
SUTCLIFFE can beat him on his head.

O gallant flower of English cricket,
Who fought so well against the odds
(Last knock upon a fiery wicket),
You don't mistake yourselves for gods;
When headline-artists ply their function
With slabs of butter laid on thick,
You rest unspoilt by all this unction
That leaves your true friends shamed and sick.

O. S.

OUR DRAMATICS.

WE have an Amateur Dramatic Society in our town. It consists of about forty-three ladies and eight gentlemen, so the committee has chosen for the next production a play with one woman's part and about twenty men's. Some people would say that such a play does not exist. But it does. It is written by Mr. SH*W and he called it *C*pt**n Br*ssb**nd's C*nv*rs**n* (I had to write it like that because of the Law of Libel, of which I 'm terrified to death. Of course what I really mean is Mr. SHAW'S *Captain Brassbound's Conversion*, but I daren't say that straight out).

Our society held its audition for *C*pt**n Br*ssb**nd's C*nv*rs**n* last Saturday. The secretary, who in private life is the curate, had written a nice letter to each member about it, asking them to make up their minds what part they wanted to play and telling them which bits to read to the casting committee; but only a few members turned up, because he forgot to post the letters. Still the audition was held all right. Our society is awfully determined.

Quite a lot of the parts were cast too. Our society is recruited mostly from the leading tradesmen in the town, and very good at acting they are. When they are all properly made up as generals and admirals and peers and the rest of it, you would never believe that they aren't anything of the sort at all. Not till they speak, I mean. Then of course you 'd know at once, because generals and admirals and—well, generals and admirals, at any rate, hardly ever drop their aitches.

Still, there is one member of the society who speaks all right, and that is the secretary; so the selection committee have cast him for the part of a Cockney brigand. I expect he will be awfully good too. He would be still better, of course, if he could put on a Cockney accent; but you can't have everything, can you?

You never *can* believe what people say. The casting committee did not come to blows at all. Not actually. Going very red and hitting the table with both fists at once isn't coming to blows, is it? Really, people do say the most extraordinary things.

It was about the part of the only wo—the only lady, you see. Two of the committee said there was nobody in the society who could possibly play it except Miss Bilgewasser (that is not her real name; it 's just a name I invented. Don't forget what I told you just now about that sort of thing). And the other two, who wanted Miss Gigglekin (that isn't a real name either) to play it, said that Miss Bilgewasser was only an anæmic jelly-fish on heels, and a wet hen without a tail could play the part better than she could; which I thought rather silly, because I 'm sure that Miss Bilgewasser could really do the part much better than any hen, wet or dry.

So the first two, who included the chairman of the committee, said rather redly that Miss Bilgewasser might be a trifle heavy, but anyhow that was better than being an animated bundle of loose bones held together by a waistband. And after that all four of them got very red indeed and began hitting the table out of time with each other. That is all that happened.

In the end the chairman exercised his casting vote and decided for Miss Bilgewasser, so Mr. Troute said at once that he would resign from the society that very minute rather than be a party to its making a public laughing-stock of itself on the platform of the parish hall; and he put on his hat like anything and marched straight out of the house. So then the chairman naturally realised that he had been insulted most frightfully and began resigning on the spot; not as a protest against his own decision, of course, but because he was feeling so very red and thumpy and couldn't think of anything else to do.

Then things began to leak out, and Miss Bilgewasser promptly resigned to show her opinion of Miss Gigglekin's mentality; while Miss Gigglekin resigned just as promptly to show what she thought of Miss Bilgewasser's hat. And after that everybody began to resign right and left to anyone who would listen, either in order to insult the chairman or to insult the people who were insulting the chairman, or even, in the case of some who got a little muddled, apparently to insult themselves; till now there seems to be no one at all left to interpret Mr. SH*W'S *C*pt**n Br*ssb**nd's C*nv*rs**n* except the secretary and me. And even if the secretary feels capable of playing the one woman's part I feel quite sure that I could not play the twenty men's.

Somehow I don't think that our society will give much of a show this year.

"A HABIT OF DISTINCTION.

A stroll for the weekly hot scrub and a rub to —— Hot Baths."
Advt. in Bucks Paper.

When you are in Bucks do as the Bucks do.

"Mr. Gilbert Frankau, Novelist:
I prefer not to think of the weather at all, and so I shut my eyes, sit in front of the fire, forget the rain, and write for all I am worth."
Sunday Paper.

Judging from the penmanship of some of our correspondents it would seem that Mr. FRANKAU is not alone in this method of writing with the eyes shut.



THE RETURN OF THE CRUSADER.

MR. LLOYD GEORGE (*as the faithful steward*) TO MR. ASQUITH (*on his return from Palestine*). "WELCOME HOME, SIRE. IN YOUR ABSENCE I HAVE KEPT THE HOME FIRES BURNING, SUCH AS THEY ARE."



Pierrot. "I LIKE YOUR COSTUME BETTER THAN MINE."
Columbine (flattered). "DO YOU?"
Pierrot. "YES. IT'S SO MUCH BETTER FOR EATING ICES IN."

NURSERY TALES FOR GROWN-UPS.

III.—CINDERELLA IN SHEPHERD'S BUSH.

(With acknowledgments to Miss DOROTHY RICHARDSON.*)*

SHE seemed to see herself at the end of a long tunnel . . . herself, or was it somebody else? Anyway someone called Cinderella. Someone who sat there by the kitchen fire among the cinders. Had she sat there for eternity or for half-an-hour? It was of no consequence.

Wonderful the calm. In the vortex of her thoughts there was this calm centre where she sat among the cinders.

Remote . . . yes, that was the word, remote from all real happenings. Outside somewhere the world of Shepherd's Bush. Omnibuses. Taxis. They had gone in a taxi to the ball. She had done their hair. Hair. How hopeless! A permanent wave might have saved some time and gas too. Their noses. How much one could think about noses! The influence of noses. Characters made by noses. *Cyrano de Bergerac.* GEORGE ELIOT. If her nose had been tip-tilted . . . would there have been an *Adam Bede?* Not that GEORGE ELIOT could write. One knows now that she never could. A nose may be a buried complex. Perhaps the step-sisters in their eagerness for the ball were slaves of their noses. That eternal antagonism to the self-determination of the nose. One could think of that all night.

How her thoughts ran about! Just like the blackbeetles that were scurrying about the kitchen in seeming aimless quest for something desired. But desire meant bondage to real life and she had vowed herself to the unearthly calm of self-analysis.

At the end of the tunnel revolving lights . . . limelights. And in one of them the Fairy Godmother, just as one had imagined her in the old fettered nursery days.

What *is* she? The symbol of an outworn convention . . . the idea that one must dress up and marry a Prince?

"But, my *dear* Cinderella, you must get ready at once. The Prince will be there. A mouse or two and the pumpkin. But *do* hurry up."

"You know that all that is impossible. I'm a Socialist and a Lycurgan. Princes only interest me as specimens of an outworn order. Besides, here among my thoughts I'm happy . . . happy. Events . . . *doing* things . . . belong to the unreal world of pantomime. Life . . . the best novels . . . consist of *thoughts*, endless revolutions round the central ego."

"*Tiresome* Cinderella . . . I know I talk in italics. I've caught it from you. But can't you see a *duty* . . . something expected of you . . . the coach-and-four, the magnificent dress, the appearance at the ball? Midnight striking and the glass slipper on the floor; how is one to do without all that?"

"That . . . Oh! I could talk for forty pages about that. Don't you see that we have progressed? It's not doing . . . it's being. Sitting here by the fire among the mice and beetles I *am* Cinderella. Any narrative statement of my life is irrelevant. The great moderns find thought enough. One must educate. Even pantomime audiences. The idea in solution."

"*Aggravating* Cinderella! I don't believe you know what you're talking about. I want to get on with the story. You've wasted all my time in self-analysis. I'm sure you never learned English analysis. Every sentence requires a verb. And so few of your pronouns have nouns. I don't *yet* know the names of your step-sisters."

Where is she now? Rattling in the scullery. Hunting for the mouse-traps. Perhaps they couldn't help it in her generation . . . that love of the sequence of events . . . Plots they called them. Yes—chapters and paragraphs and sentences you could analyse and being told who is who at the beginning of the story. What if I went to the ball now? It would take me forty pages to get there. Here she is back again with her pumpkin and her wand. How *like* Shepherd's Bush the wand!

"Cinderella, they won't *understand.*

They 'll expect you to lose your slipper. If you don't how can the Herald bring it round to-morrow?"

"But why *should* they understand, Godmother? There 's no reason why. Art. Isn't it an initiation into a mystery? To *tell* . . . it is to vulgarise Truth. A Delphic oracle . . . in a bathing-dress!"

"And you mean . . . *insufferable* Cinderella . . . that you 'll sit here talking all night and never do any of the things the public expect of you? No coach or midnight chimes or Prince or glass slipper. Well . . . that 's an *end*. Good-bye."

The slammed door . . . how crude a symbol from the world of actual happenings! Hasty temper. The provocative rejoinder to clean rapier-play of argument. "The will is really meant to prevent deliberate action. That is the hard work of life." This, read to-day in an A.B.C., delayed indefinitely the eating of a Chelsea bun and gave justice to the reproof for unpunctuality in the house in Wimpole Street where tapping fingers played the typewriter.

How her thoughts have scurried about . . . the black-beetles at the same hither-thither game!

Midnight! . . . the Prince a little bored. *Ennuyé* . . . for she often thought in French. And a taxi at the door. Insistent voices in the hall. The step-sisters home again. No story and no action. No canon of art outraged. Then the feet on the basement stairs. Flat feet. The psychology of the flat foot? The hard glittering voice.

"My *dear* Cinderella . . . still here in the cinders. Oh! a great success. The Prince *looked* at me. *Stared*. But otherwise nothing *happened*, you know. And you . . . weren't you bored?"

"Bored? What, here with all my thoughts . . . and myself? How could I be bored?"

A Headache for the Cricket Historian.

"Hobbs and Sutcliffe were comparatively fresh at the close, and it was astonishing that the great crowd was almost dumb until the batsmen had reached the pavilion. Then the people let themselves go."
Yorkshire Paper.

"The scene at the close was one of excitement and enthusiasm. Applause was thunderous from the time the batsmen began their walk back to the pavilion until they disappeared."—*Same paper, same day.*

Wild Work in Ulster.

"There was a heavy layer of snow in Derry yesterday morning, and many young people were to be seen slaying."—*Belfast Paper.*

"Officer's Wife would like jolly lady by birth to share modern house."—*Daily Paper.*

"Born in a jolly hour," like *Beatrice*: "there was a star danced, and under that I was born."



Thames-side Housewife. "WHAT ON EARTH ARE YOU DOING IN THIS BATHING-COSTUME, DEAR?"
Husband. "I'M JUST GOING DOWN TO HAVE A LOOK AT THE WEATHER-GLASS, DARLING."

PLACES-AS-THEY-OUGHT-TO-BE.

BEER.

In pleasant Beer there is a border
Of inn-signs round the village green—
Painted signs in comely order,
The nicest inns you 've ever seen.

The "Flaming Heart," the "Swain and Sweeting,"
The "Broken Mirror," "Golden Cup,"
The brisk "Why Not?" the "Merry Meeting,"
The "Fellowship," the "Bit and Sup."

And all the gay heraldic creatures,
The "Blue Bull" and the shaggy "Bear,"
The old "Red Lion's" noble features,
The "Golden Hind," they all are there.

Geraniums and red twill curtain
Bedeck each lattice, open wide;
And as you look you know for certain
There 's jolly Boniface inside.

And in the dusk the eaves come snugly
Over the rose-clad creepered walls,
And you feel sure that nothing ugly
Can come inside as twilight falls.

The inns at Beer are clean and cosy,
With big wood fires and sanded floors;
And all the folk are fat and rosy
And pay each other handsome scores.

For all the folk at Beer keep inns there,
And no one 's poor or pale or thin;
So, when my middle-age begins, there
Perhaps *I* 'll go and keep an inn.

SUBURBAN SCENES.

VII.—A NICE POINT.

As I was rowing along Chiswick Mall, which is most exciting—for, say what you like, it *is* exciting, I know not why, to row in a boat over ground habitually dry, especially if that ground is normally a street or pavement—true, there must be many of my countrymen, however childish in their pleasures, to whom this particular pleasure has recently become a trifle wearisome, but that is because they live in places where there is no tide—Chiswick Mall, now, is periodically under water, but this is the work not of exceptional rainfall, but of high spring tides, the moon, the equinox and that kind of thing, and when a tidal stream has reached its highest point it straightway descends again or, in other words (and this is a point which many writers on the recent floods have missed), as soon as the tide has come in the tide goes out again, so that the flooding of Chiswick Mall and the flooding of Cookham, shall we say? are two very different things (though this distinction has escaped many sub-editors during the past week or two); at any rate Chiswick Mall is never navigable for more than an hour at the most, and, as I was rowing along Chiswick Mall in a minute pram-dinghy, seven foot by three, I observed my seventh daughter, Joan, waving to me down a side-street from the edge of the swollen waters. I therefore paddled cautiously up the side-street (Acacia Road) and with difficulty embarked the wench.

We pushed off with even greater difficulty, and rowed slowly westward between the houses of the Mall and the river-gardens on the other side of the road. I made encouraging gestures to Mrs. Soap and Mrs. Wick, whose halls were flooded, while Joan openly defied and gloated over the Leather children, who were safe and envious in a dry nursery and not borne upon the perilous waters of Chiswick Mall. We also obstructed a brewer's dray and forced a young bicyclist to dismount in the water; but, as he was clearly on the look-out for some such adventure, the incident passed off smoothly.

Soon after this I observed that the water was falling, and, lest we should be left high and dry on the high road, I paddled rapidly towards Chiswick Harbour, where the road and the river run side by side, like the sea and the shore, for fifty yards or so; for it is at this point that, if one is in a boat, one escapes from the road to the river, or *vice-versâ*.

But before we reached this spot I saw, some thirty yards away, an exceedingly rich motor-car, huge, glistening, and English to the core, with a bonnet the length of a submarine and a weather-forecast attachment worked from the exhaust, approaching cautiously along the crown or middle of the road (the shallow part). My own vessel was moving towards the car on the right-hand side of the road (where it was deep).



Young Jarge (*listening-in*). "WEATHER FORECAST—HEAVY RAIN EXPECTED."
Old Jarge. "THEIR RHEUMATIZ MUST BE WORSE THAN MINE. *I* AIN'T NOTICED NOTHIN' YET."

The driver of the car, to whom I took an instant dislike, hooted twice, shouted three times very loudly "Hey!" and when almost on top of me turned sharp to his right with an ill-bred execration. The forepart of the car plunged into the deep water against the fence on the river side of the road; there was a sort of sizzle, a deprecating cough from the engine, and a horrible bad word, and the monster came to rest right athwart the road. I rested on my oars and observed the scene.

My daughter Joan was delighted. "Do that again," she remarked, laughing heartily.

"It cannot be done again, my child," I said. "It is done once and for all. The magneto—the carburettor—the——"

At this point the driver of the motor-car, a man of heavy build and ruddy countenance, but, as I judged, a pedantic turn of mind, swung round and shook his fist at me.

"Why don't you keep on the right side of the road?" said he savagely.

"I *was* on the right side of the road," I answered calmly.

"Exactly," said the ruddy motorist with some triumph.

"Exactly."

"You seem to be a little young," he continued sarcastically, "but perhaps you will pardon my remarking that you should have been on the left."

"I hate this gentleman," said Joan suddenly.

"Quiet, hussy," said I; and to the gentleman: "Forgive my absurd suspicions, Sir, but can it by any chance have escaped your notice that I am in a boat?"

The stranger threw a glance of ill-disguised disdain over the poor old *Crab*.

"Oh, it's a boat, is it?" he said at last. "I wondered."

"A boat," I insisted quietly. "And, since it is a boat——"

"Since it is a boat," said the other warmly, "you've no business here at all."

"On the contrary," I said, "the question is—have *you* any business here?"

"I beg your pardon?"

"Have *you* any business here?"

"Look here, Sir," said the man, spluttering—"a joke's a joke, but this is *too* much. You've run me into the fence, you've ruined my mag., and now—— I've a good mind," he said, "to give you in charge for obstructing the highway. Hi, *officer*!" And he beckoned vigorously to a distant constable up Acacia Road.

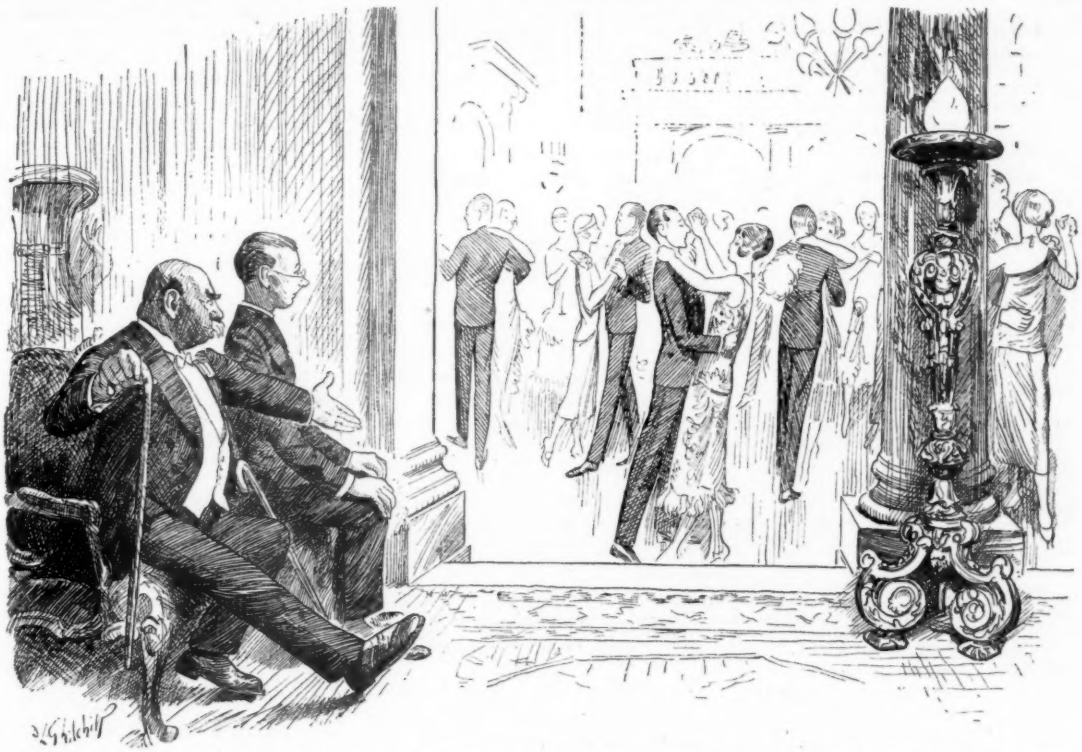
"What we want," I replied, "is the *river* police. For, I hate to mention it, Sir, but *you* at the moment are obstructing the traffic on the river Thames."

"*What?*" said he, in a frenzy; and again, "*What?*"

"Why don't we go home?" said Joan at this point.

"For the reason just stated, my child," I said. "This wreck or derelict is blocking the channel—— Would you mind moving your vessel, Sir," I continued politely, "for, unless I can get past you, I shall be unable to reach the main stream before the tide turns."

"Look here, Sir!" he began wildly, but the constable had now approached,



The Colonel (irritated by frigid deportment of dancers). "LOOK AT 'EM, SIMPSON. NOT A MAN BUT 'LL GO HOME AS COOL AND STARCHED AS HE CAME! DAMME, SIR, IN *MY* DANCING DAYS WE WERE FOUR-COLLAR MEN!"

and stood on the nearest dry land about thirty yards away. "Sergeant," he went on, "I give this lunatic in charge. Obstruction."

Whether he expected the constable to wade through the water then and there and arrest us was not clear. The constable, at any rate, had no such intention. Indeed he made no comment whatever, but sagaciously regarded us both.

"Inspector," I said, not to be behindhand in courtesy, "touch me at your peril. You have no jurisdiction——"

"No juris——?" began the motorist.

"No jurisdiction, Sir. The laws and customs of navigable tidal waters extend to the furthest limit of the tide. You are now in tidal waters. Practically, in fact, you are at sea. You know, of course, the laws and customs of the sea?" I finished courteously.

"I know the rule of the road," said he grimly, "you blathering idiot!"

"Good," I replied. "But the rule of the road in this case is port to port——"

"Port to——?"

"Port to port. Two vessels meeting end-on keep to starboard and pass each other on their port hands. In other words they keep to the right—which is exactly what I was doing."

"Mercy!" muttered the man, mopping his brow.

"Had you passed along this road," I continued, "an hour ago, you would have been undoubtedly right to cling to the left-hand side. And should you pass along this road an hour hence (when the tide has fallen), assuming that your car will then be in a fit state to pass anywhere (which it will not), you would then again be right to keep to the left. But in the circumstances in which we actually met there is not the smallest doubt that in keeping to the left you were guilty of improper, negligent and indeed dangerous navigation. Am I right, inspector?"

The policeman opened his mouth and shut it again, scratching his head. I noted with some concern that the water was falling rapidly and he was now but fifteen yards away. The motorist also opened his mouth without result, but with his hands he gripped two tufts of his hair, as though he would pull them out.

Joan said, "Do that again," and laughed heartily.

"The only doubt that lingers in my mind," I went on, "is whether I count as a sailing-vessel or what. For steam-vessels, as you know, must keep out of the way of sailing-vessels in any event; and this should strengthen my case, for you, I take it, are certainly a steam-vessel—unless you count as a tank," I mused.

"I'll—I'll—I'll bring an action!" said the motorist resolutely.

"So shall I," I murmured; "in the Admiralty Court."

At this point I observed with sorrow that the *Crab* was aground. In a few minutes we should be high-and-dry. The constable would then take out his pocket-book and arrest me for being drunk in charge of a dinghy on the public highway. I therefore disembarked myself and daughter, picked up the *Crab*, placed her on my head, and with a cheery farewell to everybody walked home along the pavement. The motor-car, however, remained where it was for many hours. Which shows the superiority of boats to motor-cars.

We ain't got much money in the suburbs, but we do see life. A. P. H.

"One of the first lessons which every good journalist ought to learn is to resist the temptation to say the obvious about the obvious . . . There is no such thing as to-morrow."
Channel Island Paper.

That statement, at any rate, is quite original.

THE BATTLE OF JUTLAND.

[It is hoped that the following narrative from the lips of a very ancient mariner providentially discovered in a tavern at Shellback-on-Sea will help to settle the dispute that still rages over the tactics of this encounter.]

I HATES the Battle of Jutland
For it always seems to me
That the day wasn't won by a son of a gun
'Cept only the grey North Sea.

For I 've fought with the French and Dagoes,
And all of them fights was fair;
But it ain't on the level to fight with the Devil,
And that 's what the North Sea were.

So whenever I hears them saying,
"Another account of the strafe,
And the German Fleet was a deal too neat
And diddled us all, not 'alf;"

Or whenever I read in the papers
An article saying like,
"Lord Admiral J. was sick that day
'Cos he 'd swallowed a marlin-spike;

"And 'e says to Admiral BEATTY,
'My mizzen is much too taut;
Don't start to fight till it 's near on night;'
But BEATTY 'e went and fought;"

"They don't know the German Ocean,"
Says I to myself, says I,
"These blasted lubbers with wraps and rubbers,
And they makes a seaman cry."

For the binnacle-boom was bunted
And no one could see the guns,
And clouds of steam was abaft the beam
And we reckoned it might be 'Uns.

"Would them be the Dutchmen, BEATTY?"
"I 'm blowed if I know," says B.,
For you can't keep a log in the kind of fog
As one gets in the grey North Sea.

So BEATTY 'e follered after
And pounded away like mad,
But the foremast stays got filled with the 'aze
And even the cooks felt bad.

And the noise was something awful,
And the spinnaker jib got bent,
And no one could tell, along o' the swell,
Which way the Dutchman had went.

And BEATTY 'e comes back saying,
"I 've blown them into the Bight,
But I don't know a bit how many got split"—
And that was the end of the fight.

And here comes Admiral BACON
And hauls with a yo-heave-yo;
He looks all sleety at Admiral BEATTY
And praises Lord JELLICOE.

But 'e weren't in the German Ocean
When the waves was covered with mist,
An' the whole of the sky was a sheet in the eye
Of the wind with a starboard list.

An' what does 'e know of the Dutchmen
When they comes in a regular shoal?
It 's not the same thing as a merry-making
Along o' the Dover Patrol.

And you looks at Admiral NELSON
An' Admiral RODNEY too,
They didn't go out in a water-spout,
But they waits till the sky was blue.

And you looks at Admiral HAWKINS,
And likewise Admiral HOOD;
They both o' them chooses to make their cruises
When the wizzibility 's good.

So whenever I goes to London
I says that there ought to be
Two statues there in Trafalgar Square
To Admirals J. and B.

They both o' them done their utmost,
But nobody couldn't do much,
And it bean't their fault, says an old sea salt,
If they didn't lay hold of the Dutch.

And where did you find them Dutchmen
At the end of the blinking war?
Why, down below under Scapa Flow,
An' that 's what we fought them for.

But I hates the Battle of Jutland,
For it always seems to me
That the day wasn't won by a son of a gun
'Cept only the grey North Sea.

EVOE.

SMITH, CADDIE AND HOUSE-BOY.

I THOUGHT I had solved the servant problem. Indeed I thought I had killed two birds with one stone. And now I don't know what to do.

I have a house-boy. His name is Smith. He was a caddie at the golf club—as good a caddie as you could ever wish to meet, keen, helpful, well-mannered, intelligent. I offered him the job of house-boy, and he accepted it gladly. I offered it to him not merely that I might have an excellent caddie (free of charge) for my week-end golf, but also, as I have said, in order to solve the servant problem. And now I don't know what to do.

In many ways Smith is an ideal house-boy. He is as intelligent and well-mannered in the house as on the links; he is extraordinarily presentable in some cast-off clothes of mine which—as I did not realise until I saw Smith wearing them—weren't anything like ready to be cast off. He is very good at answering the bell and showing people in; he cleans the boots and shoes very well, and my golf-clubs, of course, beautifully; and, as far as the eye of a man can judge, the house always seems to be in perfectly good condition. He is very pleasant to have about the place and is a great favourite with the children—a hero to Jack; to Jill—Jill has simply fallen openly in love with "Smiff."

But, alas! all is not well with Smith. His virtues are on the surface; beneath them lie many faults. I have detected a number of them myself; my wife has spotted the whole lot. She says that Smith must go. She says he is a lazy little scamp. She says he is always late in the morning and that consequently the fires never get lit in time; that he never does anything without being told; that he leaves every job half-finished; that when I 'm out of the house he does nothing but chase the dog round the garden with the kids; that he eats a colossal amount of food; that it 's almost impossible to scold him because he is so pleasant and always promises to try to do better; that really, except as a week-end caddie for me, he is nothing but an unnecessary luxury; and finally that, as he is my servant, it is up to me to tell him off properly.

I do so. I say, "Smith, you 're thoroughly disappointing. You are not doing your best. You are always late in the mornings; you are extremely lazy. It is a very bad fault."

"And Smith replies, "Sorry, Sir."

"It 's no use saying 'sorry,'" I tell him. "You 've got to *do* something about it. You must pull yourself together—put more life into your job."

"I 'll try to, Sir," says Smith cheerfully.

"But that 's just it," I point out; "you don't really try at all. You only half try. You start off all right, but you ruin everything you do by never finishing it off properly. Tighten yourself up, my lad; make more effort. It 's sheer slackness—that 's all that 's the matter with you."

And this is what happens on Saturdays and Sundays:—

Smith says, "You 're late, Sir, every time. You 're swinging lazily, Sir. It 's a very bad fault."

And I say, "Dash it! I must try to stop that."

And Smith says, "That 's just it. You always say you 'll try, Sir, but you don't really seem to be trying at all."

And then: "You 're only half hitting at them, Sir. You start all right, but you ruin the whole thing by not finishing it off properly. Tighten yourself up, Sir; it 's slackness, Sir—that 's all that 's the matter with you."

And I realise that Smith and I have got identically the same faults.



MANNERS AND MODES.

THE ORDEAL BY FUR.

It is a terrible thing. I point out his faults to him all through the week; he points mine out to me all through the week-ends. I try to put him right; he tries to put me. We both fail. Yet we both go on trying. He is an excellent caddie; I am an excellent stock-broker. He fails in the house and succeeds on the links; I fail on the links and succeed in the House. We are much of a muchness. What am I to do? Am I to keep Smith and give up golf because of the bad example I set him? Or am I to go on playing and sack Smith? But how can I sack him? I can't, can I?

THE CAT AND THE BROOM.

THE broom looks tattered and tired to-day,
The raggedest stick of a broom;
It couldn't reach up for a cobweb grey
Or sweep out the smallest room.

And Trusty Tompkins, our little black cat,
With fur like the finest silk,
Is curled up tight in a ball on the mat
Too sleepy to drink his milk.

But the bad old broom looks rakish and sly,
As if it had been on the spree;
And Puss from a narrow satin eye
Looks wickedly out at me.

Ho, ho! I know what the rascal pair
In the midnight hours were at;
It wasn't mousing or sweeping the stair
That made them look like that.

I know by the old broom's battered plight
And Tompkins' look of sin
They were both of them out with a witch last night,
And they 've only just got in.

AN AMATEUR HUNTSMAN.

A PROFESSIONAL huntsman's calling is a precarious one, and Tom Goodly broke his collar-bone and two ribs some weeks ago. Since then the Master 's been hunting hounds himself. He is a newcomer to the county. His name is Blenkinsop. I know him slightly, for he has to be civil to almost everybody. He has been criticised for too much politeness to his field; weakness it is called. I like him, though. He is young, he is frightfully keen, and the hounds seemed to take to him at once. He has certainly been showing sport, and old lemon-pied Arrogant, after his first day with the horn, marched home under his stirrup, just as she does with Tom. Blenkinsop takes hounds home *himself*, same as a professional. Arrogant is in her fifth season now, but she still runs head of the pack, or thereabouts; and we 've no better hound on a sinking fox or a cold line. But she 's a rum old devil. I met them all coming home last night. First, corkily bobbing even after six hours in the saddle, came young Jim Goodly, who 's turning hounds to his father this season for the first time. He bears himself with the pardonable complacency of a puppy carrying the mask. Then came Blenkinsop, the tired pack jogging about him. Down the wet road they came, out of the yellow and grey of a rainy sunset, as pretty as a picture.

"Good evening, Jim," I said. "Had a good day?"

"Niceish, Sir," said he tolerantly; "killed from Owlspingle in the morning; found the old fox at Cranleys about dinner-time, ran him for ninety minutes and lost 'im among the houses near in Tugby town; couldn't make nothing of 'im."

"Hard luck," I said. "Evening, Master. Why, hullo, won't Arrogant honour you to-night?" for I noticed the old hound slouching sulkily along on the footpath. It was getting dark, of course, but I 'd swear Blenkinsop blushed, same as if he 'd jumped on her.

"Why—er, isn't she here?" he said, looking down at his boot as if he expected to see her in her usual place. "Kyup, Arrogant, old fool," he coaxed.

Have you ever seen a starchy dowager cutting someone of whom she disapproves? It 's an improving sight, and that 's just how Arrogant ignored Blenkinsop—sort of looked at him and sniffed.

"Good night," said Blenkinsop rather hurriedly, picking up his reins. "Cop, my lads; come away," and on he rode, clip-cloppity through the golden puddles.

I met that excellent spinster and sportswoman, Miss Melford, in Tugby to-day. Miss Melford is owner of The Firs, a villa on the Tugby Road. She can see as much of a hunt on a bicycle as most men can on a three-hundred-guinea horse.

"Were you out yesterday?" she asked. "No? I wasn't either; had to go to Town for the day. They had rather a good hunt, I believe. Yes, from Cranleys. Same old fox, I suppose. They lost him in my garden of all places. I think the Blenkinsop boy must be a fool, for he had his fox in his hand apparently. I wasn't at home, of course. Irvine tells me she heard the horn and looked out and found them at fault on the road. She said one of the hounds, a yellow one—old Arrogant, I 'll bet—came slowly snuffing down the road 'by himself.' Irvine discountenances sex in the brute creation. My gardener had gone home—'when the cat 's away,' you know. Then a gentleman 'in a velvet *hat*,' that would be Mr. Blenkinsop, got off his horse and came through the garden gate and rang the bell. When Irvine answered it he asked if he might bring four hounds into the garden and look for a fox. 'Will they hurt the chickens?' asked Irvine. Poor Mr. Blenkinsop! However he gets his two couple, and they fairly comb my one acre and hen-houses. Devil a fox, though. Then, Irvine says, the yellow hound begins to snuffle under the door of the potting-shed. The window of it was open. Blenkinsop opens the door and the two of them go in. Presently out he comes, pulling the hound with him. He shuts the door. He cracks his crop, gets his four hounds (Guardsman 's being given cake in the kitchen), thanks Irvine, who 's on the steps, and out they go again. 'Very sorry, ladies and gentlemen,' he said, 'but I can make nothing of him; still, there 's two hours' daylight left, and I propose to go to Hamlyn Wood.'

"Now what d' you think? They 'd not been gone half-an-hour before my cook saw a great big fox jump through the window of the shed, noiseless as a leaf falling. He looked very muddy and tired, but he trotted down the path, glided over the gate and was gone like a shadow. Trust old Arrogant. Must have been there all the time. What d' you make of that?"

I said that I could make nothing of it but added, a little inconsequently, Miss Melford may have thought, that Blenkinsop looked an awfully decent sort. But I expect Arrogant had a story to tell on the benches last night.

"The worst of those confounded amateurs," I can imagine her saying, "is their confounded sentiment. What happened at The Firs? Why, I got a line to the potting-shed. A very faint one perhaps—I wasn't sure enough of it to throw my tongue—but it was just beginning to get interesting when over comes the Master. 'Got it, old lady?' says he, and opens the shed door. It was full of 'fox.' I drive in among the sacks and seedlings, all my hackles up. Suddenly I see Mr. Blenkinsop, M.F.H., staring at the top shelf of several that run along one side of the shed. There 's the fox, clapped flat as a partridge among the geranium pots. He 's very wet and stiff and his brush is heavy with clay. His orange eyes are sunk far back in his head, so tired is he, but he stares straight into Blenkinsop's face and lifts his lip at him. 'So,' says Blenkinsop—('*Gerr down*, Arrogant, can't you?')—'so, old sportsman, looks as if you were for it *this* time, doesn't it?' and he half puts up his crop-handle



The Peacemaker. "WELL, 'CHIN-CHIN,' MRS. NIGHTINGALE."
The Aggrieved One. "KEEP YER CHINS TO YERSELF, MRS. BINKS—BOTH OF 'EM."



Host. "WHAT'S YOUR MEDICINE?"
Guest. "OH, SMALL WHISKY AND SODA."
Son of Host. "WILL YOU HAVE A CHOC TO TAKE THE TASTE AWAY?"

to hike him down. Then 'Oh, hell!' says he, 'the old beggar—no, I'm hanged if I can. Here, out o' this, hound,' and he heaves me out by the neck, shuts the door quick, cuts at me with his lash when I try to hark back, stamps down the path again, and perjures himself. Now with a professional it would have been, '*Hi yi yi*, lads!' and a kill on the floor. Well, thanks be, I hear Tom 's to be back soon."

In his capacity as huntsman I cannot for one moment defend Blenkinsop, and I feel deeply for Arrogant. But what would you have done yourself, anyhow?

"SUBMARINE SAFE.
£54 refloated without damage."
Indian Paper.

We must get one of these submarine safes to prevent our little investments from going into liquidation.

"SOUTHBOURNE'S DANGER.

Alderman —— went on to refer to the danger which existed at Southbourne, where, he said, you could stand on the road and throw a copper into the sea."—*Bournemouth Paper.*

Are the Southbourne policemen of such poor physique, or have we discovered in the Alderman a possible match for DEMPSEY at last?

NEW HOPE FOR THE PEDESTRIAN.

WE pedestrians are so used to considering ourselves as less than the dust upon the roadway under the wheels of the lordly road-hog that it comes as something of a shock to find that there are motoring circles in which our right to set foot upon the road is taken for granted and discussed in so courteous a manner as to suggest a change of heart in our oppressors.

Three simple signals have just been devised by the Motoring Correspondent of a newspaper for foot-passengers to make to motorists. It is sufficiently astounding to find ourselves regarded as persons whose gestures should be worthy of remark, but even more startling to note the tone in which the matter is handled.

The first two simple signals are these:—

(1) "The palm of the hand held outward toward approaching traffic would signify that the pedestrian intends to proceed and would appreciate the slowing-up of traffic."

(2) "Should the pedestrian come to a standstill and make a waving motion with his right hand, overtaking traffic would know that he intended to remain stationary and would allow the vehicles to drive round him."

We, you will have observed, signify that we intend to remain stationary and will *allow* the vehicles to drive round us. This is indeed as things should be. We have regained our proper status and, provided that the traffic sets a due value on gaining our appreciation, the system should work well.

But I cannot help feeling a little bit doubtful about the third and last simple signal, which runs thus:—

(3) "Should he stand still and make circular motions above his head, it will indicate that he is uncertain how to proceed and would appreciate wheeled traffic giving him due consideration until such time as he can make up his mind."

Our right to arrange our thoughts in the middle of the roadway is apparently unquestioned, but we must remember that there are some who never can make up their minds without assistance, and in these circumstances it would be only fair to concede that after a reasonable period, say half an hour, of due consideration the leader of the

waiting line of vehicles might slowly advance and very gently assist the waverer in one direction or the other. After all, half an hour would be as long as most of us could make continuous circular motions above our heads without dizziness or exhaustion.

But it is not only in this country that the problem of the uncertain road-crosser has been exercising people's minds. The recommendation of the Paris police in a recent "Safety First" *communiqué* is that "in case of hesitation the pedestrian should fix his eyes steadily on the approaching driver." This sounds much simpler, certainly, than the semaphore method of the third simple signal, but for its efficacy it depends on the possession of a glare of sufficiently high Gorgon-power to arrest the progress of a Paris motor-driver, and which of us can confidently lay claim to this, above all "*en cas d'hésitation*"?

For myself, until I see how this method works with others, I shall continue, in Paris and other foreign places where the roads are broad, to immerse myself in a large English newspaper before starting to cross. Drivers can then see that I am preoccupied and shall probably continue in a straight line, and they can arrange to miss me. At the same time it will be obvious that I am both English and mad and that almost certainly any vituperation in the vernacular would be wasted on me.

"A sealed bottle, thrown overboard off the American coast on April 14 last year, has been picked up near Padstow, Cornwall."
Daily Paper.

We understand that the finder was asked to fill it with the right stuff, cork it carefully and return it by the way it came.

THE STATE OF FILMLAND.

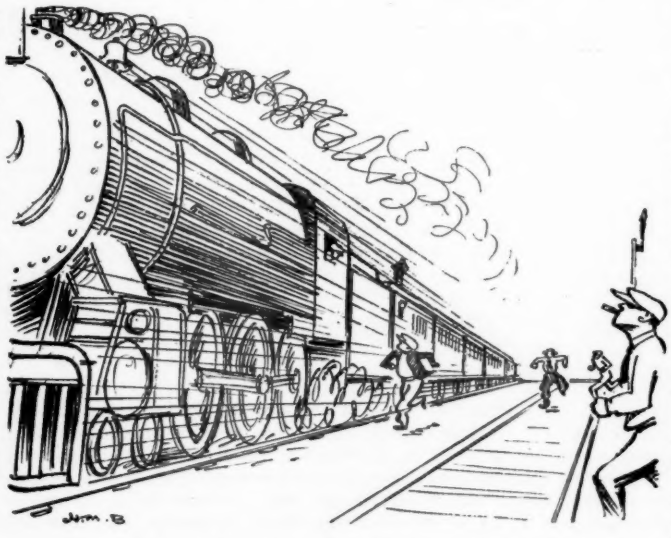
IV.—Travelling Facilities.

The three principal means of transit in Filmland are the horse, the motor-car and the railway train. It is not unusual for natives of Filmland to employ all three in the course of a single journey, stepping or, more often, throwing themselves from one to the other as necessity arises. No other race has so mastered the art of getting about quickly without undue fussiness or dependence upon timetables.



"The Filmland saddle-horse does not really care for any road that is not littered with boulders."

In Filmland—strange though it may seem, considering the up-to-date characteristics of the country—the horse is still extremely popular and shows little sign of becoming extinct. Its popularity is well merited, for the Filmland horse is a good horse. Unless it has knocked off a day's steady gallop at anything between thirty and sixty miles per hour, it does not feel that it has earned its supper. The Filmland saddle-horse does not really care for any road that is not littered with boulders and crossed at intervals by foaming torrents, and if it gets the chance to leap a ravine or climb a perpendicular cliff it will cheerfully do so, and still leave itself just enough time to ensure that its rider arrives punctually to schedule. Its few peaceful moments are spent in standing gracefully against the sky-line, a few thousand feet above sea level, with an east wind blowing its tail about, while its rider sits and vows vengeance or thinks wistfully of the old homestead. For a person with a little money to spend (or sufficient predatory skill with the lasso) the Filmland horse is a sound investment.



"All the trains appear to be express trains."

Motor-cars of various designs and manufacture abound in Filmland, and, judging from the prodigal readiness with which they are cast aside or destroyed, are comparatively cheap. All Filmland motor-cars possess two virtues in common: they can be driven at any speed, and they can stop dead in less than their own length. This latter quality renders the Filmland car an especially good bargain in the big towns, where the police are too much occupied with chasing people to be able to give much attention to controlling the

traffic. Many of the cars can go through a brick building and out the other side without sustaining damage or causing inconvenience to the occupants, and these are extremely popular with people who desire or find it advisable to get away from the beaten track.

Outside of urban areas motoring in Filmland becomes sheer joy. There is no speed limit and (to the surprise of the stranger) practically no other traffic. If you wish to race an express train for a few hundred miles or so, or to reach the other side of the country in order to ride the winner in the 3.30 Last Hope Handicap, you will find a nice clear road waiting for you. Even the school-children and stray dogs and poultry appear to have been locked up. This is all to the good, seeing that it is the custom to average something like eighty miles per hour on the level; but you cannot help wondering where everybody has got to. The Filmlander, however, is never surprised. He knows that in his favoured country the traffic regulations are in the hands of Providence, and he just sits tight.

Railway travelling in Filmland is extremely pleasant and exhilarating. All the trains appear to be express trains. Save in very out-of-the-way districts, they have nothing at all resembling the Southern Railway. If a Filmlander yearns to travel by a slow train, he probably has to charter a special. As a rule he knows enough to keep out of it. For on the rare occasions on which you see a slow train jogging along you can be fairly certain that it has been put there in order that the express may run into it.

The average Filmlander shares our own national weakness for arriving at the station just after the train has left it. But, unlike us, he does not resign himself to reading the advertisement posters until the next train is due. He gathers up his baggage and runs blithely for a few miles along the track after the express train, and boards the last car just as it enters a tunnel. Sometimes he does not bother to go to the station at all, but drops on the train from a bridge or an aeroplane.

Most Filmlanders, when they are on a train, feel it their duty to amuse their fellow-travellers by assaulting someone with custard pies or by climbing into the wrong sleeping berth. If they are of a more serious turn of mind, they dope any millionaires who may be lying around and drop them on to the metals, or take pot shots with a revolver at the conductor. In any case a railway journey in Filmland never fails to provide scope for the indulgence of high spirits. Filmland railway corporations have no need to resort to the lure of the poster.

Of the above methods of transit in Filmland, I confess that, as a timid stranger, I am most closely drawn to the horse. In the event of the worst happening, the Filmland horse will always lick your face or trot off to fetch help.



"OR TAKE POT SHOTS WITH A REVOLVER AT THE CONDUCTOR."

FRIENDSHIP BY COINCIDENCE.

I HAVE often wondered by what system Henry has gathered his peculiar set of friends round him. For he must employ a system; it could not be by mere chance that he has managed to acquire such a complete collection of the World's Worst Bores.

I can account for that pompous ass, Hobson, certainly, Henry having saved his life (inadvertently, I hope) from drowning at the swimming-baths when they were boys, and Hobson has stuck to him like a leech ever since. Because Henry went to school with such men as Jenkinson and Bumbleton I suppose it is inevitable that they should "keep in touch" with one another. But there is a horde of other dull prosy men with beards and anecdotes who have been collected by Henry in more recent years.

I have frequently asked myself why we should have these men to dinner, why whole evenings (and sometimes entire Sundays) should be marred by the presence of these undesirables with whom Henry has very little in common. And now I have stumbled upon one at least of his casual methods of selection, and it has filled me with uneasy fears for the future.

We were clustered round the fire in the placid calm of a Sunday afternoon when the telephone bell rang. We did not move, because we were secretly hoping that one of the two minions in the kitchen would feel impelled to answer it (it's generally a wrong number on a Sunday). The minions were evidently thinking the same thing about us, for it was Henry who at last went out into the cold hall and demanded "Hullo?" The conversation, from Henry's end, then went on as follows:—

Henry. "Yes, this is Warrington speaking. . . . No, not William—Henry. . . . I said *Henry*. I don't know of a William. You must have got on to a wrong number. . . . No, I'm perfectly certain I'm not William. . . . Yes, it *is* strange about the surname. Who are you? . . . Macfarlane? Not Angus Macfarlane of Glasgow, I suppose? . . . You're James Macfarlane? Sorry; I don't recall. . . . You say you come from Glasgow. Strange; so do I. I was born there. . . . Yes, yes, *yes*; of course I know old Alick McCormick. . . . How remarkable. . . . What—Jamie Forsyth too? He's a great card. . . . No, haven't seen him for years. . . . Yes, I certainly should. . . . Yes, if you'll give me your address. . . . I shall be delighted. . . . Yes. . . . Yes, thanks. . . . I've got that. Very well, then. . . . Next Thursday? . . . Quite. . . . Good-bye."

Henry returned into the drawing-room looking cheerful. "Do you know, my dear," he remarked, "that was a most remarkable coincidence?"

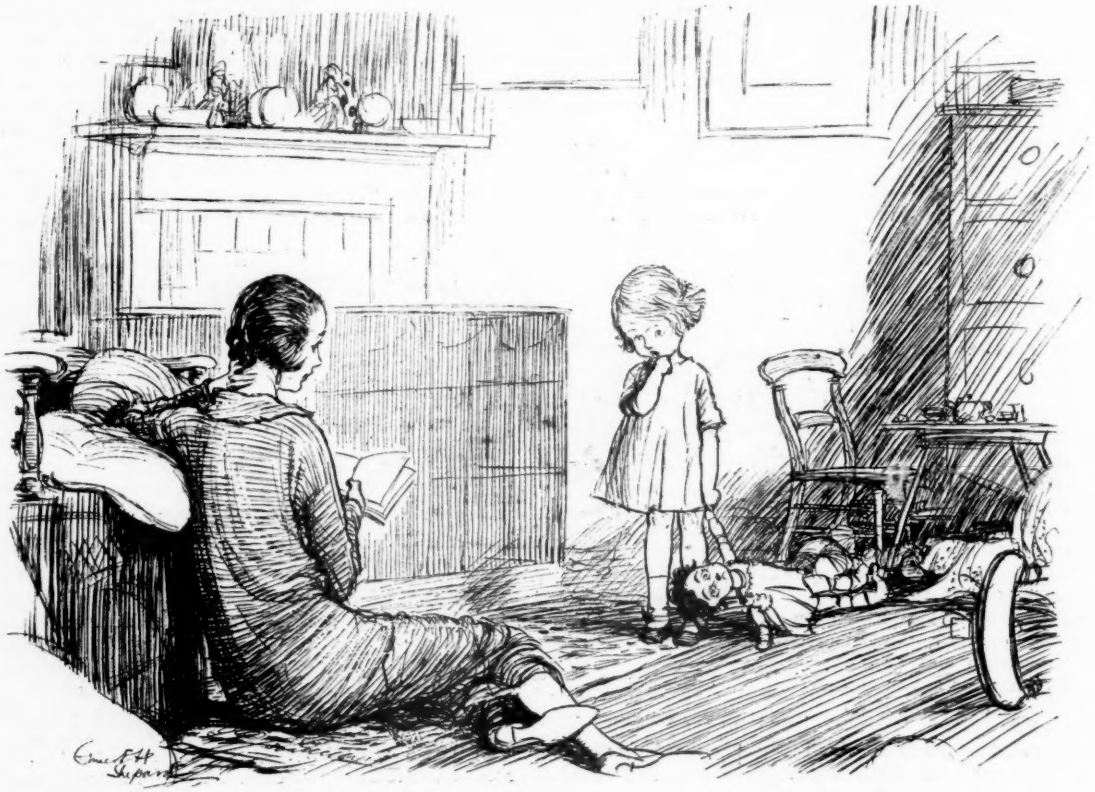
Yes, I knew, and I shivered. I knew that he had acquired another friend. Heaven knows what monstrosity might have been speaking to him at the other end of the wire. He is probably patriarchal, full of wise saws and modern instances. He is sure to have a beard. Very soon it may be required of me to ask him to dinner.

I see I must make a stand. Unless Henry promises to reform I shall insist on dispensing with the telephone. After all, I don't see why it should be expected of me to invite wrong numbers to dine.

Troubles of a Low Church Man.

"CHURCH IN LAKE.
Waist-deep Wade for Supper Beer."
Provincial Paper.

"An advertiser wishes to purchase a paper or magazine."—*Daily Paper.*
Well, why doesn't he? *Punch*, 6d.



"WANT A NEW DOLLY, DEAR? DON'T YOU LOVE JILL ANY MORE?"
"OH, YES, *I* LOVE JILL; BUT SHE'S GETTING SO TIRED OF ME."

A WORD WITH GILLIGAN.

BY "SILLY POINT."

As the Battle of Waterloo was won on the playing-fields of Eton, so the last two Test Matches might have been won in Fleet Street. Almost to a man, my journalistic colleagues played the game. They lavished upon the English captain reams of helpful comment and constructive criticism. But, judging by the event, he has acted almost as if this priceless cargo of expert advice had never reached him. With what result is, alas! too well known.

I willingly concede for the sake of argument that Mr. GILLIGAN understands the elements of captaincy. His selection by the M.C.C lends *prima-facie* support to that view. But what he does not understand is that we experienced sporting critics, who are ten thousand miles from the scene of action, are in an ideal position to form cool, impartial and detached judgments. He, on the other hand, is surrounded by innumerable distracting influences; his problems are so close to him that their perspective is inevitably distorted.

Hence the disastrous omission of DOUGLAS from the first Test team and his equally disastrous inclusion in the second. An even greater ineptitude was the playing of FREEMAN instead of TYLDESLEY in the first match and the playing of TYLDESLEY instead of FREEMAN in the second. It should obviously have been the other way about.

And what is to be said of his handling of the bowling? He ought to have put TATE on at this end in the second match, and at the other end in the first. Then again, when HEARNE was beating the batsmen time after time, but just missing the wicket, why did not GILLIGAN have the stumps shifted an inch into the line of flight? This omission undoubtedly cost us the second Test.

Plain speaking, perhaps, but the occasion calls for it. We are in a desperate position. With two down and three to go, I for one decline to be mealy-mouthed.

For the last time but two I implore the English captain to listen to the voices of wisdom. My colleagues will have sage counsel to give him, despite what is past; but that does not relieve me of my responsibility. If we lost the rubber because I kept silence I should never forgive myself. Nor would my country.

Here then is my advice, given in all sincerity for what it is worth. Mr. GILLIGAN should get it firmly fixed in his mind that the main objective is to ensure that his men score runs in such a way that when the arithmetical total is computed it shall exceed by one or more integers the summation of the scores made by the opposing team. That accomplished, the match is virtually won.

In pursuance of this objective it is almost vital to win the toss. This is simply a matter of guessing correctly or inducing the Australian captain to guess erroneously. An infallible device is to spin a double-headed coin and, by some means which need not be specified, influence the other captain to ejaculate "Tails."

Careful attention should be paid to the selection of the team. In the present case this should be a fairly simple matter. It is obvious that HOBBS and SUTCLIFFE should be left out. Having



A "SIEGE PERILOUS."

THE VOLCANO (*to Signor MUSSOLINI, who is trying to suppress its activities*). "THIS WILL HURT YOU MORE THAN IT HURTS ME."



Gillie. "ARE YE SEEIN' HINDS, DONAL'?"
Stalker. "NO' A THING, MACINTOSH."
Gillie. "WHAT FOR THEN DO YE WALK BENDIN' DOON?"
Stalker. "HOOT, MAN, IT 'LL JUIST BE HABIT."

done so well in the first two Tests, by the inexorable law of averages they are booked for blobs at the third time of asking. TATE also will stand down; he has amply earned a rest. Besides, he has bowled so much that the Australians must by now be familiar with his methods. On the other hand, they know absolutely nothing about STRUDWICK as a bowler. If matters could be so arranged that STRUDWICK kept wicket to his own bowling I confidently predict that the effect would be sensational.

I wish to give further thought to the case of DOUGLAS; it is impossible, for reasons which will at once occur to the reader, either to include him or to leave him out. Perhaps I shall let him umpire.

My selections for the remaining places will be given when I obtain the weather report from Adelaide on the evening before the game begins.

As so much depends on this third Test, I think GILLIGAN would be justified in trying an experiment that has had a certain degree of success in the humbler variety of cricket. It is simply to include twelve or thirteen men in the eleven. More would be liable to detection; less would give no numerical advantage. This is one of the few things that can best be left to the man on the spot.

RHYMES OF THE R.A.F.

XIII.

THE TECHNICAL TRAINING OFFICER.

THE T.T. merchant knows by heart
An aero-engine's every part;
He sees each little nut and screw
Has got its special work to do,
And he 'll expound with relish keen
Its purpose in the great machine.
His restless brain delights to sift
The mysteries of "drag" and "lift;"
Struts, strains and stresses, slots and wings
To him are simple homely things
Familiar in his daily life;
He chats about them to his wife
And earns his youngsters' grateful hugs
With jolly tales of sparking-plugs.

He owns a car of strange design;
Shrewd experts one and all decline
To name its maker or to gauge
Its nationality and age.
Ten years ago this queer old flivver
Was found abandoned in a river;
He bought it at a paltry price,
Procured a hammer and a vice,
A bag of nails, a pot of glue,
And made it look as good as new.
Since then it 's been his care and pride
To keep its works secure inside.
When duty 's done and evening falls
He loves to don his overalls
And creep beneath his famous bus
To spend his hard-won leisure thus,
Repairing brake-bands, shafts or gears
That groan beneath the weight of years.

Inside the shops, day after day,
He guides his pupils on their way.
Stiff problems that might well bewilder
The youthful motor-body builder,
If brought to him, at once become
As easy as a simple sum.
Young riggers run to him for hints
On making artful joints and splints,
While fitters ape his perfect style
Of operating with a file.
And at the end of every term
Aircraft apprentices affirm,
When they are sent away on leave,
The parting causes them to grieve;
Home seems a dull and empty place
Without his earnest kindly face;
And, as they hasten back again,
No boy among them can refrain
From greeting with uproarious glee
The bloke in charge of Shops (T.T.).

FLEET STREET WAYS.

THE Editor came down to the office wearing an old opera hat and knicker-bockers cut fashionably short so as to exhibit the dark grey part of the bare knee. He carried a small brown hand-bag containing manuscript paper and pencils. The Assistant-Editor wore a bowler hat, a brown knitted frock and a pair of rimless spectacles made of plain glass. She had a woollen shawl round her shoulders, owing to a slight chill which had kept her in bed and had only just disappeared. She bore with her the smart-looking despatch-case, which in fact had been a Christmas present, and, on being opened, revealed a portable telephone, a box of coloured chalks and a stuffed woollen parrot, red, yellow and blue.

The paper was called—

"*IF; OR HOWL, YE BLOODHOUNDS,*"

and I do not know that any of our more widely-circulated periodicals has an apter name.

The office furniture was simple, and consisted of one folding rosewood table on which composition, illustration, printing and the use of the telephone all took place.

How the Assistant-Editor had divined that it was her duty to telephone for advertisements I cannot say, but she took her responsibilities very seriously indeed.

"They want to advertise a piano and music-books," she was announcing when I dropped in to the office to pass the time of day.

"Are they *good* pianos?" inquired the Editor sharply. One of those puritans evidently of the newspaper world.

"Are they good pianos?" repeated the Assistant-Editor down the telephone. She then made a murmuring sound. "Yes, he says they 're very good."

"Well, I 'm not going to advertise their old music-books, anyhow. What does anyone want to advertise music-books for? Have you finished that story yet?"

The occupations of an assistant-editor, as everybody knows, are multifarious. This one (apart from literature and finance) had to chalk the illustration on the outside of the brown-paper cover. It was a very taking design. There was a small girl with a basket, a green tree with very red fruit upon it, a bold sky-scape and the inscription, "She was picking apples for dinner."

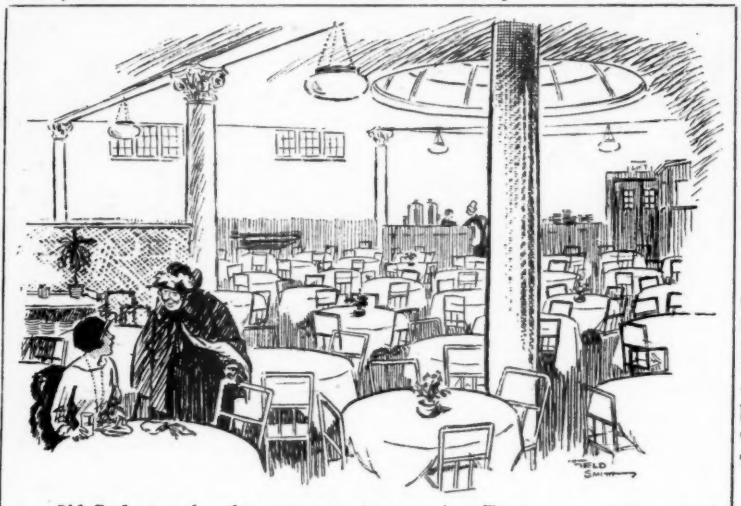
The current number of *If; or Howl, ye Bloodhounds*, was ready for publication on the same morning. When I looked in later it was complete. I have an idea that the Editor took some part in the final production of the piano advertisement, because, although the piano, which is purple, has a very pretty brown bowl of flowers upon it, the words "Bang! Squeak!" are written against the side, and underneath is the candid statement, "Even the cat is afraid of the din." One would say that the Editor was not a lover of instrumental music.

The Assistant-Editor's story ran thus:

"COLLIN.

"Collin was a splendid collie, full of life and love. His tail had a fine plume and his orange coat was most beautifully bright and fluffy. One day his master went out shooting and shot a loveley pheasent. But it was flying and fell in a deep, deep forest. 'Go, go and fetch it, there 's a good dog,' said his master, and Collin bounded up to the cliff and began to go down, among heather and gorse and rock and limestone, till when he was 20 feet from the bottem he was tired, very tired. However he stumbled down till he was 1 foot, and then he jumped down into a stream to cool himself. When he had done that he went along a patch of green emerald grass, and shuffled into the brown leaves, and looked at the trees and moss all covered with dew. Presently he saw a place where the leaves where in a heap and rather wet. Lieing there with a bullet through it's heart was a beautiful feathered brown pheasent. Collin's heart was full of awe at the bird, and he took it in his mouth and began to run out of the wood. He soon got to the grass, waded in the stream, and began to try and get up the rocks. But climing up slippery rocks is not at all like sliding down slippery rocks, as Collin found out. He tried, but he slipped and it was a long time before he could find a foothold; when he did he could not find another. He almost gave up to be a wild dog in the woods. Meanwhile his master was wondering why he did not come back for he wanted his lunch and there would not be time to roast the pheasent. A freind met him and seeing him uneasy, he said 'Neighbour, what is the matter,' 'Oh, dear,' said Collin's master, 'I say, I shot a beautiful pheasent told my dog to get it, and he has not come back.' 'That is no matter,' said the next, 'the dog will come back soon,' he went on, 'he cannot find the bird, he will come back in a minuit. Good day don't be troubled,' and he went off. Do not forget Collin who is nearly at the top, and HE SLIPPED DOWN TO THE BOTTEM. What a thing, our Collin thought. But at last he scrambled up, and Oh! how glad his master was. He had the pheasent roasted and buttered for supper, while Collin eat the bones saying 'WHERE THERE 'S A WILL THERE 'S A WAY.'

THE END."



Old Lady to only other occupant of tea-room). "EXCUSE ME, BUT IS THIS SEAT ENGAGED?"

The Editor's principal contribution, apart from the editorial—which was, I consider, unworthy, and began with the words, "Dear Chicks"—was a narrative of adventure and sensation under the heading—

"HIS FIRST TRAIL.

As soon as the explosion was over, Tim Goldsmith yelled, 'Is everybody here? let 's have a roll call. Joe Lockett, yes, Ted Shrewsbury, yes, Tommy Grant, yes, Jack Sainsbury, no answer, Help! said Tim; Harry Peck, no answer. Oh heavens, Two missing,' they all said. They started there walk again, but in about a minnit there was a fearful cry from Joe as he fell into a deep pit, all the remaining Scouts rushed up and found it was made by a land mine 'that 's what the explosion was,' said Tim, 'perhaps Jack and Harry have been killed.'

(*To be continued.*)

(Can they get Joe out, are Jack and



Nervous Individual. "EXCUSE ME, SIR. ARE YOU SURE THAT 'S YOUR HAT?"
Fierce-looking Person. "CERTAINLY! WHAT THE DEUCE DO YOU MEAN?"
Nervous Individual. "OH, THAT 'S ALL RIGHT; ONLY I NOTICED MY NAME INSIDE."

Harry dead) don't miss next week's exiting incedent.)"

These compositions, together with an illustrated study of the habits of woollen parrots, under the title of "My Pets," formed the bulk of the literary matter. There were only two reviews, one of *My Cricket Memories*, by J. B. HOBBS, a somewhat belated notice, I should say, and a criticism of an apparently non-existing work entitled *Itzonbelle*, by E. M. Small, in which I trace the hand of the Assistant-Editor again.

"*Itzonbelle*," we are told, "is a very thrilling, exciting book for both boys and girls. It is long and—sort of made up, so that the young brain will love it and delight in it. It 's beautifully tinted pictures and it 's clear large print perhaps help with this. My advice is to buy it for your children or nephews or neices *now*, if they want a really good book."

Commercial advertisers, however, had evidently looked kindly on the venture, for, besides the mention of the piano, there was the statement that:—

"A really good sauce is Mixo Sauce, a lot of really sort of mixy tastes, not one long dreary taste. Parents do buy Mixo Sauce and be contented."

Only in the binding of the paper had the editorial department broken down. This work had been accomplished neatly with a piece of red ribbon by another hand.

Both the chief and his assistant appeared to be thoroughly satisfied with the result of their labours as they packed up their bags and put on their hats to leave the office.

"What are you going to do now?" I asked them. But the gong had sounded, so there was no real need to inquire.

"We 're going to the club for lunch," said the Assistant-Editor, hugging the woollen parrot tightly under her left arm.

EVOE.

"Frequent observations showed the passage of the depression. At 1 p.m. on Saturday its centre was located, by observations by wireless from a shop, about 400 miles south-west of Valencia."—*Daily Paper.*

Presumably a marine store.

"SHAKESPEARE ON SYNCOPATION."

A REJOINDER.

GOOD PUNCH, why merely substitute
The "hoot" of Orpheus for his "lute"?
You are too vague; Orpheus can play
A dozen instruments to-day;
Can squeal upon the saxophone
Or snort upon the loud trombone,
Can thrum the balalaika gaily,
Or sound the plaintive ekulele,
Or set the Halls of Hades humming
With diabolical trap-drumning;
Indeed the latest news is this—
By wireless from the gloomy Dis—
"Adorable Eurydice
Without conditions is set free,
Except the single stipulation
That, till they reach their destination,
Orpheus abstains from syncopation."

"BLAZING UMBRELLA ON A 'BUS TOP.

After a vain effort to extinguish the outbreak the owner seized the umbrella by the handle and, holding his novel torch well aloft, dashed the stairs and threw in into the butter."
Provincial Paper.

A very rash thing to do.

A VOICE FROM THE OUTER DARKNESS.

As I was not invited to assist at the symposium of authors who have been describing their literary methods in *The Strand Magazine* series, "How Our Novelists Write their Books," I propose to remedy the omission here.

When I am working I impose no rules of any kind upon myself except that, no matter how fierce may be an attack of creative frenzy, I do not allow it to interfere with my regular times for nourishment.

Ideas seem to dawn upon me most freely when in a recumbent position. If you should come across me lying in a hammock with half-closed eyes or sitting on my spine in an armchair in front of the fire, you might think I was loafing—an inference I have not altogether eradicated from the minds of those familiar with my methods—but in reality beneath my passive exterior creative forces are furiously seething.

I am very much at the mercy of my temperament. A cheque in the post throws me into a fit of mild hysteria; the sickening thud of a returned MS. on the mat induces deep depression, so that for the rest of the morning I am only fit (*a*) to take the dog for a run or (*b*) to potter about changing the canary's sand.

In common with many of the authors at *The Strand Magazine* symposium, I create my characters and then see what they will do. Where my characters differ from theirs is that, instead of devising straightaway some yarn likely to run into many editions, they cannot work at the simplest narrative without trying to ruin it. In one of my stories of sustained misunderstanding between a man and a maid each said early on, "I have a tongue in my head; I will meet him [or her] to thrash this matter out;" and, if I had not stepped in, my novel would have been finished half-way through Chapter III. Again, I cast a hero on a desert island with a very attractive blonde, but all he wanted to do was to knock up some coops for the priceless Aylesbury ducks (deck cargo) which he said had swum ashore from the wreck. Another fellow with the same kind of wavy hair—only auburn—sauntered, immaculately attired, into a casino and lost a few louis with perfect *sangfroid*, according to the very best traditions. Then a dark woman with almond eyes (the mysterious beauty of Chapters II., VII., XIII. and XX.) glanced upwards at him appealingly as she went out. *He took no notice.*

"Come, come, Vavasour," I said; "think of my sales and follow her out."

"To-morrow will do for her," he replied. "Let 's work out a jolly system to get those louis back, and a bit more."

In the practice of my art I have a nervous dread of the process of compression. An author is not always a reliable judge of his own work, and when he commences cutting down he may possibly delete the most effective passages. That is what happened to my recent novel of a hundred-and-twenty-thousand words, for, after I had carefully discarded sixty thousand, my publisher discarded the remainder.



FROM THE MS. OF A NOVEL (NOT YET PUBLISHED) BY OUR CONTRIBUTOR.

As regards the pruning of my minor pieces I prefer to rely absolutely on various editors, who with a few deft strokes are capable of paring down an article to the length of a mere anecdote, with the corollary that the corresponding cheque is reduced from the value of a Lucullan repast, with guests, to the cost of a lonely feed at a No-tip restaurant.

I always find it intensely disturbing when I am brought abruptly from the realm of fancy, where I lord it over my puppets, to the region of fact, where inevitably I am something of a puppet myself. For example, my wife broke in upon me the other morning to begin and end an hour's debate with a ukase regarding one of my pre-war—I should say, pre-marriage—friends. Hence the first marginal note in the reproduction of my MS.—"Put Brown off indefinitely."

As a writer with a strong romantic bias I am, perhaps, unduly ruffled by touches of crude realism. The afternoon post of this same day brought a communication from a high official; to be frank, a further renewed reminder of a demand note for the water-rate. This was quite sufficient to arrest the swing of my story with a jerk and to cause me to do that sum at the right-hand foot of the body of my MS. This calculation, as you will have guessed, was a frantic endeavour to ascertain just how I stood with the bank at that moment. "Sundries paid in" represents the proceeds of my various articles:—"Putting Hints," £3 3*s.* 0*d.*; "Miss 1925," £2 0*s.* 7*d.*; "How to Avoid Colds, by a Har'ley Street Physician," £1 1*s.* 3*d.*; and "Zaghlul, by One Who Knows Him," 16*s.* 1*d.* The cost of a cheque-book, which came to me as an afterthought, was the last straw and brought me face to face with an overdraft of 4*d.*

Chartered accountants, in their dry way, call this sort of sum a Reconciliation Statement.

It is my custom thoroughly to search the newspapers for material to form the dry bones of my stories. I was on the settee in my study busily scrutinising an evening journal, and was in fact at work on the City News column, when my little son entered. Would I show him how to do practice sums? Hadn't they shown him at school? Well, yes, but not since yesterday morning.

I sat him at my desk, and under my guidance he worked out, not a sum which his schoolmaster had set him, but a sum which fate had set *me*. The boy's effort may be seen at the left-hand foot of the MS., and the answer, £34 7*s.* 6*d.*, is correct—painfully correct, in fact, for it represents the present value of my holding of five hundred £1 shares in a mine which had allured me by its romantic possibilities and which, according to the evening journal, had that day sustained a further drop to 1*s.* 4½*d.* sellers.

I hope this frank description of my methods may be of service to young writers. My MS., I am sure, is as instructive as any displayed in *The Strand Magazine*. It lacks, perhaps, the neatness of Mr. ARNOLD BENNETT'S,



The Wife. "I CAN'T THINK WHERE I PUT THAT BILL FROM THE DRESSMAKERS."
The Husband (in extraordinary good spirits). "I HAVEN'T SEEN IT."
The Wife. "NO, I CAN SEE YOU HAVEN'T."

but it is not so puzzling as the script of Mr. GILBERT FRANKAU, whose method seems to be to score out an entire prose poem and then insert between the lines a paraphrase in poetic prose.

Adonis attends the Sales.

"FOR THE MEN.

At —— and —— there was a rush on the lace scarves at 7*s.* 11*d.*, and the splendid satins at 2*s.* 6½*d.* to 4*s.* a yard."—*Evening Paper.*

"The first Baron Weir belongs to one of the most remarkable groups in history—the illustrious unknown citizens who quietly roared into the popular firmament like fiery meteors during the war."—*Welsh Paper.*

Having apparently discovered the secret of *Bottom*, who could "roar you as gently as any sucking dove."

"WANTED a temporary husband.—A young girl of twenty-two years of age, attractive; must marry within a week. Will pay any man who marries her well, but he must leave after the ceremony. Prefer gentleman of good breeding, but one who does not expect to live longer than a week."—*Advt. in Irish Paper.*

Even in Ireland, we believe, the average expectation of life is now a good deal longer than that. But the offer might suit one of our sprightly centenarians.

THE LOST FARTHING.

OH! she has dropped her farthing, her farthing in the street!
She *saw* her brand-new farthing drop down beside her feet;
She *saw* her farthing rolling like a little wheel of gold,
But she hasn't got the least idea how far her farthing rolled.

Policeman! stop the traffic
A-covering the ground,
And don't let anybody move
Until her farthing's found.
Oh, is it on the pavement
Or in the gutter cold?
There isn't any saying
How far her farthing rolled.

Lord Mayor! ride through London
And send the word around
That all the city gates be shut
Until her farthing's found.
Does Whitechapel, or Ludgate,
Or Bow her treasure hold?
There isn't any saying
How far her farthing rolled.

King of England! waken!
Let all your trumpets sound,
Bidding your seaports to be shut
Until her farthing's found.
Oh, is it in the Yorkshire dales
Or on the Kentish wold?
There isn't any saying
How far her farthing rolled.

Oh *dear*! she's dropped her farthing! she *heard* it drop, she said;
The baker gave it her for change when she went to fetch the bread,
And she was running to the shop where sugar mice are sold
When she dropped her brand-new farthing, and didn't see where it rolled.

"CABINET MINISTER INJURED.
£100 for Cross Words."
Newspaper Placard.

In view of the provocation, one would have thought that a nominal fine would have met the case.

"'Give me witty lines,' says Stanley ——, 'and I will extract laughter from an audience of Trappist monks.' Well, Stanley has his chance at the Palace next week . . ."
Evening Paper.

We should like to be there to see how the monks take it.

AT THE PLAY.

"CAMILLA STATES HER CASE" (GLOBE).

Camilla had known what it was to go hungry and, in order to support a perfectly lovely Momma, had run away from school to work at fourteen, and eventually become a film star of the first magnitude—the kind that blocks the traffic in the world's great cities. In the War she had torn herself away from "the boys" and the spotlights of Los Angeles to nurse in France. And there she had married a *Major-General Sir John Leighton, Bart., K.C.B., D.S.O.* Our War Office, being in sore need of a man "who would never bat an eyelid" in the most delicate situations, had interrupted his honeymoon to send him out to Irak and Mosul. They fixed on quite the right man, for I feel confident that *Sir John* would never see enough of what was going on in any given situation to be tempted to bat anything. And, while our Baronet was keeping a stiff upper lid in the Far East, *Camilla* had temporarily gone back to her job and made thousands upon thousands of dollars.

As the play opens, *Sir John* is awaiting his long absent bride and planning to settle down as Lord of the Manor of Leighton, in the county of Somerset, and by strict economies redeem the mortgages negotiated by the late Baronet, who had made a habit of backing the wrong horse. The *Leightons* were creatures of habit; *Sir John's* was that of saying very simply and straightforwardly, when anybody spoke to him in words of more than one syllable, "I don't understand." And you could see he didn't.

Ever since EDWARD IV.'s time the *Leighton* women had never been touched by the least breath of scandal. But please don't think *Camilla* was one of the Californian cocaine colony. She had a very pretty head and a charming figure (both borrowed to our content from Miss MARGARET BANNERMAN), was as chaste as Diana, as generous as St. MARTIN, as businesslike as Mr. PIERPONT MORGAN. A paragon, in fact. And what with her retainers and *scenario* rights when she wasn't working, and her "spot-centre" contracts when she was, *Sir John's* paltry seven thousand a year and his piffling economies didn't interest her. Was she forsooth the sort to spend her time in a one-eyed Somersetshire village

"embellishing
Yards upon yards of calico,"

which was the Baronet's idea of a womanly woman's work—she for whose film-worthy eyes fat syndicates were battling by cable? Or was she mildly to take soup to sick villagers, when what she wanted to do, and privily did, was to help their sons and daughters to get away from this stuffy old backwater into the glorious life of God's own country? As for her secretary, courier, press-agent and cushion-patter, a young English remittance-man whom she had found down and out over there and made into an all-white holder-down of a ten-pound-a-week job, *Sir John* insisted on her sacking him, did he? Very well; as *Lady Leighton* she would do so (and does), but as *Camilla Layton* she here and now reinstates him. She is, in fact, fed up with Leighton and its Lord of the Manor, with entail and the insane English income-tax procedure, and rushes back to "the boys," leaving her spouse apoplectically glaring into space, trying to form the magic words, "I don't understand."



CAMILLA'S HUSBAND STATES HIS CASE.

Sir John Leighton . . . MR. C. M. LOWNE.
Camilla . . . . . MISS MARGARET BANNERMAN.

The play really ends here quite naturally, but our author has tacked on a rather naïve epilogue, evidently designed for such of us as need a happy ending. *Sir John*, staunch Churchman, has very properly refused either to commit or pretend to commit adultery for the convenience of *Camilla*, who of course is much too noble to be naughty. Yet must she be free. So the King's Proctor is deceived and a decree absolute obtained by the aid of an American actress whose speciality is male impersonations. An ingenious enough device for people whose friends are as loyal as *Camilla's*.

Now without any question "GEORGE EGERTON" has a sound abstract case for her *Camilla* to state on behalf of her sex and against various man-made laws and assumptions, and she can state them with wit and point. But an argument between a character and a caricature is a disappointing business. *John Leighton* (Mr. C. M. LOWNE) is little better than a *crétin;* and can anybody suppose that the alert *Camilla* (who wasn't your title-hunting sort) would for a moment have contemplated even the most temporary marriage with him, even on the cynical assumption, which she seems somewhere to adopt, that women married men in the War because the odds were so heavily against their returning alive from it? If *Camilla* hadn't been all gold and *John* all lead there might have been a case worth stating for and against the alloy.

It was pathetic to see *Bill Leighton* (Mr. GEORGE TULLY) waiting about the stage to put in an occasional word for brother *John* when he must have known it was perfectly hopeless. A very pleasantly-drawn character, however, very charmingly played by Miss MARY ROBERTS, was the *Aunt Sophy*, who understands and befriends *Camilla*.

Mr. GEORGE RELPH played soundly the part of *Camilla's* secretary; Miss DORA GREGORY with some humour that of her maid and nurse; Mr. IVAN BERLYN was excellent as a Jewish film-producer; and it was jolly to see Mr. HENRY VIBART playing with the finished technique of an older school the part of the family lawyer. But it was Miss BANNERMAN'S evening. She made a charming thing of *Camilla*. All that was wanting was a worthy opponent, some sort of case for the other side, to make hers plausible. T.



Timorous Lady. "OH! OH! I BELIEVE HE 'S GOING TO LIE DOWN. WHATEVER SHALL I HAVE TO DO?"
Helpful Native. "TRY SITTIN' ON 'IS 'EAD, MISS."

ALNASCHAR II.

WHEN one's eye is caught by the newspaper heading, as mine was the other Sunday, "Apprentice boy to Millionaire," one begins to think. For what a life!

And what an idea to strike parents perplexed by the perpetual problem, what to do with our sons! "I know, my dear; we'll apprentice him to a millionaire. And then, at the age of twenty-one, when he is out of his indentures, he will become a millionaire himself and provide us with a luxurious old age."

And I went on to think of what the apprentice's duties would be: how he would learn first the rudiments and then the details of his chosen calling, vocation, profession, trade or craft, whatever the word is. Probably craft.

I pictured myself as a timid boy of sixteen holding my father's hand and waiting on the step of the mansion in Berkeley Square for the door to open. It opens and reveals a forest of footmen standing on a plush carpet, into which one sinks almost up to the knees, in a spacious and sumptuous hall, with Old Masters on the walls, and glistening and not too warmly clad statues on pedestals all among the flunkeys. Through this hall we are led to the millionaire's study and so into the presence of the mighty man himself.

He is seated at a desk with telephones and boxes of large cigars on either side of him.

"And what can I do for you?" he asks.

"I have come," says my father, "to know if you have a vacancy for a promising lad as an apprentice. This one. His mother and I have given the matter much thought, and we have arrived at the conclusion that millionairing is as good a career as any. Having heard so much about you, your immense fortune, your splendour, your luxury, we decided to ask you to allow our boy to acquire a thorough knowledge of every branch of your magnificence. He is sixteen to-day; at the end of five years he will be twenty-one. I shall be pleased to pay the usual premium if you will take him."

"Certainly," says the millionaire, ringing for his secretary.

And then my father signs the papers, pays the premium and leaves me to my new duties. . . .

There may be snags, of course. Managing so many footmen is a bore, because one is conscious that they snigger behind their hands. They know I am only an apprentice—that the money isn't mine yet. And meals. The things I like best are probably not much eaten by millionaires. Treacle tart, for instance, burnt rather solid—you won't get that. And I hate so many made dishes and all the formality of the very rich. But it's fun to have the movies in your own house and only those films that you like. "Felix" most of the time, of course, and hardly any ELINOR GLYN. And motoring seventy miles an hour down the new Great West Road, and joining the yacht at Monte Carlo after winning hundreds of thousands of francs at baccarat. Bank-breaking is, of course, a special line with millionaires. Then the things one has to learn. How to be known to all the *maîtres-d'hôtels* of Europe, so that a table out of the draught is immediately ready. How to take a grouse moor. How to take a trout stream or salmon river. How to refuse appeals for help.

This last problem worried me a good deal; but however I needn't have troubled, for, after having proceeded thus far with my meditations, I looked at the paper again and found that I was the victim of a sub-editor's ellipsis. There had been no apprenticeship to any millionaire; the headline merely meant that some apprentice once again, by the aid of those two dreary old twins, diligence and sobriety, had risen to prominence and great wealth. How dull!

E. V. L.

FAIR PLAY FOR THE FUEGIANS.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—Acting on the principle that any stick is good enough to beat Socialism with, *The Morning Post* is reduced to invoke the testimony of that obsolete and discredited philosopher, CHARLES DARWIN, in his account of the inhabitants of Tierra del Fuego. DARWIN, it will be remembered, visited the Archipelago during his five years' voyage in *The Beagle*, from 1831 to 1836. He was only twenty-two when he started, untried and almost uneducated for science, and prone as a little boy, so his son admits, "to invent startling adventures for the sake of creating an impression." His views on politics were tainted with feudalism, and he was educated at a classical Public School. Need we feel surprise that his impressions of the Fuegian tribes are vitiated from end to end by his prejudices and limitations? The passage quoted by *The Morning Post* begins with the astonishing statement that "perfect equality among the individuals composing the Fuegian tribes must for a long time retard their civilisation." Even more grotesquely and mediævally obscurantist in his comment on the fact that "at present even a piece of cloth given to one is torn into shreds and distributed, and no one individual becomes richer than another." Blind to the true inwardness and intrinsic nobility of this practice, the infatuated reactionary proceeds to record his belief that "in this extreme part of South America man exists in a lower state of improvement than in any other part of the world."

This, however, is only a single item in the long catalogue of libels with which this enlightened race has been assailed since the discovery of MAGELLAN. He named the region the "Land of Fire," in defiance of the facts; for long and careful meteorological observations have since established its incontestable claim to a temperate climate—tolerably mild winters, apart from occasional extremes of cold, being followed by cool summers. Upholders of this perverse nomenclature are driven to fall back on the existence of now extinct volcanoes. Yet when Sir MARTIN CONWAY ascended Mount Sarmiento, the culminating point of the Archipelago, in the year 1898, he ascertained that it was not a volcano at all!

But these atrocious calumnies have not been confined to the climate. They have been levelled with even greater persistency against the morals, the intelligence and the diet of the inhabitants. *The Encyclopædia Britannica* in its latest edition observes of the Onas, the ethnical group inhabiting the main island, that "their moral code is based upon a standard of physical culture and health." Their stock is untainted; they use no spirituous or fermented liquors. The Yagans of the South are equally deserving of admiration. They are remarkably muscular; their heads and chests are extremely large, and craniologists are profoundly impressed by the prominence of their zygomatic arches. The charge of cannibalism brought against the Yagans rests solely on the dubious evidence of DARWIN; it is explicitly denied by the *Ency. Brit.*

Again, the reluctant testimony of Christian missionaries admits that their language contains no fewer than thirty thousand words. They are at one with the *élite* of our Garden Cities in their abstinence from boots. Their scenery is sublime; it is only their detractors who are ridiculous. And lastly, and most important of all, these brave people are unflinching rationalists. In spite of the campaign of proselytism carried on for many years by so-called white men, the Onas have no gods. Across thousands of miles of estranging ocean they reach out their hands in sympathy and fellowship to the heroic emancipators of Russia from the thraldom of Christianity.

Traditions and established reputations are, alas! powerful influences on the side of reaction. Yet I cannot bring myself to believe that the splendid example set by that noble woman, Mrs. Jellyby, the first and perhaps the greatest of international philanthropists, will fail to inspire a collective effort to rehabilitate the Fuegians, to disperse the cloud of misrepresentation from which they have suffered so long, and to exhibit them in their true light as the pioneers of the Marxian millennium.

I am, dear Mr. Punch,
Yours pantisocratically,
SOPHY ETTA PROLE.

Cheka Cottage, Welwyngrad.

Commercial Candour.

"Why rend your garments elsewhere when our up-to-date Laundry can do the work more effectively."—*New Zealand Paper.*

"The baritone voice of Mr. A. —— was thoroughly adapted to 'The Song of the Vulgar Boatmen.'"—*Provincial Paper.*

An apology seems due to either the composer or the singer—if not to both.

"The challenge cup given for the best sporting dog was won by a pug owned by Mr. G. W. ——."—*Scots Paper.*

Who simply turned up his nose at all the other competitors.

"Sutcliffe had a fine send-off when he left for Australia, but it is nothing to that which he will receive when he comes back."
Daily Paper.

But why turn him out like that? He has done quite well.

BEFORE RISING.

ON the wall of my bedroom hangs a rubber developer flanked by a pair of dumbbells. It looks like a trophy, and I must confess that, like the old warming-pan and the blunderbuss in the hall, its artistic merit outweighs its usefulness.

Of course I have a regular scheme of exercise, and I can think of nothing more glorious than to rise from my couch like a giant refreshed, to fling open the window and admit the fresh morning air, then to send the blood coursing through my veins with a series of carefully graduated bending and stretching movements in my own time, and to become so filled with the joy of life that it will surprise me to see how much breakfast I also find room for.

I can think of nothing more glorious, that is, at bedtime. But in the morning chilly and grey I seem to be able to think of no end of things far more glorious. Fresh air is fresh, admitted, but it is usually cold. The floor too is harsh to bare feet. Consequently, although everything has been prepared for years and years, I haven't started yet.

But now a benefactor to the human race has arisen in the person of a military doctor, and the beauty of his system is that you lie in bed and do all your exercises before you get up. His chart describes them in detail. You begin by opening and shutting the eyes smartly, then you carry on with a little raising and lowering of the toes to warm yourself up. There are various contortions and rolls and twists. It looks as though it would prove expensive in pyjamas, but it 's in a good cause. You breathe deeply two hundred times and do an enormous number of savage kicks into the air. You get a half-Nelson on the pillow and punch the eiderdown.

I don't know whether the doctor will ever get the Army Council to adopt this method, but it would be almost worth while to enlist if you could parade for physical jerks in bed, and be drilled by the sergeant-major couchant in another bed out in front of the squad.

The final movement consists of contemptuously hurling all the bedclothes into the corner of the room. After which, as the chart naïvely remarks, "Now you feel fit to get up."

The morning I tried it for the first time I did feel fit to get up. I got up and retrieved the blankets. After all that exertion I was so exhausted that I wanted—and took—another couple of hours' sleep. As a natural corollary I felt entitled to breakfast in bed, and some day I hope to be able to shave and have a bath in bed also. Then RAMSAY can keep his millennium; I shall have my own.



Born Londoner (to London Scot). "WELL, IF ABERDEENSHIRE IS ALL YOU SAY IT IS, MR. MACGREGOR, WHY DIDN'T YOU STAY THERE?"
Mr. MacGregor. "BECAUSE IN ABERDEENSHEER AH WUZ NO' CONSEEDERED TAE BE OF ORDINARY EENTELLECT. BUT AH'VE DONE VERRA WEEL DOON HERE."

JONES'S FLITTING.

A RIVERSIDE TRAGEDY.

WHEN first I met the gentle Jones,
Some twenty months ago,
He spoke in quite ecstatic tones
About his bungalow.

'Twas situated on the marge
Of Thames's silver stream;
It was not sumptuously large,
But just "a little dream."

Last June, when Phœbus briefly shone,
I met Jones in the train
And asked how he was getting on;
He answered, "Right as rain."

The words rang oddly in my ear,
But in my vague surprise
I failed to mark the unconscious seer
Who truly prophesies.

For, when I met him in the street
About a week ago,
In words I simply can't repeat
Jones cursed his bungalow.

His eye was wild, his face was gray;
Compared with him, I ween,
The Ancient Mariner of the Lay
Was normal and serene.

"I've borne," he said, "a week-long brunt
Of floods from dawn till dark,
Enduring in an open punt
Worse risks than NOAH'S Ark.

"I'm leaving England, but I've hopes
Of purchasing a flat
Somewhere upon the upper slopes
Of ancient Ararat.

"I love not the Armenian
Nor yet your modern Shems,
But anything is better than
The Valley of the Thames."

"Messner was 5 years of age and a bachelor."
Californian Paper.

Even in Los Angeles, we understand, matrimony at that age is comparatively rare.



BRIGHTER LONDON.

SPEEDING UP THE ESCALATOR.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

BORN in a third-class railway carriage during the midnight journey of a poor Venetian touring-company, an actress at four, a personality at fourteen and the greatest leading lady in Italy at four-and-twenty, *Eleonora Duse* (HUTCHINSON) suffered and enjoyed vicissitudes of an almost heroic character all her life. From first to last her genius owed nothing to any man. "When the stairs are lighted, she will go alone," her father once said to a testy provincial manager. And go alone she did; lit by an insight so unique that it was called caprice until it established itself as inspiration. Born actress though she was, "a chalice for the wine of the imagination," as ARTHUR SYMONS delightfully called her, "the divine Duse" was no mere interpreter of other men's minds. She had the temperament of a mystic, and the art for which she made so many sacrifices was never allowed to stifle her spirit. "It was never success I sought in art, but refuge," she wrote during the first of her many attempts to leave the stage; and her last desire, arrived at too late for fulfilment, was to raise herself and her art into the service of religion. "The theatre came from the Church and I should like it to return with me." Against this current, of course, blew all the winds of the world: love affairs, ambitions, the need for money-making, the War with its claims and extortions. All these and many other matters are dealt with by her chosen biographer, Mlle. JEANNE BORDEUX; and unflagging sympathy and considerable discretion have gone to the making of the book. Unluckily it reeks of haste—it was written in three months—and its English, especially the English of its Italian documents, is often slipshod and hard to follow. Yet it gives, I should imagine, a sincere picture of one of the most sincere of women; and its photographs—including M. LEMBACH'S portrait of the *Signora* and his own baby—are sometimes beautiful and always of genuine interest.

Did you ever read the story called "Brother Square-Toes," which comes in Mr. KIPLING'S *Rewards and Fairies* and introduces incidentally one *Monsieur Genêt*, who was put ashore at Charleston by the thirty-six-gun Republican frigate *Embuscade* with the professed intention of making the United States join the French and finish the war with England by wiping us off the map? If so, you will have some idea of the position of affairs politically at the opening of Mr. JOSEPH HERGESHEIMER'S novel, *Balisand* (HEINEMANN). The story deals with the life of one *Richard Bale*, owner of the estate that gives its title to the book, last male representative of an old Virginian family and late holder of a Major's commission in WASHINGTON'S force. In the first chapter *Richard* is but just over thirty years old; he is killed in a duel barely ten years later: and in the interval we have JEFFERSON elected to the Presidency and the overthrow of the Federalist party, of which the *Bales* had always been stout supporters. It may be admitted at once that there is a good deal of politics in the book, and also a prodigious amount of drinking. The amount of Antigua rum that is put away by *Richard* himself in the opening chapter would be sufficient in itself to excuse Prohibition. But for all that Mr. HERGESHEIMER undoubtedly contrives to make his chief characters alive. He has three big scenes, and he handles them all with a praiseworthy economy and restraint. He writes competently; when required he can display considerable feeling and tenderness; and he has the faculty of enlisting our sympathy for a gallant, courageous but rather narrow-minded gentleman. *Balisand* is some way above the ordinary novel; but I am not quite sure that English

readers will care for so large a dose of American politics as they appeared to a Virginian gentleman in WASHINGTON'S declining years.

Since I first read *Who Killed Cock Robin?*, bird-books—from sumptuous monographs turned over enviously in shops to collected notes of local natural historians—have always attracted me. *British Sporting Birds*, issued by Messrs. JACK and edited by F. B. KIRKMAN and HORACE G. HUTCHINSON, is the latest magnet. It differs a bit from its predecessors by being, like Mr. KIPLING'S marine, two things at once—a work on the shooting of its subjects and also on their natural history, the chapters on the latter being reprinted from *The British Bird Book*. It deals with fifty-two birds, ranging from the whooper swan to the jack snipe. Now here I rather quarrel with the title; sporting birds (that *sporting* implies *game* the preface vouches) are but few over the dozen, even after counting goose, mallard, teal and such odds and ends as golden plover and wood-pigeon. Personally I'd disallow under such a head anything that a strict shooting diarist would call "various," and most certainly any bird, such as a wild swan or a Kentish plover, that only a boy or a butcher would want to shoot. However, this said, I've not a single other hair to split with the editors or their team of talent (nine authors and five artists) so pleasantly responsible for the contents. The book is extremely informative and full of "thumb-nail" wisdom, such as (a new idea to me) that the suppression of coot, etc., would greatly increase the stock of food and, consequently, of duck on our waters; and, again, that one should never let a young dog pick up a dead bird that it can see and has not to hunt for. Some of the coloured plates and photographs are really beautiful, though I should have liked one or two shooting pictures (what about Mr. V. BALFOUR BROWNE?) to go with the chapters on shooting, which, *qua* shooting, are unillustrated. A good book and an addition to any country-house smoking-room.

It was a little unkind of Miss WINIFRED HOLTBY to let us in for the discussion of a pre-War problem when most of us have enough to do to keep pace with the fighting on our present intellectual fronts. Her second novel, *The Crowded Street* (LANE), is mainly concerned with the emotional and practical difficulties of girls who have been brought up merely to catch husbands. And if that is not a pre-War problem I do not know what is. The story opens in a snobbish little North-country town, where *Muriel Hammond*, an unprepossessing but clever little girl, ascertains at her first party that, however content you may be to sit still and watch other people, you are looked upon as a disgrace to your family if you fail to attract your quota of partners. The necessity of avoiding such a slur is rendered acute in *Muriel's* case by the social aspirations of her mother. For *Mrs. Hammond* is painfully endeavouring to surmount her moneyed husband's lack of gentility, and the ladylike education and successful marriage of *Muriel* and her little sister *Connie* are two very important rungs in the whole family's social ladder. So *Muriel* is sent to a select but fatuous school; with the result, however, that she makes a fascinating little cosmopolitan friend, and remains loyal to her even when the friend has casually enthralled *Muriel's* only admirer. The War sees *Connie* a Land Girl and allows *Muriel* to witness the bombardment of Scarborough. But *Connie* finds her emancipation too much for her and dies after a tardy and disastrous marriage; while *Muriel*, endowed and set free by her parents, dismisses her contrite cavalier and takes to political work. It is a conscientious book and, apart from the interlude on the land, a restrained one. But a character such as *Muriel's*—neither sensual enough to enjoy the primitive things of life nor spiritual enough to renounce them gallantly—is not, I feel, on the whole an exhilarating asset to a novelist.



Waiter. "THIS NIGHT, SIR AND MADAME, WE HAVE ZE POUDING ENGLISH."
Lady Visitor. "WHAT PUDDING IS IT?"
Waiter. "I NOT KNOW, MADAME, HOW HE CALL HIMSELF; BUT ZE UZZER VISITORS ENGLISH WHO HAVE EAT IT ZEY CALL IT 'BEEZLYMUCK.'"

Mark Twain's Autobiography (HARPERS) was written or dictated in odd bits at odd times and in no particular order. Whatever subject of the moment caught the writer's attention was taken as the starting-point, not for a mere rambling reminiscence, but more often for a dervish dance of whirling memories. It will slide from a scathing attack on a pirouetting politician of the day—so frank as to justify the delay in publication—into a description of a funeral pro-

cession of a past generation, whence it issues without taking breath into a swear-word funny story. On the whole it deals rather more with the affairs of Mr. S. L. CLEMENS, steamboat pilot, miner, publisher and financier, the man who was *Tom Sawyer* grown up, than with those of his more famous literary double, though I defy anyone from the material here given to reconstruct in any precise form the life of the writer under either title. In spite of occasional heroic attempts to stick to the subject—himself—he perpetually finds more entertainment in writing of his family and friends, whence one may gather that he had a supply of underlying modesty not otherwise discernible. The real truth about the matter is that, though the author thought—or perhaps only "let on" to think—that he had found the ideal way to write a life story, what he produced is in fact hardly to be called an autobiography at all. It is nothing else in the world but a MARK TWAIN book, not as great as his greatest, yet in its kind incomparable. Here are the shattering contradictions in terms, the club-headed exaggerations, the sudden slash as from the tempered edge of a toy sword, the dissolving touch of simplest pathos. Fashions in humour may change, but the times have not yet gone so far as to set this master out of date.

What I particularly want to commend about the stories in Miss VIOLA MEYNELL'S *Young Mrs. Cruse* (ARNOLD) is a quality which I can only describe as a kind of "starry beauty." That conveys to me something great, a little cold and remote and yet beautiful. Her stories are quite in the latest fashion—histories less of events than of states of mind, sometimes lasting a day, sometimes a year; but they are very individual. They are strangely vivid stories too in spite of the fact that, even where the action goes on as you watch, you get the impression that the events described had happened long before their author began to set them down. The story which gives its name to the book is good, if perhaps leaving too much to the reader's imagination; but "Pastoral" is better still. It is simply the history of the marriage of a rough farmer and his tender love for the gently-bred girl, his wife, whom disappointment has left indifferent. *George Otaway*, the farmer, is, if not one of the great characters of recent fiction, certainly one of the greatest characters we have had presented to us in a short story for many a long day. Of the other five tales the most important are, "We Were Just Saying . . ."—a story which made me realise the tragedy of deafness as I never have before; "La Figlia," seeming, with its Italian setting, as odd here as a bullock-cart would be in Piccadilly; and "Ten Minutes," which has in its own gentle way an astonishingly gruesome effect.

If *The Crystal and the Sphinx* (STANLEY PAUL) were a first novel I should advise the author, Mr. DOUGLAS SLADEN, to make up his mind as to precisely what section of the public he wished to serve. For there is material in this book for two stories: one, a mystery story for small boys (who will believe anything, bless them!), and the other a tender romance for anyone except me, describing *The Major's* entirely honourable but soporific pursuit of *Doris*, the pretty parlour-maid who was a lady after all. Not of course that love and mystery cannot be blended for the entertainment of the intelligent adult. They can; but not in this way: nor ever, if I am to judge from the evidence before me, by Mr. SLADEN. However, he has the laugh on me, no doubt, because, as I see from the reference-books, he has been forty years before the public and must by this time have acquired a following. I prefer, then, to regard *The Crystal and the Sphinx* as a lapse rather than a portent; and I would merely beg Mr. SLADEN not to do it again.

Mr. GRAHAM SUTTON is an enthusiast for the modern English drama and eager to break a lance with any who contend that it is in its death agony. A healthy youngster, says Mr. SUTTON in effect, and gives in an appendix, which he over-modestly describes as the best part of a lively and intelligent book, about a hundred selected plays apt for reading in private or in circle, or for production by amateurs or professionals of intelligence. This appendix is preceded by a series of slight but perceptive critical studies of the works of H. GRANVILLE BARKER, CLEMENCE DANE, JOHN DRINKWATER, ST. JOHN G. ERVINE, W. SOMERSET MAUGHAM, A. A. MILNE, A. N. MONKHOUSE, C. K. MUNRO, EUGENE O'NEILL—the order given is cravenly alphabetical—whom he takes as representative of contemporary drama, confessing the choice to be more or less arbitrary. There are perhaps just a few too many books on the theatre, but this is not among the superfluous. No critic, unless he is to freeze upon a fence, can escape the awkward pose of infallibility in judgments which seem to other critics to be either unjust or absurd. But one need not agree with all Mr. GRAHAM SUTTON'S opinions to admit *Some Contemporary Dramatists* (PARSONS) into the class of books which let in light on an obscured subject and which will tempt the intelligent person to read intelligent plays and support the rare breed of intelligent managers.



"DEAR MR. PUNCH,—I WRITE TO PROTEST AGAINST THE WAY IN WHICH YOU CONSTANTLY KEEP CHIPPING AT THE MEMBERS OF A CONSCIENTIOUS, HARD-WORKING AND INDUSTRIOUS PROFESSION. I REFER TO THE PLUMBERS.—YOURS, ETC., ONE OF THE ABOVE."

In recommending *More Salty* (COLLINS) to your notice I may very possibly be committing an act of what I believe is called supererogation. For Mr. CHARLES W. WESTRON has already written two books about this subtle and humorous boatman from South Devon, and I imagine that anyone who has made *Salty's* acquaintance will be waiting eagerly for a chance to renew it. *Oliver Trunble* was really his name, *Salty* being the name of his boat; and he tells his own stories. He is a real creation, witty, wise, wicked, quaintly and everlastingly conscious of his own importance. Scarcely ever was I reminded that Mr. WESTRON exists, so natural is *Salty's* manner of telling a tale. I doubt if that delightful rascal would have confused *vice versa* with *viva voce*, but this is practically the only case of prompting on the author's part. *Salty* ought to be kept going for a long time; very certainly he will make more and more friends as he goes.

CHARIVARIA.

MRS. SNOWDEN has described Mr. RAMSAY MACDONALD's leadership as the worst of modern times. How like a woman not to be able to keep a secret!

* * *

Mr. ROHAN says that owners of beautiful things ought to regard themselves merely as trustees for the people who will possess them later. Husbands of film-stars, please note.

* * *

Any attempt to abolish fog seems hopeless, says a leader writer. Has he tried the effect of a letter to *The Daily Mail?*

* * *

In the opinion of the Coal Abatement Society, if we want to abolish fogs we must not burn coal. If they knew our coal dealer they would know that we don't.

* * *

A Roman helmet, in several pieces, has been found near Brecon. It was his own fault for going to Wales.

* * *

We are asked to announce that the Ministry of Health has, after careful consideration, decided not to make the cross-word craze a notifiable disease.

* * *

Cross-words puzzles are said to have been a hobby in America before COLUMBUS. It is greatly to the explorer's credit that he didn't bring any back with him.

* * *

A daily paper has discovered that if our coasts were stretched out in a straight line they would go a fifth of the way round the Equator. And with the weather we are having a lot of people are in favour of this scheme.

* * *

An Italian newspaper recently printed the first chapter of the Bible. Our scoop Press must look to its laurels.

* * *

A dentist has been reprimanded by a magistrate for beating his errand-boy. No doubt he told him it wasn't going to hurt.

* * *

We read in a contemporary that a song has been written, set to music and sold to a publisher within ninety minutes. Our contemporary does right in drawing attention to this, but unfortunately nothing can be done about it as the law stands at present.

* * *

Eight motor-cars collided with one another on the Brighton Road during the recent heavy fogs. A motorist writes to say that they must be amateurs if they have to wait for a fog before they can do that sort of thing.

* * *

A Munich chemist has discovered a method whereby he can make beer by dropping a pill in water. Some of our own brewers try to get the same effect by taking water and bobbing a hop up and down in it.

* * *

"Why is it," asks *The Morning Post*, "that the sculptured heads of the Roman Emperors are exactly like Englishmen?" Probably because the railway didn't exist in those days to bring Scotsmen south.

* * *

A woman found in a Bayswater restaurant was reported to have been there two days. Rather than wait so long as that for the waitress we should have rung the bell.

* * *

The only clue left at a recent burglary was a piece of wire used to open the window. A cat's whisker, no doubt.

* * *

Captain VICTOR CAZALET says that India is the only place where you can combine the luxury of civilization with the wild life of the jungle. Evidently he hasn't seen our garden suburb.

* * *

"To make a good Yorkshire batter," begins a cooking hint. Take a little SUTCLIFFE——

* * *

A dancing instructor says that people with big feet dance well. They have to, if they don't want to be stepped on.

* * *

Twenty-five tons of sausages have been sent to Gibraltar for the use of the Atlantic Fleet. The idea is to enable the Navy to work out the positions at Jutland during meals.

* * *

Professor A. O. RANKINE says that we shall soon be able to make films talk. Then Heaven preserve us from close-ups.

* * *

A free library has been turned into a police-station. This seems to be the only way to make some people bring back borrowed books.

* * *

A recent article by Sir EDMUND GOSSE was entitled "Busts at Trinity." We understand, however, that he has never taken an active part in one.

* * *

The biggest roach of the season was caught at Oxford. This revives regret that at neither University is even a half-blue given for angling.

* * *

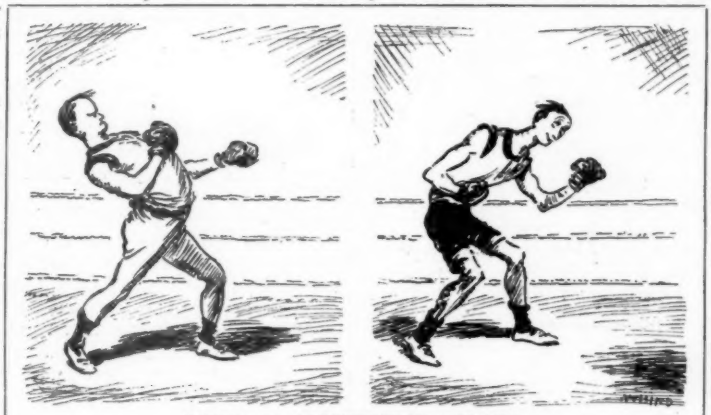
"Is Trotsky's health improving?" asks a contemporary. Well, he certainly doesn't seem to die quite so often as he used to.

* * *

According to a famous explorer, the natives of an island in the Pacific, although uncivilised, are a sensible and self-respecting race. It is feared however that the cross-word fever may overtake them at any moment.

* * *

We learn from a daily paper that wood used for making gramophones has to be kept for thirty years. It's not long enough.



HINTS TO UNIVERSITY BOXERS.

Whatever part of your anatomy you most value should be kept away from the danger zone as far as possible.

A BRILLIANT WRANGLER OF THE FUTURE. A DISTINGUISHED MEMBER OF SEVERAL IMPORTANT DINING CLUBS.

The New Natation.

From the report of a swimming-club:

"Our ladies are progressing by leaps and bounds, although this is only their second season."

We gather that they have not yet gone in off the deep end.

"Even as she spoke, a touch of the hysteria that had been the cause of all the trouble recurred, and her ears filled with tears till they looked like rain-drenched gentians."

Story in Weekly Paper.

Personally we cannot bear a girl with blue ears.

TO PHYLLIS, WHO HAS SPOILT HERSELF.

Phyllis, whose beauty shone most fair
Where feathery tendrils used to cling
Under the shadowing wealth of hair
That gave to your head its lovely shape—
Why have you done this dreadful thing?
Why have you shaved your neck's nice nape?

Bald as a coot it shows between
The hideous whiskers that block your ears,
Save where a dusky stubble is seen
Resilient after a week-old scrape.
Deadly enough were the shingler's shears,
But why must he mow your neck's nice nape?

Sharp as a wig's edge runs the line
Where the waved hair ends in a naked space,
Bare of its spun silk, soft and fine;
And never a man of the men you ape
But weeps for your dear head's wounded grace
And the sight you 've made of your neck's nice nape.

Boys may approve you shaved and shorn,
But, ere they are real men, Fashion's tide
Will turn and you will be left forlorn,
Waiting for Time to bring escape
From the shame of a crop too short to hide
The prickly scrub on your neck's nice nape.

And the maids of to-morrow, taught again
That a woman's hair is her glory's crown,
Will marvel much in a world grown sane
How a girl in her senses could choose to rape
Her own bright locks and the delicate down
That bloomed for a charm on her neck's nice nape.

O. S.

ARMY EDUCATION.

IN every military unit there is one officer who wears a perpetually harassed look. This is the Education Officer. Every afternoon at 2 P.M. he ceases from his military duties, hangs his sword on a peg, puts his revolver on the mantel-piece and, armed only with a piece of chalk, faces several rows of privates sitting at desks with their mouths open. These are the Educational Class. In theory they are promising men whose expanding intellects have driven them irresistibly to the pursuit of knowledge. In practice, half of them are men who prefer calculating on paper how far a man taking thirty-inch paces will walk in an hour to doing it themselves on the parade-ground. The other half have been detailed by the Sergeant-Major to make up the number.

They have to be taught three subjects—Map-reading, Mathematics and English. Map-reading is easy. The class takes maps and compasses and finds a sheltered spot near the camp, where it obtains permission to smoke, and then goes to sleep on the grass. The Education Officer next walks up and down tapping his boot with a stick and saying, "Reading a map is—er—very important, and is called —er—Map-reading. Map-reading, which is the technical name we have for—er—reading a map, is the science of—er —reading maps. . . ." He enlarges on the theme for half-an-hour, when he gives the order to break off, and the senior N.C.O. present should wake the men up.

Mathematics is not so easy because it has been decreed that all arithmetical questions must aim at being practical examples from the soldier's daily life. This is best explained by giving a specimen paper. The answers are supplied by Private Smith and are not necessarily correct.

Q. Four soldiers walk at four m.p.h. to X., three kilometres distant. If they start at 5 P.M., when will they get there?

A. Midnight. "The Wheatsheaf" is on the way.

Q. Seven men of your platoon form themselves into a Savings Club and contribute 1*s.* per week. What will each man get after five months?

A. Depends who was treasurer.

Q. On a route march the corporals drink half as much from their water-bottles as the men, and the sergeants half as much as the corporals. When Private A.'s water-bottle is empty, what will there be in Sergeant D.'s?

A. Beer.

Q. Private A. starts for camp, distant ten miles, at 6.30 P.M. and cycles at fifteen m.p.h. till 7.0. He then leaves the bicycle on the roadside for Private B., who is following on foot at four m.p.h. When will Private B. get to camp?

A. Not before "Lights out." Private C. came past at 7.15 P.M. and pinched the bike.

Q. A Quartermaster-Sergeant draws a gallon-jar of rum from store and issues fifty-seven tots. If each tot is half a gill, how much rum will be returned to store?

A. None.

Q. What is the cost of supplying a platoon of forty-five men with beer for one month at 9*d.* per head per week?

The answer to this was too abusive to print.

The English papers are even more difficult, and consist of exercises in the writing of letters to various people. Again a specimen paper is given. Private Smith failed to qualify in this subject.

Q. Write a letter about Life in the Army to (1) a friend, (2) your Section-Sergeant, (3) your Company-Commander.

A. (1) DEAR SID,—This comes hopping it finds you as it leaves me in the pink. What price me being in the Army now, eh? Our Sargent is a—I can't spell what I want as our officer hasn't taught us that yet—but you know what I mean. He tried to tik me off to-day but I anserred him back proper, leastways as soon as he'd gone. This is a fine place, the food is not so bad as it might be and only five-pence a pint. Your old Pal FRED.

(2) At the Editor's request this letter has been deleted.

(3) DEAR CAPTIN,—What about my pay? I only got a quid larst week. You ask that pay sargent about it. That *was* me with the light on in the barrack hut last night only you never twigged. I blew it out and went to sleep too quick for you.

Your affectionate Private SMITH (100842).

P.S.—Of course you ad to check me on parrade this morning didn't you. I bet my hair didn't need cutting reely. You look at the sargent's next time instead of letting him follow you round.

P.P.S.—*I* saw you last guest-night.

Speeding the Parting Guest.

At a girls' school reunion:—

"They were all delighted to have Miss —— back amongst them. Their best wishes would go with her next week when she set out for her holiday, and they all hoped she would return with MEASLES AND WHOOPING-COUGH."—*Scots Paper.*

Our Shameless Contemporaries.

"This famous collection of antiques was taken by burglars who were seeking Lady ——'s personal jewellery, and it was not until the outcry after the robbery that they knew that they had made such a valuable haul. Then they were faced with the impossibility of selling their plunder."

"HOW TO SELL IT.

'Why not sell it through a small advertisement in *The Evening* ——?'"

Consecutive paragraphs in "The Evening ——."



THE INNOCENTS ABROAD.

MR. MACDONALD. "WHAT IS YOUR OPINION, THOMAS, OF THE LABOUR CONDITIONS IN JAMAICA?"

MR. THOMAS. "EMINENTLY SATISFACTORY."



Helpful Person. "THAT 'S 'IM! THAT 'S THE BLOKE WOT 'S FELL IN—'IM WITH 'IS 'AND UP."

NURSERY TALES FOR GROWN-UPS.

IV.—THE THREE BEARS OF BURSLEY.

(With acknowledgments to the Chronicler of the Five Towns.)

Goldilocks came running down Duck Bank. She was conscious of delicious naughtiness. Her mid-Victorian petticoats (one was red flannel) blew gaily about her legs. She had defied the conventions of her home in Hillport and risen at six o'clock, before the housemaid had brought the hot water to her bedroom.

Isaac Tellwright, her father, was a solicitor, a partner in Tellwright and Lessways, the oldest, most reliable legal partnership in the Five Towns. He held his head high, dined late and went to the Established Church on Sunday morning.

Goldilocks knew that she had no business to run all the way down Trafalgar Road before breakfast. She insisted to herself that she needed exercise, must have exercise. She tried to see beauties in Bursley, to admire the banks, the morning light on the canal, the new Wesleyan Chapel; but all the time her eyes were seeking a familiar figure.

"Where is he, the little bear?" she asked herself; then pretended in her demure Victorian way that she had come to see the potteries in their early morning bustle.

But this was Saint Monday, the day that saps the life-blood of British trade. Men lay in bed, women yawned at doors. They stared at Goldilocks as hens might stare at a golden pheasant. Her little elastic-sided boots pattered along Trafalgar Road, that great thoroughfare of the Five Towns. She grew shy, a little self-conscious, aware of her difference.

A door stood open. She passed quickly through it and closed it behind her. He lived here; she knew he did. She had found that in the directory. But she would pretend not to know.

Breakfast was laid for three people. It was a simple meal set out on the kitchen table. Old Ephraim Bear had set his face against a dining-room. Besides there was no room. The kitchen opened into the shop. Goldilocks stood there breathing quickly. There were three bowls of porridge waiting for three late comers. They were old Wedgwood bowls. Goldilocks was hungry and tired. She chose a blue bowl decorated with the Judgment of Paris. Some instinct told her that it belonged to young Edwin Bear. Daintily, in her fastidious fashion she emptied the bowl and wiped her little mouth on Edwin's folded bib. Then she held up the bowl to see it better.

At a sound outside she started and dropped it.

"Edwin won't mind," she murmured.

Still she longed to get away from the sober little kitchen, with its flagged floor, its oven and tidy dresser. It was all so different from Hillport. She was not sure if she could live among bears even for the sake of shy, eager, pleasant little Edwin Bear.

She tripped quickly up the stairs. There was a fluttering of starched calico as she went.

So this was the bedroom! Three beds so plainly furnished, but so neatly made, showed the methodical habits of the family. How well she knew the typical Five-Town bedroom, with its rhubarb-coloured wall-paper, its oil-cloth, its iron bedsteads, its framed texts and enlarged photographs! Here was a portrait of the Three Bears, all in their Sunday best. Goldilocks laughed her little provoking baffling laugh as she looked at it. So this was Edwin's truckle-bed in the corner. She yawned as she looked at it.

"Just a minute," she murmured, "just to feel if it 's comfortable;" and she lay down with her pert little nose buried in Edwin's pillow.

Old Ephraim Bear was always irascible before breakfast. It was for appetite's sake that he insisted that his wife and son should join him on his early-morning walk by the canal, the "Cut" as he called it.

"Who 's bin and left door open?" he asked crossly. "Was't thou, Edwin?"

The little bear stammered an apology. He was gazing at the fragments of a bowl on the kitchen floor.

"Now, then, what 's takken the boy? What art staring at, lad?"

"Who 's been eating my porridge?" asked Edwin.

Mrs. Bear, a quiet colourless creature who had stifled all personality in domestic drudgery, sniffed at her bowl. Then she sniffed the air. "Somebody uses scented soap," she said quietly.

"Who uses scented soap i' Bosley?" growled old Ephraim. "T'was nobbut t' cat broke thy bowl, lad."

Nevertheless he prowled round the kitchen, a heavy scowl on his face. He resented the scented soap and an indefinable eagerness in Edwin's eyes. He smelt the decline of the Five Towns in this hint of scented soap. He stood for the old order against this modern luxurious habit of washing. He was the first to observe a long golden hair lying on the horse-hair covering of the armchair.

"Who's bin sitting in my armchair?" he growled. "Dunna tell me it's t' cat. Upstairs with thee, Edwin. I reckon thou'lt find lass about the house. Coom up, Mother. We wunna leave her long, the baggage!"

Heavily the three of them climbed the stairs. Young Edwin pattered ahead. He knew. He guessed that it was she, the golden-haired vision whose slanting eyes had charmed him when she came with her mother to buy copy-books in the shop. Goldilocks had all the fashionable aloof world of Hillport in her eyes. Even mystic London with its Babylon hotels gleamed behind her lashes. And here she was asleep on his patchwork counterpane.

"What did I tell thee?" roared old Ephraim Bear. "Who's lying on thy bed, Edwin?"

He rolled forward with angry eyes, but Edwin was too quick. He had shaken Goldilocks awake.

"Through the window . . . down the water-pipe," he whispered.

She jumped to her feet, her round Victorian comb tumbling on the floor.

With one exquisitely provocative look at Edwin she vanished through the window.

[This ends the first volume of the "Trilogy of the Three Bears of Bursley."]

PLACES-AS-THEY-OUGHT-TO-BE.

VI.—KINGSBARNS.

In the King's Barn sits the King
With his crown upon his head,
And round him over everything
His velvet robes are spread.

The King is counting out his gold—
Doubloons and louis d'or—
And all about the coins have rolled
On the dim Barn's dusty floor.

For the King's Barns are full of dust,
But the dust is dust of gold;
And rubies cluster red as rust
On the iron window-hold.

There's money-bags instead of sacks
And gold instead of grain;
There's ingots piled like barley-stacks
Upon the loaded wain.

The King is shovelling with his spade
At the clinking golden mound;
And carts of amethyst and jade
Stand ready all around.

If you should go to see the King
At the King's Barns some fine day
And are polite as anything,
Perhaps he'll let you stay!



2 A.M. and a thick fog.

Reveller. "CAN YOU TAKE ME TO GOLDERS GREEN?"

Taxi-Driver. "CERTAINLY, SIR. IF YOU'LL CATCH 'OLD OF THE MUDGUARD AND KEEP TO THE KERB I'LL DRIVE YOU THERE ALL RIGHT."

Its Natural Enemy.

From the evidence in a running-down case:—

"The motor-cycle approached the coroner at 30 miles per hour."—*Local Paper.*

From the review of a work on the American Constitution:—

"The number of Representatives shall not exceed one for every thirsty thousand."

Wonderful fellows those old constitution-framers; they evidently foresaw the Eighteenth Amendment.

VINOVI.

(Lines for the wrapper of a patent medicine.)

SIR or Madam, are you well?
Yes, we know it 's hard to tell;
Like as not you fondly think,
Madam, you are in the pink,
But, conceal it how we please,
Most of us have *some* disease.
Frankly, Sir, the chances are
You have cancer or catarrh;
Madam, in our humble view,
There is something wrong with *you*.
Never mind—we 'd like to bet
VINOVI will save you yet.

For nervousness, lassitude, debility, anæmia,
Quinsy, sciatica, discomfort when you dine,
Rheumatism, dandruff, acute septicæmia,
The measles, the mumps,
The dropsy and the dumps,
Melancholy, flatulence, a tendency to pine,
Take a little VINOVI,
Take a little VINOVI,
And take it in a glass of wine.

Madam, Sir, it 's safe to say
You have one of these to-day.
Sir, be not afraid of us,
Madam, we need not discuss
Which exactly you have got—
VINOVI will cure the lot.
Do you suffer much from fits,
Meningitis, nerves or nits?
Does your work repel you? Quite.
VINOVI will put you right.
Are you skinny, Sir, or fat?
VINOVI will stop all that.

For nervousness, lassitude and glandular scirrhosity.
Quinsy, sciatica. discomfort when you dine,
Rheumatism, baldness, congenital verbosity,
The colic and the croup,
The shingles and the stoop,
Melancholy, flatulence, a tendency to pine,
Take a little VINOVI,
Take a little VINOVI,
And take it in a glass of wine.

Sir or Madam, have a care!
There are tricksters everywhere.
Sir or Madam, do not take
EQUIBOS, for pity's sake!
Neither, though you 've bought a tin,
Drink a drop of VIGORIN!
This is made of mice, of *course;*
EQUIBOS is simply horse.
So is NERVINU; and then
NERVINU is one-and-ten.
VINOVI is one-and-nine,
And you take the stuff with wine.

For nervousness, lassitude, debility, anæmia;
Quinsy, sciatica, discomfort when you dine,
Rheumatism, rickets and chronic septicæmia,
For tetanus and thrush,
Garrulity and gush,
Free Trade, flatulence, obesity, decline,
Take a little VINOVI,
Take a little VINOVI,
And take it in a glass of wine.

Madam, Sir, you may be sure
VINOVI is good and pure;
Madam, we do not include
Harmful gases in this food;
VINOVI does *not* contain
Boric acid, bats or bane,
Nor, as many people think,
Is it made of marking-ink,
But from herbs and bits of hay—
How or why I must not say.
Anyhow, it 's pure because
Dr. Dumble said it was.

For nervousness, lassitude, paralysis, precocity,
Quinsy, sciatica, discomfort when you dine,
Toothache, aphasia, congenital verbosity,
The measles, the mumps,
The jaundice and the jumps,
Insanity and flatulence, senility, decline,
Take a little VINOVI,
Take a little VINOVI,
And take it in a glass of wine.

Not with shudders, not with squeals,
Not with water after meals—
Take it gaily while you dine,
Wash it down with draughts of wine.
Otherwise it will not act—
That is odd, but that 's a fact.
Take a tablet in some port,
Your diseases will be short;
Take a couple in champagne,
You will not be ill again.
(VINOVI, we need not say,
Must be taken thrice a day).

For nervousness, lassitude, debility, anæmia,
Quinsy, sciatica, insomnia and strain,
Rheumatism, baldness, acute septicæmia,
For tetanus and thrush,
Garrulity and gush,
Melancholy, flatulence and water on the brain,
Take a little VINOVI,
Take a little VINOVI,
And take it in the best champagne.

A. P. H.

In Memoriam.

We regret to have to record the death of Mr. HARRY FURNISS, who was on the staff of *Punch* from 1880 to 1894, and for many years illustrated the Essence of Parliament.

"A CHIEL AMANG US."

IT happened very suddenly, coming, as one might say in any other country but ours, out of a clear sky. At eight o'clock on Saturday evening I was confiding to my wife that it was my intention to give old Biggs the heaviest whacking he had ever had over eighteen holes. And then the telephone bell rang. The Rector had suddenly gone down with flue. Would we in his place entertain the Archdeacon for the week-end?

Of course I agreed. It would be a hard-hearted man who could picture with complacence the sufferings of a homeless archdeacon.

My wife approved the arrangement. Our ecclesiastical entertainment record stood no higher than a missionary. For a moment we rejoiced in the prospect of entertaining a dignitary of the Church.

Then my wife gasped nervously. "But what about Helen?"

Helen, our eight-year-old daughter, is a person of decided temperament. If she disapproves of a person, that person knows about it. I notice that her small companions usually abbreviate her name by a syllable. There is much discernment amongst the young.

"Helen can have breakfast and lunch in the nursery," I said.

"Not when you are at home on Sunday," said my wife. "She 'd do something awful. We must face it. Use your moral influence with her in the morning."

However, on Sunday morning I cut myself shaving and got down too late to use either physical or moral influence.

When the Archdeacon entered, Helen—who can be moral when it suits her—remarked, "Fancy-dress on a Sunday!"

Happily the Archdeacon heard it not. He was so busy assuring his hostess that he had spent the most perfect of nights in the most delightful of bedrooms.

When we had sat down I said hurriedly, to keep Helen from recurring to the subject of gaiters, "What did you see in the garden before breakfast, dear?"

"A griffin," said Helen.

The Archdeacon looked up from his egg. "A what, my dear?"

"A griffin with red side-whiskers," continued Helen blandly.

"No, my dear. Always be perfectly accurate in your statements. You did not see a griffin; most probably you saw a robin with a red breast. Now remember when any one asks you a question always speak the exact truth and then every one will love and respect you."

I quite expected Helen to say that she had seen a griffin with red side-

THE TEST AT HOME.



THE TOSS.



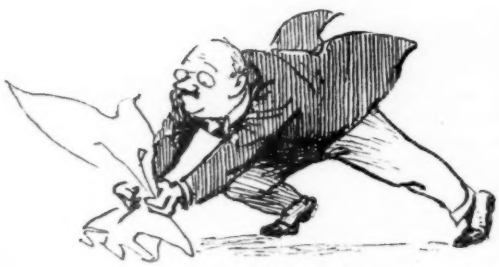
OFF-DRIVES.



LEG PLAY.



A HIGH CATCH.



A LOW ONE.



FAST BOWLING.



THE GOOGLY STUFF.



AND A—



SIXER.

whiskers and a pink tail, as her stories usually expand under cross-examination, but to my amazement she said not a word. She merely regarded the Archdeacon with a chilly eye. For the rest of the meal I was as a man sitting on a bomb, expecting an explosion.

However, none came. My wife confided to me afterwards that it showed the child had some spirit of reverence, which certainly came from her side of the family.

As we were entertaining the Archdeacon I had to give up my victory over Biggs and make a brave show with my family in our front pew.

All went well till the sermon was half-way over, when the Archdeacon, beaming on his audience, said, "Will you kindly bear with me a few moments more whilst I examine what the commentators have said on this subject?"

"No," said a shrill voice from the front pew; "you've talked enough already."

It was, as my wife said, a dispensation of providence that the senior churchwarden insisted on taking the Archdeacon away to lunch.

As for Helen, her defence took the following line: "He leant over and looked at me and asked me a question. I spoke the truth, just as he told me; and you ought to love and respect me for it, instead of losing your tempers—on a Sunday too, just the day you ought to be good-tempered."

Yes, Helen is an arch-moralist—when it suits her.

From a broadcasting programme:—

"Symphony Concert. Two Pieces of String Orchestra."

Local Paper.

Would these be excerpts from "The Lost Cord?"

Advertisement in an American paper:—

"The very room itself bids one stay awhile . . . while the tea caddy hums its soothing monotone."

We gather that the tea itself is kept in the kettle—an unhealthy habit.

The following account was recently sent in by an Irish vet.:—

"For curing his lordship's horse until he died, £5 5*s.* 0*d.*"

It is inferred that he is less of an expert with horses than with bulls.

THE STATE OF FILMLAND.

V.—GOVERNMENT AND ADMINISTRATION.

FORMS of government in Filmland vary according to the taste and fancy



"THE GOVERNMENT KNOWS THAT WAITING IN THE ANTE-CHAMBER IS A YOUNG MAN WHO WILL SAVE THE COUNTRY."

of local communities. The uninitiated tourist, roaming swiftly at random, will do well to observe the costumes and characteristics of the people round about him; otherwise, in the belief that he is still enjoying the benefits of modern Free State jurisdiction, he may be guilty of offering grave insult to a peppery mediæval monarch of the good old rack-and-dungeon school.

Quite a considerable portion of Filmland is under up-to-date government control. Taking all things into account, it is a pretty good Government. It scarcely ever bothers the country with a General Election; it does not do much in the way of public speechifying, and it can be relied upon to make inventors, despatch-carriers and other national heroes happy on their wedding-day by giving them a handsome reward for their services.

As a general rule it is only during moments of grave crisis that this type of Government permits itself to be seen at work. Then you may behold it seated around a huge polished table, biting its lips or shaking a stern forefinger or throwing its arms about. All this, however, is simply to show how patriotic it is. It has not really lost its nerve. It knows that waiting in the antechamber is a young man or a young woman who will save the country. So it sticks a big blob of sealing-wax on a sheet of official paper, hands this with a gesture of deep emotion to the hero or heroine and adjourns for lunch.

In those parts of Filmland where the old-fashioned autocratic or oligarchal form of government prevails the ruling powers do not have such an easy time. For the common people life is gay and picturesque enough; revolutions and days of rejoicing follow one another so rapidly that there is little time for the ordinary routine of humdrum existence. All the nice-looking people run about the streets and wave flags, whilst those of a repulsive appearance slink into doorways or hold political meetings of a ferocious nature in underground cellars, and so get their fun that way.



"IN FILMLAND A SHERIFF IS A GRIZZLED ELDERLY MAN WITH A PRETTY DAUGHTER."

These simple pleasures however are not for the lady or gentleman who happens to be wearing the crown. A Filmland monarch invariably appears to be afflicted with acute melancholia. Although he lives in a fine old castle, with a garrison of at least a dozen hard-working and well-drilled soldiers to delight his eyes, and an ancient and faithful body-servant to tell him about the good old days, and plenty of strong

stone seats for him to sit upon; although he can order a torture or an execution at almost any hour of the day or night, and has only to ride abroad and scatter money about for the people to give him a kindly cheer, he is not happy. It seems that in Filmland kings, queens, princes and princesses never want to be kings, queens, princes or princesses. That is what makes them so peevish. They care nothing for the glory and privilege of sitting on handsome stone seats and being wept over by faithful old body-servants and licked by faithful old dogs. They want to get away and marry some brave or beautiful person in a humble sphere of life, and live in a cottage and feed chickens. Not being allowed to do this they get very depressed, until the country, in order to take them out of themselves, fixes up a revolution or a civil war. Then they cheer up and make a rousing patriotic speech in the council chamber, and start out to conquer or die without even stopping to change their clothes.

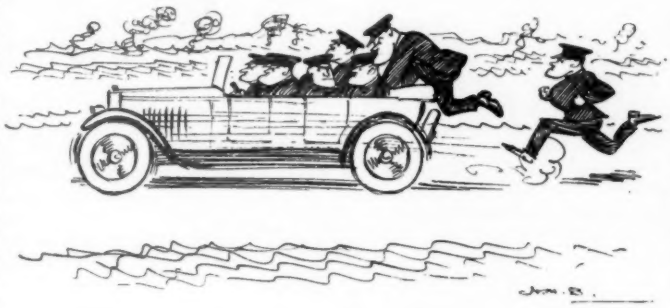
In certain sparsely populated areas, local government is pretty much in the hands of a sheriff. In Filmland a sheriff is a grizzled elderly man with a pretty daughter. A man who does not possess a pretty daughter stands no chance of being made a sheriff. He is expected also to have a secret connected with his past life—one that is good for a reasonable amount of blackmail. Given these qualifications and a ready way with a revolver, the life is pleasant enough for a grizzled elderly man fond of summary executions, "round-ups," "rough houses," night surprises and the many other pleasant social incidents which accompany the administration of the law among the big-hearted children of Nature. He is not expected to be an adept at polished diplomatic conversation. An occasional brief declaration, such as

"BOYS! YOU SURE KNOW ME.
WHAT I SAY GOES.
GET A HUNCH ON,"

is considered to meet all requirements in the way of official oratory.

Honourable mention should be made of the modern Filmland policeman. If he occasionally appears inefficient in the controlling of traffic that is travelling in various directions at an average speed of seventy miles per hour, his promptness and industry in other branches of constabulary duty evoke admiration. You cannot break a window or assault a fellow-citizen in Filmland without having at least a dozen constables on your track before you have reached the end of the street. If you are in trouble and ring up a police-station, the inspector in charge does not waste time asking for trivial details. Long before you have finished working your mouth about he has slammed down the receiver and a posse of stalwart policemen has leaped into a car and is hurtling to your assistance. The Filmland criminal is the most harassed person on earth.

Of such public services as the Army and Navy it is only necessary to say that few other countries can produce anything like them. Their energy in saluting at the slightest provocation and the miraculous achievements of their junior officers render them invincible.



"A POSSE OF STALWART POLICEMEN HAS LEAPED INTO A CAR AND IS HURTLING TO YOUR ASSISTANCE."

A BOLT FROM "THE BLUE."

"OUT of the mouths of babes and sucklings. . . ." How true! Here am I, growing old, grown tired, writing and writing, toiling for the best word, the least ambiguous phrase, and now and then, for a brief fatuous moment, thinking I may have hit on them; and all the time, just round the corner, is one of nature's artists doing it all so much better without any effort at all.

Some of Mr. Punch's readers with long memories may possibly recall that last week I made a pathetic effort to be funny, or at any rate to be not too dull, about the life of a millionaire and what I would do if, as a small boy, I were apprenticed to one. Good heavens, and I thought I was being original! Fond, fond delusion. For what does a friend (a very new one, but none the worse for that) do but, without a sign of chiding, a hint of triumph—and it is so tempting to be triumphant—enclose in a letter a page torn from a magazine called *The Blue*, in which a real author shows me how an article about being a millionaire ought to be written. The author's identity is concealed beneath the initials H. F. H., and his age is ten. This is the unfaltering way in which he handles the theme with which I was fumbling last week. The occasion was an essay competition on the theme "The Choice of a Happy Day":—

"I think that one of the most interesting days I would like to have, would be to be a millionaire. In the morning I would sleep till a quarter-to-eight, and then rise from my beautiful bed, and dress myself. I would then go down into the richly decorated dining room. I would like to have a wife and daughter, for I would not be a bachelor.

"As I would be having my breakfast, talking to my wife about the previous night, I would be having servants and butlers behind me, waiting on me. At about nine o'clock I would ask my butler to go and fetch my hat, silver nobbed walking stick, and my white gloves. When he had brought them I would step inside my car, with my wife and daughter, and tell my chaffeur, James, to drive to the Ascot race course. We would soon leave the marble steps and pillars, and be at the well known race course.

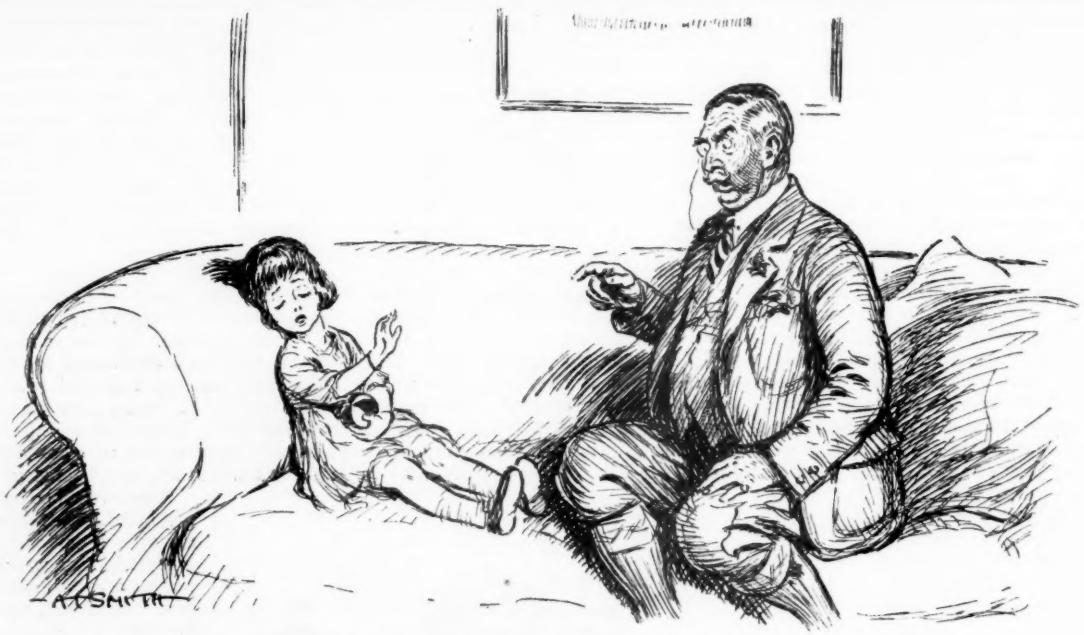
"As I would be stepping out of my Roles-Royce, I think I would curse an omnibus to myself for delaying me going into the course. Of course, I would be backing a few hundred pounds on a horse and if I had found my horse had lost the race I would not mind. I would then go to a café and have lunch, paying the waiter about seven shillings, and two shillings for himself. The same evening I would tell James that I would not want him that evening, as I was going to walk to 'Theartre Royal.'

"I would probably see a delightful show from a box with my friends, and I would go home and have dinner, and then go to bed. My wife who had put on her evening dress would say, 'goodnight' to me."

That strikes me as the way to write.

E. V. L.

"Cornet-players attain the astonishing average of 69·1 years."—*Weekly Paper*. It only shows what a long-suffering people we are.



Bachelor Uncle (making brave effort to entertain). "'WHO KILLED COCK ROBIN?' 'I,' SAID THE——"
Little Niece. "OH, DON'T, UNCLE—CRIMES BORE ME SO."

THE PROPOSAL.

"PLEASE," she said as she gave me her hand—"please don't be brilliant."

"I never am," I assured her; "never."

"No, I know," she agreed; "but you do try, don't you? And this morning I'm so *distrait*."

"A new hat is contemplated?" I inquired; "a new gown is in process of creation?"

"Oh, no," she answered, "those do not distract; they thrill, they uplift."

"Indigestion then, perhaps?"

"No, not exactly indigestion. It's a proposal."

"But why," I protested, really puzzled, "should so common an experience . . . I myself, only last month as well as the month before that and most likely next month as well . . ."

"Not next month," she begged.

"Next week," I asserted firmly, "or to-morrow very likely. Why not?"

"Because I'm *distrait*," she pointed out.

"That is only a reason and not an excuse," I retorted, "and besides you haven't told me why."

"I had to help much more than usual."

"I always prefer to be helped on these occasions," I assured her.

"Do you often propose?" she asked coldly.

"As often as possible," I admitted. "It seems the least one can do."

"I suppose no one ever accepted you?" she inquired.

"Oh, it happens," I said; "it happens."

"Well, I'm glad I never did."

"You may yet," I pointed out. "One can never tell. To-morrow or to-day. Who knows?"

"I do," she affirmed with cruel confidence. "It was Tommy Burton to-day," she added, suddenly expansive.

"Tommy Burton!" I cried, shocked. "My dear lady, you don't really mean that?"

"I couldn't prevent it," she urged. "At least not much."

"Tommy Burton," I said severely, "plays the very worst hand of bridge in all London."

She looked round nervously.

"So do I," she whispered.

"Tommy Burton," I pointed out with increased severity, "goes to the worst tailor in London."

"He could change him."

"No," I said. "Any tailor Tommy goes to becomes automatically the worst tailor in London. One judges by the results."

"But a badly-dressed man makes such an admirable contrast to a well-dressed woman."

"Admitted," I agreed; "but what would be the use of that when as husband and wife you would never be seen together?"

"I hadn't thought of that," she admitted, looking depressed.

"One has to think of everything in these days. But Tommy . . . no."

"No?" she repeated.

"He is my oldest friend and, apart from his clothes and his bridge, I know of absolutely nothing against him."

"He may have secrets you do not dream of; he may lead a double life," she urged wistfully.

"He is a member of three clubs and the Stock Exchange," I pointed out.

She said nothing, but I could see that her last hope had left her.

"I don't even suppose," I added, "that he has a debt in the world."

"But I," she urged—"I have enough for two. Besides, it wasn't only Tommy Burton happened to-day; there was Toto Mills as well."

"At the same time?" I asked.

"Oh, no," she answered, quite shocked; "only the same luncheon—Toto before the cocktails and Tommy with the coffee."

"Toto sounds more eligible," I said; "he has at least been divorced."

"Twice, he says."

"Once, I believe," I said with emphasis. "Toto always likes to swank; it is his worst fault."

"His worst?"

"Well, one of them," I conceded.

"Then you recommend——?"

"Myself."

"But it isn't next month or even to-morrow," she pointed out, "and I never consider three proposals in one day."

"Then I recommend nobody."

"But I do so want to be engaged again," she urged; "it makes one feel so unpopular if one isn't."

"Then Toto."

"Not Tommy?"

"Tommy," I said, "is out of the question—no style."

"No," she agreed, and I saw her wipe away a reluctant tear.

"Well-meaning," I agreed, "well off, and even honest, except under provocation, but not up to date . . . not smart . . . not chic . . . is he?"

She struggled in vain to repress her emotion.

"His eyes rather match my new cushions," she said at last.

"I see you must know the whole truth," I said. "He is almost beginning to grow bald."

She clasped her hands.

"I saw it myself," she cried, "the tiniest, weeniest spot in the very middle of his head."

"Then that," I told her, "is that. Now Toto?"

She nodded emphatically.

"Or even . . . me?"

She nodded again.

"Well, there you are," I told her conclusively.

"And there," she said, "is Tommy. He's just been to buy the ring—diamonds, I told him. Oh, and I believe he is going to ask you to be the best man."

"I shall be simply delighted," I answered warmly.

BOTTOM'S DREAM.

A FOOTNOTE TO "A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM."

(*Bottom.* "I will get Peter Quince to write a ballad of this dream: it shall be called Bottom's Dream.")

I'LL wager *Peter* never heard
A tithe of that night's wondrous story;
By day the thing would sound absurd,
And *Bottom*, crowned with Thespian glory,
Who walked like Jove among the rest,
Could brook no spot upon his splendour;
'Twas not for *him* to be a jest
For *Snug*, or *Flute* the bellows-mender.

That's why (at first) he never told;
Then maybe, as he sat a-weaving,
He sometimes dreamt a voice of gold
(Heard in that vision past believing)
Lulled him to sleep beneath the spell
Of eyes of more than mortal beauty,
Till from his hand the shuttle fell,
Recalling Mrs. B. and duty.

He half forgot the raucous bray,
The long unlovely ears he'd flaunted,
But surely to his dying day
A more enchanting vision haunted—
The wraith of one immortal hour
When, on a bed of blossom lying,
Within her dim moon-misted bower
Titania for his love was sighing.

No doubt he swaggered as of old,
Of Athens' stalls the pride and wonder;
Snubbed *Snout* when he grew overbold,
And kept the patient *Peter* under;
Still seemed the same to mortal eye,
But fairy-love his heart had smitten,
And that, I like to think, is why
He never got his ballad written.



Very hairy Customer. "HAIRCUT, SINGE, SHAMPOO, MOUSTACHE CLIPPED AND BEARD TRIMMED, PLEASE. ER—WHERE CAN I PUT THIS CIGAR DOWN?"

Barber. "WOULD YOU MIND KEEPING IT IN YOUR MOUTH FOR A TIME, SIR? IT'LL BE A SORT OF LANDMARK TO GIVE ME MY BEARINGS."

Another Glimpse of the Obvious.

"During the last few days there has been a perceptible lengthening of the days in Sunderland and district, a change which will be appreciated and will be increasingly noticeable as the year advances."—*Provincial Paper.*

Curiously enough, the same phenomenon has been noted in places further south.

"These are absolutely new mattresses, and are filled with Government hair."

Sale Catalogue.

We assume that this was furnished by the late Government, though we did not realise that they had lost as much as all that.

DASHING UP TO TOWN.

"How long will it take us?" she asked.

"Let 's see. Seventy miles. About three hours," I said airily. "I think we won't go by Surrey, but by Kent."

The hour was 10.45 A.M. Two miles before Tunbridge Wells we ran into a fog—white, wet, thick, cold, like wool on the fields.

It was not as a matter of fact the first thing we had run into, because I had taken the left-handed turn at East Hoathly rather too quickly, and we had run into a hedge. But I got out of it again without stopping. The trifling inaccuracy, as I explained, was due merely to the fact that I was making up a Limerick about East Hoathly, where we never ought to have been as we came through. Like this:—

There was an old man of East Hoathly
Whose language at cards was so loathly
That it poisoned the lives
Of his two lady-wives,
And there in the churchyard they both lie.

"There 's a whole short story in that, you see," I said, "as well as a parenthetical note on the Sussex dialect."

"Rather a sad little story, isn't it?" she said. "And it doesn't seem to alter the fact that you've knocked one of the side lamps loose. Road-hogging, I call it."

"But think how much worse it might have been," I protested. "We might have spilt the whole of this cargo into the ditch. Not to mention the dog. I wonder if the dog was nervous, by the way?"

But the dog did not seem to have noticed anything at all. He was peeping over the side of the car and blinking at Sussex, as before.

There were in the car besides the dog (I speak without shame, and all owners of small cars who have the detestable week-end habit will understand how it occurred) two spare overcoats, three suit-cases, a basket of food, a large parcel containing books, a small Goanese cabinet, said to be very precious and therefore not to be left knocking about in the country, and an engraving of "Oxford from the West." I remembered with satisfaction that there were no children in the car. Children are always a nuisance when one is going sharply through the centre of a hedge.

We crept through the fog up to Tunbridge Wells. It was filled with radiant sunshine.

"They say the fog 's something terrible in London," said the man who repaired the side lamp. We had lunch and looked at the happy people wandering about under the Pantiles. They had not to make this monstrous journey into a city of gloom. For twopence, including the use of a chair, they could sit and drink chalybeate water from the original well and laugh at dull care the whole winter long.

Outside Sevenoaks we ran into another fog that stood up in front of us like a pillar of smoke. It is on record that the Israelites were guided through the Wilderness by a pillar of smoke by day; but it is an unsatisfactory guide for motorists in Kent, because you cannot read the sign-posts.

At Sevenoaks I asked whether there was a station, and they admitted grudgingly that there was, if you could find it. But when I wanted to garage the car the garage proprietor was seized with a fit of optimism about fogs, natural to one whose garage was full to the brim.

"I should go on if I were you," he said. "I shouldn't wonder but what it 's only local." "Only local," he repeated. He seemed to think there was a kind of talisman in this word.

"I know it 's only local," I said, "but the worst of the south side of London is that it simply simmers with localities. Would the fog be local at Bromley, do you think?"

He said that it might.

I asked him if there was any way in which we could recognise the Bromley fog, so that we might be led to Bromley by it, and he told us that there would be no difficulty about that, because it would be darker than his fog, denser and richer to the taste. He spoke as a simple countryman, proud of his local fog and despising the giddier Metropolitan kind.

We went on.

A mile beyond Sevenoaks we ran out of the local fog and into a new one. It was indeed a darker type. We were now entirely lost. There were no sides to the road. Time and space ceased to exist. We switched on the lights, but nothing seemed to occur. We stopped and got out to see whether they were working. They were. Electricity is a wonderful thing. We started crawling again.

"What is that?" she said suddenly.

I sniffed.

"We are saved!" I cried. "It 's a motor lorry."

It was. It seemed to us to have a lovely smell, as attractive as that of the breezes that blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle. We clung to it like sleuth-hounds, marvelling at the brave man in front who forged his way so steadily through the gloom. Perhaps, however, it did not matter so much to him. A stone wall would have stopped him, I suppose, but not a brick one, and certainly not a hedge.

And now we began to realise that there were people behind. We were part of a procession.

"Good heavens, supposing we were to lose him," she said, "and have to lead!"

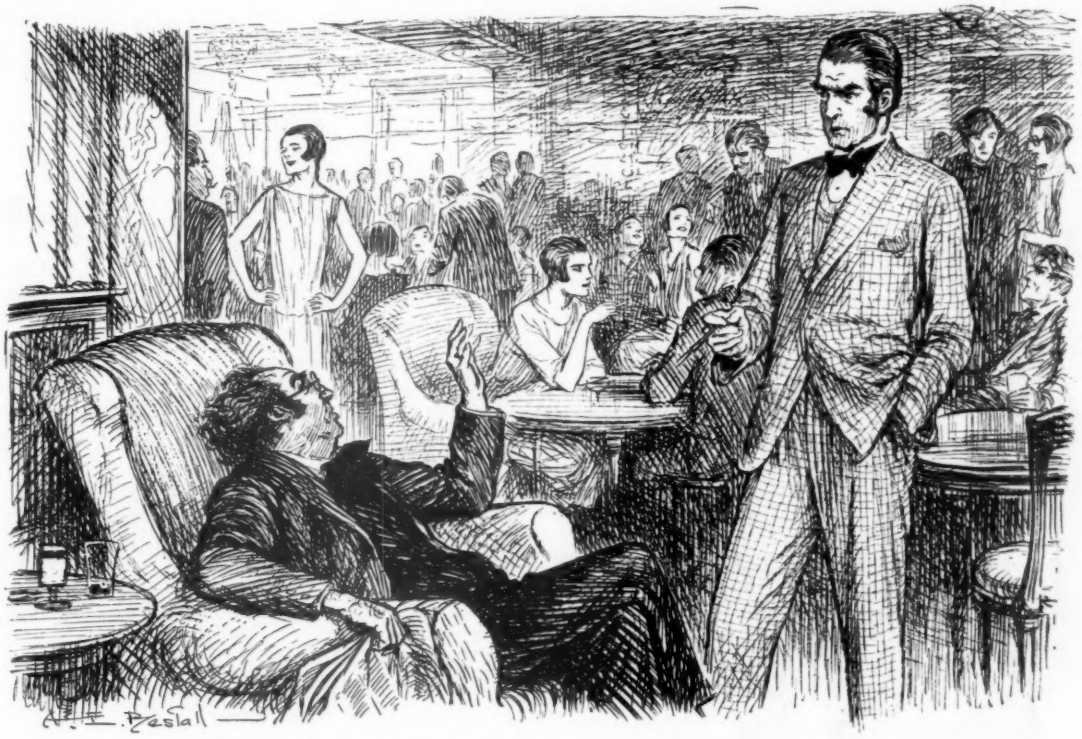
"We might wander all over the county," I admitted, "with these poor dupes, and rouse from many an ancient hall the gallant squires of Kent. I suppose we should all come to the sea in the end."

"If he holds on to Bromley we 'll put up the car there and go home by train," she said.

The brave man held on. Held on, in



Lazy Husband. "I SEE THERE'S TALK OF ANOTHER STRIKE."
Wife. "YES; AN' IF YOU WAS 'ARF A MAN YOU 'D GET A JOB AN' BE ABLE TO GO ON STRIKE TOO."



Bohemian Celebrity (to confrère). "GOOD HEAVENS, MAN! DO LET YOUR HAIR *grow*. YOU LOOK JUST LIKE A GIRL."

fact, too far. When we came to what, by shouting at dim figures in the gloom, we discovered to be Bromley station, he still rumbled stoutly up the hill. Who was going to dare to break that loyal chain? Not I for one. We crawled up Bromley, between shops and restaurants, faithful to the death, leaving the station far behind.

Suddenly I saw the Midland Bank. There is always a sense of security about a Midland Bank.

"I'm going to stop here," I shouted, and we tore ourselves away from the motley caravan, which passed on with shouts of execration.

I went and fetched two policemen.

"If you turn round the fountain at the top you can get down to the station again," they said.

"If one of you wouldn't mind standing where the fountain is and yodelling," I suggested, "I will try."

Marshalled by the law we crept down to Bromley station again.

"Are there any trains?" I inquired.

It was half-past six o'clock. We were informed that if we were lucky we would catch the 4.42.

The car was unloaded and given to a kindly aristocrat who kept a garage and a big yard. Both of these were quite full, but he said he could find room for our car in his garden. I asked whether he would be sure of finding his garden in the fog, and he said he could. His garden was pretty full also, but there was just room for us on the herbaceous border.

Meanwhile the porter was collecting our luggage. There is no earthly reason why we should not travel from Bromley to Victoria with two spare overcoats, three suit-cases, a parcel of books, a dog, a Goanese cabinet, a basket of food and an engraving of "Oxford from the West," is there? Absolutely none. Nevertheless for some reason or other the porter smiled. He found us an empty compartment, and as he took his tip he smiled again.

Just outside Bromley we ran into another local fog and the train stopped. It went on stopping. When it finally reached Dulwich we were playing picquet with a packet of cards providentially discovered in a drawer of the Goanese cabinet. Several of the books had broken loose and a thermos flask had slipped out of the provision basket. The dog had crumbled his biscuit a good deal. . . . It was perhaps rather a domestic-looking scene.

The young man who got in with an evening paper looked at us, I thought, rather too quizzically. I glanced round at the seats, the racks and the floor, and felt that perhaps something ought to be said.

"Fearful nuisance, this fog," I began.

"It is," he agreed, and looked quizzical again.

"Especially tiresome for us," I went on, "because we are trying to get up to a dance."

"Oh, a dance?" he said condescendingly and looked round the carriage and smiled.

"Yes, a fancy-dress dance."

"May I inquire," he asked, looking now a little more interested, "what you're going as?"

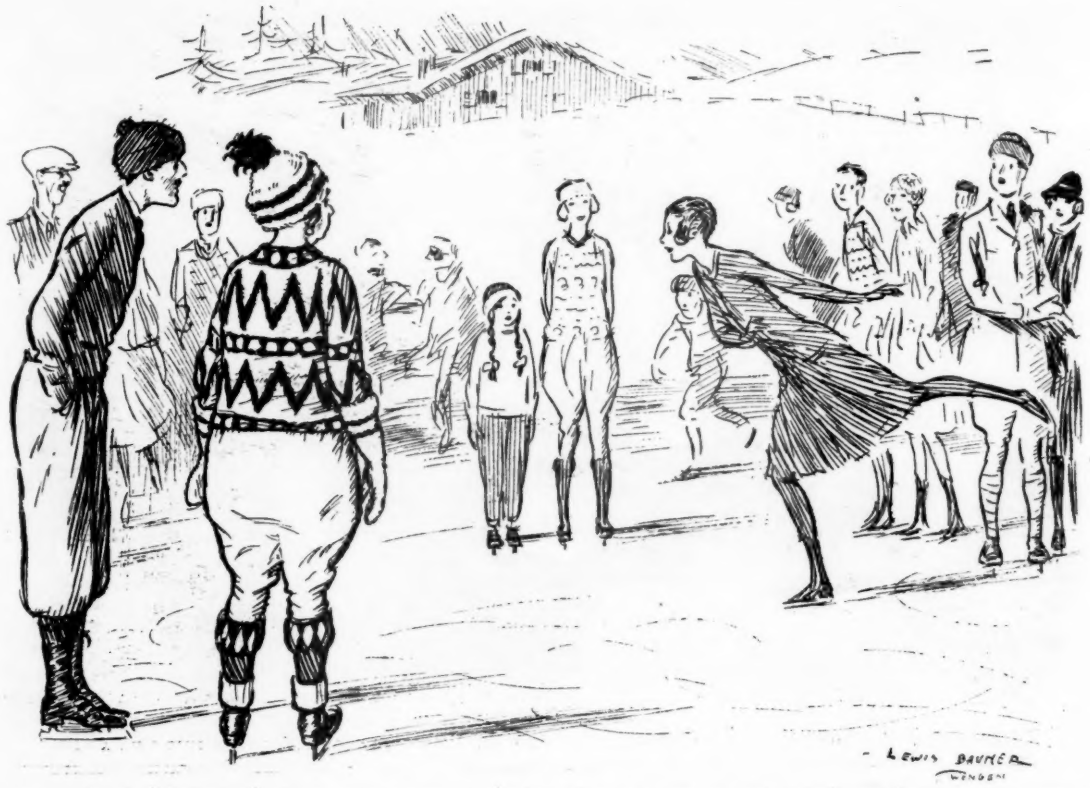
"As a cross-word puzzle," I said, pulling at the lead of the domesticated animal, which had begun to poke its nose into the wicker receptacle for food. I then moved "Oxford from the West" in an easterly direction, so as to give him a little more room. The train went on.

Thank heaven the taxis were running from Victoria. It was 8.15 P.M. when we puffed briskly in. No pedestrian could have beaten our time from Burling Gap—not with the luggage we had.

Our Erudite Booksellers.

From a catalogue:—

"HERALDRY.—Hankey (D.) A Student in Arms."



Moralising Matron. "THE WORST OF THESE WINTER SPORTS IS THAT THEY GIVE SO MANY OPPORTUNITIES TO A YOUNG GIRL TO MAKE HERSELF CONSPICUOUS."

LAMAS IN LONDON.

THE Lamas sat on a raised daïs in an alcove, now and then talking to each other, but usually regarding us with a grave and silent interest, untinged by pity or contempt. One by one we were led up to them and introduced as I don't know what by an interpreter, whereupon we bowed, shook hands with the principal Lama and solemnly held out to him a small toy. He took it and passed it on to the smaller Lama on his left—some kind of an archdeacon, I suppose. The ceremony seemed to be about half-way between a presentation to royalty and making it all right with the railway guard.

Then we behaved as people usually behave at evening parties, seeing the faces of friends far away in the press, fighting towards them through the serried ranks of foes, and discovering when the battle was won that we had nothing to say to them after all. Or at least not very much. Lama—lotus—Everest—yak—YOUNGHUSBAND—polyandrous—eternal snow.

"What these fellows believe, you see, is that on the very top of the Himalayas there lives a pure white lioness whose milk cures every ill."

"I'm inclined to agree with them myself. They look shrewd hard-headed men."

"—and every other Tibetan boy, of course, has to be a priest and live in a monastery."

"Then the Tibetans must be growing fewer and fewer. Unless, of course, the others——"

"But I thought they were polyandrous, not polygamous?"

"Yes, it does seem rather difficult, doesn't it. Perhaps if one got on to the interpreter again?"

"And all the monasteries are right up in the mountains."

"Do you suppose they have rugs on the floor? Because I gave them a clock-work motor-car, and it won't run a bit on a really rough carpet."

"It might for a holy man . . . Oh, at Mürren, have you? . . . Yes, we've only just come back—ski-ing—one has really to ski or skate all the time. There were quite a lot of nice people there. They never seem to miss a single year."

"—and never wash themselves once from the cradle to the grave. When they're little children their mothers give them butter baths."

"I thought they put the butter in their tea."

"—ah, after lunch, not before. I never can play in the morning . . ."

"But what does one use a yak for, anyway?"

"Cross-word puzzles principally. But they carry burdens, you know, up and down the perpetual snow. They can't live below two thousand feet."

"—not at the Ritz, surely?"

"—years and years up in the mountains, in a cave."

"—and reads his own poetry out aloud every Thursday afternoon . . ."

"—and wears an apron entirely made of human bones."

Suddenly we all had to sit down. The Lamas desired to thank us for looking at them. They intoned for a long time each on a different note, and every now and then they groaned; and just when you thought it was going to stop it began again. I was filled with awe.

"It would be rather funny," said the



AN APPEAL TO THE NATION.

LONDON. "IF MONEY CAN SAVE THIS, SURELY IT WILL BE SAVED."

[Contributions to the St. Paul's Cathedral Preservation Fund should be sent to the Manager, *The Times*, Printing House Square, E.C.4.]

man on the floor next to me, "if they were cursing us all the time."

"I don't think they 're humourists," I said. "And mine was quite a good motor-car, really—if you put it on the boards."

"The Lamas," said our host, "will now sing."

"By the way," said one of the interpreters, "can anybody sing back?"

"Can anybody here sing?" said our hostess.

Nobody could.

"Will they *really* want us to sing back?" she said to the interpreter.

"They won't *want* you to, but they 'll think you *ought* to," he replied.

"I used to be rather good at 'The Ash Grove,'" murmured the man sitting next to me.

"Tell the Lamas we have all got colds," suggested somebody.

"—living down in the valleys, you know—and the fog."

The Lamas sang. It was a sustained yelling, and very agreeable indeed. It stopped rather suddenly, and the principal Lama began to read. Out of the Tibetan *Spectator*, I think.

"I believe the first words were 'Om Mani Padne Hum,'" said the man next to me.

"The lesson was never more needed," I replied brightly, "than it is amongst all classes of Englishmen to-day."

We all got up. The service was now apparently at an end. The Lamas, descending from the sublime, partook of refreshment like the rest. They produced savage-looking knives apparently from nowhere and peeled apples with them. Without going so far as to set myself up as an ethnologist, I hazard the opinion that Tibetan Lamas react favourably to preserved fruit.

"Have you been taking them about much?" I inquired of the interpreter.

"Oh, rather. I took them to the British Museum, and they found a sacred possession of theirs in it which had been lost from their monastery for years and years. The trouble is that we should have to pass a special Act of Parliament to enable them to get it back."

"So perhaps they were cursing us after all," I thought, "in spite of the preserved fruits and my motor-car. One never knows with these Orientals."

As I went out I heard some remarks that had a wonderfully familiar ring.

"Very bad for them, all this. They 've all got swelled heads. Only way to treat 'em is to show you 're superior. They respect you ever so much more."

But he forgot, I think, the effect that our mechanical marvels are bound to have on the simple Tibetan mind. If they can only remember to hold the back wheels while they turn the key. EVOE.



THE LAPSE.

The Vicar (to his wife). "MY DEAR, A TROPICAL FRUIT—FOUR LETTERS—BEGINNING WITH 'D'?"

Maid (hitherto irreproachable). "DATE, SIR."

THE BLACKBIRD IN THE RAIN.

GOLD is the blackbird's bill,
Gold as a daffodil,
March's gold daffodil;
Loudly and long
Plays he his poet's part,
Laughs at the weather chart,
Jollies old churl o' heart
Janus with song.

Where the wet hazels arch
Sits he and sings of March,
Sings he of hard blue March;
Hark! once again
Forth from that bill of bills
Sunshine in song he spills,
Falling in golden rills
Through the grey rain.

Had I his prince of hearts
I 'd defy Fortune's darts,
Fortune's outrageous darts
Falling ding-dong;
Had I his poet's way
I 'd raise a roundelay;
Nothing kills Care, they say,
Sooner than song.

MARTIN HOUSEMAN.

(A forecast of nine-tenths of the novels to appear in the coming season.)

I.

IT was Martin's fifth birthday. Nurse, who smelled of carbolic soap and had numberless inconvenient pins stuck about her person, came bustling into the nursery.

"Time to come downstairs," she said.

"I want Mummy," said Martin. "Where's Mummy?"

"Gone away," said Nurse, whistling through her yellow teeth. "Gone away to live with the angels."

But Martin didn't understand. He was washed with a hard scratchy sponge and taken down to the big dining-room, where his uncles were assembled, drinking something purple out of little glasses. His aunts sat in rows against the walls, holding screwed-up bits of lace to their eyes. His father picked him up and kissed him, a prickly kiss. Martin noticed that his cheeks were wet, as if he had been crying. But he didn't think men ever cried. Nurse always said they didn't. And Aunt Agatha caught him and held him clutched against her faded breast. Her dress smelled of stale lavender-water.

II.

He was in the School House at Mallowhurst. It was his first day. Boys came barging along the corridors. A tall fair boy chanced to knock against him.

"Sorry," he said, in a light careless voice. Martin noticed that he had very blue eyes and that his hair rushed back from his head as though blown by the wind. His name was Farrow.

In the days that followed, Martin soon grew to know the school and its ways. He learned that he must keep to the right when walking in Quad, that he must never whistle before six o'clock in the evening, that he must never wear his blazer collar turned up, and a dozen other such rules. He made a few friends, but he kept his eyes for Farrow, who moved god-like among the seniors as though unaware of his existence. And then one day they met by accident in the tuck-shop.

"Hullo!" said Farrow in his charming way. "Aren't you the kid I barged against the other day? Have an ice?"

Followed rapturous days of friendship, of walks in the fresh green woods that surrounded Mallowhurst, swimming in the cool water of the Mallow. And then, like a thunderclap, came disaster. He walked into Farrow's study one evening and found him leaning against the window, staring out into the gathering twilight.

"It's all up," said Farrow in a husky voice. "I'm bunked. Good-bye, kid."

III.

Martin hated games. He loathed the senseless rush over the sodden football fields during the interminable grey winter afternoons. Always delicate, he showed no proficiency in athletics. He preferred to lie curled up on his study window-sill reading SWINBURNE, whom he had just discovered, or sitting round the fire discussing life and sex with Markby and Harrison.

"We're cooped up," said Markby. "It's the monastic tradition. What we want is life."

"And the open air and the sting of the wind and the lash of the rain," said Harrison, biting into an apple. "No footling compulsory games."

Martin wrote a couple of poems for *The Gargoyle*. Collins, the Literature master, took him up and gave him the run of his book-shelves.



"I'VE BEEN CONGRATULATING THE COLONEL. HE'S JUST BEEN APPOINTED GOVERNOR OF ONE OF OUR LARGEST PRISONS."

"REALLY? TELL ME—FOR A JOB LIKE THAT DO YOU WANT INFLUENCE, OR DOES ONE START AS A CONVICT AND RISE FROM THE RANKS?"

IV.

Martin surrendered at once to the charm of Oxford, its dreaming spires, its grey towers and shaded back-waters. His essay on BAUDELAIRE in Maddeley's paper won general approval. He and Maddeley formed schemes for the new review that was to regenerate Oxford. They would edit it between them; Hilary would do the cover and plates, Grantham their dramatic criticism, and Hennessy would contribute a series of exotic poems called "Pastilles." They talked of it for long evenings in Maddeley's rooms, with the Botticelli Madonna smiling serene over the fireplace and the burnished pewter glowing on the Welsh dresser. They strode miles over the countryside in the rain, discussing plans; they met in the Baroque tea-rooms.

They called it *The New Genius*. The morning it appeared Maddeley's rooms were thronged. The review was sold out in an hour.

"This is the beginning," said Maddeley.

V.

Martin was reviewing for *The Hour-Glass*. Maddeley had got him the job, and every week a column of vitriol appeared over the initials "M. H." He had attractive little rooms in Chelsea, and Hilary had frescoed the ceiling for him. It gave him pleasure to lie back in his chair and watch them all among his furniture: Zita Weston, with her short red hair and high-pitched voice, screaming with laughter at the obscene wit of Duggie Strood; Lal Craven, black and sinuous, with her latest young man; Darchowsky, temperamental and ivory-skinned, weaving Debussy-like patterns at the piano.

But to-night he was lonely. He walked down the thronged streets, alone in the noisy crowd of preoccupied humanity. He brushed against a girl. She had burnished copper hair and a slow mocking smile.

"These crowds," she said—"doesn't it make you think of Verlaine?"

They dined together at the Gourmets; in the taxi afterwards she lay in his arms, passionate and unresisting. He saw her to her flat. . . .

VI.

"Martin, this is the end. It has been all it could ever be. Let it end



Auctioneer (sotto voce, to local butcher, for whom he is selling old screw). "ANY RESERVE?"
Butcher. "FORTY."
Auctioneer. "SHILLIN'S?"
Butcher. "NO, GUINEAS."
Auctioneer. "BLESS YER 'EART, YOU AIN'T SELLIN' THIS ONE BY THE POUND, REMEMBER!"

here; we are both of us too much artist to wish it otherwise.—MOYRA."

That was all, but it left him suddenly helpless, with the world spinning round him in blackness. He was on the verge of a breakdown when Basil dragged him off to Italy. He found peace in the cypresses, the oleanders, the lizards and the sunshine. And in Florence he met Anita, dark, mysterious, secretive. They were married before he returned to England.

VII.

And then, suddenly, her note. He saw it, propped against the decanter. "Pincushions have gone out of fashion," he murmured, half involuntarily, as he opened it.

Maddeley . . . his best friend! He stood at the window staring into the blackness. Below came the measured tread of the policeman on his beat. What was going to happen now?

The night air, warm on his cheek, held comfort and promise.

"Something like a hush fell over the little assembly; then as the realisation of her generosity fully established itself, twelve round eyes became a trifle rounder, twelve astonished children burst into a babel of joyous hilarity."
Local Paper.

It is inferred that in their delight the youngsters "winked the other eye."

WHITMANIA.

(By a Philistine.)

["Whitman is in the Pantheon of the School of Sandals and Lentils and Love."
Mr. J. C. SQUIRE in "The Observer."]

IN an age that is starkly material
And ruled by conventional needs,
There are minds which, though far from ethereal,
Still hanker for simplified creeds;
Which, sickened by stunts and by scandals,
Aspire, on the wings of the dove,
To escape to the solace of sandals
And lentils and love.

'Tis a matter, so modernists tell us,
Of *tempo*—a thing that 's innate,
And constantly tends to impel us
To gang each his separate gait:
Some slow, in a *largo* like HANDEL'S;
Some *presto* with hustle and shove;
And others *glissando* in sandals,
With lentils and love.

For myself, to submit to the orders
Enforced in this bootless domain
By blameless "herbaceous boarders"
I find an impossible strain;
For I see myself loot nine or ten tills,
With cat-footed crooks hand-in-glove,
Far sooner than living on lentils
And sandals and love.

I fear 'tis a Philistine habit
To own to a weakness for chops
Or denounce as a spiritless rabbit
The scorner of malt and of hops;
Though my youth may perhaps have been spent ill,
For pleasure I place it above
That passed in the school of the lentil,
The sandal and love.

And this I suppose is the key to
The obstinate doubts that assault
Me and keep me from bowing the knee to
The lure of the wonderful Walt;
For I 'd sooner be sealed of the Vandals
Or Goths than be driven, or druv,
To adopt the religion of sandals
And lentils and love.

"PARIS FINANCE MEETING.
PRIVATE TALKS TILL MONDAY."
Headlines in Daily Paper.

Of course Tommy helped to win the War and is entitled to a word or two on the settlement; but wait till the sergeant speaks his little piece.

"Within the next few weeks London will receive one of the most intelligent of French writers in the person of M. Brieux, the author of 'Les Filles de Madame Angot.'"
Evening Paper.

But some of us still swear by LECOCQ'S *La Fille de M. Dupont.*

NEW YORK CITY: A GUIDE FOR SETTLERS.

I.—SOME PRELIMINARY INFORMATION.

LEST a Guide to New York City seem of no possible concern to Englishmen, let me explain at once its extreme importance.

The inevitable consequence of the alarming increase in the number of American tourists touring England will be a large exodus of Englishmen from their native land. On this prophecy all the leading economists agree; as to what parts of the world they will migrate to there is still some divergence of opinion among us. A few believe that the departing Englishman will move to South Africa, others believe that he will move to Australia, others to India; but it seems to me that this is underestimating the intelligence and foresight of the emigrant. To any thinking emigrant it must be apparent that moving to one of these places would afford only temporary relief; he must see that within ten years they will be combed, like England, by American tourists, and that he will soon be constrained to move on again. If he considers the matter intelligently, he must reason that the presence of so many American tourists abroad must mean a dearth of American tourists in America, and he should draw from this the just conclusion that in no place on earth will he be so free from American tourists as in the United States.

It is, then, with me an accepted fact that the nomadic Englishman will come to New York, and my purpose in these papers is simply to draw up a few hints about the life and conditions he will find there, and, by bringing before his mind some conception of the dangers he will encounter, cause him to formulate before he arrives a plan for defending himself. There are, of course, already many guide-books to New York, and it may be argued that the migrating Englishman, if he follows any one of these intelligently, should be able to keep his head above traffic; but it is my contention that, if he follows any one of these, he is almost sure to get run over, for it will be continually enticing him off into obscure corners of the city and exposing him every minute to one or more of New York's deadly perils. The theme of my Guide, on the contrary, is humanitarianism; my purpose is preparation; my watchword, "Look out."

If words and an honest effort to preserve this Englishman's life can be of service to him, let him lend me his attention.

THE HUDSON LEGEND.

I shall pass over the history of the Great City. History, as one of America's leading financiers has already explained, is a waste of time; but, lest there should be some old-fashioned reader still clinging to the mid-Victorian idea of the importance of history, I will give one incident to prove the correctness of the great financier's viewpoint.



Child (who has been forbidden to use newly-installed telephone). "HELLO! HELLO!! HELLO!!! OH, THIS IS MY MUMMY SPEAKING."

In the year 1609 A.D., according to history, an Englishman by the name of HUDSON discovered and gave his name to the river which flows on the west of Manhattan Island. This might at first glance appear to be a piece of historical information worth having. But it is of no importance at all; a group of professional iconoclasts have recently proved that HENRY HUDSON was a shoemaker in Edinburgh and never got close enough to the Atlantic Ocean even to smell it, and that *The Half-Moon* was nothing more nor less than a Chinese junk plying between Madagascar and the Isle of Wight. The name of the stream was therefore changed to the North River (it being on the west of New York and the east of New Jersey, flowing south), and New Yorkers live to-day as though the man named HUDSON had never been born—as indeed they are not quite sure he was.

This proves conclusively the futility of all history, and we may proceed at once to some general considerations of the Great City that are worth our time.

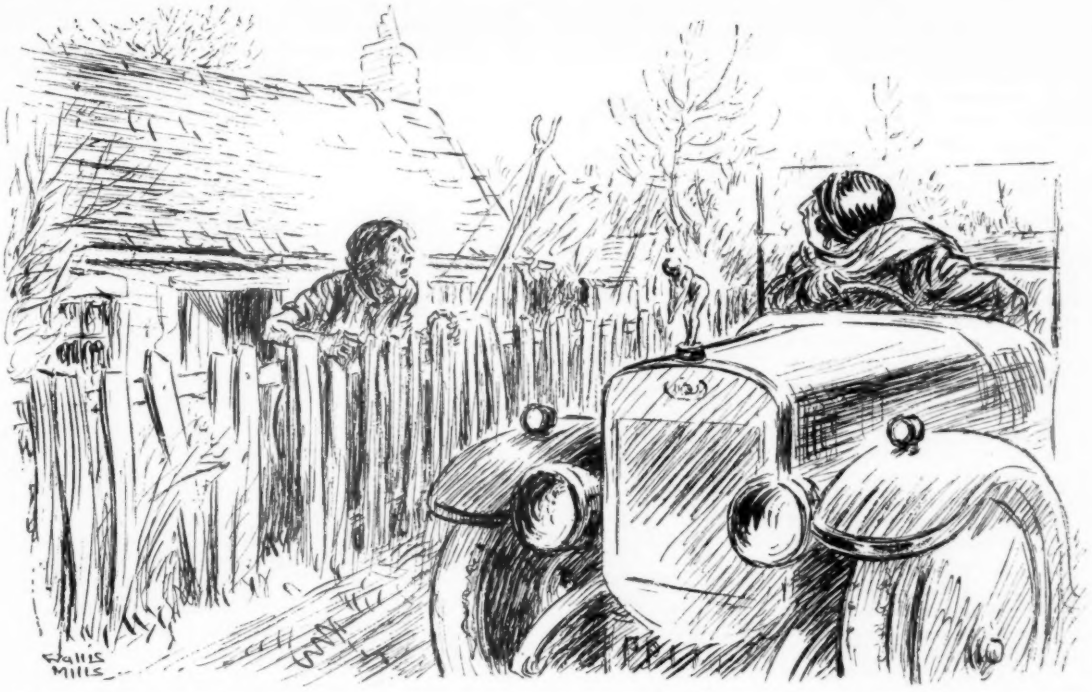
In geographical position New York is most fortunate. It is distant from Washington (the capital of the country) 205·3 miles, placing it out of earshot of Congress, and distant from the stockyards of Chicago 714·8 miles, which is as far away as it could possibly get and still keep from getting into the Bronx and Brooklyn.

NEW YORK'S FORTIFICATIONS.

It is protected in a measure from familiarity with the surrounding cities by a natural moat of three rivers and a bay. The best known of these are the North River, referred to above, which separates it from Jersey City, and a portion of Long Island Sound, called the East River (the man who knew why it was called that is dead), which separates it from Brooklyn. But by far the most important of these defences is the little-noted thread of water connecting the two larger streams on the north of the island, called the Harlem River (*cf.* paren. above), which does the city the inestimable service of separating it from the Bronx. On the south is the harbour, whose principal reputation hinges on its being the location for the Statue of Liberty; it also enables New Yorkers to go to Coney Island by water.

So much for the environs. As to the city itself, it is, roughly speaking, thirteen miles long, two miles wide and half-a-mile high. On the extreme southern end of the island the buildings are the largest and tallest. It is up in these lofty towers that the majority of the money is made, and up there that the majority of the male population, of course, lives. The remainder of the island is covered with smaller buildings for the women and children.

The island is dotted with parks and open spaces of various kinds, most commonly used as receptacles for unemployed men and old newspapers; the fountains, with which most of them are equipped, form admirable depositories for the solider articles, such as wooden



Recent Arrival at the Big House (to cottager). "AH, MRS. BIGGS; I AM HAVING A SALE OF UNWANTED CHRISTMAS AND NEW YEAR GIFTS. IF YOU SHOULD HAVE ANYTHING, SEND IT ALONG."

boxes and shoes and old hats. If you are under the impression that the grass in these places is there to be walked on you will be set right in the matter by a member of the Metropolitan Police Force.

JUSTIFIABLE SUICIDE.

A fact which the Englishman may think peculiar and perhaps unnecessarily materialistic is that the streets, after the first two miles of downtown, are not named but numbered. It is said that the reason for this is that the man whose job it was in the old days to find names for the new streets as the city grew northward rode one week-end over the uninhabited part of the island and, noting for the first time the staggering problem that would inevitably confront his ingenuity when New York comprised all of that territory, leaped forthwith into the creek that bounds the northern edge of the island and was drowned. For years the stream was known as Spuyten Duyvil Creek, referring to the man's death as spiting the Duyvil, the name by which the Governor of the colony was familiarly known. The Governor is supposed to have been thrown violently ill and to have recovered only when someone solved the problem with the ingenious suggestion that all future streets should be numbered.

As far as time is concerned, the landing Englishman will come out about even. He will save five hours of Greenwich time by moving to America, but when he has got through the Customs he will find that there isn't much of it left, and he will start life here but little better off than the native New Yorker.

The climate is all right, what there is of it. The Englishman will probably be disappointed at first, but he will soon learn to get along with less than he had in London. The summers are hot and the winters are cold, very much as they are in less exalted places.

The source of the Englishman's most trying worries will be neither the time nor the climate; the money is what will dye his hair silver. His worries will not come from the difficulty of counting it; indeed in this respect, compared with English money, it will seem the currency of Elysium. His worries will come from trying to acquire enough of it to make the counting difficult. It is the generally accepted opinion that the population of America has increased much faster than the amount of currency, with the result that there is now not enough money to go round. (Herein lies the reason that Americans are so often thought by foreigners to be "dollar-chasers;" there are so many Americans to chase every dollar that the pursuit is certain to cause confusion and call attention to itself.) But there is reason for the stranger to be optimistic, because the majority of dollar-chasers who have become masters of the art no sooner capture a great many dollars than they begin touring in England. This clears the field somewhat and gives the less adept chasers, among whom the newly-arrived Englishman may now be numbered, a chance to prove something.

So much for the preliminary information about the Great City. With this as a foundation we may proceed in the next chapter to more specific details.

U. S. A.

"*Pride of York* (lighter), sung yesterday afternoon at entrance of Old Harbour."
Provincial Paper.

Any city would be proud of so tuneful a vessel.

"Happiness is the feeling experienced when you observe the ears of thanks rolling down the cheeks of the unfortunate fellow-creature whom you have helped over the stile."
Daily Paper.

Then, alas! we have missed it.

From the report of a science lecture:—
"Our jaws have dropped half-an-inch since the days of prehistoric man; this is due to changes in the palate and in the teeth."
New Zealand Paper.

With all deference to the lecturer's theory we believe the main cause was the institution of the income-tax.

AT THE PLAY.

"SIX-CYLINDER LOVE" AND "ME AND MY DIARY" (GARRICK).

Six-Cylinder Love, which has just been promoted to the regular evening bill, is one of those rather naïve things that occasionally slip through from the other side of the Atlantic, in which a few bright plums of humour, quite good as far as they go, are embedded in a solid dough of moral platitudes and noble sentiments. It was a great error of tactics that the only attempt made by the author or adapter to translate the work into English was to dump down his puppets in Golder's Green instead of Greenwich Village or wherever these particular commuters led their curiously odd lives. Strange things no doubt are done and said in our Golder's Green, but not quite the strange things of *Six-Cylinder Love*. The motor-salesman, for instance, does not hold so conspicuous a place in the local society, or at any rate is not let loose so readily upon unarmed private citizens; nor is there so much talk of "lounge-lizards," "loose-jointed tea-hounds" or "dancing-grasshoppers"—excellent terms as they may be for the type intended.

Nor when someone makes a remark which is to the point is he greeted by, "You've said a thing there," the answer to which is "I have," upon which the original artist adds, "You have sure"—a feat that was performed more than once. Nor do people carry off their own or their host's champagne when going to dine at the country club, nor in fact does the whole subject of alcoholic refreshment cause so much excitement—for obvious reasons.

I am not so foolish as to suppose that there are such impossible dummies of people—nobody comes really alive even as a figure of farce—upon the other side; but it would at least have been easier to pretend some sort of belief in them if we hadn't been asked to look upon them as fellow-citizens, the kind we know and share straps and compare cross-word puzzles with. The whole thing had an almost nightmarish effect of unlikeliness.

The general idea of the play seemed to be that if a man has a six-cylinder car he makes friends; if, through stress of circumstances, he has to sell this car to you, his neighbour, then all his friends will desert him forthwith and, without any pretence of regret for him, settle on you and your car like leeches, be entertained at your expense and cause you eventually to rob your employer in order to pay the second mortgage on your house. Moreover, when you move from the country into a squalid apartment in the city, from being a perfect little beast or a complete ass you will become at once, taught by adversity, a kindly, sane and responsible person. You 'll pay back every farthing to your employer, who, always convinced by no process of reasoning that is clear to us of the audience that you are the man to manage his business now that he is getting old, will tell you to come back to the office to-morrow for a partnership.



SIX-CYLINDER COOKING.

Gilbert Stirling . . . . . MR. BOBBY HOWES.
Marylin (his wife) . . . . MISS EDNA BEST.

An unlikely affair of this sort, which is out of key from the start, gives the players little chance. It must be said, however, that MR. BOBBY HOWES, as *Gilbert Stirling*, the harassed hero of our morality play, is a comedian of resourceful technique and most attractive personality. I should like to see him in a more plausible venture. Miss EDNA BEST as his pretty idiotic wife looked demure or disdainful as occasion demanded. There were some attractive exchanges between these two characters as the very, very young husband and wife of the first Act. Mr. ERNEST LEEMAN must have known that *Donroy*, the motor salesman, would not have been allowed to live a week if he had canvassed slow-thinking but irritable English mutts in that flamboyant manner. Mr. IAN FLEMING and Mr. JAMES RAGLAN had my sympathy in their task of impersonating two quite unspeakable and (happily) unthinkable cads. As this form of sympathy has little comfort in it, I will refrain from offering more of it to the other ladies and gentlemen engaged in presenting this odd importation. But I am left wondering why anybody thought that *Six-Cylinder Love* would amuse the town.



THE DIARIST REFUSES COLLABORATION.

Humphrey Woods . . . . . MR. C. M. JOHNSTON.
Lady Adela Boxgrove . . . . MISS ELLIS JEFFREYS.

Luckily, the revival of one of Miss GERTRUDE JENNINGS' slight but aptly pointed jokes, *Me and My Diary*, somewhat raised our spirits. *Lady Adela Boxgrove* has just published a diary. It is of such devastating candour that a succession of reproachful friends, blackmailers and old lovers burst in upon her and offer problems to which her resources are on the whole



YOUNG RICHARD WHITTINGTON HAS A PROPHETIC NIGHTMARE OF THE WAY POSTERITY WILL PICTURE HIM.

equal. A trifle of little substance but lively and in key, and full of good lines and diverting situations. Miss ELLIS JEFFREYS elaborates her *Lady Adela* with great skill. This second piece is perhaps no more intrinsically likely than the first, but it is made to appear so for the moment, and it is not shadowed by solemn thoughts wedged into an inappropriate context. T.

BOY-SONGS.

VI.—THUS WYKEHAM WILLED.

A.D. 1407.

IN darkling winter-time there fall
  Both feast and holy day;
Then late within the fire-lit hall
  The Warden lets us stay;
And there we sit, while dusk grows deep,
  And list to tale and song
(Sometimes the younger boys will sleep
  If the tale is over long).

Wot you, 'twas Bishop WYKEHAM's will
  That these things should be so;
When first from good St. Giles his hill
  Unto the meads below
His scholars marched to this same place
  Where we are met in school;
He willed that they should have this grace
  Towards the time of Yule.

Thus WYKEHAM willed—that we should speak
  Of wonders wild yet true,
The Warden and the Fellows eke
  And the elder boys thereto;
Yea, all the marvels that men find
  Whose hap it is to roam
Far off, in Araby and Ind,
  Beyond the perilous foam.

The shining wonders of the sky
  The Warden will expound,
And how in unheard harmony
  The planets wheel around;
"The notes upon the scale," saith he,
  "Are writ in starry fire;
So soundly birched that boy should be
  Who sings amiss in quire!"

And then the Senior Fellow tells
  Of beasts most fierce and strange,
Of dolphins long as seven ells,
  Whose scaly colours change;
Or of the basilisk whose blink
  Can slay a stalwart man,
Or him who frights the ocean-brink,
  The fell leviathan.

We never glance behind or quake
  To hear that Fellow's tale,
Though basilisk and dragon make
  The younger boys turn pale;
We know such creatures are not seen,
  And haply never were,
In the grey walks and meadows green
  Of our own Winchester.

After a while the talk will pass
  To ancient towns of fame;
One had a hundred gates of brass
  And Babylon was its name;
In Thrace, built all of burnished steel,
  Did Mars his temple rise;
In Ægypt to the Nile men kneel,
  For it flows from Paradise.

O great flat world, so richly wrought
  Beneath the planets small,
'Tis thanks to Bishop WYKEHAM's thought
  We know your wonders all!
Or, if some two or three remain
  That we have yet to learn,
The Warden, sure, will make them plain
  When winter shall return. D. M. S.

Another Impending Apology.

"PENSIONS FOR CLERGY.
REMOVAL OF EVIL PRINCIPLE OF PARISH LIFE."
Yorkshire Paper.

The Explanation.

"This is Gilligan's story of how the toss was lost:—
'I am very disappointed. I called "Heads" to Collins, and the coin dropped "Tails."'"
Evening Paper.

We half suspected that something like that must have happened.

IN DEFENCE OF DUCKS.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—It grieves me to note that no member of the Utility Duck Club has written to protest against the cruel aspersions launched against this noble fowl in the correspondence columns of *The Times*. The gravamen of the indictment is to be found in the allegation that ducks' eggs will not froth when whipped, whereas hens' eggs respond to this treatment with foaming alacrity. This libel, for it is nothing less, has already been conclusively disproved by intelligent housewives, but the injustice remains, and no effort has been made to show the enormous mental, moral and physical superiority of the duck to all other denizens of the farmyard.

To begin with, whereas the virtues of most animals and birds only begin to be apparent in their domesticated state, the duck displays them even more conspicuously in its untamed existence. In piety the duck equals, if it does not surpass, the pelican. To quote the words of a distinguished ornithologist in his description of the devotion of the mother-bird to its young: "If disturbed, while the young instantly hide as best they can, the mother quacks loudly, feigns lameness and flutters off to divert the attention of the intruder from her brood."

The intelligence of the duck moreover is equal to its maternal devotion. The French, with their characteristic acuteness of perception, have generously acknowledged this fact by adopting the word *canard* as the equivalent for the imaginative quality in narration which is its chief charm. The duck, in short, is the patron saint of modern journalism and fiction.

Thirdly, I would point out that, with a sound instinct, the English have recognised the peculiarly endearing qualities of the family of the *Anatidæ*. If you wish to testify your affection you do not call a friend a turkey or a hen; the goose has always been a synonym for mental deficiency, though of late it has been supplanted by the term "moron." But to call a person a duck, with or without the epitaph "perfect" or "regular," is and always has been a proof of genuine admiration. Hens and chickens have merits, but they are incapable of inspiring affection. Their value is essentially culinary. They appeal to the palate, not to the heart.

Fourthly, it is to the duck that the human race owes its mastery of the invigorating practice of swimming. Its very name is derived from the verb signifying to dive or put the head under water. It is pre-eminently the diving bird. In view of its fearlessness in taking to the aqueous element the duck appeals, or ought to appeal, with peculiar force to a race of mariners, and it is something more than a mere coincidence that one of the very greatest of our sea-captains should have borne the name of DRAKE.

Fifthly, its cry has furnished a convenient monosyllabic designation to a great many enterprising practitioners who carry on a spirited but unequal combat against the Trade Union rules of doctors enrolled on the Medical Register.

I should have liked to say something about duck trousers, duck-boards, Bombay ducks and other cognate topics, but I fear to trespass unduly on your valuable space. But I cannot refrain from noting, in connection with the immense and deserved popularity of the Indian Runner variety, that the best authorities ascribe to an Indian Judge the terrible picture of criminality contained in the historic and ruthlessly logical remark, "Here you are, an able-bodied man, respectably brought up, instead of which you go about the country stealing ducks."

I am, dear Mr. Punch,
Yours devotedly,
MARMADUKE MALLARD.

TO ICELAND: AN APPEAL.

I USED to think you, Iceland,
A decent sort of isle—
In fact a very nice land
And quite devoid of guile.

Remote from kings and kaisers,
Unseen by LILIAN GISH,
And given up to geysers,
To ponies, sheep and fish;

Still unenslaved by mammon
Or any sordid vice;
And, in regard to salmon,
The angler's paradise.

From you no Larranagas
Or Colorados came;
But in your songs and sagas
You earned immortal fame.

You sent us down of eider
And medicinal moss;
You proved an apt provider
Of themes to EDMUND GOSSE.

But now there 's "something rotten"
With Denmark overseas;
Your virtues are forgotten,
Your traits no longer please.

Our friendly prepossessions
Are almost turned to hate
By the "intense depressions"
You 've sent to us of late.

Come, pull yourself together,
Consult your old renown,
Give up exporting weather
And stick to eider-down.

GENERAL POST.

THE public interest aroused by an exchange of pulpits in some dioceses is said to be leading to further developments of a similar character in purely secular affairs.

It has been rumoured that a famous drapery emporium has lent the prose poet who contributes the touching letterpress that accompanies the illustrations of its latest creations to a well-known firm of house-agents, for whom he has compiled a list of properties in the market, while the latter have made themselves responsible for the drapers' Stock-Taking Sale Catalogue which in the ordinary course would have been an emanation of his genius.

Mr. Punch, who has been privileged to see advance proofs of both these publications, appends some excerpts from each:—

THE GLADYS.—This dainty little model of a week-end bungalow is developed in all-cement blocks of good wearing quality. The roof of nicely pleated tiles in a modish shade of pillar-box red makes a charming finish, and it is edged with gutter-pipes to tone. Price £350.

THE PLUTOCRAT.—This entirely new treatment of the popular castle is worked out on amply full lines and exploited in the ever-fashionable Portland stone fabric. Self-battlements and towers carried out in bricks of a contrasting shade impart an attractive and distinctive trimming. A moat and sunk garden combine to give the requisite touch of smartness. Outsize only. Price £60,000.

THE BUNKUM.—An exceptionally large purchase of rubble enables us to produce these simple and yet delightfully chic little maisonettes for present wear. Designed on the severely straight lines now in vogue, with a convertible kitch-bath, and a reversible lounge hall which can easily be adapted as a spare bedroom, this fascinating model combines smartness and utility in a remarkable degree. Price £1,250.

The terser and more virile manner of the Properties for Sale Column is very perceptible in the following extracts from the page in the Sale Catalogue headed "Super Bargains in our Showroom Department":—

A VERY substantially built Botany Serge Coat Frock, collar h. and c., pocket adjoining, usual trimmings. Freehold 2½ guineas.

ARTISTIC Detached Labour-Saving Jumper with cultivated front well stocked with beads. Vac. Poss. 21/9.

ROOMY Double-Fronted Afternoon Gown for Matron. Velveteen built, and from the first floor upward of silk marocain



Bus Driver (to proud owner of diminutive car). "MIND 'OW YER GO, GUV'NOR, OR YOU 'LL BE POKIN' SOMEBODY'S EYE OUT ONE O' THESE DAYS."

let in with rough cast lace. Well-matured fur edging. The whole 4 guineas, or could be disposed of in lots.

DESIRABLE Skirt with secluded Jap Silk Top, semi-detached, with pleated frontage. Depth from 4ft. Price 10/6.

Another Headache for the Historian.

From a report of the first round of the Football Association Cup:—

"The declaration of results led to a long list of surprises."—*Sunday Paper.*

"The most surprising feature of the first round of the Cup was the absence of real surprises."—*Same Paper, same day.*

ROBERT BURNS.

25th JANUARY.

UPON the banks o' Bonnie Doon,
Where lichtly skims the flitting swallow,
I heard the blackbird's evening tune
Ring clear o'er hill and hollow;
Kirk Alloway gloomed grey between
The windy trees sae blithely blinking,
Wi' hoary stanes set o'er the green
And bell that kens nae clinking.

'Twas through yon hole *Tam* glowered to view
The witches at their dances curious,
Till, in a hand-clap, out they flew
Like hornets, buzzing, furious;
Alang yon road, wi' flying feet,
Their breath upon him getting hotter,
He rode his race, in wild retreat,
To win the running water.

In ilka heart there is a shrine
Where love tires not of constant giving;
In each Scotch breast some weel-conned line
Keeps BURNS's memory living;
And on the banks o' Bonnie Doon,
Sae sweetly sung in tender loving,
Frae golden dawn to silver moon
Men see his shadow moving.



Romantic Wife (*inspecting genuine fourteenth-century cottage*). "OH, GEORGE! ISN'T THIS A *DARLING* ROOM? WHAT COULD WE USE IT FOR?"
Prosaic Husband (*gloomily*). "CROSS-WORD PUZZLES."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

SOONER or later someone was bound to rewrite *The Golden Age*, with such elimination of glamour and substitution of scientific curiosity as the taste of the day exacts; and this, I submit, is roughly what Mr. W. R. SUNDERLAND LEWIS has done in *Cubwood* (LANE), though probably he has never read Mr. KENNETH GRAHAME'S masterpiece, and it would have rather hindered than helped him if he had. The fundamental likeness of the two books is worth stressing, however, if only because Mr. WALTER DE LA MARE, in a graceful and well-considered introduction, professes to find no precedent or authority for the second of them—a story written from the standpoint of a child with the technical capacity of a man, and dealing from first to last with the thoughts and activities of children under twelve. It is a long story and seems longer than it is, its author having caught, with horrible ingenuity, that nightmare air of interminability that adds to the penal weight of dull school-days and furtive misadventures. Both fall to the lot of *Oswald*, the story-teller; of his fellow "cubs," the day-boys of a small provincial school; and of *Hilda*, the unique *Hilda*, their only feminine ally. Nothing could be more drab than the educational system of the *Misses Prentice*; but at least work does not pretend to be play and there is no organisation of hard-won leisure—concessions which I am glad to see the retrospective *Oswald* counts for righteousness. Whether grown-up readers—*Cubwood* is emphatically a "grown-ups'" book—will agree with him on the second score is doubtful, so gruesome are the dangers encountered by the children during their spells of freedom. But in any case Mr. SUNDERLAND LEWIS is not out to point a moral. His book, as Mr. DE LA MARE suggests, is a vivid and valuable "document." And as such I recommend it unreservedly to students of the child-mind, and, with the qualifications due to its lack of humanity, to lovers of children.

Even those of us who still feel too near to the days of Ypres and Verdun to think readily in terms of French, rather than of German, imperialistic ambitions, may yet be willing to hear what is to be said on this aspect of modern European politics when it is presented by a supporter of the Entente so loyal as Signor FRANCESCO NITTI, Italian Premier during some of the darkest of the dark days. In *They Make a Desert* (DENT) his attempt to demonstrate that most of the ills which Europe has endured in the name of the Peace have their origin in the deliberate action of certain French statesmen loses force, I think, from excess of energy. There is so much of declamatory statement unattached to definitely reasoned argument that one may not realise how behind the rhetoric there lies a basis of substantial fact here established. Signor NITTI will have it that the Versailles Treaty was drawn up in effective reality by one nation's representatives only, with the plain object not of ensuing peace but of destroying Germany, and with all manner of unsuspected horrors artfully concealed in its appended schedules. He will have it too that the cry for reparations was invented as a mere mask for a policy of invasion; that the occupation of the Ruhr has been accompanied by definite tyrannies; and finally that the whole of the world's Press, more or less, is suborned to support

French ambitions. It certainly all sounds very deplorable, and yet, even if one agreed with quite a lot of what the writer says, one still might think that he fails to distinguish between a supposed desire for domination and a natural seeking after common safety, with an ugly neighbour at the door. However this may be, there will be general agreement with the author's main purpose in presenting his case—an appeal to America that she should stay to the finish in a game which, right or wrong, she entered of her own decision.

I have a theory that the use of coincidence grows on an author much as drink grows on a drunkard. He begins with a nice little coincidence, which is quite possible and desirable and helps his plot along most pleasantly, and then he sees another and another that he can include, and presently he is wallowing in coincidences, each one justified by itself, but, taken all together, perfectly unlikely. Miss SOPHIE COLE's new book, *Fate Knocks at the Door* (MILLS AND BOON), is a shocking example of this. Her attractive heroine, *Yvonne Bertrand*, has just arrived at *Michael Benn's* flat, pledged to sacrifice her reputation for the sake of making a happy home for him and his children, and back comes *Michael's* wandering wife in the very nick of time to save the situation. That is believable; but later on, when *Aggie*, the wife, suspects the friendship between her husband and *Yvonne*, and *Yvonne*, in a desperate attempt to lull her suspicions, is about to marry somebody else, it is really too good to be true that *Aggie* should poison herself so conveniently as to enable *Michael* to stop *Yvonne* just as she sets out for the church. Apart from this habit of fate, as imagined by Miss COLE, of knocking rather too often, this is a very pleasing story, if a little exaggerated and now and then not quite true to life. It is all about undertakers and waiters and restaurant keepers in Soho, people with whom I do not remember having been asked to foregather quite so intimately before; but I have very much enjoyed meeting them.

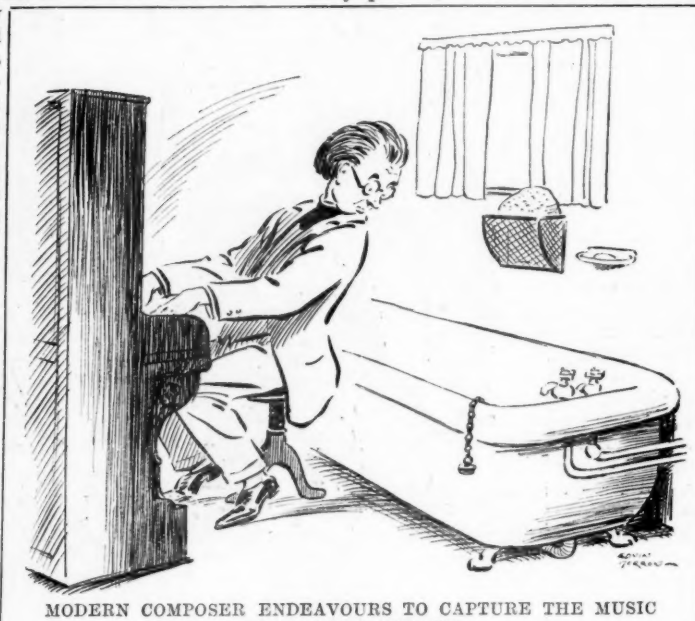
General Sir NEVIL MACREADY was born eleven years after his father had quitted the stage, and was only eleven years old when the famous actor passed away in 1873. Dates are dry things, but here they are suggestive in contrasts and parallels. MACREADY *père* was a genius but a self-tormentor. The ban which he placed on the theatre in his later years proved a blessing in disguise for his son. A life of action was a happier outlet for hereditary energy than the life of an actor. The title of these reminiscences, *Annals of an Active Life* (HUTCHINSON), is fully borne out by the narrative of the author's services in the Boer War, as Adjutant-General in France in 1914-1916, as Commissioner of Metropolitan Police, and as the last Commander-in-Chief in Ireland from the Spring of 1920 till the close of 1921. He thus helped to make history. His record being fully documented, is of great interest and value. The annals are substantially of the class of *mémoires pour servir à l'histoire*, though the personal note is not wanting. He is no lover of politicians. He is proud, and not without reason, of his administration of Scotland Yard, and gives *in extenso*—it occupies thirty-six pages—the report of his speech to the police in June 1919 as marking the turning-point in the struggle with the Police Union. It was he who discovered the brothers GEDDES. And, whatever may be said of his command in Ireland in circumstances of appalling difficulty, at least it never impaired his cordial friendship with Sir HENRY WILSON, who always addressed him as "Make-Ready,"



"CLEVER, AIN'T YER? THE CAT BURGLAR YOU ARE, I S'POSE?"
"NO, I'M 'IS MATE. I GIVES 'IM THE FIRST LEG UP."

perhaps the highest testimonial General MACREADY ever received. The early chapters about his father and DICKENS, BROWNING, JOHN FORSTER and JENNY LIND are full of human touches. Otherwise the tone and style of the narrative seem to me somewhat metallic.

I don't quite know what to make of Mr. THOMAS BURKE's most attractive "unconventional autobiography," *The Wind and the Rain* (BUTTERWORTH). The narrative is full of symmetries and coincidences too remarkable, I should suppose, for literal truth. So I concluded that the author was using the method of fiction to convey a general truthful impression rather than giving an exact transcription of events as they occurred. The method has its advantages in that it allows greater candour and freedom while safeguarding essential reticence behind the screen of invented or improved incident; its disadvantage is that you never can be quite sure what or how much to believe. Here is the history of the rise of a Cockney boy from poverty and obscurity, by way of a charity school of hatefully restricted outlook and of odd jobs which did not provide enough to eat, to a place among the established of the great City. Mr. BURKE has a fierce hatred of all patronage of the poor by well-meaning persons. I think perhaps he exaggerates the crime of well-meaningness, though it is as well for good people of the type to see themselves as their *protégés* see them, and to know what value to set upon an outward compliance with religious forms on the part of those who are prepared to cadge. I wonder if Mr. BURKE thinks that charity is always deceived! In and out of the main narrative runs the story of the lonely boy's strange attraction to an old Chinaman, *Quong Lee*, who fell finally into the hands of the police as a seller of opium. There is here a feeling for beauty, an intense gusto for living and a passion for fellowship—three mighty fine things which cover lesser faults in this human book.



MODERN COMPOSER ENDEAVOURS TO CAPTURE THE MUSIC OF THE BATH-WASTE.

If you are to appreciate *Stampede* (CAYME PRESS) you must be prepared to perform some mental gymnastics. Deliberately and, I think, wisely Mr. L. DE GIBERNE SIEVEKING has adopted what he must pardon me for calling a hop-skip-and-jumpy method of telling his story. It is a method which at first left me wondering what he was trying to do with himself and me; but light soon began to dawn and real enjoyment followed. It is, however, no easy matter to give you the gist of this clever and very unusual story. Mainly it deals with an International Millennium society, a thought machine and a detective. To the society belonged two men, aptly called *Kanker* and *Shtchegolichin* (whose name impeded my conscientious progress every time I came to it), and their object was "to reduce the world's organization to that chaos which would inevitably bring perfect happiness to the whole of mankind." I cannot attempt with the space at my disposal to give you even an abbreviated list of Mr. SIEVEKING's characters. I must content myself with saying that he treats them with wit and irony, and that Mr. G. K. CHESTERTON's illustrations add to the pleasure of a book which both in style and matter is delightfully unconventional.

There is no lack of ideas in *People, Houses and Ships* (HUTCHINSON), but between the vision of an idea and its emergence into the complete short story there lies a dark and broken no-man's-land; and in that transitional region Miss ELINOR MORDAUNT has rather lost herself. In her stories of "People" she perhaps approaches nearest to nature. The account of the German girl who in time of war was cast out by her friends of three separate nations (including her own) is credible, though perhaps unnecessarily painful, for in real life it is more likely that so amiable a young woman would have been sedulously cherished. Miss MORDAUNT'S "Houses" are highly undesirable residences. One of them even tried to kill its tenant. And it is a little difficult to believe that the apparitions of the previous inhabitants of a mansion would be evoked by the stripping of the paper from its walls. The stories of "Ships" are told by seamen, who affect a language no seaman could or would employ, and I doubt if the most hardened shellback would affirm that a sailing ship throughout an entire voyage refused to answer to her helm. "A ship answers to her helm as a horse answers to its rein; if she won't, she won't, and there 's an end of it," says he. There 's an end of the ship, and soon, as a rule; but Miss MORDAUNT's unusual vessel survived a gale of wind and reached a port of her own selection in spite of her captain.

I feel that I ought to have solved *The Mystery of Angelina Frood* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON) long before I did. I cannot complain that Mr. AUSTIN FREEMAN gave me no clue to it, or plead that for some time even "the famous medical jurist," *Dr. John Thorndyke*, was puzzled. *Angelina* was married to a terrible fellow. He took cocaine, his fingers had bulbous ends and his head was pear-shaped. No wonder that she decided to escape from him, nor was it surprising that she lived in constant dread that he might track her down. She went to live in Rochester, where *Dr. Strangeways* (who tells the story) fell in love with her very decorously. And then on a sudden she totally disappeared—with the exception of some buttons and hatpins. At that I will leave it, just adding that *Thorndyke* is a pleasant medical jurist and does not everlastingly exalt himself at the expense of such mere mortals as *Strangeways* and myself.

CHARIVARIA.

A MAN told a policeman last week that he would like to blow up all cathedrals. It is feared that there is something wrong with his dome.

* * *

TROTSKY is publishing a book called *My Mistakes*. We wonder if it starts with "I was born at ——."

* * *

TROTSKY has been asked to resign his position as Army Chief. It is thought possible that the Soviet will arrange a few farewell executions.

* * *

With reference to the publication of the account of the Creation in an Italian newspaper, we believe that our contemporary only wished to point out that there was something MUSSOLINI didn't do.

* * *

Dr. A. C. D. CROMMELIN has announced that there will be a total eclipse of the sun in 1927, but offers no suggestion as to how we are to fill in the time while waiting for it.

* * *

It is pointed out that boxing is illegal in this country. So that's why so many of our boxers don't.

* * *

A woman giving evidence at Marylebone County Court said her husband was very extravagant. Then she shouldn't have married until she was in a position to support him in the manner he was accustomed to.

* * *

Colonel P. H. FAWCETT has started in quest of a lost city in Brazil. It is not known when it was first reported missing.

* * *

The former assistant-hangman of the Austro-Hungarian Monarchy, applying for the post of chief hangman of the Polish Republic, offered to hang anybody in order to demonstrate his skill. Nothing could be fairer than that.

* * *

Speaking at a Scots National League meeting in Glasgow Mr. LEWIS SPENCE said Scotsmen were not stingy. We can endorse this statement. We have always noticed that when a man faints in Scotland they think nothing of standing back to give him air.

* * *

In order to obtain cigarettes some men cut a hole in the window of a Bath tobacconist's during the night. We would point out to them that in London it is illegal to obtain cigarettes at shops after 8 P.M.

* * *

Sir HENRY DUKE has taken the title of Lord MERRIVALE. Why didn't Lord DARLING think of that one?

* * *

Unbreakable china is the latest innovation. We understand that a servant-girl who was asked to try it for three days became delirious and had to be taken away on an ambulance, but hopes to make another attempt later on.

* * *

Not knowing who he really was, a policeman advised a well-known boxer to learn the art of self-defence. Surely a case of carrying slate to Newcastle.

* * *

A golf-ball which squeaks when lost has been invented by a Yorkshire golfer. To meet this menace to one of their chief sources of income, caddies have taken to wearing new boots.

* * *

Says *The Daily Chronicle*: "In terms of keeping racehorses the building of houses is not an expensive hobby." But it might be if we laid six to four against "The Laurels" finishing before "Mon Répos."

* * *

In Los Angeles English dictionaries may only be borrowed for five minutes at a time. This is due to the craze for cross-word puzzles and not to the habit of writing sub-titles. The authors of these don't use dictionaries.

* * *

"Hard work improves a man's looks," says a writer. Certainly we have seen noses that would be improved if kept closer to the grindstone.

* * *

"What causes that dreadfully depressed Mondayish feeling?" asks a writer. Can it be the plays of the Sunday producing Societies?

* * *

The Magazine-Programme states that an inch of rain falling on the area drained by the Thames is equal to a body of water 670 miles by 250 feet by 10 feet. But have you ever forgotten to screw the hot-water bottle tight?

* * *

Señor IBANEZ seems to think that Spain is not a nation of sportsmen. And yet a referee was recently arrested there for giving a penalty against the local team.

* * *

So powerful was the sunshine at Kingston recently that blinds were drawn at the Surrey County Hall during a meeting of the County Council. Passers-by reverently removed their hats, under the impression that some unfortunate spectator in the public gallery had been bored to death.

* * *

Chesterfield now has a lethal chamber. We wonder if the author of that misleading melody that predicts a total absence of rain could be persuaded to visit Chesterfield.



Professor Brown. "WHAT'S THAT? SPELL MY NAME? CERTAINLY. B FOR BRONTOSAURUS; R FOR RHIZOPHORACEÆ; O FOR OPISTHOTHELÆ; W FOR WILLUGBÆYA, AND N FOR NUCIFRAGA.

A Michigan woman thus defines the ideal husband:—

"He would be a man who lives for his wife. I have had four husbands, and none of them did this."

Selfish unto death, apparently.

An Evening Paper on the last Test Match:—

"Ten runs were added, each followed by ten roars of applause. . . . Nine more runs were added, and the spectators were getting hoarse."

No wonder—if the rate was kept up—after 190 roars.

THE PITEOUS BALLAD OF ARABELLA BOOLEY.

Oh, have you heard my horrid tale? Young women all, attend.
Will Wilkinsop he courted me for seven years on end,
Then up says he, "Enough of that," and to the church went we—
Alas, we wed at half-past four instead of ten to three,
Ah, we was wed at half-past four instead of ten to three.

The bride was fair, the guests was there, but Parson he was dead
From riding on a wicked horse and falling on his head;
Two-forty-one the deed was done, and by the law, d'ye see?
No English man with English maid may marry after three,
No English lad on English soil shall marry after three.

Then "Up, my lads," my father cries, "though we must mourn his case,
Go forth and find some clergy kind to take the poor man's place!
My daughter Nan has caught a man and married she shall be.
Go, brother Jock, and stop the clock ten minutes short of three."
And Uncle Jock he stopped the clock ten minutes short of three.

The sun was low, the moon also, which greatly did annoy,
When back comes Thomas Wilkinsop with a bit of a clergy-boy;
"It's growing dark," he made remark. "It's early yet," said we,
For by the light of the moon (though slight) the clock said ten to three;
By the light of the moon that afternoon the time was ten to three.

The clergy-boy he wished us joy and straight he married we;
We vowed our vows and rode away to Bungay by the sea,
And William there he swore a swear—"True man and wife we be,
Though we was wed, as I've heard said, considerable after three;
You be my bride, though we was tied considerable after three."

Two days go by, and there was I a-pleading for a kiss,
When in there walks the Bishop of my William's diocese.
"Good morning," said his Reverence; "no man and wife you be,
For you was wed, as I've heard said, considerable after three,
Oh, you was wed, the Bishop said, considerable after three.

"It don't apply," continued he, to put us at our ease,
"To christenings and funerals and functions such as these.
I'd bury you at ten or two, and buried you would be,
But weddings must be finished just before the hour of three,
Ah, weddings, unlike funerals, must not be after three."

"Is that a fact?" said Wilkinsop.—"The facts are as I state;
I much regret you're single yet, but still it's not too late.
Pray finish, Miss, that lawless kiss, and travel home with me,
And you shall vow your vows again at twenty-five to three,
Oh, you must vow your vows again at twenty-five to three."

"One moment, pray," said William then, to my extreme dismay,
"This child of Eve, I now perceive, though pleasing for a day,
Is not the wife I'd have for life, and, if as how I'm free,
I must decline to make her mine at twenty-five to three,
Oh, I decline to make her mine at twenty-five to three."

The Bishop took his bell and book, and cursed him up and down;
With sobs and tears I pulled his ears, and then he left the town.
And all he said was, "I was wed; if wed no more I be,
'Twere mad, it's plain, to wed again at twenty-five to three,
I don't intend to wed again at twenty-five to three."

Oh, cursed are the cruel laws! O deary, deary me!
Oh, what a life! Not maid nor wife, nor widow, yet all three!
My daughter begs from door to door, a child of shame is she,
For I was wed at half-past four instead of ten to three,
Oh, I was wed at half-past four instead of ten to three!

A. P. H.

TEST MATCHES IN 1955.

(*From our Very Special Cricket Correspondent.*)

THERE does not seem to be much real justification for the disappointment so freely expressed in this country with the play of our men in the Test Match that has not yet been concluded in Australia. The fact that the Australians, winning the toss for the forty-fourth successive time, and taking first knock on what we are expressly told was a "first-class wicket," managed to stay in only a little over six weeks and amassed a total that only just ran into five figures, shows, we think, that there is nothing much wrong with our bowling, and that the fielding was at any rate good enough to keep the run-making within reasonable limits.

The customary outcry that to-day the bat is too strong for the ball and that cricket needs what is called "brightening" may be safely ignored. For some years past this has been the habitual daily food of a certain type of critic and has no longer any importance. The grand old game as our fathers knew it is good enough, one hopes, for us also. No doubt what is at the root of the depression so widely felt is the undeniably patchy play of the M.C.C. team, of whom no fewer than three failed to reach their millenary. But that is merely a fresh illustration of the glorious uncertainty of cricket, though doubtless a little disappointing after the good start given by our opening pair, who during their three weeks at the wickets laid the foundation for what should have been a really fine score. At the same time we cannot subscribe to the widely-expressed view that no man, however good his bowling or fielding, can be worth his place in an England eleven unless he can always and absolutely be relied on for a thousand runs.

As for the mere fact that the Australian eleven in their second innings had lost only three wickets at the conclusion of the tour, we see nothing to be depressed at in that. When after the adjournment our team goes out again five years hence, our bowlers, having had the advantage of a long rest, will, we feel confident, give a good account of themselves; and, unless the Australian batsmen dig themselves in to a quite unusual degree, we look forward with the utmost assurance to seeing our men bring the innings to a conclusion, if not in the course of that tour, then, at any rate, during the one following or, at the worst, during the one following that.

In this connection it is interesting to note the new and sensational ruling of the M.C.C. that Test Match players dying of old age during the course of the game may not be replaced. This decision will have to be borne carefully in mind by selection committees when choosing future teams. The finest player will be of little service if he has to be buried before the conclusion of the match.

The Housing Question.

"Vacant, Comfortable Board, for gentleman."—*Yorkshire Paper.*

Too suggestive of the plank bed for our taste.



THE RETURN OF THE GOLD STANDARD.

ST. GEORGE AND THE DRAGON (*on their metal again*). "THIS IS FAR BETTER THAN FIGHTING ON PAPER."



BEAGLING.

Old-fashioned Young Man. "YOU GO ON, MISS JAMES. I 'LL—ER—TURN MY BACK."
Young Woman. "DON'T BE SUCH A MUTT. YOU 'LL HAVE TO GIVE ME A BOOST OVER."

PICTURE PRESS WEATHER.

(*By an infuriated dweller in a South Coast resort.*)

EITHER the rain descends in sheets
Or fog enshrouds us, dense and chill;
I hate to see our slushy streets,
They make me really ill;
At intervals a tempest beats
And blusters like a drunken man,
Drenching the front in clouds of spray,
Tearing our chimney-pots away,
And generally making hay
Of everything it can.

Yet there are days when even here,
Arising in amazement, one
Perceives the heavens blue and clear,
And, shining in their depths, the sun.
Then camera-men from far and near
Rush round the place with maniac glee,
And, ere the golden minutes pass,
Working at speed, each blinking ass
Takes photos for *The Daily Glass*
Of "Sunny Winklesea."

And these *The Daily Glass* displays
With shocking fibs beneath: "SUNKISSED
WINKLESEA BASKS IN SUMMER BLAZE
WHILE LONDON GROPES THROUGH RAIN AND MIST;"
And so on. Then it pours for days;
I splosh forlornly through the mud,
And friends in Town write "*Lucky* bloke!
Your life is one long, sunny joke,
While we must shiver, wheeze and choke."
I yearn to have their blood.

And now the worst has come. To-day
This was the dreadful thing I saw,
While sleet was falling, skies were grey,
And all the air was rude and raw:
"WINTER IN WINKLESEA. SOME GAY GIRL BATHERS 'NEATH A CLOUDLESS SKY;"
And there was shown a smirking row
Of bare-legged damsels, ten or so,
A picture which I chance to know
Was taken last July!

Cupboard Love.

"'A charming love story . . . A food story with plenty of thrills.'"—*Provincial Paper.*

NURSERY TALES FOR GROWN-UPS.

V.—PUSS IN SUSSEX BOOTS.

(*With acknowledgments to Miss SHEILA KAYE-SMITH.*)

THE miller lay dead in Puddledock Mill. All Sussex stretched about the mill, northward to the Weald and southward to Senlac and Hastings and Rye and Tamarisk town. It was the swale of the day when the miller died.

"Now faather 's dead," said Tom his first-born, "the mill be mine and I 'm unaccountable vrothered wud it all. Dick 'ull have the farm at Bulltree, an' Jack, that allus was a spannelling sort of chap, can keep the cat."

"It 's a hemmed shaame," said Mus' Puss, and he went off quickly to the oast-house where Jack sat head in hands.

"Mus' Jack," purred the cat, "reckon it aun't as bad as it looks, unaccountable tedious as it seems surelye;" and he laid his paw on Jack's knee. "Adone crying now, do, and git me a pair of Wellington boots and a bag at Senlac fair and I 'll kip you yet for all your liddle dentical ways."

Jack went to Senlac the next day. He brought Puss in a basket and had him fitted for the boots.

"Pore soul, he 's vrothered surelye," thought the kindly bootmaker. "Reckon he doan't know what he 's adone since Mus' Beatup died."

But Jack came back in a dream. All Sussex lay around him, a soft opacity of hill and dale. It reminded him of the Ordnance map, and he stood by Sliverick Woods picking out Punnetts Town, Cade Street, Cowlease, Padgham, Rushlake, Nailsham and distant silvery Rye. He did not notice, so busy was he with his map, that Mus' Puss had left him, disappearing among the bushes. In a dream Jack walked home and fell asleep against the bolted door of the mill. It had defied the CONQUEROR himself after the battle of Hastings.

But Puss, after a night of poaching in Sliverick Woods, carried his game-bag to the ancient house of Alard and begged to see the old knight, the hereditary ruler of this feudal demesne.

The old man's language would have surprised even his faithful old butler, but it turned to gigantic laughter when he saw Mus' Puss in his boots with a brace of pheasants, three hares, a score of snipe and some partridges laid out on the worn stone floor of the hall.

"T's ga-ame from my ma-aster, the Marquis of Carrabas," said Mus' Puss with a quaint bow.

The old knight jogged his dame's elbow.

"Carrabas — Carrabas," said he; "that 's not in MY *Burke*. He must be one of these new-rich titles. But anyway he must have some good shooting, and he might save us all from the ruin that threatens our class."

Aloud he answered, "Thanks, my good fellow; and thank the Marquis. He must have some good shooting."

"Reckon he 's dunnamany acres," Mus' Puss replied.

Sir John winked at his wife. When the cat had gone he said brightly, "Ann must marry him. Whatever he is Ann must marry him."

Ann, a ruddy Saxon-haired girl wearing the dress of a land-girl, was sprawling by the fire.

"I'm going to marry a yeoman farmer surelye," she remarked.

"You needn't be vulgar—yet, Ann," her mother retorted. Then to the old knight she said, "We may just as well see something of this young man. Look in *Debrett*, dear, under C."

Meanwhile Mus' Puss went up to London. He had powerful friends in high places, and before lunch-time he had arranged for Jack to be made Marquis of Carrabas. He had also narrated the whole story to a well-known photographic paper and had arranged with a noted film company for cinema rights. Before dinner he had secured a contract for American, Australian, Canadian and South African editions, and translations in all known tongues. He put the cheques as he received them into his boots and then made haste to catch the last train.



TRAINING THE YOUNG IDEA.

The next day, as old Sir John, his wife and daughter were passing in their Daimler, there was a cry for help from the river. Mus' Puss, waving his paws, mewed, "Ma-aster be drowning; 'tis tar'ble surelye!"

Without a word Ann dived into the river. The water was only five foot deep, and she had no difficulty in rescuing Jack. Mus' Puss was waiting on the bank with a new suit of clothes that he had bought in London. He did not entirely trust the old knight's generosity or his wardrobe.

When the old man saw Jack's clothes he decided that the House of Alard could face such an alliance. "We can give you a lift if you 're going towards Alard," he shouted genially.

"Get into the ca-ar, Ma-aster Jack," urged Mus' Puss; "hemmed if I doan't make your fortune to-day. Tell them you want to stop at Worge."

"Why Worge?" asked Jack, scratching his head.

"I bought Worge for you before breakfast," whispered Mus' Puss. "The deeds are in my boots surelye. And doan't you forget to propose to Miss Ann when she 's dry. Reckon you must spik up yourself."

Lady Alard, with all the weariness of

an outworn aristocracy in her eyes, was gazing at her dripping daughter.

"Ann must really sit in front," she said; "she 'll dry better over the engine. That clever cat is sure to find her some clothes somewhere, and anyway Ann never catches cold. She 's Sussex-born."

Jack modestly asked to be dropped at the gate of Worge.

"Worge is up for sale," roared the old knight. "What are you going to do there?"

"Reckon Mus' Puss has bought it . . . I mean," stammered Jack, "I am now the owner of Worge."

Meanwhile Mus' Puss had scurried off by a short cut to the gate of Worge. "When you see the ca-ar," he told the workmen whom he had ordered to repair the walls and the gate," you must shout, 'Welcome to the Marquis of Carrabas!' Spik up like men, do."

At this moment the big Daimler came round the corner of the road. All the cinematographs and cameras began to work as Jack jumped out of the car. Giving his hand to Ann, who was dripping but cheerful, he helped her to dismount.

"Welcome ho-ome, Miss Ann, to Worge," he murmured shyly.

"That 's saved the House of Alard," muttered Sir John.

Jack turned aside to speak to Mus' Puss.

"Whatever will I do for you, Mus' Puss?" he asked. "I 'm fair vrothered."

"Adone now do!" Mus' Puss answered with a wave of his paw; "reckon you and Miss Ann had better get into the ca-ar again. They 'll ask you to lunch surelye. I 'd best go and ca-atch a partridge."

"And your reward, Mus' Puss?" asked Jack.

"A new pair of boots at La-ammas-Day," shouted Mus' Puss over his shoulder as he slipped again into Sliverick Woods.

From a recent novel:—

"——, young, fair, heart-starved now and ever, had but one outlet for the romance that flowed upward from the sunless caverns of her soul."

A poor compensation for the chops of fate.

THE STATE OF FILMLAND.

VI.—SOME HABITS AND CUSTOMS.

THOUGH accustomed to confine his conversation to occasional strikingly worded remarks, the average Filmlander is always ready and willing to give lively expression to his feelings through the medium of his face, so that, even when verbally uncommunicative, he is always an entertaining companion. He is not content that his face, however picturesque, should be purely ornamental; he expects it to work for its living and to work hard. So addicted in fact is he to facial intercourse that, when circumstances compel him to use the telephone, he wastes quite a lot of silent emotion upon the unresponsive transmitter.



"HIS CLEAN-CUT FEATURES ARE VERY BUSILY EMPLOYED IN THROWING OFF A GREAT VARIETY OF HONOURABLE EMOTIONS."

Thanks to this pleasing custom no Filmlander, however humble or badly educated, need despair of becoming a distinguished orator. He knows that he will not be expected to let loose a flood of eloquence; indeed it is doubtful whether a Filmland audience would put up with any speech lasting for more than thirty seconds. A Filmland orator can start a revolution (which means running helter-skelter up one street and down another) or rouse the entire populace to a great patriotic demonstration (an equally bustling but lighter-hearted affair) simply by raising his arm, or both arms, and moving his face about. A Filmland audience is so quick and intelligent that it will respond at once.

Filmlanders have their distinctive methods of making love. A gentleman in high society never dreams of proposing to a lady—whether she be of his own class or just a simple village maiden—without first attiring himself in immaculate evening dress. If his intentions are dishonourable he prefaces his wooing by holding his cigarette at about the level of the bottom button of his waistcoat and glancing cynically down his nose at it. Then he tosses it carelessly to one side to indicate his hardened composure and gets on with the business. If, on the other hand, he really cares for the girl, he clenches and unclenches his hands, and his clean-cut features are very busily employed in throwing off a great variety of honourable emotions. It is not considered etiquette for the lady to butt in on these preliminaries, so she just admires the view or arranges herself so as to fit in with the scenery. As a matter of fact she does well to conserve her energies, since, for a conscientious woman, a Filmland wooing is a really strenuous business.

These stylish love affairs are usually carried through in moonlight on a spacious marble terrace, or by the sea-shore, or in some other romantic spot where there is a good stiff breeze. In Filmland a woman can always let herself go better when her hair is being blown about.

The Filmlander never allows business to interfere with romance. You may see a young office-manager sitting in rapt and idle ecstasy amid the buzz of telephones and the rattle of typewriters, or a young farm-labourer leaning sadly against a favourite horse in the middle of a half-ploughed field. They are in love, and will go on like that for hours. No one expects them to work.

Custom permits the ordinary Filmlander to make love when and where he can, and he generally does. Indeed, until he gets acclimatised, a stranger wandering at random about the country feels himself under the obligation to cultivate a perpetual cough by way of signalling his approach.

A lady who sets out in evening dress and a small boat to make a long and perilous journey down a swift and swollen river is expected to give her heart to the stout lad who, by hooking

himself by his toes to a branch of a tree, saves her from going over the rapids. If she happens to be married already then etiquette demands that her husband shall dispose of himself at the earliest possible moment. Filmlanders are very particular in little matters of common courtesy.

Another attractive feature is their fondness for their babies. There have been instances of young fathers wrecking an entire house and getting themselves arrested in their efforts to amuse their offspring. But they are inclined to be careless with them. They cannot take a baby out anywhere without losing it or picking up someone else's in mistake. It is the middle-class parent that gets the most excitement out of a baby. The upper classes do not parade their babies much. High-toned Filmlanders can scarcely be expected to carry things that do not go well with fountains and marble columns and evening dress. When the Society child reaches an age at which he can be made to fit in with his surroundings, he is allowed to wander about in public and look sad and lonely.



"IN FILMLAND NO FOUNDLING EVER FAILS TO BECOME A CELEBRITY AND, WHEN HE DISCOVERS THEM, A COMFORT TO HIS AGED PARENTS."

It is the custom of humble Filmland parents who have their infant's welfare at heart to give it away, or leave it on a door-step, or put it where it will nearly be run over by a luxurious motor-car. This ensures for the child a happy and successful career, and for themselves a comfortable old age. In Filmland no foundling ever fails to become a celebrity and, when he discovers them, a comfort to his aged parents. A middle-class parent who attempted to provide for his infant in this fashion would be chased by at least a dozen policemen. Social distinctions are studiously guarded in Filmland.



"IT IS CONSIDERED BAD FORM FOR A WRONGLY ACCUSED PERSON TO ESTABLISH HIS OR HER INNOCENCE RIGHT AWAY."

Filmland etiquette can be rigidly severe. It is considered bad form, for example, for a wrongly accused person to establish his or her innocence right away by producing some simple and obvious explanation. No self-respecting girl would continue to love a man who meanly avoided arrest by furnishing instant proof of his having been under chloroform at the dentist's at the time of the murder. Subterfuges of this sort, besides being grossly unfair to the real culprit and to the detective in charge of the case, would be regarded as a grave violation of the popular code of silent martyrdom which has made Filmland what it is.

"It is analogous to placing a shepherd in a city office or *vice versâ*."—*Weekly Paper.*

We doubt if even modern surgery could perform the latter operation.

THE CRYSTAL GAZER.

(Francesca *is receiving her client in an upper chamber in Bond Street draped in black velvet. On the table between them is a crystal. Her client is an elegant young person whose identity shall be concealed under the name of* Prunella.)

Francesca (*looking steadily into the crystal*). He's just the right height. He dances divinely and he brings you flowers.

Prunella. Yes, that 's quite correct, but—— (*She hesitates.*)

F. Well?

P. The point is, there are two of them. In fact that is really why I came to you.

F. (*coolly*). I was coming to that. It is all here in the crystal. But one of them is fainter than the other. Now I can only see the brighter of the two.

P. (*clasping her hands*). But which?

F. I can't see him very distinctly, but he has a hopeful look. You have not discouraged his advances. You spend much of your time in his company.

P. (*eagerly*). Has he blue eyes and a freckled face?

F. His eyes are like the sky, and on his face there are tiny golden splashes of sunlight.

P. (*bubbling*). How sweet! Tell me some more.

F. I can't tell you very much. He is fading.

P. Oh, *please* don't let him fade! What was he wearing? Was he dressed for tennis, or golf or riding? Or did he have on his lovely waders?

F. (*looking intently into the crystal*). Horses. I see horses. He's a young man who spends much of his time in the open-air.

P. How wonderful you are! It 's Jerry to the life—so different from Philip.

F. (*dramatically*). One moment. There is another figure in the crystal. I can't see it yet very distinctly.

P. That must be Philip. They always take it in turns. What is he like?

F. I can't see him yet very clearly, but he is entirely different from the other one.

P. Quite right. I 'm afraid they have very little in common. I call them Night and Morning.

F. (*with swift deduction*). He 's dark.

P. Yes.

F. I can't tell the colour of his eyes.

P. That 's probably because he is wearing eye-glasses. They 're a terrible nuisance, especially as he always loses them at the wrong moment.

F. I don't think he likes the open-air.

P. Very true.

F. He 's like the fair young man in one respect however. He 's devoted to a girl with grey eyes.

P. (*whose eyes are grey*). How did you know that?

F. She 's reflected in the crystal. I can feel his devotion and the devotion of the fair young man. Her personality is suffused with their devotion.

P. The poor things!

F. The dark young man also has a hopeful look. You haven't discouraged his advances.

P. (*defensively*). He has such a beautiful voice, and he reads me such wonderful things.

F. (*looking into the crystal*). Books—I see books. He 's a studious young man. He 's very fond of books.

P. Philip to the life.

F. (*dramatically*). One moment. There 's a cloud in the crystal. It spreads and grows black. I see sorrow and disappointment for a friend who is very dear to you. Perhaps it 's the fair young man, perhaps it 's the dark.

P. I wish I knew which it was going to be. (*She has an idea.*) Tell me, could you look into the future and see imaginary things?

F. (*taken by surprise*). Eh! I beg your pardon.

P. Of course you can see things that are bound to happen, but suppose I asked you to imagine something in the future that must never really happen at all. Could you imagine it just as it would really be?

F. I 'm afraid I don't quite understand.

P. (*leaning forward earnestly*). For instance, suppose I were to marry the fair young man—mind, I only say *suppose*; it doesn't commit me to anything—could you tell me just what would happen, even though it didn't?

F. (*darkly*). It is dangerous to tamper with destiny. The things we imagine come true if we imagine them hard enough and for a long time.

P. That sounds like dear papa, only he calls it creative evolution.

F. (*ignoring this*). You wish me to imagine that you have married the fair young man?

P. (*uneasily*). Er—yes. It can't do any harm just to imagine it for five minutes, and we needn't imagine it so terribly hard.

F. Very well, if you really wish it. (*She looks earnestly into the crystal.*) The idea is a little cold and vague. It needs encouraging. I see nothing yet but a faint mist. Oh, the mist is breaking!

P. Yes?

F. Hush! (*There is a solemn silence.*)

P. (*in a whisper*). Quick. I really can't bear it much longer. Please see something soon.

F. Horses—I see horses. The fair man is riding over the fields. There are very high fences, but he doesn't seem to care. With him there is a lady. She has grey eyes, and she is laughing.

P. (*delighted with the picture*). I think I shall *have* to marry Jerry.

F. The picture fades, but another one begins to form itself in the crystal. Water—I see water. The fair young man has a flexible cane with a long line attached to it. He wears wonderful indiarubber boots. He arranges an insect upon the end of the line and he throws it repeatedly upon the surface of the water. He is very quiet. The young lady with the grey eyes is watching him, and she holds her breath.

P. I must certainly marry Jerry. I just adore him with a dry fly.

F. The picture fades.

P. (*protesting*). Not yet. Let him have just one rise.

F. Hush! There is another picture. The fair young man is at a theatre. I hear the sweet singing of *Isolde*. The girl with the grey eyes is very happy, and she turns with glowing cheeks to the fair young man. (Francesca *pauses.*)

P. Yes?

F. The fair young man is asleep.

P. (*wrathfully*). That 's just like Jerry. He 's no use at all in the evening. I hate billiards, and one doesn't want to talk for ever about how we drew the home copse or approached the seventh hole. In fact, I don't think I shall marry Jerry after all.

F. The picture fades.

P. Bad luck to it! Now let 's imagine it all the other way round.

F. I beg your pardon.

P. I mean, suppose it were Philip.

F. You wish me to imagine that you are married to the dark young man?

P. If you will be so kind.

F. Very well, if you really wish it. (*She looks for a while into the crystal.*)

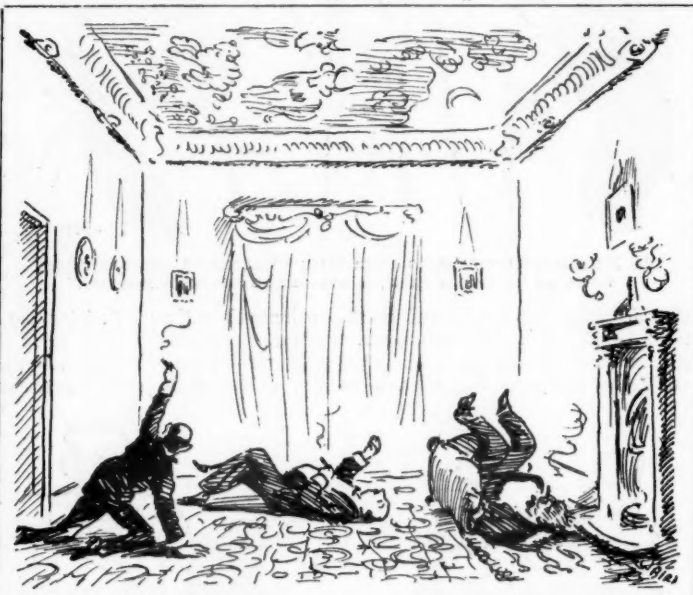
P. Can you see anything?

F. Hush! I see armchairs. The dark young man is sitting at the fireside. He is reading aloud in a pleasant voice. The girl with grey eyes is sitting at his feet on a little stool. She is very happy. Her eyes are shining. She is dreaming of lovely and precious things.

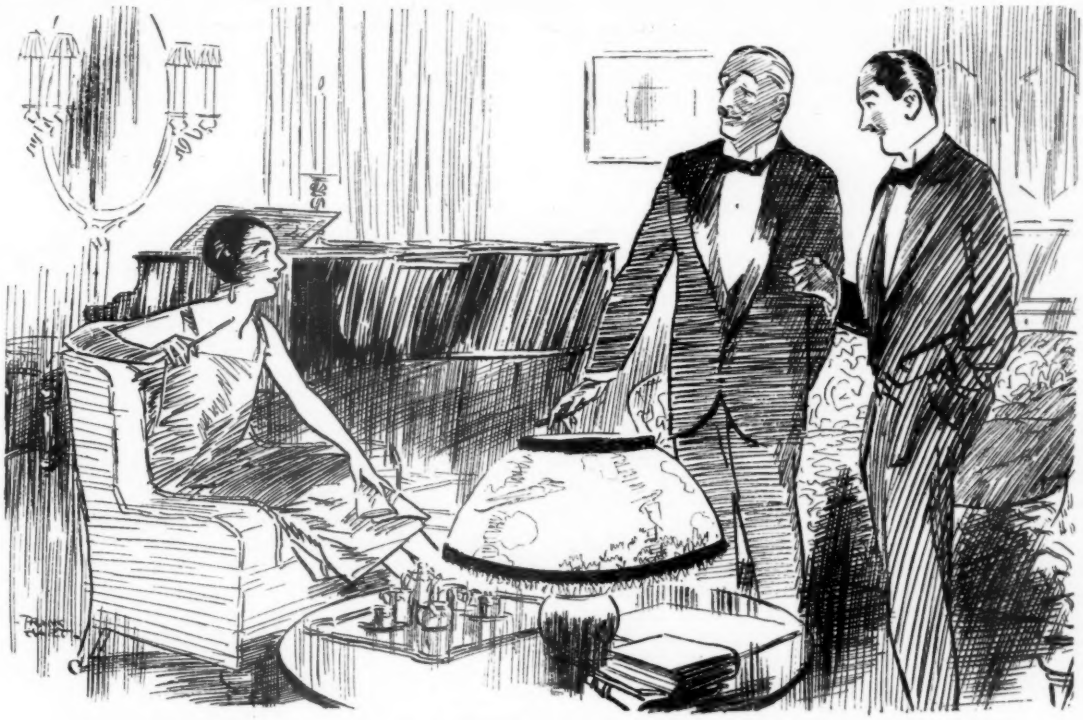
P. (*softly*). I think I shall marry Philip after all.

F. One moment. The picture fades. The dark young man is beside a river. He has a flexible cane like that of the fair young man. He casts an insect upon the waters but his line is entangled in the trees. He is very angry. He loses his spectacles in the long grass.

P. I know. He has scared away every trout within miles. Philip really is impossible. I can't possibly marry a man like that. (*Sighing*) Life is terribly complicated.



ONE HEARS OF THE DIFFICULTY OF SELLING LARGE PICTURES, OWING TO THE SMALLNESS OF MODERN ROOMS. BUT WHY NOT UTILISE THE CEILINGS?



Returned Traveller. "BUT MOST OF THE SOUTH SEA ISLANDERS HAVE LONG SINCE GIVEN UP CANNIBALISM."
Young Hostess. "REALLY! THEY 'RE STILL QUITE INTERESTING, THOUGH, AREN'T THEY?"

F. I see another picture.

P. Oh, please don't. Not if it 's in the open-air. He is probably cutting up the turf with a mashie or falling off his horse, or shooting the beaters.

F. One moment.

P. (*crossly*). What is it now?

F. The crystal is behaving strangely. I think it is trying to help you. A picture is forming. The girl with the grey eyes is on the bank of a deep and swiftly flowing river. There is a boat which sails swiftly before the wind. The fair young man and the dark young man are in the boat together. Ah! what is it that I see? (*Breathlessly*) Yes, there is a sudden squall. The boat leans to the surface of the water. I can see its dripping keel gleaming with sunlight. Merciful Heaven! the boat is capsized. I see two figures struggling in the tossing flood.

P. (*involuntarily*). Philip!

F. So it is Philip. You will marry Philip. It is written in the stars.

P. Why do you say that?

F. You called upon his name in the moment of danger. It is he you really love.

P. (*rising unexpectedly and collecting her gloves*). I don't believe a solitary word of it!

F. But you called upon his name.

P. Naturally.

F. You didn't call upon the name of the fair young man.

P. Of course not.

F. But why?

P. That 's an easy one. I shouted "Philip" because Philip can't swim a yard.

F. And Jerry?

P. Swims like a fish.

F. (*too crestfallen to be any longer professional*). I never thought of that.

P. Never mind, you dear old thing, you did your best, and I 've had a very pleasant afternoon. (*Pats the hand of* Francesca.) Also I have at last made up my mind.

F. (*no longer a crystal-gazer but merely human*). Which is it going to be?

P. You won't breathe a word of it to a soul?

F. Honour bright.

P. Well, you see, as it can't be both, I have decided that, all things considered . . .

F. Yes?

P. It shall be neither.

No, Percy, the artist who shingles ladies' hair is not known as a beachcomber.

TO ONE WHO DID NOT COME TO LUNCHEON.

THE cock that died to honour thee
In vain was slain;
Forlorn, neglected, shivers he,
His promise wasted.
The curled bright endive wilts and dries,
The lettuce dies
In her bowl, untasted.

The pie that rose to welcome thee
Sinks low in woe;
The tender slender salsify,
In gown of gold,
With roast potatoes richly brown
Are all sent down
Congealed and cold.

Wine mourns, that would have danced for thee,
A bright delight,
In shining goblets fair to see
Of slender stem.
Only the salted almonds' grief
Has found relief;
I have eaten them.

Another Glimpse of the Obvious.

"The Duke's full name was given as Marcello Fortunato Landulfo Trojano Lucio Ciarletta Sergianni Goleazzo Caracciolo di Sanvito. He is an Italian."—*Daily Paper.*

THE FINAL PHASE.

THE lines which you will read below are a threnody composed by Miss Euphemia Goodenough on the occasion of the death of her old friend, Major Muttlethwaite, late of the Mounted Marine Volunteers, and one of the most respected residents of our little town. Her companion and trusted ally in many a cross-word competition, he was occasionally testy, yet she willingly bore for him the heavy burden of the volumes of the Oxford dictionary, working always under his word of command; and she was probably his principal mourner when he was struck down suddenly by apoplexy as he sat, pencil in hand (in spite of the doctor's warning to avoid over-excitement), one winter evening at his usual post.

The verses appeared originally in the columns of *The Little Buntington Advertiser* (our bi-weekly paper), and I have the editor's kind permission to reproduce them here. It will be noticed at once that their form and language are considerably affected by the pastime which for some weeks had formed such a bond between Miss Goodenough and the Major, a pathetic tribute which touched us all very deeply indeed. Most, if not all, of the words written in capital letters are well known and endeared by a thousand associations to every solver of cross-word puzzles.

I ought to add perhaps that the reference in the first line of stanza 4 is to Major Muttlethwaite's gout, which caused him considerable annoyance, and that the obsequies were not actually carried out in the manner which the imagination of the authoress has inspired her to propose. Indeed, Major Muttlethwaite's relations, who are well-known in the county, would never have permitted this.

[V|A|L|E]!(1)

O lightly now the [L|E|N|O](2) pull
About his sainted [C|O|R](3)
For whom all [C|A|R|A|V|E|L|S](4) are full
And [E|M|S](5) and [O|H|M|S](6) no more.

His [A|L|A|R](7) soul ascends the sky
Like smoke from out a [L|U|M](8)
Aloft it soars for many a [L|I](9)
As though it ne'er could [T|U|M].(10)

Unvexed by any clogging [T|R|I|G](11)
Nor stayed by [A|N|I|L|E](12) frown
He passes from funereal [N|I|G](13)
Through [A|D|I|T|S](14) of renown.

[A|B|R|U|P|T|E|D](15) are the pains he knew,
The [X|E|B|E|C](16) of his days
No errant wind shall ever [S|L|U|E](17)
Athwart terrestrial [N|A|Z|E].(18)

His clay-cold body here below
Shall rest immune from [Y|A|W|S](19);
Above it shall the [O|C|A](20) blow
In [R|A|T|E|L](21)-haunted [S|H|A|W|S].(22)

[A|L|A|T|E|D](23) [E|R|N|E|S](24) shall hover round,
Poised in the high [L|U|N|E|T|T|E],(25)
[A|R|G|A|L|I|S](26) trample on the ground,
And [M|O|A|S](27) mourn him yet,

Who still disdained the coward's "can't,"
Still laboured as he fell,
To find a sort of alpine plant
Commencing with an L.

Three days he bent his active mind
On that four-lettered word;
Three days he strove and could not find,
And faded on the third.

Leave, Memory, on his tomb no mark
Save this: At [72]
The warrior stepped into the ■
And found the final clue.

DEFINITIONS.

1. Ta-ta (Latin).
2. A kind of cotton gauze.
3. Body (abbrev.).
4. Fast light sailing vessels.
5. Printers' measures.
6. Units of electrical resistance.
7. Having wings.
8. A chimney (Scot.).
9. Chinese mile.
10. One half of tumble.
11. A shoe for a wheel.
12. Old womanish.
13. Three-fifths of night.
14. Entrances to mines.
15. Broken off suddenly.
16. An Algerian vessel.
17. Swing (slightly archaic).
18. A promontory.
19. A tropical skin disease.
20. A South American potato-like plant.
21. A South African flesh- and honey-eating quadruped.
22. Woods.
23. Same as number 7.
24. Eagles.
25. Arched aperture in concave ceiling to admit light.
26. Large wild Asiatic sheep.
27. Birds.

EVOE.

From an article on one of the Test Matches:—

"Five days, if you like, as a maximum, but not seven, or may be eight. The linked sweetness and bitterness have been too long drawn out and unhappily the amaria liquid is left last on the palate."
Irish Paper.

Clearly our fellows were doped by this poisonous stuff.

From a book-review:—

"In one book his eagle eye glares at a wonderful cañon: in another at a magnificent ranch; in still another at a sun-cussed desert."
American Paper.

We thank the critic for teaching us that expletive, though we fear that in this climate we shall never have occasion to use it.

"Dean Ingle, who has very definite opinions on most things, has incidentally turned his attention to railways. He suggests that the companies, instead of providing special carriages for smokers, should provide special compartments for talkers."—*Provincial Paper.*

The venerable dignitary (whose name was previously unknown to us) seems to desire something in the nature of an ingle-nook.

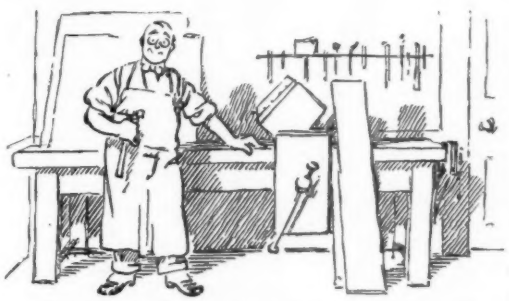
THE ILLUSTRATED INTERVIEW.



THIS IS THAT WELL-KNOWN WRITER, MR. CUTHBERT QUILL, AT WORK IN HIS STUDY—



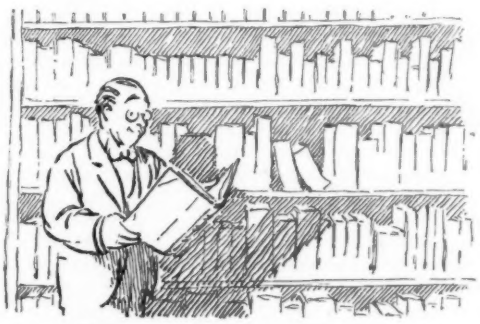
AND THIS IS MR. QUILL RESTING IN HIS DRAWING-ROOM.



HERE HE IS AMUSING HIMSELF IN HIS WORKSHOP—



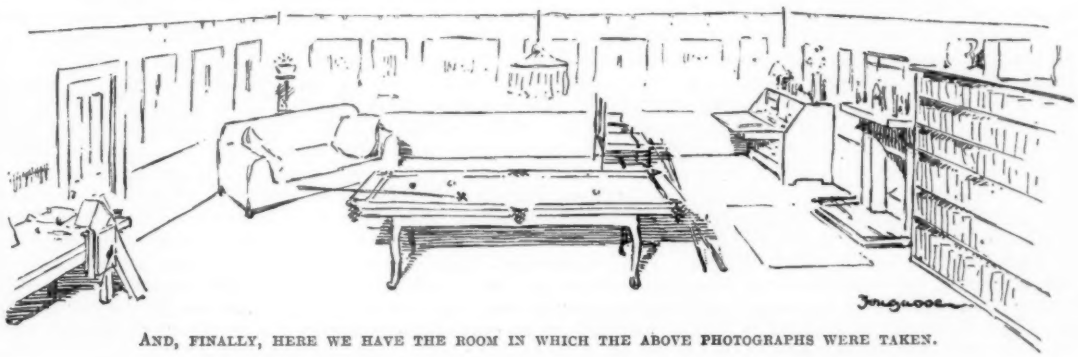
AND HERE HE IS IN HIS PICTURE GALLERY.



HERE WE SEE HIM IN THE LIBRARY—



AND HERE IN THE BILLIARD-ROOM.



AND, FINALLY, HERE WE HAVE THE ROOM IN WHICH THE ABOVE PHOTOGRAPHS WERE TAKEN.



Old Lady. "MY DAUGHTER ASKED ME TO GET HER SOME CIGARETTES. HAVE YOU ANY CALLED—I THINK—'*GRASPERS*'?"

FAIR PLAY FOR BURGLARS.

(*By a Student of Sociology.*)

IN what I have to say on this subject I should like to make it clear that I am not in the least biassed. Personally I have no prehensile proclivities whatsoever, and I hold no brief for burgling by other people. I am actuated simply by a sense of common justice towards a very hard-working class of the community, which in recent times cannot be said to have had anything like a fair chance. During the past ten years or so conditions in the burgling business have changed out of all knowledge, and it is probably true to say that the circumstances in which burglars are now forced to work are worse than at any time in history.

In the first place it should not be forgotten that, like other classes of the community, our burglars suffered heavily from the disturbance caused by the late War. Thousands of them were forced to throw up lucrative jobs in order to join the army, and hundreds of young apprentices had their training interrupted. When these men returned from the War they had every right to expect a world fit for burglars to burgle in. Instead, what was the position? They returned to find that the centre of gravity of the country's wealth had shifted and that they had to accustom themselves to an entirely new set of circumstances.

Consider what was happening. Families hitherto burgleable were hurriedly selling off their plate and jewellery in order to pay their butchers and bookmakers and had little left worth taking. The wealth of the country had passed to a new class, the war-profiteers. This redistribution at once created a grave situation in burgling circles. It is well known, of course, that there exists a very strict code of honour among thieves, and the question immediately arose whether a burglar could rob a profiteer without committing a breach of professional etiquette. Many of the older and more conscientious members of the profession decided at once that the property of profiteers must be regarded as sacrosanct, and resigned themselves to eking out a miserable existence on petty larceny. Even those whose scruples were gradually worn down by the play of economic forces had difficulty in reconciling themselves to the passing of the older rich, with their cultured taste in wine and cigars.

At the same time the burglars found themselves handicapped by the accession to their ranks of hundreds of unskilled men, whose only training for their vocation had been gained on military service. The newcomers had been passable hands at raiding quartermasters' stores and so forth, but they were not skilled craftsmen, and their many failures brought burgling into considerable disrepute.

Another hardship which presently made itself felt was the housing shortage. Relying on the promises of successive Governments, the profession looked for many new houses to burgle. They were doomed to disappointment. With three or four families residing in one house, efficient burgling naturally became very difficult. There was almost certain to be one inmate out of twelve or thirteen troubled with insomnia, or there would be someone asleep in the passage or hall over whom the unfortunate burglar would trip before he could take his bearings or anything else.

And now on top of all this the burglar is faced with the evil of all-night dancing. In the few cases in which this is carried on at night-clubs and such places the balance of advantage is certainly with the burglar; but it is well known that there are not nearly enough night-clubs to go round, and the all-night dance which is now a feature in so many eligible houses puts a severe physical strain on those whose business it is to burgle them. This point is amply illustrated by a case recently reported in the newspapers. Several members of a house-party were robbed of their jewels after retiring for the night, and it was stated in the report that they had been dancing until four o'clock in the morning. When it is pointed out that this took place in the month of October, when it would be daylight about six A.M., it will be clear that the burglars had to work under very narrow limitations.

As I said at the outset, I hold no brief for thieving. I am merely concerned to draw attention, quite impartially, to the facts. A Labour Government has come and gone without any amelioration of conditions being effected, and yet the burglars themselves have maintained a strictly constitutional attitude. There has not been even the hint of a strike, and so far as I am aware the very natural dissatisfaction which the men feel has not been allowed to escape beyond the private meetings of their unions. This is a noteworthy fact to which I hope due emphasis will be given when the social history of these days comes to be written.



Golfer (towards the end of an imperfect day). "DID THAT GO STRAIGHT, BOY?"
Caddie. "COULDN'T SEE IT, BUT IT SOUNDED CROOKED."

TRIUMPHANT OBVIOUSNESS.

[The London County Council, having rejected the suggestion of a Latin motto made by their Special Committee and disregarded the same Committee's subsequent recommendation to dispense altogether with a motto, have adopted "London" *tout court*.]

FEW Cockneys are pat in
The simplest of Latin,
So, heeding this plea,
The wise L.C.C.,
Having first resolved *not* to
Adopt any motto
Expressed in a tongue
That 's unknown to the young—
Having pondered and brooded,
At last have concluded
That "London" is best
To embellish their crest.

After ten years of fuss
This may strike some of us
As a ludicrous *mus*—
Very truthful, no doubt,
Patriotic, devout,
With no gingerbread gilt,
But devoid of all lilt;
Very solid and stable,
But simply a label,
And based on unsound
And debatable ground;
For it 's rough upon Rome,
Though pleasing at home,
To deny her an innings
In London's beginnings.
Then purists declare
With a confident air
That a motto 's absurd
Which consists of one word.
And the Heralds, a Board
Which can't be ignored,
Say it simply won't do,
And they can't let it through.
Antiquarians base
Their objections on race;
For, since "London's" a name
Which the English can't claim,
Being Celtic, 'tis pity
That any Committee
Should truckle and cringe
To our mutinous "fringe."
So, though fat 's in the fire,
Mr. Punch's desire
Is shortly to see
The Council agree,
Like sensible men,
To try once again;
For to tell us that London is London appears
An unworthy result of the talk of ten years.

From the report of a law-case:—

"It is suggested that Mr. —— was in the habit of deliberately understanding his income."—*Manchester Paper.*

This perhaps is not uncommon. What we have so far failed to meet is a gentleman who is in the habit of understanding, deliberately or otherwise, his income-tax demand.



Michael (his first experience of acrobatic dancing). "OH, AUNTY MAUD, IS IT GOOD FOR HER?"

TRUTH.

WRITERS of literary reviews have a habit of talking about "bed books." Some of them, I gather, put GIBBON'S *Decline and Fall* beside their pillow; others VOLTAIRE or VERLAINE. At least they say they do. There are few subjects on which a literary critic can write with less fear of contradiction. After all, nobody knows except the servants. But there has recently drifted into my house the third edition of Mr. A. S. E. ACKERMANN'S *Popular Fallacies Explained and Corrected*, and, if there is a more soothing and satisfactory work to have beside one's bed, I should like to hear of it.

Its length is a mere nine hundred and eighty-five pages, and there are roughly about three popular fallacies explained on every page.

The PRIME MINISTER has recently pointed out how vastly our knowledge of history, geography, literature and art is being increased every day by means of a certain form of competition fostered in the daily and weekly Press. And yet even so, it seems, we live in a gullible world.

"Do comets affect the weather?" Mr. ACKERMANN feels it necessary to inquire and answer "No." "Do snakes sting with their tongues?" "They do not." But he probes our complacent ignorance far more deeply than this.

Personally, as I look through the pages of *Popular Fallacies Explained and Corrected*, I am astonished, like CLIVE, at my own moderation. It is the errors I have avoided that impress me rather than those that I have made. Select, for instance, the one case of spiders. Ready dupe as I am, the delusion THAT THE AUSTRALIAN BARKING SPIDERS DO IN FACT MAKE A NOISE LIKE BARKING, is one into which I have never really fallen. "Well, perhaps not exactly like barking," I should have said. And the same is true of that cognate error, THAT THE BITES OF THE MALMIGNATE, THE VANCOHO, THE KATIPO AND THE QUEUE-ROUGE SPIDERS ARE VERY DANGEROUS INDEED. I was never pig-headed there.

Even if at a dinner party at the club or elsewhere anyone had said to me in a challenging manner or with a satirical smile, "I suppose you are one of the poor nincompoops who believe THAT IN THE CASE OF ALL SPIDERS THE FEMALE EATS HER SPOUSE WHEN SHE CONSIDERS SHE HAS NO FURTHER NEED OF HIS SERVICES," I think I should have answered, "No, I don't know that I am. With regard to the voracity of female spiders I have always attempted to preserve an open mind."

To tell the truth, Mr. ACKERMANN'S volume flatters my self-esteem. I begin to see myself as a sceptic when all my life long I believed myself a credulous ass. Of course I believed THAT THE DUKE OF CLARENCE (BROTHER OF EDWARD IV. OF ENGLAND) WAS PUT TO DEATH BY BEING DROWNED IN A BUTT OF MALMSEY WINE, and so did you. Like you also I believed THAT CLEOPATRA KILLED HERSELF BY APPLYING AN ASP TO HER BOSOM, and THAT THE FLOOD AS DESCRIBED IN GENESIS ACTUALLY OCCURRED. But have I ever been taken in by that old wives' tale THAT THE PUNISHMENT OF BEING BLOWN FROM THE MUZZLE OF A GUN WAS INVENTED BY SIR MOUNTSTUART ELPHINSTONE? I think not. Or when, in the course of conversation, I have been assured THAT EVE ATE AN APPLE IN THE GARDEN OF EDEN AND GAVE ONE TO ADAM, WHICH STUCK IN HIS THROAT, THUS CAUSING THE FIRST ADAM'S APPLE, have I always accepted the statement without reserve? Have I not admitted a possibility of dispute on this point, just as I have on the foolish beliefs THAT THE ANCIENT EGYPTIANS USED GOLD FOR STOPPING TEETH, and THAT THE "S.S.



WINTER SPORT IN RUSSIA.

TOSSING THE TROTSKY.

SIRIUS" AND "S.S. GREAT WESTERN" WERE (IN 1838) THE FIRST STEAMERS TO CROSS THE ATLANTIC ENTIRELY BY STEAM POWER?

Undoubtedly Mr. ACKERMANN has over-estimated the size of my gullet.

I can go conscientiously through the whole of the hundred and twenty-five pages devoted to fallacies connected with the animal kingdom, and declare on my conscience that there is many and many an absurd superstition from which I have always been entirely free. The man in the street, the kind of man you would see in an ordinary crowd, very likely goes about imagining THAT THE TSETSE FLY IS ABOUT THREE TIMES THE LENGTH OF A BLUE-BOTTLE FLY, WITH ITS WINGS SET UP AT RIGHT ANGLES TO THE GROUND, AND WITH ITS ABDOMEN WHOLLY EXPOSED. One can see him, I think, in the bar of a public-house laying down the law on this matter. He brings his fist down with a crash that makes the glasses tingle and gives the barmaid a regular turn.

"Believe me or believe me not," he says, "the abdomen of the tsetse fly is wholly exposed."

But with me it was not so. Nor did I really think THAT CROCODILES SHED TEARS, THAT EAGLES SOAR TO A GREAT HEIGHT IN ORDER TO ENJOY A VIEW OF THE SUN IN HIS UNCLOUDED BRILLIANCY, or that THE BRIGHT RED DISCOLORATION OF THE SEA AT TIMES NEAR TIERRA DEL FUEGO IS DUE TO SPAWN. Men have pointed at me as a scoffer, but I have not cared. My justification I felt was bound to come in the end. And now here it is.

Yet all the same I have a lurking respect for innocence. I would not shatter illusions too rapidly or too many at a time. The ignorant mass of the population should take Mr. ACKERMANN'S book in small doses, lest they find the universe broken in pieces about them and have no rock to which to cling. The effect on a sensitive and confiding mind of discovering on one and the same day that COCOA IS NOT MADE FROM COCOA-NUTS, and that A WIRE NET FIRE-SCREEN IS MORE EFFECTIVE IN SCREENING THE HEAT OF THE FIRE THAN A SHEET OF THE SAME METAL THE SAME THICKNESS AS THE WIRE OF THE WIRE-NET, might be disastrous, and lead to an entire loss of faith. Sooner than destroy any more day-dreams in this article I will present the reader with seven provocative questions about which error has arisen in vulgar minds. If he cannot answer them let him buy Mr. ACKERMANN'S book, and sip reverently at the fountain of truth.

(1) Is exercise unimportant for girls?

(2) Are gorillas savage?

(3) Does cutting off two or three inches of the proximal or stalk end of a cucumber and then rubbing the two portions together take away its bitterness?

(4) At the moment of death, especially by drowning, is every event of the person's past life recalled?

(5) Will salt water put out fire?

(6) Was the Quantitative Law of Refraction discovered by DESCARTES?

(7) Did DICK WHITTINGTON come to London with a domestic animal called a cat?

"Should A. L. Gracie play for Scotland against Wales, he will be making his fifth successive appearance against France."
Sporting Paper.

Perhaps one of our cross-word experts will oblige with a solution.



Parlourmaid (breaking in on heavy and protracted luncheon of new sportsmen). "PLEASE, SIR, KEEPER HAS SENT IN TO ASK IF THE GENTLEMEN ARE COMING OUT SOON, AS THE PHEASANTS WILL BE WANTING TO GO TO ROOST."

THE COVERS.

HERE'S "last time over"; stick on stem,
The boys come *rat-a-tat*;
'Tis "only cocks," and few of *them*,
And rabbits to be at;
Or, flushed beneath the holly,
That long-billed, melancholy
Sir Woodcock (with a volley),
Maybe; and that's for that.

Fling out the last shot's smoking shell,
Its frosty echoes ring;
It *has* been fun; I've loved it well;
'Tis now a pleasant thing
To stamp our feet and ponder
That, haply, here and yonder,
When next this way we wander
We'll be a-primrosing.

THE ELECTRIC LADY.

"YES," said Dr. Volt darkly, after a prolonged examination of Ann's right tonsil, "we have some things in the next room which will relieve that condition. Meanwhile we will give you a gargle;" and he sat down and glibly extemporised a gargle.

Ann looked more crossly than ever at me, who had brought her to Dr. Volt's; and we glanced at the mysterious green door with curiosity and trepidation. The continued references of the Doctor to the "things" he had in the next room had been increasingly disturbing throughout the interview.

"I can't bear it," Ann whispered, shuddering. "I shall slip away and die quietly of tonsilitis in the home."

"You will stay here," I said firmly.

Ann made a face at me; the Doctor scribbled off the last chapter of the gargle, and rose.

"And now," he said, beaming terribly, "we will go into the next room. Is there any pain?"

Ann looked wildly round. "There has been," she said. "There isn't now."

"Shall I come and hold your hand?" said I, using the expression in the figurative sense of "moral support."

"No," said Ann, following the Doctor.

"Oh," said I, and subsided, crushed again. Not half-an-hour before she had refused, as usual, my weekly offer of marriage.

But at the open door she recoiled a pace, catching her breath. She also turned and with her eyes dumbly appealed for aid. I followed.

"The next room" was evidently an electrical torture-chamber, full of switches and shining levers, and monstrous bulbs and gleaming white reflectors, and black curtains and terrible couches of a dental aspect—the sort of room in which one suspects the simplest chair of sinister designs.

It was clear, however, that Dr. Volt *liked* this room. He showed it off as other men show off their rock-gardens. "This," he said proudly, depressing an enormous switch, "is the new artificial daylight," and from four shining instruments there streamed four floods of brilliant daylight—tropical, presumably, for I have seen nothing to touch it in this country.

"And this," said the Doctor, "is the Wimshurst." A vast wheel began to go round and round in a huge glass-case. In the glass-case reposed a dish of bread-and-butter pudding. In front of the glass-case an electric spark a foot long leaped through space, flashing and crackling with a noise like a machine-gun.

The bread-and-butter pudding quivered with excitement.

"Lightning," said the Doctor comfortably.

"I don't think I like the Wimshurst," said Ann, withdrawing a pace or two.

"Quite," said I, withdrawing three.

"With this little apparatus," said the Doctor, turning off the lightning, "we will now correct the condition of the tonsils. Pray take a seat." And he handed Ann towards a highly uncomfortable torture-chair on a tiny platform immediately in front of the little apparatus.

I gasped. Ann was to be broken at the wheel, tied to the lightning, done to death with a Wimshurst.

"My throat feels ever so much better now, Doctor," said Ann doubtfully.

"Sit down," said he relentlessly. "There is no danger if you keep the feet still."

Ann sat down gingerly, keeping the feet very still, and, depressing the corners of the mouth, threw me a piteous glance.

Poor girl! she *should* have moral support. I advanced and held out my hand, for in time of pain and fear we know that there is nothing like the grip of a friend's hand.

Whether Ann would have welcomed the grip of a friend's hand I know not, for before that comforting clasp had even been attempted—to be exact, about three inches before—a thick and horrid spark shot out from Ann to me, something seemed to strike the two of us a violent and malicious blow, there were two sharp cries of apprehension and resentment, and I found myself gliding rapidly across the room.

Realising that I was still alive I turned in an agony, certain that I should see the charred remains of my intended scattered untidily over the platform.

Ann, however, was alive too, though, as I judged, the faintest bit annoyed.

"You mustn't touch her," said the Doctor mildly. "I ought to have warned you."

"I was only giving her moral support," I said feebly.

"Never," said Dr. Volt, "give moral support to a person undergoing electrical treatment. Observe." And, advancing his foot towards the edge of the platform, he received with evident satisfaction a terrific electric spark in the sole of his boot.

"Oo!" said Ann nervously.

"It 's all right," said the Doctor. "You won't feel this. But your friend here acted as an 'earth,' you see. He—"

"Do you mind not acting as an earth again, John?" said Ann severely. "It hurts."

"Very well," I said, "you perish alone;" and I sat down at a distance, first testing the sofa for electrical phenomena.

"*Now*," said the Doctor. "Pray raise the chin."

Ann raised the chin, the Doctor raised a magic wand and sprayed the throat with an electric current of a pale mauve colour. Occasionally he paused and gave himself a shock in the foot to demonstrate that all was well, remarking, "You won't feel this."

"I don't feel anything," said Ann bravely, "except about a million red-hot needles."

"Observe the hair, Mr. Tinkle," said the Doctor kindly.

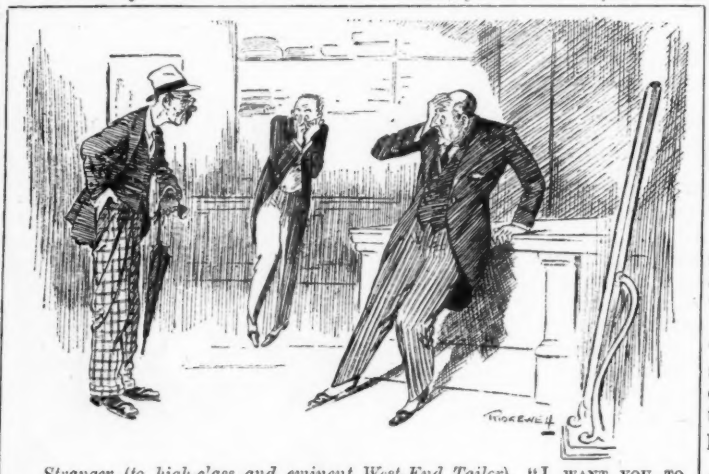
"I *am* observing it," I said cheerfully. "The hair 's standing on end, Ann."

And so it was. Ann's hair is bobbed and every hair of it stood bolt upright, like bits of wire or stubble-grass.

"Horrors!" she cried, and turned the head to look in the glass, receiving as a result an electric current of a pale mauve colour in the ear.

"Charming effect," I remarked.

"What a fright!" said Ann, jumping up. "Thank you, Doctor, my tonsils feel perfectly well now."



Stranger (to high-class and eminent West-End Tailor). "I WANT YOU TO MAKE ME A PAIR OF TROUSERS—LIKE THESE."



Mother. "I THOUGHT YOU WERE GOING TO KEEP YOUR SUGAR ELEPHANT TO SHOW MOLLY WHEN SHE CAME TO TEA?"
Dicky. "I WAS, MUMMY. BUT IT GOT SO DIRTY I ATE IT."

"One moment," said the healer, lowering the wand. "Observe, Mr. Tinkle." And with the expression of a child exhibiting its very best toy he handed me a short length of cotton.

"Release it," he said.

I released it. The cotton stiffened itself like a man about to dive and sped like an arrow through space on to Ann's cheek, where it nestled confidingly.

We gasped at this uncanny event, and Ann's eyelashes began to curl upwards.

"Negative and positive," murmured the Doctor delightedly. "Repelled by you, Mr. Tinkle, and attracted by her, you see."

"This often happens," I said sadly.

The Doctor produced more pieces of cotton and we played this little game for some time. When Ann released the pieces they sped back to us, and with graceful gestures we wafted them to her again—a kind of electrical lawn-tennis. For my part I enjoyed the game as much as the Doctor. Ann, however, looked crosser and crosser.

"She is charged, you see," said the scientist at length, "with negative electricity."

"This also is no new phenomenon," I said. "Is there any way, Doctor, by which you can charge her with *positive* electricity?"

"Delighted," said Volt, "if the lady has no objection."

"Charmed," said Ann coldly, "if it will make my hair lie down again."

The Doctor led her to a torture-couch, placed in her hands two gleaming handles and turned on every switch in the room. It was like the set-piece at the end of a firework show. The artificial daylight blazed in one corner, the Wimshurst sparked and crackled

in another. The Ultra-violet Ray fell fondly on Ann's feet. The bread-and-butter pudding quivered in an unearthly radiance. Meanwhile the Doctor held electric-light bulbs over Ann's head, and they were immediately lit with a purple light. He put one finger on her hand and it gave forth sparks. I put one finger on her ankle and burned a hole in her stocking. But she did not seem to care. A new and kindlier light was in her eyes. She positively smiled at me; though it is true her hair still stood on end. For the first time I began to believe in electro-therapy. Swiftly I knelt beside the couch and, under cover of the Wimshurst's din, made an offer of marriage. Ann said nothing, but I saw in her eyes that her answer was in the positive . . .

* * *

Back in the waiting-room her hair was gradually returning to the normal.

"You meant 'Yes,' didn't you?" I breathed excitedly.

"I'm not sure," said Ann, surveying herself in the glass.

In the glass we watched her rebellious hair sink slowly to her head like the folding wings of a bird. The last hair fluttered and was still.

Then "No," she said. "I'm afraid I didn't mean that, John. The word I had in mind was 'No,' John, as usual. The hair's quite flat again, you see," she concluded brightly.

"Yes," said I gloomily. "No change. I do hope there's been some alteration in the tonsils."

A. P. H.

"STRONG CHEESE UNDERTONE."
Market Report in Canadian Paper.

We understand that some of the samples fairly hummed.

"Wordsworth, who was a poet and a patriot, could find nothing better to say of the England of his day than:

'She is a fen
Of noxious vapours.'"

Mr. ROBERT LYND in "The Daily News."

Oh, but WORDSWORTH did. He wrote that England was "a fen of stagnant waters." These are much nicer than "noxious vapours."

A LETTER FROM GOG AND MAGOG TO JOHN O' LONDON.

SIR,—Although you have been writing to us every week for more years than we care to remember, and until the present moment we have never replied, you must not think us ungrateful; merely perplexed. We are not rude; merely perplexed; and our clumsy fingers, accustomed to the club, find the pen rather a ticklish implement. To you, of course, it comes natural, as we say, and we shall never cease to marvel at the way in which you push it about. But the chief reason why we have never answered any of your letters until now is, as we have already said, that we are dazed and bewildered. You, who know so much and are not only a ready-writer yourself but are trying to make ready-writers of all the world, apparently have never thought what it must mean to two poor old wooden giants mouldering in the Guildhall roof suddenly to become the recipients of so much mixed information, fired at them with such deadly punctuality. For ages no one took the slightest notice of us; we were left alone high up among the beams, now and then getting a glance from a gaping tourist, but otherwise with nothing to do but gather dust and wonder what is happening in this London of ours—for we are Gog o' London and Magog o' London even more perhaps than you are John o' London, although we always say "of" in full, as Londoners do. And so it came as no end of a surprise, if not a shock, when all of a sudden you began to take notice of us and write to us so persistently.

The more we haven't replied the more you have kept it up, week after week, week after week, and always about books. Why you think we are so deeply interested in books we can't imagine, or why you are for ever throwing Dr. JOHNSON at us—JOHNSON o' London, as I suppose you think of him. We don't want to appear discourteous after all your kindness, but there are thousands of things that would entertain us in our lonely isolation far more than the Sage of Fleet Street and split infinitives and all that junk. We would rather, for example, hear something about Fleet Street itself. How does it look? Does Temple Bar still hold up the traffic, as it used, or have steps been take to make everything move along smoothly and swiftly, with none of the old congestion? We suppose so, for London is obviously a more enlightened city than when we used to be taken round it in the Lord Mayor's procession. Let us see, when were we last the heroes of that annual pageant? In 1837; and the LORD MAYOR was so jealous of the attention that we attracted that we were banished to this Limbo. But of course London must now be perfectly organised and controlled in every department, or minds so vigorous and clear as yours would all be engaged in its betterment instead of eternally writing letters about books to old obsolete effigies like us.

Won't you drop literary gossip for a while, JOHN dear, and tell us about this London of ours? Tell us all the wonderful things that have been done to transform it into an earthly paradise. St. Paul's, of course, is the same solid beautiful structure that it always was. Nothing could shake that. But other changes there must be that we should like to hear about. Apparently the



THE LIBERAL SCHOOL OF ANATOMY.
(After REMBRANDT.)

[The report of the Liberal Reorganisation Society is to be laid before the National Committee of the Party on the 29th.]

The Body. "A VERY INTERESTING AUTOPSY."

From left to right: DR. MACNAMARA, SIR JOHN SIMON, SIR DONALD MACLEAN, MR. MCCURDY, MR. LLOYD GEORGE, CAPTAIN WEDGWOOD BENN, MR. MACPHERSON AND MR. ASQUITH.



SCENE—*Dentist's Waiting-room.*

MR. BIGHEART DECIDES TO LET HIS TURN PASS.

total abolition of fog, which used to be promised in our time, has been a little bit delayed—we get it up here in the roof now and then—but burglary has disappeared, of course, and no one is ever seen staggering along the streets. Theft and drunkenness were none too infrequent in our day, but cannot surely survive in a world apparently so given up to reading and writing.

People used to grumble about rates and taxes; we assume that those grievances are all over. Tell us about it. Tell us about the Thames and passenger traffic on it, which must be extraordinary by now. In short, tell us everything that could come home to the hearts and bosoms of two poor old wooden have-beens; but let up a little on authors, we implore you. Why, we can't speak to each other now without using a quotation.

There, that 's our first letter in answer to all the hundreds of yours; and we hope we haven't misplaced too many "onlys" or committed too many of the other faults which you have been so kind, you dear voluble fellow, as to warn us against.

Yours faithfully,
GOG and MAGOG
per E. V. L.

BACK TO METHUSELAH.

["Opposition journals in Italy have for some time been forbidden to comment on the internal situation. . . . One of them printed the first chapter of the Bible in the column usually occupied by the leading article."]

I READ of that fair land beyond the seas
(Not, like our Northern island, cold and misty)
How Fate and MUSSOLINI's Press Decrees
Uphold the power of the stern Fascisti,
And how a silent Opposition's menaces
Have given place to Chapter I. of *Genesis.*

And as I read there came a vision bright
Before my eyes; sweet dreams beguiled my slumbers,
Wherein the printed rolls of Carmelite
Were filled with verses of the *Book of Numbers*;
No more they lauded France or urged economy,
But gave instead excerpts from *Deuteronomy.*

The scene was changed. I looked again, and, calm
But joyous, like the sound of harp or tabor,
The Workers' Press—on every page a Psalm—
Upheld the pleasant dignity of Labour;
DAVID's laments were there, but not a particle
Of diatribe in any leading article.

No paper printed controversial views
Or to its public's prejudices pandered;
JOB's meditations graced *The Daily News*
And JONAH's figured in *The Evening Standard;*
And every other paper, once political,
Was rich in Hebrew lore and laws Levitical.

The vision fades; and now, whene'er I turn
To skim *The Daily Mirror's* worldly pages
Or scan *The Telegraph*, in vain I yearn
To find the wisdom of those ancient sages,
Or see *The Times* dilating in a column on
The feats of SAMSON or the wealth of SOLOMON.

From an article on the floods:—

"The sight was one to be remembered, and the words of Longfellow's 'Ancient Mariner.' 'Water, water, everywhere,' readily came to mind."—*Riverside Paper.*

Curiously enough it made an Irish friend of ours think of COLERIDGE's "Higher Wather."

AT THE PLAY.

"GROUNDS FOR DIVORCE" (ST. JAMES'S).

ONE would have said beforehand that Mr. OWEN NARES was not congenitally designed for the part of a woman's divorce lawyer in a Parisian farce. But *Maurice Sorbier*—in his English dress—was so innocent of local colour and so little tainted (apparently) by the palpitating experiences of which he was the popular depository, that the character did not seem so very incompatible with Mr. NARES' native aspect of guilelessness. *Denise* his wife, too, though she affected (as Miss MADGE TITHERADGE knows so well how to affect) an air of being *capable de tout*, committed no actual indiscretion to support it. Indeed the whole thing was as unlike a divorce-play as you could wish: no bedroom scenes; no compromising situations; no visible hint of intrigue. Only one divorce occurred in the course of the evening, and the grounds for that were merely temperamental; while the second divorce-action which *Denise* seemed to be contemplating had even less to do with infidelity, for the very good reason that her second husband only existed as a figure of creative art. Also, apart from the discharge of a bottle of red ink, everything of an exciting nature either took place off the scene or was just the product of a fertile imagination.

The First Act, which moved rather stickily, offered the ancient theme of a husband who is absorbed in his work to the neglect of an adoring wife. As usual he has forgotten that it is the anniversary of their wedding-day. A theatre-party which she has arranged is spoilt by his delays (always "only five minutes more"). He is occupied with one of his interesting female clients who is seeking divorce on the ground of neglect. When, under pressure, he is dragged away from her, it is only to recite to his wife and guests the tale of her wrongs (which creates additional delay), and then to return for the purpose of hearing some details of an intimate nature. Eventually the wife, exasperated by his interest in the injured lady (whom he now proposes to accompany to her home for further evidence), flings a pot of black ink at her husband (OFF), which, after damaging his evening shirt in its flight, makes a nasty splash on the wall. She then disappears into the void and divorces him in the ensuing interval.



Ex-husband (to lover). "HANDS OFF MY EX-WIFE!"
Maurice Sorbier . . . . MR. OWEN NARES.
Marchese Longoni . . . . MR. DINO GALVANI.
Denise Sorbier . . . . . MISS MADGE TITHERADGE.



Marianne Regnault (Miss JANE WOOD) to Felix Roget (Mr. LAWRENCE GROSSMITH), who is warning her off the inkstand. "WELL, IF YOU WON'T LET ME THROW BLACK INK ABOUT, I SHALL THROW RED."

In the excellent Second Act, which made fair amends for the slowness of the First and consoled us, in retrospect, for the comparative thinness of the Third, *Maurice Sorbier*, a year or so after his divorce, is in train to marry one of his former clients, *Marianne Regnault*. The not-very-happy pair—for he cherishes the memory of his first love and has had the ink-stain on the wall preserved and framed—are about to set out to the *mairie* to be united, when the old wife turns up. She has come to consult him, in his professional capacity, about getting a divorce from her second husband, an Italian Count, from whom she has just flown away under conduct of a dashing Marchese, having selected the latter for her third husband.

Follows a very precise repetition of the situation in the First Act. It is *Denise* who is now the interesting client; and it is *Sorbier's* new bride who has to paw the ground in an adjoining room, while he listens to details of an intimate nature. Exasperated in her turn by his delays (again "only five minutes more"), and his marked interest in his client's case, she comes into his consulting-room and flings a pot of ink (*red* this time) at the wall. And so disappears into the void.

The symmetry, frankly absurd, of the two ink-stains gave a final touch to the author's scheme of irony, with its parallels so naïve and obvious that they could hardly escape the meanest intelligence.

Though *Denise* is apparently not concerned about *Sorbier's* second marriage and speaks lightly (and rather loosely) of the honeymoon tickets that are to "waft you and she (*sic*) away," I need not tell you that in the end she is restored to the arms of her first and only husband. For the Italian Count was a figment of her inventive brain; and the *Marchese*, though actual, was only a



Fruit Hawker. "LUMME, OLD GEORGE AIN'T 'ARF TRYIN' TO LOOK THE GENTLEMAN SINCE 'E CAME INTO THAT BIT O' MONEY."
Friend. "HUH! IT'S MY OPINION YER COULDN'T MAKE A GENTLEMAN OF *'IM*—NOT IF YER WAS TO COVER 'IM WIV DIAMONDS."

knight-errant who had undertaken to escort this damsel in distress to Paris when she got news (not divulged to her gallant) that her ex-husband was to be married within a few hours. True, the intrepid aviator had fallen furiously in love with her at sight, but he took his dismissal with dignity, bowing, as a Marchese should, to the obligations of *noblesse*. Mr. DINO GALVANI made an attractive figure of this impetuous *amoroso*.

Mr. OWEN NARES, though, as I hinted, he would not have been my selection for the part of a divorce-lawyer in a Parisian environment, and looked more like a lay confessor, played as well as his personality admitted and with a nice attention to detail. Miss MADGE TITHERADGE was, of course, in the very middle of her element. Mr. LAWRENCE GROSSMITH, who had many happy things to say and do, was easy and natural in a general roving part, with the suitable name of *Felix*. As *Marianne*, Miss JANE WOOD shone best in her moment of fury, and carried off the ink-pot episode with *éclat*. Mr. LAWRENCE HANRAY gave character to his sketch of *Labelle*, whose faithful heart was divided between a clerkly sense of duty to his master and a very human loyalty to his master's wife. He blended poetry with prose and should have done well at *vers libre*.

I cannot say how much licence the author of the original farce (in what the programme calls "the Hungarian") allowed himself, but, whatever bowdlerising had to be done, Mr. GUY BOLTON did it discreetly, leaving no apparent gaps. I hope that nothing I have said as to the innocuous quality of the play—for a divorce-play—will deter anyone from going to see it. If you can face the congested arrangement of the stalls at the St. James's, you will find the Second Act well worth your while. O. S.

BRIGHTER SUBURBIA.

[With due apologies to Professor THOMPSON SETON, who has recently advocated the stocking of Epping Forest with bears.]

WHEN London counts a verdant zone
Among her choicest treasures,
She 'll ruin it, if left alone,
With noisy vulgar pleasures.

The hobby-horse will feel the lash
In every smiling valley,
And wood-nymphs tremble at the crash
Of stricken Aunts named Sally.

This threatened danger at our doors
Demands a prompt corrective;
A picked supply of carnivores
Should be the most effective.

A panther in the Vale of Health
Would prove more keen and cheaper,
As guardian of our sylvan wealth,
Than any legginged keeper.

The Cymric Harp would be a treat
For crocodiles from Niger,
And Shooter's Hill the proper beat
For any sporting tiger.

A wolf or two in Richmond Park
Would please the other creatures,
And time would make the jackal's bark
One of its special features.

Since such custodians would prevent
Mankind from overstepping
The bounds of decent merriment,
Why stop at bears in Epping?

So may some future transferee
Indite from Mappin Terrace
A motto for the L.C.C.,
Viz.: *Sinit esse feras.*

"SHOULD POLICEMEN STRIKE?"
Headline in Weekly Paper.

A trunchant question.

"Science is swiftly approaching success in making it possible for two men anywhere on earth to hear each other's faces while they talk."—*Manchester Paper.*

All we can say is that it will add another terror to conversation.

THE NEW NOBILITY.

(By a Student of Nomenclature.)

REPORTS of the sittings of the Food Commission reveal a strange inconsistency in the description of some of the witnesses. I note that one of the most important is spoken of as a "reticent Meat Lord" and, alternatively, as a "Meat King." It will, I think, be generally admitted that the time has come for regularizing these non-hereditary titles, which are now common to all countries, no matter what their constitution may be. There are more Kings in the United States than in any other part of the world. It may also be pointed out that titles are not in any way irreconcilable with the profession of Labour views, recent adhesions conclusively showing that Labour is rapidly becoming the fashionable Party.

Regularization, however, is imperatively necessary. The present system, or lack of system, leads to chaos. But caution is needed. We should proceed gradually. The true basis of reform is that of euphonic alliteration, coupled with the proviso that in the allocation of titles there should be no rigid adherence to precedence. It would, I feel certain, be a great mistake to interfere with the association of certain trades and industries with the honorific designations at present attached to their leading representatives. Sausages and Oil should still be allowed to keep their Kings, mines and banks their Magnates.

But, for the rest, euphony and alliteration are our safest guides. Proceeding alphabetically, I would therefore venture to submit the following provisional list:—

Butter and Beef: Barons, or Begums.
Drugs: Dukes.
Eggs: Earls.
Milk: Marquises.
Pork, Poultry and Pigs: Princes. The pioneers of the Large Black Pig Society might fairly be entitled to be called Black Princes.
Vegetables: Viscounts, or Voivodes.

Inasmuch as the number of titles available is smaller than that of the trades to which they should be attached, I think it would be well to revive some of the ancient but honourable names which have fallen into desuetude. The value of this extension can best be illustrated by a few concrete examples. "The Sugar Satrap" would be a happy recognition of the services of those benefactors who, whether by the cultivation of the cane or the beet or by synthetic processes, conduce to the sweetening of life. So, again, I think that "The Tea Tetrarch" would be a felicitous acknowledgment of those eminent men who devote their energies to the refreshment of mankind with "China's fragrant herb" or the more popular varieties furnished by India or Ceylon. There are also many mellifluous foreign titles which might be profitably acclimatized; Hospodars for hatters and hosiers; Lamas for linen-drapers or lard merchants; Mandarins for motor-manufacturers; Nabobs for nursery-gardeners.

To sum up, we cannot get on without titles. But at least let us see to it that they are bestowed with a due regard to melody as well as to merit.

PLACES-AS-THEY-OUGHT-TO-BE.

VII.—HINTON ADMIRAL.

WHERE the breakers toss their spray
To the blue-and-golden day
And big white clouds on broad blue skies go sailing proud and free;
Where the brisk sea-breezes blow
And the green waves churn below—
There stands Hinton Admiral, a-looking out to sea.

There pigtailed sailors stroll
With a swaggering deep-sea roll
In shiny hats and stripy shirts, with strange old sailor-talk;
And the officers will pace
In cocked hats and golden lace,
And their swords go jingle-jangle on the cobbles as they walk.

Tarry men in tarry clothes
Talk with rolling deep-sea oaths
Of coasts and tides and shallows and the deeds of MORGAN'S crew;
You can smell the landward breeze
Or the scent of ebbing seas
As they talk of NELSON'S sailors and the things they used to do.

And when, as shadows fall,
You hear the seabirds call
And their plaintive crying mingles with the breaking of the sea,
They will tell with bated breath
Of strong seamen done to death
And how their souls still haunt the land where they so longed to be.

The atlases will show
That I'm all at fault, I know;
They'll declare that Hinton Admiral is not upon the sea;
But for them I do not care,
For, although I've not been there,
This is Hinton Admiral the way it ought to be.

The Ruling Passion.

From the evidence of the complainant in a running-down case:—

"I was walking from Cambridge and had reached a position I describe as being between 400 and 500 yards from the cross-words."
Local Paper.

SUDDEN FAME.

WE have all heard of the understudy who rose to fame and nerve tonic testimonials through the indisposition of the leading lady; of the chorus girl who fought her way with bare legs and an expansive smile to the centre of the spotlight; but even their meteoric successes seem trivial when compared with the manner in which the performance of Erasmus Littlewood became the topic of all England.

Erasmus had no Press agents to boom him, no forceful personality of his own to assist him, yet in one brief quarter-of-an-hour he captivated a million hearts.

His fame was short-lived, I admit, but it is safe to say that his short career as a public entertainer brought more laughs than a popular revue.

His audience realised, as they listened attentively to a perfect and sustained exposition of one of the little foibles of the human race, that Erasmus was a brilliant exponent of his craft; it gratified them too to know that he himself was not conscious of the sensation he was causing.

No one who heard him could resist the humour of his short turn or was left unmoved by the thrill of expectation as he gradually moved to his triumphant climax.

Erasmus's audience, as in paroxysms of laughter they discussed his achievement, wondered as to the identity of the new humourist; but this they never discovered. Only once or twice in history has so great and sudden a fame been associated with anonymity.

Had Erasmus been conscious of the fact that he had set all England laughing he probably would have lost his head, but he was totally unaware that he had risen from the situation of a negligible unit in an insurance office to become, if only for the moment, a very king among jesters.

For, you see, he was the man who snored so loudly when the service at St. Calfont's was being broadcast.

From the report of a meeting:—

". . . there was a man with a beard whose name I did not catch."—*Evening Paper.*

We are strongly of opinion that it was a word of six letters beginning with "b" and ending in "r."

"Referring to Gregory's fielding in the slips, Lord Harris added:—'This great cricketer has the most extraordinarily prehensible left hand of any player I have ever known.'"
Australian Paper.

We think his lordship has been misquoted. As a patriotic English cricketer he must regard GREGORY'S sinister adroitness as "reprehensible."

MANNERS AND MODES.

A STUDY IN SKI-ING COSTUMES.



FROM THE ABSOLUTE NOVICES—



THROUGH THE THIRD-CLASS—



AND SECOND-CLASS PERFORMERS—



TO THE FINISHED ARTICLE.



Huntsman (struggling through the mud). "'AVE YOU SEEN ANYTHING OF THAT LAD WITH MY SECOND HORSE?"
Whip. "SAW 'IM STANDIN' IN THIS RIDE NOT FIVE MINUTES AGO."
Huntsman. "STANDIN' STILL, WAS 'E?"
Whip. "YES."
Huntsman. "MUST 'AVE SUNK."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

MANY queerly-assorted marriages were brought about by the War, and one of these, its antecedents and consequences, is described by Mrs. HENRY DUDENEY in *The Next Move* (COLLINS). On the face of it, the union is all that is suitable and straightforward. *Gillian Penfold* is the heiress of a small estate on the Sussex coast. *Charles Lee-Gorringe*, through the fortune of war, inherits an adjacent property. When the hurly-burly 's done *Charles* comes back to England and marries *Gillian*. So far so good—a mere Society paragraph writ large. Yes, but why does *Gillian* receive a pair of antique ear-rings from Milan long before *Charles* (to whom she is supposed to be quite unknown) has left Italy? Why does she desire and yet dread his return? Why is she apprehensive, above all, of meeting him "in evening dress"? And why does *Charles*, whose whole nature and training demand a modish wife, marry a woman who unites country-built tweeds to home-trimmed hats? Well, the root of the riddle is divulged in Mrs. DUDENEY'S first four chapters, which it would be unfair to anticipate. After the wedding the couple leave Sussex for London; and here his wife's lack of social finesse shatters *Charles's* plans for a diplomatic career. He returns to the land and devotes himself to pigs and the petty sessions. Then a congenial temptress turns up; he succumbs, and *Gillian* divorces him. The guilty pair marry and go off to an accommodating colony; while *Gillian* (and here, I think, occurs the most discerning part of a somewhat conventional book) is made to feel that the *rôle* of a merciless wife is even more socially unforgivable than that of a sinful husband. The final tableau is of course a happy one; though personally I did not much relish the tone of the ecclesiastic responsible for its grouping. There is, however, a dowager in Mrs. DUDENEY'S best vein, whose shrewder tongue (employed intermittently on the side of the angels) more than makes amends for the roughshod jocularity of *Father Wood*.

It is only a little while since I had the pleasure of noticing a slender book called *Cambridge Cameos*, by Sir ARTHUR EVERETT SHIPLEY, Master of Christ's College, Cambridge, in which he discoursed pleasantly and with a certain scholarly distinction on a number of subjects more or less connected with his college and university. Zoology and architecture were perhaps Sir ARTHUR'S two strongest suits then. In the book before me now, *Islands, West Indian—Ægean* (HOPKINSON), he is chiefly concerned with agriculture, and especially with the Imperial College of Tropical Agriculture, Trinidad. Being chairman of the governing body of that excellent institution he was called upon last Christmas to go out to the West Indies, lay the foundation stone of the new buildings and generally do his best to give the college a good send-off: I notice he includes in his

address on "Tropical Agriculture," delivered at Georgetown, Demerara, an appeal for its funds. From the West Indies he sailed almost direct to the Ægean Sea, a guest in Mr. PIERPONT MORGAN'S yacht, the *Corsair*. His little book of notes by the way, illustrated by numerous photographs, is full of interesting information lightened by touches of academic humour. There is not much obvious connection perhaps, between Cos and Costa Rica; but the author is a good companion.

A lovely cottage wherein exist
A quaint, old, curious naturalist,
His daughter, pretty and young and sweet,
And an elderly dame who cooks their meat.

Suddenly into this blissful scene
Enters, toppled from his machine,
A cyclist, stunned by a fall on his head,
And they carry him up to the best spare bed.

They cure him (chiefly the girl's to thank),
Except that his mind's an absolute blank;
No clue is found to his class or name,
Where he was going or whence he came.

The girl and the man, while nature sings,
Catch and catalogue moths and things.
The father takes to him (I did, too;
I took to the lot of them. So would you).

Then comes Cupid, who lands his darts
Plump into two receptive hearts,
Blind, in his keenness on doing the trick,
To whether the man is a Benedick.

Thus, with its end a mild surprise,
Is the story *It Might have been Otherwise*.
I like its leisurely pleasant vein.
Mrs. FRED REYNOLDS relates it (LANE).

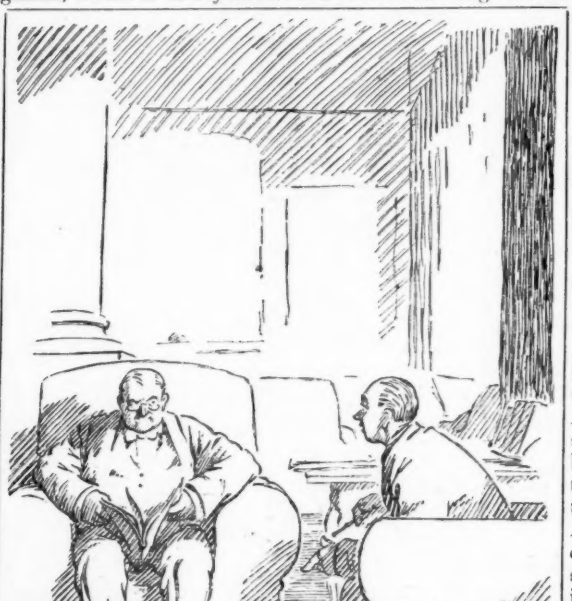


DURING A THAW.

Sir Isaac Newton. "THE APPLE WAS QUITE SUFFICIENT TO GIVE ME THE IDEA. ALL THIS SEEMS SUPERFLUOUS."

Every Commander-in-chief at sea (if not on land) must henceforth set his forces in battle array burdened by the depressing foreknowledge that, whether he win, lose or tie, his achievement will be the subject of voluminous, and perhaps ignorant, criticism for generations or even centuries. Peace is often more terrible to an admiral than war. The highest authorities are still divided concerning exactly what the late Lord NELSON did at Trafalgar. Similarly, ever since June 1st, 1916, the tactics of Sir JOHN (now Earl) JELLICOE at the battle of Jutland have been, and to all appearance will continue to be, debated by critics both professional and amateur. Among eminent professional authorities is Admiral Sir REGINALD BACON, who, in *The Scandal of Jutland* (HUTCHINSON), presents the latest phase of the controversy. The book contains the clearest short account of the engagement hitherto written. Especially illuminating is the description of the immense difference between the conditions under which Trafalgar was fought and the conditions under which a modern Fleet goes into action. And particularly valuable is the explanation, easily comprehensible by the layman, of the elementary movements and simple manœuvres practised by a steam Navy. Indeed, apart from the knowledge thus obtained, no layman can really understand what happened at Jutland, or why. Equipped with it, the reader is enabled to follow with eager interest the Admiral's lucid history of the battle. He states that his purpose is to enlighten the public concerning facts which have been misrepresented; and the "scandal" with which he deals consists in certain reflections cast upon the conduct of the Commander-in-Chief. He is perfectly justified in resenting them; but it is a pity that he did not do so without assailing the reputation of another most distinguished Naval officer.

To discover that there are four new CONRAD stories still to read, and that at least three of them are of admirable quality, is the joy in store for the buyer or borrower of *Tales of Hearsay* (T. FISHER UNWIN). Personally I should advise the more permanent mode of acquisition, for three-quarters of the book you will want to re-read for its own sake, the remaining quarter for the light it sheds on CONRAD, and the preface, by Mr. R. B. CUNNINGHAME GRAHAM, on both scores. The title of the book was vaguely designed by its author for some future volume; but it admirably covers this one. For "The Warrior's Soul" (1917), "The Tale" (1917), "Prince Roman" (1911) and "The Black Mate" (1884) have a common air of oral tradition "dressed up and vivified" by genius, which is to my mind the ideal genesis of a short story. Of course, not CONRAD but Mr. W. W. JACOBS ought to have got hold of the burlesque theme of "The Black Mate." "Comedy," says the *raconteur* of "The Tale"—a grim mid-war episode of the North Sea—"is but a matter of the visual angle;" but it is an angle which the CONRAD of "The Black Mate," compact and racy as his yarn is, evidently felt it uncongenial to maintain. "The Warrior's Soul" and "Prince Roman," on the other hand, suffer from awkward involutions of episode and twists of speech; but they are told with intimacy and passion. "The Warrior's Soul" deals with the retreat from Moscow, when the Russian *Tomassov*, of the innocent eyes and "lover's lips," meets the French officer who helped him to escape from Paris, and reacts under atrocious circumstances to the memory of his debt. "Prince Roman" would be distinguished in any case as the only story in which CONRAD spoke his heart out about Poland. But the portrait of its patriot-hero, seen through a small boy's puzzled eyes and eked out by legend, is, apart from political implications, one of the most august and moving pieces in the great novelist's gallery.



"I SAY—AN AWFULLY FUNNY THING HAPPENED TO ME JUST AS I WAS ON MY WAY HERE FIVE MINUTES AGO—STOP ME IF YOU 'VE HEARD IT BEFORE, WON'T YOU?"

It not infrequently happens that the photographs in a book of travels form the best part of a volume, but, since Major A. RADCLYFFE DUGMORE went to the Upper Nile expressly for the purpose of capturing moving portraits of beautiful wild animals, he himself probably attaches less importance to the text of *The Vast Sudan* (ARROWSMITH) than to the many quite charming camera pictures accompanying it. In regard to his own journeyings, and particularly his adventures when hunting big game near the equator with no weapon more deadly than half a hundredweight of cinematograph apparatus, one feels that he really hardly says enough to do justice to his theme. To keep on turning the film-machine handle up to the last second in the face of a charging elephant or rhino might be regarded as a very desperate affair, but he only says enough about it to make us want more—and more blood-curdling—details; while even the experience of waiting, practically motionless, for twelve hours at a stretch, for the game to come near, deserves something more than a casual reference to heat and flies. When he turns to more general subjects, though he may not have in supreme degree the knack of transporting us with a phrase to lands remote, yet in his re-statement of the history and characteristics of this country of a million square miles he is doing work that is particularly valuable at the moment. That the Sudan neither is nor ever was organically connected with Egypt, has had from her nothing but distresses, and desires nothing less than to be taken from the guardianship of Great Britain, are matters in regard to which Major DUGMORE makes it clear that he is in no doubt at all.

When the scene of a story is laid in or about the New Hebrides I look for wonderful things to happen; and *Pearls of Desire* (HEINEMANN) has fulfilled my highest expectations. The opening of Mr. AUSTIN SMALL'S romance is most attractive. A peculiarly disgusting bully called *Klingmann* was gloating over the thrashing that he was about to inflict upon a native when *Peter Langard*, who described himself as a "trouble hunter," butted in. After telling him that his body was a "peripatetic goitre of adipose tissue," *Langard* proceeded to carry out the thrashing on the person of *Klingmann*. A pleasing incident, but it led to trouble. *Langard* and his friend *Cardinal* got upon the track of precious pearls and forthwith embarked upon a treasure-hunt, in which *Klingmann* (thirsting for revenge and loot) played an active and unscrupulous part. Tremendous events on land and sea follow, until at long last *Langard* finds the girl of his heart and the pearls with which to bedeck her.

Virginia's Husband (NASH AND GRAYSON) was not really her husband at all, for she had none, but a pleasant young gentleman, one *William Hemingway*, whom she obtained, by advertising in *The Times*, to play the part during the visit of a wealthy aunt. The aunt had wished *Virginia* to live with her in Spain, and *Virginia*, a leading light in a violently feminist organisation, had alleged marriage as an excuse for refusing. Mrs. FLORENCE A. KILPATRICK evidently meant to make a rollicking farce of the whole affair, but *William* and *Virginia* were too much for her. Only the hardest-hearted could have written a farce round people so lovable, and Mrs. KILPATRICK'S heart is evidently not of that type. The result is an almost sentimental story, speckled with situations which belong to its original conception; and the effect is really rather jolly.

CHARIVARIA.

A propos of the trouble at Drury Lane and the difficulty of finding a suitable spectacular drama to fill the theatre, have the directors ever thought of holding a meeting nightly on the stage?

* * *

The rumour that a man has found an infallible system of playing at Monte Carlo and comes away every year with money is now explained. He plays the saxophone.

* * *

Costa Rica has given two years' notice of her intention to leave the League of Nations. It is believed that they have arranged to join a Bridge Club instead.

* * *

The London County Council has decided not to use the word "London" as the motto on their coat-of-arms. The idea, we fancy, is that they wish to keep the place a secret.

* * *

If they are still leaving open the question of adopting a motto for London, why not "*Omnibus vincit omnia*"?

* * *

U.S.A. tourists spent twenty-eight million pounds in Canada last year. But from this, of course, must be deducted the deposit on the bottles.

* * *

The Shoreditch magistrate was last week asked by a lodger how many times his (the lodger's) wife had to be struck with a poker by the landlady before she was justified in retaliating. Our own view is that it is all a matter of taste.

* * *

It is announced by prophets at Libau that the end of the world will come on February 6th at nine o'clock at night. We are asked to recommend the public to do its shopping early that night.

* * *

"I have authority for saying that the world will not end as announced on February 6th," says a gossip-writer in a contemporary. We await confirmation of this by Carmelite House.

* * *

A correspondent writes to a weekly paper complaining of the edge that the laundry puts on his collars. He should strop them before using them on a tender skin.

* * *

It is announced that a non-stop gramophone has been invented. We wish the inventor a speedy recovery.

A contemporary states that dancers need plenty of brain-power. Partly, no doubt, in order to remember the different names they keep giving to the same old dance.

* * *

We read of a British farmer who said he had nothing to grumble about. We are not surprised to hear that this breach of professional etiquette is being brought to the notice of the National Farmers' Union.

* * *

An African snake is said to break the eggs it eats when they are already half-way down its throat. Snakes have more faith than we have.

* * *

Little aeroplanes with folding wings are shortly to be put on the market. We are buying a bigger umbrella.

* * *

London omnibus-drivers now have a football-team of their own. We understand that they propose to call themselves the All Blocks.

* * *

Chinese train-drivers have struck for the first time in history. We understand that they are forwarding the honorary title of "Ah Sin" to Mr. COOK.

* * *

Seamen at Melbourne claimed overtime recently for saluting a battleship. We wonder if they sing "The Red Flag" in their own time.

* * *

Sir ARTHUR KEITH says that man's brain is becoming smaller as the centuries give him fewer problems to tackle. Hatters, however, are not going to stock any at six-and-a-half until the crossword craze has subsided.

* * *

"Let's have more jazz," says Miss PEGGY O'NEIL. Certainly. Let's use it all up.

* * *

In an Assize Court recently a woman was ordered by the Judge to stop knitting. As his lordship might have said, "This is a Court of Law—not a Telephone Exchange."

* * *

Eight days after her marriage an American cinema-star told her husband to go away. She should have had a good look at him before she married, as mistakes cannot be rectified after leaving the counter.



GETTING THE LAST OUNCE OUT OF HER.

Things that might have been Expressed More Happily.

"Mrs. —— is again the honorary conductor, and so long as this popular and talented lady 'holds the reins' of the Choral Society, there need be no fear of success, either of the Society or any concert that may be contemplated."—*Lincolnshire Paper.*

"Six men were unable to serve on the jury at the Anglesey Assizes because nine of them knew sufficient English to follow the case."
Provincial Paper.

We do not doubt the soundness of this as a point of law, but is it common sense?

"They are not 'dances' but plastic poems, all speaking a language of sensitiveness which the sole alone can understand and appreciate."
Malta Paper.

It would be the toe of course that gave expression to the spectators' feelings.

"A woman's face is usually more beautiful when regarded from the left."—*Weekly Paper.*

A man's, on the other hand, often appears more pleasing when viewed from behind.

"Cowman Wanted, 20-30; also daughter as General: good strong girl preferred, 16-30."
Agricultural Paper.

They marry very early in the rural districts.

"It was perhaps the barest inn I had ever chanced upon. I had the parlour all to myself, and sat for a long while munching at the plain deal table."—*Provincial Paper.*

Anyhow, he seems to have got a square meal.

NECTAR.

WHEN things on Olympus went from bad to worse, the High Gods went too. Down into the world they went to make their livelihoods; to make them out of us mortals. They have coarsened in the making of them and in the rubbing of shoulders with the likes of us. Aphrodite, for instance. Aphrodite, a trifle overblown, is a beauty specialist. I must tell you about her some day. Zeus owns a newspaper and is overbearing with his editors. Hermes, the patron of thieves, has fallen low indeed. He is a fashionable young financier. He is extremely conceited. But at the same time he is, very nearly, as clever as he thinks he is.

Of course it isn't everybody who recognises these people for the celebrities they are. They themselves scarcely mention it. In fact for the most part, I sometimes think, they hardly recollect an Olympian existence at all. But, if you *do* happen to spot them and can get them remembering, they can be most entertaining.

But it is Bacchus of whom I would treat; Bacchus middle-aged, Bacchus florid and of much good fellowship; Bacchus handsome and, I fear, a trifle over-dressed and over-ringed; Bacchus (by the way he is now Dion O'Backus, Esq., of O'Backus and Co., London, Glasgow and Oporto) with the slightest tinge of County Cork to his tongue. 'Tis the only thing "corked" about him, though. He is, I believe, accounted the best judge of port in the trade. On the whole I like him very much better than I do Monty Herman, lately Hermes. He is hospitable. I meet him in Leadenhall Street occasionally. The last morning we met he linked his arm in mine and carried me, a not unwilling Persephone, to a nether world. His firm's wine vaults, in fact. A kingdom dim and cobwebby; Pluto's you might well say rather than that of him whom the curled Antony under-studied. But, though no lightsome reed of Faunus haunts there, the pipes abound; and in the looming lanes of them, in barrel, hogshead and butt, lurks the very soul of the grape.

"A taste of Madeira, now?" insinuated the voice that once on a sea-blue morning had consoled Ariadne. And Madeira it was. A dock-glass of a great and golden wine. It trickled from the pipe; it crawled up the glass, surely the very essence of the sun. And, as I sipped, KEATS's nightingales sang to me. But, when I thought to flatter by murmuring "Nectar," I regretted the *bêtise*. I was ashamed of it; it showed ignorance. It was like not knowing how to pronounce Cholmondeley. Mr. O'Backus, for I must surely call him by the name he wishes the world to know him by, forthwith put me wise on nectar.

"'Tis the endless rot that's talked about it," said he. "The stuff they served you on Olympus, that was the poor stuff. I'd not be drinking it. Maybe now the Nymphs and such would drink it to dance on, would they not?

"*But*," continued he, caressing the two great tawny cellar cats that pushed upon him, sleek and purring obsequiously—"but there *is* now a spiritooal nectar which everyone who is worthy of recognising it may drink, at least the one time in life. 'Tis of the vintage of Happy Circumstance, if you'll understand me. Circumstance that can spoil the best for us too. It may come to you out of any bottle. You may be finding it in a *vin ordinaire* that's no better than vinegar, or, it might be, it had been in a bottle of that Widow of 1899 (and he kissed his hand with a gesture to a noble memory), of which there was still a little left to delight us ten years ago. But there are conditions attaching," he continued; "the bottle must be shared with one other. It must be drunk in friendship, happiness, peace and the promise of peace. And it must be drunk after sundown. By lamplight now; at dinner, in fact. Lunch," decreed Dion O'Backus—"lunch is no hour at all for wine.

"*And* you'll have probably tasted it ere your eighth lustre," he went on to tell me, "if it is to taste it you are. After that 'tis the less easy met with. I wonder now have *you* met it?"

I smiled in a manner I meant to be enigmatic and non-committal. But I fancied I had. For what about that three-shilling burgundy ordered with the half-crown *table d'hôte* of a little restaurant off Oxford Street on a certain rainy October evening of some years back? Rain and wind. When the doors opened you could see the wet umbrellas passing by with the gold of the lamps on them.

I wondered would my guest remember it too, if 'twas the true nectar to the both of us?

From the report of a lecture by Sir ARTHUR KEITH on "Fossil Men:"—

"The remains known as 'The Solutre Man' were next dealt with. These were found in the Rhone Valley, and were from 15,000 to 20,000 years old . . . This discovery showed that the round-headed man had come into Europe much earlier than had been anticipated."—*Evening Paper*.

It is a pity that, while he was about it, Sir ARTHUR did not give us some details concerning the still older (and most intelligent) man who did the anticipating.

LADY CLARA VERE DE VERE.

A PALINODE.

Lady Clara Vere de Vere,
It fills my heart with anguish sore
To think how sadly I misread
Your namesake in the days of yore;
For such a girl to wed a churl
Had been disastrously unwise,
And I consider my escape
A genuine blessing in disguise.

She had no choice, she had no chance,
No freedom to express herself,
Retiring in her early prime
On to the sofa or the shelf;
You, fully freed from code and creed,
Have banished from the social sphere
The dull decorum and repose
That stamped the caste of Vere de Vere.

No more, in proud seclusion mewed,
You loiter in ancestral parks,
But mingle with the multitude
And study FREUD and WELLS and MARX;
You ride astride; purged of your pride,
Of your impatient deep disdain,
You lend your aid to hasten on
The imminent Saturnian reign.

No longer, waited on by serfs,
You breathe an enervating air;
No more you petrify and slay
Your suitors with a stony stare;
Far from your towers and blissful bowers,
In Golders Green or Westbourne Grove
You rent a modest maisonette
And do your cooking at a stove.

No more in our enlightened time
The proletariate views with scorn
The scions of an ancient race
For centuries in purple born;
The I.L.P. has come to see
And welcome, swimming with the flood,
Kind hearts combined with coronets
And Socialists of Norman blood.

P.S.—The matter to round off
Just as I wished it, I have read
An entry in my morning's *Post*
Among the names of those who wed:
"Jan. 24," it runs, "before
The Registrar at Haslemere,
Giles Jacob Laurence, dairyman,
To Lady Clara Vere de Vere."

We have received the following letter:—

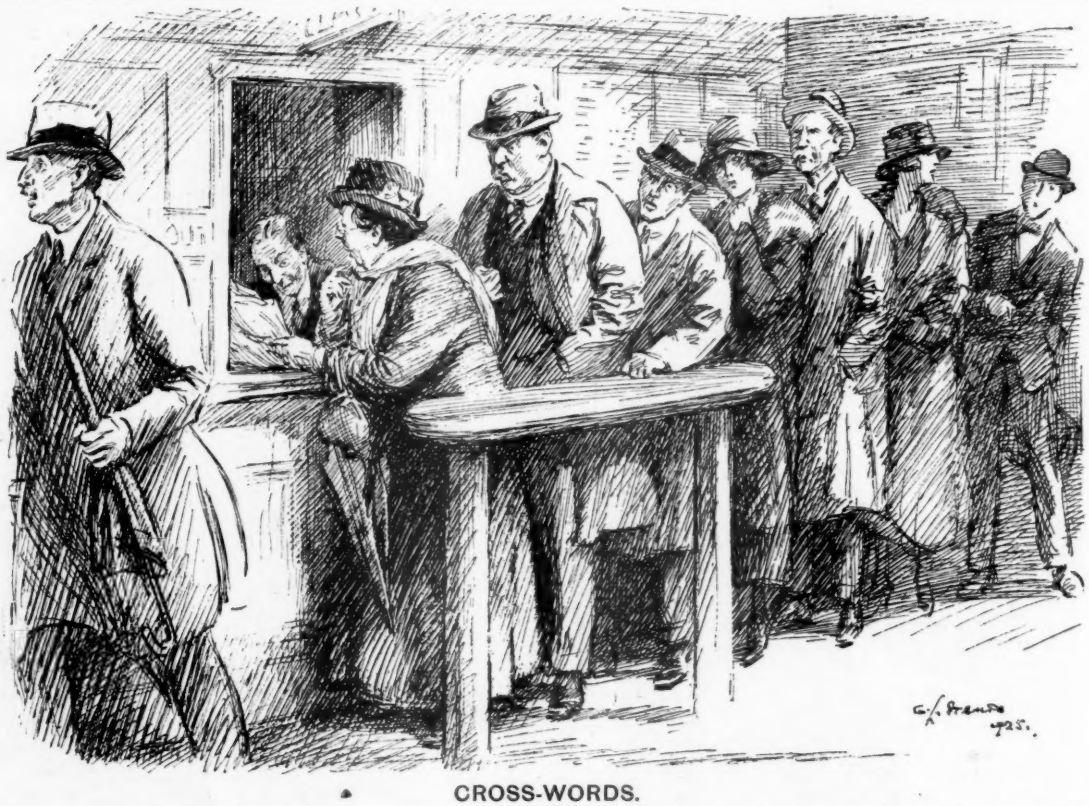
"DEAR MR. PUNCH,—My aunt witnessed the new film, 'Dante's Inferno,' more by accident than design, last week, and was surprised and excited to find that 99 per cent. of the denizens of the lower regions were Americans. Could you explain this?"

No. But it is one of the things that daunts us about death.



QUEERING THE PITCH.

MEMBER OF BUILDING TRADES UNION. "STEEL WALLS SHALL NOT A COTTAGE MAKE, NOT IF I CAN HELP IT."—(*Heaves a brick.*)



CROSS-WORDS.

"I THOUGHT IT MIGHT BE A PLACE ON THIS LINE. IF YOU 'LL READ ME OUT ALL THE STATIONS WE MIGHT COME TO IT. IT 'S ONLY FOUR LETTERS, YOU SEE, SO IT WON'T TAKE LONG."

THE REFORMER.

[Dr. CAMPBELL, lecturing at University College, attacked the "Tuck-Shops" of boys' schools, saying that they are an evil institution and should be done away with.]

The Editor of "Punch."

DEAR SIR,—

About this Tuck-Shop question:
I 'd like to say that I concur
With Dr. C.'s suggestion;
I 'm but a school-boy, yet I long
To extirpate this wicked wrong.

Of course it 's dangerous to thrust
At interests so vested,
And pioneers who do it must
Expect to be molested;
I suffer almost every night
For doing what I know is right.

Brown Minor was the coming man
And fairly free from vices
Until he suddenly began
To gorge himself on ices;
One night, as we 'd been friends of late,
I thought I ought to remonstrate.

"No carbohydrates and no fat
In ice," I said, "are present."
He answered, "Go and eat your hat!"
His tone was *most* unpleasant.

"Hats have no vitamines, dear Brown,"
I murmured as he knocked me down.

Next day the Captain of the school
Was bolting something sickly;
I said to that misguided fool,
"You 're eating far too quickly;
Just think how sadly you reduce
Thereby the flow of gastric juice.

"You 're getting weak; you puff and wheeze;
Your paunch grows daily fatter;
You 'd get a lot more calories
From half an ounce of batter;
So cut the tuck-shop, start to train,
And you 'll become a man again."

He listened with a kindly air
To all I said, then thanked me,
And, laying me across a chair,
Incontinently spanked me.
It can't be that the Doctor's wrong,
And yet—that boy was *very* strong.

I quite expected I should find
His muscles soft as jelly;
With starches of the richest kind
For years he 's lined his belly;
Yet—tell me this, Sir—*why is it*
So very painful when I sit?

GOLF.

A NEW HANDICAPPING SYSTEM.

MY opinion has been canvassed by one of our great golfing papers on the Standard Ball controversy, and, although my golf is not what it was, and indeed never has been, and though the games that I have played during the last ten years can be easily numbered on the hairs of a single head I am none the less flattered and charmed.

Let us then get to work.

The idea of standardising the golf-ball is, I take it, an attempt to make the game of golf harder to play for short hitters. This is a step in the wrong direction. Golf is too hard for these persons to play already. For several months now the idea has been simmering in my brain of standardising the golf-ball in quite a different and far more effectual way.

The notion is simple, as all brilliant notions are. It is briefly this: *The size of golf-balls ought to be regulated in accordance with the strength and skill of the player, and so form a substitute for handicaps.* A few days ago, by the courtesy of several prominent players,

I was able to put this original scheme to the test. I invited Messrs. BERNARD DARWIN, A. C. M. CROOME, CYRIL TOLLEY, ROGER WETHERED and Sir E. W. HOLDERNESS to take part in a little competition at Sunningdale on certain lines which I adumbrated to them, and each of them responded cordially to my invitation and turned up at the appointed hour.

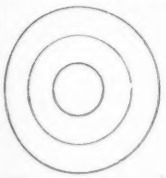
To HOLDERNESS, TOLLEY and WETHERED I allotted my No. 1 or largest size of ball. To DARWIN and CROOME my No. 2, and to myself a ball of fairly ordinary proportions.

Now it might appear at first sight that the *larger* a ball is the *easier* it will be to hit; and this in a certain sense is true. On the other hand, we found, much to the surprise of these gentlemen, but precisely in accordance with my own anticipations, that *the larger ball could not be propelled such a long distance as the smaller, however much power might be put into the stroke.*

Standing at the tee, I first directed HOLDERNESS to strike off; then WETHERED; then TOLLEY. They at once did so. Then I directed DARWIN to strike off, and then CROOME. They immediately complied. Last of all I directed myself to strike off. After some hesitation I obeyed. It was then found that the drives of these various distinguished players, so far from proceeding to places more distant than my own, had actually paused at spots even nearer to the tee. I give the results in tabular form below, together with details as to the composition of the various styles of balls employed.

(All the others struck off with drivers of an ordinary pattern, whilst I had recourse to a favourite baffy fitted with a malachite face.)

No. 1.
(Used by HOLDERNESS, WETHERED and TOLLEY.)



COLOUR—YELLOW.
Composition.
OUTER CASE . Leather.
INNER CASE . Rubber.
CORE . . . Oxygen.
Circumference.
About 26 inches.

Maximum distance of drive, 15 yards.

No. 2.
(Used by DARWIN and CROOME.)



COLOUR—RED.
Composition.
OUTER CASE . Leather.
INNER CASE More Leather.
KERNEL . . Hair.
Circumference.
9 inches, or thereabouts.

Maximum length of drive, 25 yards.



Mother (discussing her daughters). "OH, THEY MUST HAVE THEIR FLING, THAT'S ALL. GIRLS *will* BE GIRLS, YOU KNOW."
Grandmother (indignantly). "THEY WEREN'T IN MY YOUNG DAYS, CLARA."

No. 3.
(Used by Myself.)



COLOUR—WHITE.
Composition.
OUTER HUSK OR SWATH Solid Rubber.
INNER TUBING Platinum.
RESERVOIR containing methylated spirits and gin.

Length of drive, 31 yards.

I did not mention the precise circumference of my own ball, but it was a type which I habitually used, fitted with a deeply brambled non-skid cover, giving a displacement of two inches in treacle and marked with a purple identification disc.

The superiority I had shown from the tee continued to manifest itself through the green for at least the first fifteen strokes, during which period both DARWIN and CROOME were so unfortunate as to break a number of brassies and spoons. But in the final short approach shots to the green my advantage began to melt away from me until it actually disappeared, and play became level again. The Sunningdale Club had very kindly permitted me for this occasion to have a hole cut in one of the greens just large enough to contain my No. 1 size ball, and in putting for this hole another interesting discovery was made in the science of the game. We found that *it is easier to putt a small ball into a large hole than it is to putt a large ball into*

a hole of the same size, a fact which had not, I think, been hitherto established.

My experiments, of course, are only in the rough or preliminary stage at the present time, but it will be seen that with a little care and thought balls of graded sizes and standardized composition suitable to the power of every class of golfer can be put on the market, and the clumsy old handicapping system will pass away never to return.

All the players concerned expressed themselves as highly delighted with the test, and, as Mr. TOLLEY remarked, "it only remains to see whether America will come in."

I should add that on short courses, where too great proficiency is shown by those who are now termed scratch or plus players, and who will use the inflated or No. 1 size ball, it may be necessary to substitute an oval for a spherical shape, or otherwise increase their handicap by bellowing or tackling them round the waist. Nor should it be forgotten that on rough heathery courses players using the larger models will find them much easier to pursue by sight, and that unusual climatic conditions, such as snow, ice, fog or an eclipse of the sun, may also give them an unfair advantage. Again, the larger types of ball are in far less danger of being inadvertently eaten by otters or sheep.

But a way out of these difficulties will be found if committees set to with a will. There can be little doubt that a common-sense system such as I have attempted to outline here will prevail in the end. EVOE.

"Rarely devoted to each other, they had remained lovers."—*Sunday Paper.*

How nearly this comes home!

"ILLEGAL FISHERMEN ARRESTED AND FINNED."

American Newspaper.

It seems to fit the crime.

"In Sweden early to-day the barometer was down to 6 degrees below zero."

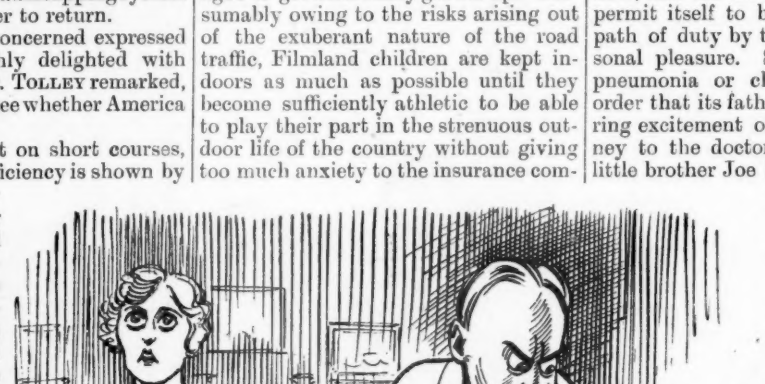
Evening Paper.

One should never gauge the temperature by a Swedish barometer.

THE STATE OF FILMLAND.

VII.—THE CHILD.

DESPITE its large and varied population Filmland does not appear to teem with child life. On the contrary, a walk abroad is quite likely to give you the impression that most Filmlanders must be immigrants or else have managed to get born ready grown-up. Presumably owing to the risks arising out of the exuberant nature of the road traffic, Filmland children are kept indoors as much as possible until they become sufficiently athletic to be able to play their part in the strenuous outdoor life of the country without giving too much anxiety to the insurance companies. If you see a Filmland child wandering along the open road you may be sure it is there for a special purpose and you may expect something to happen to it any moment.



"A GIRL, IN WHOM THE REFORMING QUALITIES OF WISTFULNESS AND PICTURESQUENESS ARE MORE LASTING, MAY STRIVE SUCCESSFULLY WITH THE POWERS OF EVIL UNTIL ALMOST ANY AGE."

Purposefulness, in fact, may be said to be the chief characteristic of the average Filmland child. Not for it the happy-go-lucky existence of the common offspring of other nations. Responsibility descends upon it with its mother's first blessing and the tiny fingers that curl about the feeding-bottle are already itching to get a grip upon the lever of Fate. The Filmland baby knows that it is not there simply to make gurgling noises and wiggle its toes. It knows that its business is to help get itself mislaid, or to reunite its unhappy parents, or set fire to the house, or do whatever may lie within its innocent power to precipitate the necessary crisis.

One of the first duties of the Filmland infant who has been born in a log-cabin is to be taken ill. It may not want to be ill. There may be no particular reason why in that bracing climate it should be ill, lying as it does snug and warm all day long with a noble wolfhound sitting by its side and panting all over it. That does not matter; it has got to be taken ill somehow, and the Filmland baby does not permit itself to be tempted from the path of duty by the mere lust of personal pleasure. So it catches double pneumonia or chronic bronchitis in order that its father may have the stirring excitement of a long snowy journey to the doctor, while Mother and little brother Joe hold the fort with a revolver and a few dozen empty bottles against a marauding gang of hirsute and otherwise unattractive desperadoes. It is obvious that, had the baby not played the game and gotten the old man out of the way, these poor fellows (debarred by their personal appearance from following more legitimate occupations) might have died from exposure while hanging around in the cold waiting for a favourable opportunity to attack the humble homestead.

The Filmland child does his or her best moral work between the ages of eight and twelve. A girl, in whom the reforming qualities of wistfulness and picturesqueness are more lasting, may strive successfully with the powers of evil until almost any age. A boy, however earnestly minded the poor little chap may be, invariably ceases at the age of twelve to be of any use for the moral uplift business. At that point Nature brutally casts him for a merely comic part and sees that he plays it. He becomes the curse of the family, the player of mischievous pranks, the bane of rich relatives, the despair of engaged sisters, and the terror of the countryside. The opportunities for sheer devilry which are placed in his way and his comparative immunity from unpleasant retribution are enough to turn children of less favoured climes green with envy. Yet I would not care to say that he is really happy; the jester's trappings cannot stifle the tragedian's yearnings, and for the Film-

land child life is not worth living unless he is busy making grown-up people wish they had been better men and women.

To do him justice he makes the very most of the brief period allotted him for noble works. The Filmland child can do more good in four fleeting years than any other child this side of Heaven could accomplish in a lifetime. In Filmland the Church exists principally for the blessing of bridal couples; it does not need to preach sermons or worry itself about the spiritual welfare of the community. It knows that if there is any good practical work to be done the Filmland child will do it.

Rich or poor, the Filmland child has his troubles. If he is rich, he is, of course, unhappy. All rich Filmlanders are unhappy. In Filmland being wealthy is such a depressing business that it seems scarcely worth while making money. You can see that the rich Filmland child is unhappy from the forlorn way in which he wanders about interminable gilded corridors or among the fountains and lakes and miles of woodland scenery which in Filmland indicate the average pleasantly prosperous householder. Maybe he will throw himself down and cry over an expensive dog (the Filmland dog spends most of its time in a Turkish bath atmosphere of scalding tears) until he suddenly thinks of a way to make his wicked father a reformed character. Then he brightens up and starts on his life's work.

If neither of his parents offers any scope for his activities, he will set out to soften the heart of a stern financier with corrugated features. No Filmland financier can last out for long against a nine-year-old child. Once a Filmland child gets into the home or office of a villainous company promoter, everybody else concerned can count upon getting his or her money back with generous interest. The only way to carry a nefarious business deal to a profitable termination in Filmland is to have nothing whatever to do with children, especially those accompanied by faithful dogs.

Above all else the rich Filmland child loves to get hold of a poor child and make him rich in return for a few tips on how to be happy though wealthy. In view of the prevalence of this pleasant practice you would not expect to find many poor children in Filmland. There are, however, poor children who have good work to do which cannot be accomplished in this easy get-rich-quick manner. As a rule this consists in seeking for missing parents. The poor child's method of pursuing this worthy object involves wandering forth and



"NO FILMLAND FINANCIER CAN LAST OUT FOR LONG AGAINST A NINE-YEAR-OLD CHILD."

struggling with adversity until he achieves recognition as an artistic genius. The rest he leaves to Providence. By the time the artistic world is ringing with his fame the missing parents will have come to light and will be only waiting to be discovered and set up for life.



"MAYBE HE WILL THROW HIMSELF DOWN AND CRY OVER AN EXPENSIVE DOG."

For all his nobility of character I fancy the Filmland child, rich or poor, is not sorry when he has grown up. It is an arduous life.

"CALCUTTA RACING.

Ship's Biscuit was the only horse which started at Calcutta yesterday and was badly beaten."—*Indian Paper.*

We don't believe this.

THE STORY OUT OF "PUNCH."

IT was such a good story that I sent it to *Punch*. And *Punch* put it in, illustrated. It happened so long ago that it will stand repetition.

X. was driving a little car from Torquay to Warwickshire, and when he was near Wellington, where the roads are curly, he overtook a man who was walking with a heavy coat on his arm. He said, "Do you want a lift?" and the man said "Thankee, Zur," and got in after putting on the heavy coat. Found the next bend X. found a cow. He made to circumnavigate it, and the man said, "Yu bain't goin' past the ole cow, be yu, Zur?" and he said, "Yes; why not?" and the man said, "Oi be droivin' she inter Tarnton."

There is a sequel which *Punch* has never heard. X. came on to us from Warwickshire and told us this tale, which I sent to *Punch* at once without his knowledge, and *Punch* put it in the next Wednesday's issue. He returned to Torquay by a night train, which landed him at about ten o'clock on Wednesday morning, and, instead of going straight home, where he would have found the marked copy of *Punch* which I had posted to him—being in the Trade I had got an early copy—he went to his Club, bursting with his story, which he poured out to a friend he found in the smoke-room; and his friend said, "Liar! it's in *Punch*."

A Work of Supererogation.

"The Council passed a resolution to hold a meeting on the 29th inst. to accept tenders for the new rainage scheme."—*Liverpool Paper.*

"Wales gave the crowd a thrill occasionally when the forwards wept down the field with the ball at their toe."
Evening Paper.

"Dribbled" is the rough Saxon word.

"To let, garage for combinations, every convenience, key, cheap."
Provincial Paper.

And how much better than hanging them out in the garden!

"His wretched state of mind seemed to have aroused a devil in him, and it came out in his bowling. His slow deliveries simply tied the Woodyshire batsmen up. He got a tremendous lot of work on the ball, making it break twice, break at right angles, and nearly break back from both sides."—*Weekly Magazine.*

Don't get excited. Mr. GILLIGAN has cabled for him already.

HOW TO CIRCUMVENT DEATH-DUTIES.

(Being an extract from Scene 1 of a revised version of "King Lear.")

Enter Lear (*known to the market as* "The Rubber King"), Albany *and* Goneril, Cornwall *and* Regan, Cordelia *and* Attendants.

Lear. The doubly fatal day awaits when I
Must pay Death's toll, and leave my hoards to bear
Post-mortem imposts levied by the law.
These latter dues must be prevented now.
I therefore take my script and title-deeds
And part them into three (like Gaul), to be
My daughters' several dowers. And thus I 'll die
Serene that foresight, prompting timely action,
Has baulked the State's swift vultures of their prey.

Cornwall (*aside to* Albany). Although he harbours bats within his belfry
Methinks his method has a happy bent!

Albany. If *this* be madness, would that he might bite
My gilded aunt t' infect her with his mania.

Lear. My first-born, Goneril, what say you?

Goneril. Because
Your scheme is thrifty, I applaud; because
'Tis wily, I rejoice. Though frosty be
Your locks, the mind beneath is not benumbed;
Your wonted wit and fire are with you yet
To tool a four-horsed chariot through the law.

Cornwall (*aside to* Albany). Your lady has an ever-ready tongue,
A family trait that marks my gentle Regan.

Lear. Of all the land betwixt these Scottish cairns
I make thee mistress. Furthermore I give
This block of Eldorado Props (Deferred),
Which long have made me sick, but now bid fair
To loose the lock-up hopes of loyal holders.

Albany (*aside*). Oh, had my Goneril gushed a little more
We might have had his salmon-stream as well!

Lear. And now let Regan speak.

Regan. The more you give
The more you bilk the State of death's-head dues.
My dower shall but be held in secret trust
For you, and I will be a doting banker
T' indulge your overdrafts, and ever add
To loans the bonus of a daughter's love.

Lear. To thee I give my other Scotch domain,
Together with my only salmon-stream,
And several serried rows of mean abodes
Which yield a useful pittance whiles you keep
A niggard's eye on their refurbishment.
Cordelia, speak your mind.

Cordelia. I pray you pause
Before you stoop to circumvent the Act.
'Twere ill that one who, sitting on the Bench,
Metes heavy-handed justice out to those
Who break the letter of the law should plot
To violate its spirit.

Lear. Am I mad?
Is this Cordelia speaks whose veins do bear
The blood of one entitled in the mart
A "King"? Whose mother burgeoned on a tree
Which had its roots in Lombard's golden soil?

Cordelia. Alas, that oft a spanless gulf divides
Ideals and conduct! Communists are prone
To take more promptly than they share; true friends
Of Fiscal Reformation *have* been known
To run a flask of perfume free of toll;
And you—not once but thrice an alderman—
Now lightly plot to shirk the people's law.
Reflect. For honest folk may choose thee mayor,
And then the scandal of your furtive deed
Would blur the seal and smirch th' official chain
In each particular link.

Lear. Enough, keep calm.
No ogre I, and none shall ever say
I bent Cordelia till the tortured child
Perforce received my deed of gift. Perhaps
My sons-in-law might bring themselves to shelve
Their lofty codes for once and take this share
Entire? Or half, or part of it?

Albany. } They will!
Cornwall. } Not half—the whole!

Lear. More kind than kin! Then share
Cordelia's ample third, these rich estates;
Not least this good milch cow—my Founders' shares.
For me henceforth a round of jocund nights
And spacious days, by you to be sustained.
All dues and revenues your care shall be,
And yours to tread the maze of Schedule D.

THE EDUCATION OF A STILTON.

IT was Mary my sister-in-law who first introduced me to Ralph. He arrived one day bearing a note which ran:—

"We had two Stiltons given us at Christmas, and the flat simply isn't big enough to hold both of them, so we are keeping Roland and sending you Ralph. Please be good to him. He is an orphan and alone in the world."

And there was Ralph. Possibly an orphan, but certainly looking very much like a hard-bitten crusted Tory of the old school.

Now I know nothing about cheese. If you want a dissertation on the relative merits of Roquefort and Port Salut you must go elsewhere. It was obviously a case for Archibald, so I invited him round and introduced him.

"This," I said, "is Ralph. He is an orphan and very dear to me."

"That 's not a bad Stilton," said Archibald, digging Ralph familiarly in the ribs. "What you want to do is to feed him on old port and he 'll turn out jolly well."

"Feed him?" I echoed. "My dear fellow, he 's not alive."

"He jolly soon will be," said Archibald, grinning vulgarly. "You try."

"I knew he wasn't a real orphan. Who ever heard of an orphan drinking old port? However, I suppose I can't let him starve now I 've adopted him."

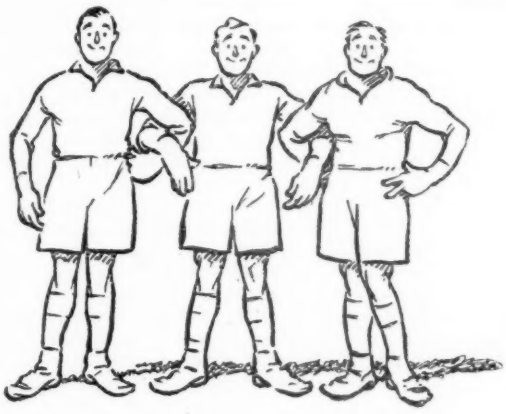
"I want a bottle of port for an orphan—I mean a Stilton," I said to my wine merchant later. "Not *invalid* port," I added; "Ralph is in perfect health."

"You mean you want a vintage port?" he inquired. "Ah! now come here," and he led me to where some bottles stretched themselves at full length on the ground in a mass of cobwebs. "That," he said reverently, "is *port*."

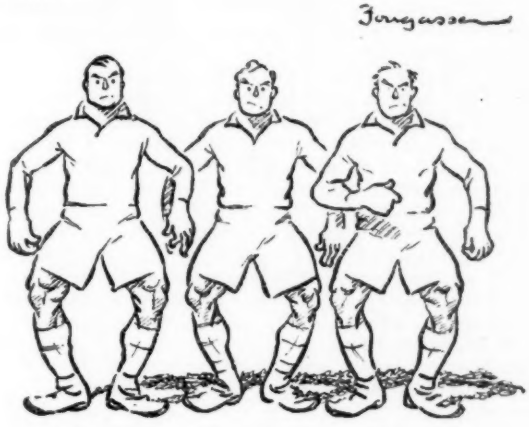
He named a price which made me realise that Ralph was going to be an expensive guest; but my sense of hospitality was roused. "Wrap a bottle up and I 'll put it in the taxi," I said.

"You mustn't take port like that in a taxi," he protested. "Think of the crust! I 'll send it round to you, Sir. And a bottle of port like that," he went on earnestly, "should only be decanted at a temperature of 60°, at an altitude of a thousand feet above the sea level, at midnight, when the moon is in the first quarter."

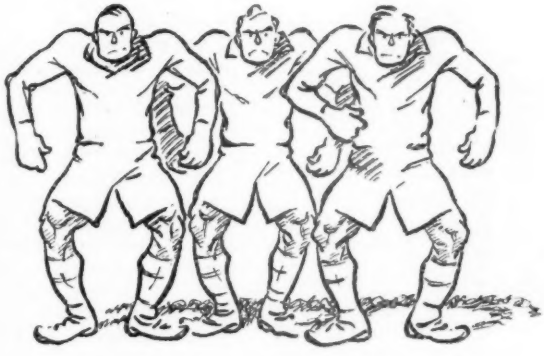
PUBLICITY DRILL.



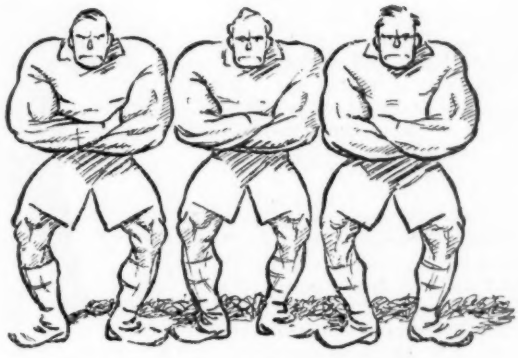
"ON THE COMMAND 'PREPARE TO BE PHOTOGRAPHED'—



TENSE THE LEGS IN ORDER TO PROVIDE AN EXAGGERATED IMPRESSION OF THEIR MUSCULAR DEVELOPMENT—



RAISE THE SHOULDERS TO INCREASE THE APPARENT WIDTH OF THE CHEST—



AND FOLD THE ARMS SO THAT THE MUSCLES OF EACH ARE FORCED INTO PROMINENCE BY THE HANDS JUDICIOUSLY PLACED BEHIND THEM."

That was how Ralph and I set up housekeeping together. Every night, when the temperature and the altitude of the flat and the moon and everything else were suitable, I would give him a glass of port through a hole I had knocked in his head. I have since found out that this is the wrong way to do it, but Ralph never seemed to mind. I will say he took his liquor like a gentleman. Never a stagger or even a hiccup disturbed his serenity. It was a happy uneventful life until Sylvia came to see me and in a rash moment I introduced her.

"This is Ralph," I said; "Ralph the Stilton. One of the Huntingdon Stiltons, you know."

"But—but I thought you didn't like Stilton?"

"I've never tried it," I said in surprise.

"You had some when you last lunched with us and you didn't like it a bit."

"But that was Gorgonzola, *wasn't* it? Good Lord!" I pointed a shaking finger at Ralph. "Do you really mean that inside he's like that awful stuff you gave me?"

She nodded dumbly. Ralph attempted to preserve his wonted air of indifference, but he would not meet my eye, and I could see he was ashamed of the way he had deceived me. I am deeply attached to him, but I feel things can never be the same again between us.

So there you are. If anybody wants a pedigree Stilton, well trained to the house and with a cultivated taste in port, I am open to an offer.

"THE SCHOOLMISTRESS.
NEW FEATURES."—*Newspaper Advt.*

"And jolly well she needs 'em," writes a nasty little child.

"A Reuter cable says that 1,333 Australians are stranded in Tasmania and that 900 tons of foodstuffs a week are required."
Daily Paper.

No wonder that poor old England cannot defeat a land that breeds such Gargantuas.

"'For years at a time, I have had no food but meat, and no shelter save loosely-constructed shacks. My people have fared thus for centuries and cancer is unknown to us,' Dr. Emery said a ten-year-old Laplander told him."—*Montreal Paper.*

Bright and intelligent conversationalists, these little Lapps.

A VERY BAD FOX.

["Hounds found a very bad fox at Braunston Gorse, who hung about the outskirts of Daventry and eventually escaped."—*The Times.*]

IF you have a feeling for good words and the poetry of names, you must never miss the hunting columns of *The Times* on Monday. Last week in these two columns there are recorded the proceedings of twenty-eight different "hunts," and all these jolly little paragraphs are full of fine and curious names, the names of the English countryside, such names as novelists and poets despair of inventing, and, despairing, borrow from the Ordnance Map. While we read how a fox "saved his brush" (as the quaint phrase has it) at Polloky's Gorse or Darrington Whin; how hounds were beaten at Woodmancroft and Buckhorn Weston, Bathingwell, Spaceyhouse Whin, Tarporley, Seagry Wood, Stank Whin, Hannington Hanging, Foggathorpe, Tranby Croft and Murky Hill, Childswickham, Nicker Bush, Gingerbread and Trewhitt's Gill—fields, woods and valleys, hills and dales, all the geography and most of the history of our land seem to float before the eyes. And were these columns concerned with the adventures of lovers instead of the adventures of foxes on Saturday afternoons they would read like the best agricultural literature.

So I for one shall not discourage the publication of these accounts, whatever those low fellows the sentimentalists may say about their subject-matter. As to that, there are arguments on both sides. Very few animals, as someone has recently observed, die a natural death; but fewer still have their deaths recorded in *The Times*. It matters little to the majority of mortals what happens to them on Saturday, provided it is in the papers on the Monday; and, though foxes, like the victims of murderers, spring into fame a day too late for them to enjoy it, it would be selfish to deny them their little meed of posthumous publicity. Besides, as the sentimentalists forget, it is admitted on all hands that the fox enjoys the sport as much as any, if he is not killed. And this is proved by the fact that, having once escaped, in most cases they join in the hunt on a later occasion with even greater alacrity.

On Saturday week, I calculate, no fewer than fifty-eight foxes had fun. Of these no more than sixteen were actually killed and torn to pieces. The remaining forty-two achieved less honour, but had the technical satisfaction of saving their brushes, after periods of anxiety and exertion varying from fifteen minutes to two or three hours. Nearly all, however, had good notices, though, reading between the lines, not all of these, I fear, deserved them. It was the day of the eclipse of the sun, and we may suppose that some devil of perversity and insolence had entered into the creatures in the presence of that exceptional event. At any rate there seems to have been no form of cunning and duplicity from which they shrank on Saturday week. The Brocklesby Hunt, for example—the Brocklesby had a great deal to put up with. Hounds ran their first fox (from Squire HAIGH'S covert) for forty minutes, and were then beaten, after having once marked their fox to ground. They lost a second (from Grainsby Hall covert), after it had kept them running in rings for thirty minutes. Mortified by these rebuffs, however, they made short work of Number Three, who came from Hell Furze, proceeded to some farm-buildings and was there destroyed. Number Four, a cowardly animal, took refuge in a tree in Grainsby Hall gardens. However, it is recorded that he was dislodged from the tree and hunted for forty minutes, sometimes very fast, and finally escaped under cover of darkness. So that, of these four, no fewer than three saved their brushes.

But the tale is endless. The V.W.H. seems to have suffered infinite inconvenience through the folly and bad feeling of a fox from Raglan's Copse, which deliberately crossed and recrossed the river Cole and finally beat hounds at Highmoor. There were others that, not content with climbing trees, swung right-handed over railways and canals and race-courses, bore left-handed over golf-links, took refuge in sand-pits and rifle-ranges, and spared no pains or trickery to save their brushes—and indeed their lives. The Cottesmore's only fox of the day not only crossed a railway but, turning right-handed for Wing, deliberately took hounds over the very bad scenting ploughs to Glaston Gorse, where he had to be given up.

Against these discouragements it is pleasant to be able to set the triumph of the Holderness, who, after a long run through Nut Wood to Waldby and Tranby Croft and back to South Ella, evicted their fox from a wood-pile and killed him without the loss of a hound. The Middleton too, after a glorious run of twenty-four miles, pursued their fox into the locks at Kirkham, where he was successfully drowned.

The chroniclers are rightly sparing of praise, and the Heythrop is the only pack of which it is definitely stated that they met with "a good fox." This good fox was honourably "rolled over" in the open by Swan Nest, after a run of one hour and forty minutes, and will linger long in the memory of many. *Requiescit in pieces.*

The Mendip's *third* fox (the first two were bolted, went to ground, and were evicted and devoured) narrowly, we feel, escapes the epithet of "good," for, after describing two circles and pointing for Elton, he was headed beyond Priddy, and then, seeing reason, chose a good line for hounds, though it is true that, after two hours and five minutes' work, they had to own defeat.

But what are we to think of the Pytchley's day?—of this very bad fox, this brute, this monster, that was found at Braunston Gorse, hung about the outskirts of Daventry and eventually escaped? No more is known of him, or, at any rate recorded, than is contained in that pregnant sentence. But it is black reading, gentlemen. Had he had the slyness to climb a tree or slink into a wood-pile, had he but run across a railway or dived into a canal, had he but shown one spark of a sense of his position, the chronicler, we may be sure, would have given him his due. But no, he was content to "hang about"—to hang about and spoil sport.



Plausible Host. "OF COURSE I THOUGHT IT WAS ONLY FAIR TO SEND THE MIDDLE CUT TO THE LOCAL HOSPITAL."



Expert. "YOU'RE A BIT ROCKY ON YOUR EDGES THIS MORNING, UNCLE. LET ME GIVE YOU A LIFT ROUND."

And we can imagine the wretch, lurking from hole to hole, from hedge to hedge, and caring not a pin what pleasure he might have given to others by the simple act of emerging into the open and running rapidly away across a line of country convenient for a pursuit by horsemen.

Well, well, he escaped. But there are some things more precious than life itself, let me tell you, old fox. You escaped, but you have had your reward—you have suffered the last, most shattering doom of modern civilisation—you have had a bad Press. And as long as the men of our day ride out to Staverton and Thrupp, to Daventry and Braunston, in the copses, in the spinneys, in the whins and in the smoking-rooms, when one Englishman of those parts says to another, "Do you remember the 24th of January, 1925?" they will not speak of the eclipse of the sun, they will not speak of the Earl of OXFORD, they will speak of *you*. They will open their diaries, or search the tablets of their minds, or simply take from their pocket-books a cutting from *The Times*, and they will say, "Yes, I remember; that was a very bad fox."

Gentlemen, let us hope this monster was a she. A. P. H.

TRULY RURAL.

"THAT reminds me," said Anthony (we were passing the window of one of those Italian restaurants decorated with a pallid calf's head holding a lemon between its lips) "of Blurp."

No object is so commonplace as to fail to remind Anthony of something fantastically untrue.

"Tell me," I said to him, "about Blurp."

"A little village on the downs where I sometimes go and stay with friends. Between the downs, as a matter of fact, and the sea. I ran over there about a month ago, and they told me I should have to garage my car at a farm. Never garage your car at a farm."

"I'll try not to," I said. But my car isn't so shiny as Anthony's and I shouldn't really mind.

"One usually has to put it up at the smithy. Not that they call it a smithy nowadays at Blurp. I think it's the Equine Footwear Establishment, or else the Metal Repair Emporium. But it seemed that the smithy was full. When I got down there they gave me directions about getting to the farm. 'You go up to the top of the hill,' they said, 'and there's a pond.'"

"'I know,' I told them; 'one of those round wet things with ducks on it. I'll find it all right.'"

"After that it seemed one turned down a rough track to the right until one came to the farm. It was getting pretty dark by then, but I didn't mind. I went up the road and turned off to the right."

"It struck me that what they said about the track being rough was a true word. And then all of a sudden I found that there had ceased to be any kind of track whatever. I suppose it had switched off somewhere while I was bumping and I hadn't noticed it. I went on for about fifty yards and then I stopped."

"Yes, Anthony?"

"I stopped because my lamps were shining into nothing at all. You'll perhaps hardly believe me, but my front wheels were about seven inches from the absolute edge."

"Edge of what?" I inquired.

"Edge of England. There was the sea lapping quietly below under the chalk cliffs—a sheer drop of I don't know how many feet. I didn't worry to find out. The trouble was that I was on a down slope anyway. You know what that means when one has to



First Sportsman. "WHERE 'S YOUR HORSE?"
Second Ditto (who has cut a "voluntary"). "I DON'T KNOW. WE CAME—ER—SEPARATELY."

reverse. The moment I took the hand-brake off——"

"You could reverse with the brakes on," I suggested.

"*Quite* impossible. The slope was much too steep. Well, just then I heard a tinkling of bells, and in the distance I saw a lamp—shepherd, you know. One of those beggars who looks after sheep. Drowsy tinklings and all that sort of thing. He 'd come back to lull them a bit, I suppose. I went up and asked him if there was such a thing as a horse about. No, nothing of the kind, it appeared. Gone to bed for the night and couldn't be disturbed. Then I had one of my bright ideas. I had plenty of rope in the car, and I didn't see any reason why with all these sheep about—well, it took some time to persuade him, but he tumbled to it at last, and after a deal of trouble we got going——"

"I'm afraid I don't quite understand," I said.

"We used the stronger kind of sheep," said Anthony. "The wethers, or whatever you call them, not the ewes, the ones they always give you in cross-word puzzles. And then of course there was a dog. We couldn't have got along without a dog. Fine animal. He kept their heads the right way and made them pull for all they were worth; and so we got on to safe ground at last."

"I see," I said.

"But of course that wasn't anything like the end of my troubles," went on Anthony like a giant refreshed. "This old fellow guided me back to the farm with his light, and it seemed that the shed they usually gave one as a garage was full of machines. Sort of things, you know, with circular fans and knives sticking out of them that they use for shelling peas and mixing mustard with. I don't really know very much about farm life."

"No?" As a matter of fact, unless one goes to night-clubs one seldom sees Anthony outside his car.

"The trouble about farm life in my opinion is that the front-door is always at the back, and one gets too many wisps on the boots. But this one was far worse than usual. They told me I could put the car in a place on the other side of the yard. A barton they called it in their own tongue. This yard was simply a sea of mud, *well* up to the tops of my wheels, I assure you. Something like PHARAOH going through the Red Sea. And, when I got to this barton or whatever it was, it wasn't exactly the kind of place you 'd garage a car in if you had your choice. There were too many pigeons in it for one thing, and too many hens. Not to speak of the pig. Getting into it I ran right into a pile of—what d' you call those great round things like purple cannon-balls that they always seem to have at farms?"

"Mangel-wurzels?" I tried.

"Very likely," he said. "Anyhow they came clattering all over my bonnet and bounding off into the dark. Very eerie it was, what with the live-stock rustling about and one thing and another. I half wondered whether I ought to paste the tyres over with some kind of poison to prevent the rats from biting them through in the night, but there wasn't really any time for subtleties. I made the pig as comfortable as I could against one of the back wheels, covered up the radiator and waded back through the slough. Next morning I borrowed a pair of trench boots and came back to see how the old bus had stood the night. She seemed pretty well except for the mud and the fact that a couple of Buff Orpingtons had been roosting on the bonnet. Not that that did any harm, nor the pigeons on the roof, but it was only by a stroke of luck that I happened to notice the fresh egg lying

against the accelerator. One doesn't want to make an omelette, you know, when one steps on the gas.

"Well, I got rid of the dairy produce, swabbed her down, and we started for home. The farmer wouldn't take any payment. I think he felt he had got enough out of it by watching me come out of the yard, and of course I had been very honest with him. I had handed him back his egg."

"Even so, I don't exactly see——" I began.

"All right, we're just coming to that," said Anthony brightly. "I couldn't help wishing, when I'd got on to the main road, that the day had not been so infernally dry. One looks a bit silly, I always think, in a car daubed with mud right up to the roof when there isn't any mud at all on the roads. Rather as if one was taking over a bit of damaged war-stock from the Government depôt at Slough. People seemed to smile at me a little in the towns as we worried through. But it wasn't till I had run right in—Trafalgar Square, as a matter of fact—that a really curious thing occurred. I got fixed in a traffic block, and everybody on the pavement going by seemed to look at my car, and then to look at it again, until I really felt rather worried about it. I glanced back over my shoulder, and I daresay you'd hardly believe what there was sticking its head out over the side door."

"Never mind about my faith," I said. "What was it?"

"A calf. One of the kind of things that cows seem to get. Red with white spots. A very pretty calf too. How it came to be there I can't imagine. But no wonder the people were amused. Mud and wisps of straw and all that sort of thing are fairly excusable when one has to put up at a farm. But a red calf looks like downright carelessness, you know."

"Have you got it still, Anthony?" I asked a little wearily.

"No," he said, "not now. I'd scarcely looked round when the thing gave a kind of bellow, and a bound, and was out in the street. Just then the traffic moved on, and the last thing I saw of it was a kind of mix-up with one of the policemen. I expect it was trying to go round the wrong side of an island, but I didn't wait to see."

"And is that all?" I said.

"Oh, no," said Anthony. "The most curious thing of all was that this should happen precisely where it did. Just opposite the statue of KING CHARLES THE FIRST, you know. He had something or other to do with a calf's-head."

"Thank you, Anthony," I murmured. "You may go into second now."



Customer (intent on food). "ER—WHAT 'S THIS?"
Waiter (intent on band). "A BIT OF 'MADAME POMPADOUR,' SAIR."

ACONITE.

EARTH has borne a little son;
He is a very little one.
He has a head of golden hair
And a grave unwinking stare.
He wears a bib all frilled and green
Round his neck to keep him clean.
Though before another Spring
A thousand children Earth may bring
Forth to bud and blossoming—
Lily daughters cool and slender,
Roses passionate and tender,
Tulip sons as brave as swords,
Hollyhocks like laughing lords—
Yet she 'll never love them quite
As much as she loves Aconite—
Aconite, the first of all,
Who is so very, very small;
Who is so golden-haired and good,
And wears a bib, as babies should.

"THEFT OF BOTTLES OF GIN.
THEFT OF BOTTLES CF GIN."
Suburban Paper.

Advice to sub-editors: When you get hold of a really important piece of news make the most of it.

"The anti-saloon leaguers (prohibitionists) are fanatics who are stigmatic, for they can see only one line of thought plainly—their own. They need glasses that will permit them to see more broadly the true state of affairs."
New Zealand Paper.

Five or six tumblers ought to do it.



IDENTIFICATION.

"I SAW THE BROWNS TO-DAY."
"WHICH BROWNS?"
"THE BROWNS WHO HAVEN'T BEEN TO SWITZERLAND."
"OH—THOSE BROWNS!"

DIARY OF A MONDAINE.

Hôtel des Alpes, Sportenberg.

Tots Uppingham and I are here together, sharing exes and revelling in sunshines and sunsets and the eternal snows. The sunrises are simply gorgeous. Not that one can see anything of them after dancing all night. Indeed one 's bound to shut them out as completely as possible; but still one knows they 're there. And the glorious white scenery. What an uplift it gives! Only *grand* thoughts seem thinkable.

How dreffful some people's complexions look against the snow! And what a show-up winter-sports give to legs that are not *quite*. Lady Manœuvrer, with her girl April in tow, is chasing Sir Cashley Crœsus through every sport in turn. When he skates they skate. When he skis they ski (or try to). At last the clever man has taken refuge in curling, and *curling* they can't even *attempt*, except with Twine's curlers!

Sarah Delamont, who 's here with Willoughby, is only a staggering stumbler on the ice. And her skating kit! A fearful divided skirt and an appalling coat and cap. I wonder the authorities don't ask her to leave. This morning on the ice, when I was sailing along beautifully, she actually called out, "You and I must be careful about falling down, Sylvia. At our age the bones are getting brittle." Was there ever such a woman? "Speak for your own bones, Sarah," I called back, and as I outside-edged away I heard her crash; and it didn't break my heart!

We 've one of the richest girls in the world here just now, Cassandra Vandollarbilt, otherwise Sandy Van, a pretty little hundred-miles-an-hour Yankee who is the last shriek in sports-tights and rainbow jumpers. She skates, skis, bobs and tobs all day with a Great Dane (no, not a dog, but Niels Nielsen, six-foot-three of professional snow-and-ice man), and dances all night, clothed in a diamond rivière, diamond-embroidered shoes and a few other decorative odds and ends, with Tippy Tattenham, four-foot-ten of famous jockey. There 's a lot of bets as to which of the two candidates, if either, has a chance of the Van millions.

Said that *méchante* Sandy to me today, "I 'm tickled to death to see how furiously jealous they are of each other. They 're both crazy about me. I call them 'Love me Little, love me Long!'"

"Well, Sandy," I said, "if it comes to a struggle I 'm bound to back the little British bull-dog against the Great Dane." When Sarah Delamont heard of it she said, "No use backing the little Briton. If she chooses one of 'em it 'll be the big 'un. Yankees like to get plenty for their money."

Among the last arrivals are Anne Midshire and the duke, with their girl, Rosabelle, and her husband, Kid Boggins of Bermondsey. "Dear Kid invited us," Anne told me; "we couldn't have afforded to come on our own. He 's splendid at all the winter sports, and it keeps him fit till he goes into regular training for his next big fight at Egbert Hall." I asked Anne if that marriage had clicked, and she said, "Yes, the young people still seem happy and fond of each other; but the fly, or rather



THE OLD ROUNDHEAD.

WITH MR. PUNCH'S WARM CONGRATULATIONS TO MR. ASQUITH ON HIS NEW HONOUR.



THE RULING PASSION.

William (laying-out the new rose-garden). "WILL YE 'AVE THESE 'ERE STANDARDS ACROSS OR DOWN, SIR?"

the *fish*, in the ointment is an uncle of Kid Boggins, who has a fish-barrow in Commercial Road and seems a coarse pushing person. He went so often to see his nephew and his 'swell niece' (that 's poor Rosabelle) and clamoured so to meet 'the old toff' (that 's the Duke) that he got a hint to keep away.

"'Is it me fish-barrer yer jibs at?' he said. 'Buy me out, then, and put me in something better, so 's I 'll be fit to meet the old toff and go to swell West-End balls.'

"'No, I won't buy you out,' said the Kid. 'Stick to your fish-barrow; you ain't going to meet the Duke or go to any West-End balls.'

"'Why not?' he asked. 'I 'm as good as you, ain't I?'

"'No!' shouted Boggins; 'boxers are in society, and fish-hawkers ain't, so there!'"

But, in spite of all, the uncle went to Midshire House, asked to see "the old toff," and said, "I 'm a relation. His gal married my nephew, the champion paper-weight. Lemme come in." And when the Kid heard of it he said, "Let me catch you monkeying round after my wife's people again and I 'll have to give you the k.o., uncle or no uncle." Anne said that, when Rosabelle told her about it, she was laughing all the time and didn't seem to mind a bit.

Tots and I are having ski-ing lessons. We 've a Norwegian instructor, young and handsome, quite a cuddly boy. We call him our young Viking. His broken English is so, *so* pretty. Tots shows symptoms of monopolising him. I spoke to her about it. I said, "Because you don't go as well as me, Tots, is no reason for your trying to keep Oleg to yourself."

And Tots said, "Not go as well as *you*, dearest? But I go *ever* so much better! And if Oleg is more with me than with you, scold *him* for it, not *me*."

* * * * *

Tots and I have quite *quite* quarrelled. This morning she left me standing on my skis at the top of the big practice slope and ski'd away with our young Viking right down into the valley. I said afterwards, "How *could* you leave me at the top there and take Oleg right down into the valley?"

"Well, if you ski as well as you claim to," she answered, "why didn't you follow us down?"

"Because," I said, "I wished to show how badly I was being treated."

"Oh, no, dearest," she said, "you didn't follow us down because you *couldn't!*"

And then we said this and that and a few more little things, and now we 're not on speaking terms. Dreffful bore sharing exes and not being on speaking terms!

* * * * *

Tots and I are quite *quite* friends again. The Norwegian instructor has proved a brute-beast of the first magnitude. Not only has he deserted us to take a job with the family of a Pittsburg multi, but in leaving us the creature actually said in his ugly incoherent English: "You should have oughted to learn when more young. You will not never be ski-runners now, mesdames, not never!"

At a fancy-dress rag on the ice the other night, Sarah Delamont looked quite a figure of fun stumbling along in a great ruff and a farthingale. I said to her, "You might have learned to skate, Sarah, before putting on a fancy-dress."

"Not at all," she answered. "It 's quite in keeping. I 'm Elizabethan; and nobody could skate in ELIZABETH'S days."

Tots and I had a big success skating together as two Teddy Bears. We were quite bucked to see the Press photographers taking us. But, oh, horror! a few days later we saw ourselves in *The Daily Yell*, with these cruel words underneath: "TEDDY (FOR) BEARS. Two dowager-countesses, both grandmothers, as they appeared at a fancy-dress party on the ice at Sportenberg."

We 're leaving to-morrow.

NEW YORK CITY: A GUIDE FOR SETTLERS.

II.—THE NATIVES: HABITS, LANGUAGE, DRESS, ETC.

THE opinion prevalent in Europe that most of the natives of America are copper-coloured is now out of date. This indeed was true up to a few hundred years ago, but recently many Caucasians have landed here and raised families, with the result that there are not many copper-coloured natives extant.

The reason for this almost complete disappearance of the first families of America is that the seventeenth-century white settlers, having themselves been persecuted in Europe, felt that they had some persecution "coming to them," as a modern native might say, and immediately set in to persecute the people who had been in America before them. Having crossed the Atlantic for religious freedom, it was only human that they should want the copper-coloured natives to enjoy the same religious freedom that they now had, so they began teaching them the white religion. In return for this the natives had a warm compassion on the settlers and magnanimously offered to teach them the rudiments of the copper-coloured religion. Each race being more or less astounded at the religious audacity of the other, and neither being much inclined to go through all the inconveniences of accepting a new religion, the natives found themselves separated from the settlers by an ever-widening gulf of misunderstanding.

FATE OF THE COPPER-COLOURED NATIVES.

So the white settlers, knowing very well that their race was the one chosen to rule the earth, being the most honest, virtuous and God-fearing, bought America for the equivalent of a pair of red-patched breeches, shot all of the original inhabitants they could, and endeavoured in various other ways to prove to them the principle that what counts in this world is not to be in a place first, but to be in it last. The natives, in the effort to defend their homes, of course killed all of the white infidels they could find. But there were too many people in Europe glad to move over at a moment's notice for the chance of persecuting somebody in a free country, and the copper-coloured natives were gradually driven westward.

This was all about three hundred years ago; since then the copper-coloured race has dwindled and the white race has risen in power, until now there are so few of the copper-coloured race left that it has been thought wise to preserve them in a species of natural museum, called Indian Reservations, so that the white generations of the future may see what manner of man it was by whom their forefathers had come so close to being annihilated.

This change of tenants is of course not generally recognised in Europe, it being normally supposed there that the white settlers intermarried with the Indians and accepted the natives' primitive ideas of civilisation. During very recent years, however, Europeans who have been in America lecturing to Americans on America have returned home and spread the news, and there are doubtless to-day a great many Europeans who know as well as I do that in America the white race reigns supreme—or would if it weren't for the black race.



"I'M STARTING A MILK ROUND IN THE TOWN SHORTLY. WOULD YOU ASK THE LADY IF I COULD——"

"NOT ME! I DAREN'T MENTION THE WORD 'MILK.' I'VE JUST UPSET FOUR QUARTS OF IT."

WHY PEOPLE LIVE IN NEW YORK.

All these people in America are definitely related to New York; that is, they either live there or have lived there or hope to live there. The people who *have* lived there are in general the ones who were born there and had no choice about it; they now live anywhere else. The people who hope to live there are the ones who have read about the Great City or have talked to somebody who knows somebody who has read about it. The people who do live there are for the most part foreigners, who accepted the first thing America offered them and have never acquired enough currency and English to buy railroad tickets away. A few of them have inherited "tickers" in Wall Street and have never had time to think where they live, or why.

THE STAMPEDE TO AND FROM WALL STREET.

The habits of New Yorkers are very simple. At a pre-determined hour in the morning everybody uptown (and everybody sleeps uptown except the few who work there, and these sleep downtown) snatches his hat and rushes in mad haste for the express-trains to Wall Street. The exact reason for the hurry is unknown, but is said by psychologists to be an hereditary fear passed down from the first settlers, who were perpetually galloping from their cornfields to their houses and back again in constant terror lest the copper-coloured natives should have destroyed one while they were at the other. This fear has now become instinct, and the ten minutes on the subway are ten minutes of unalloyed agony, as they have no way of knowing (you can't believe what you see in the newspapers) what has happened to Wall Street during the night.

At a predetermined hour in the afternoon the stampede is reversed and, having found that nothing much has happened to Wall Street during the night, they are in a mortal terror lest something should have happened to their houses during the day. In this tumultuous jam up and down the island nobody can be quite sure that the person hanging on the strap next to his is not the one responsible for dynamiting his office or his house, and he treats him with appropriate coldness.

In the evening the day-labourers, rich and poor, read the next morning's newspapers and go to bed, while the suburbanists and the visitors from all over the world do what they can to keep up the reputation of "New York night-life."

HOLIDAYS.

The week-ends are spent mostly in undisguised *ennui*. The office buildings are closed on Sunday, and there is



Little Girl (unable to sleep during afternoon rest). "MUMMY, IT'S A TERRIBLE THING, INSOMNIA."

nothing to do until they open again early Monday morning. The streets are practically deserted, the result of everybody's staying in the house to avoid the Sunday crowds.

In summer everybody in town who is financially able goes to the country, and everybody in the country who is financially able comes to town—which makes it nice for the railroads.

A foreigner looking for the best of New York society will find it at Palm Beach, Florida, in the winter; at Newport, Rhode Island, in the summer, and at White Sulphur Springs, West Virginia, in the spring and autumn; if he is looking for the best of Washington society or of Chicago society he will find it in New York.

THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE.

As to the language of these people, it will be found to be quite intelligible to Englishmen, if we except the speech of those Americans who read the British comic papers and are continually dropping into slang and colloquialisms. The ones provincial enough not to know what is expected of them speak melodiously and with almost civilized precision. The man on the street is difficult to understand, not because he speaks such faulty English but because he speaks so little of any sort of English. Most of the police, however, speak English, the majority of them with an Irish accent, and the newly arrived Englishman should not have much trouble finding his way about the city if he disguises his nationality.

THE TRAFFIC COSTUME.

Since dress the world over is a result of climate and living conditions, the Englishman should not be surprised to find the dress of New Yorkers designed with reference to traffic. The traffic roars continually up and down the grooves, much like band-saws, and, to save him from being caught in its yellow teeth, a man's garments must not impede him. This is the explanation of the broad-skirted coat worn by professional traffic-dodgers. It is a long coat, reaching almost to the knees, for the maximum protection from the mud splashed up by passing vehicles. If it were of a solid back and buttoned low in front, in the style of foreign coats, it would obviously make impossible that frantic leap and bound across traffic that are responsible for New York's having so many people living in it to-day. The coat is therefore cut down the back, with a long slit beginning just below the shoulder-blades, and in front it is held with a single button at about the middle of the breast-bone. This enables the skirts to flair apart and allows the legs free action.

The trousers, like the coat, flair at the bottom. The purpose of this is to keep the shoes free from the dust and mud of the city by flapping over them as the wearer jumps and runs; it also enables the wearer to roll them quickly to his knees if there should ever be an emergency making this desirable.

The dress of the female American is modelled upon the same principle as it is in all other countries, the fundamental purpose of which is to prevent the male mind from brooding over its own private worries.

The dress of the non-traffic-dodgers differs but slightly from the dress of the corresponding class in England. The monocle is rarely worn.

So much in broad outline for the natives of this extraordinary country. Their more specific characteristics will be apparent as we go more deeply into the characteristics of their Great City.

U. S. A.

"The trial went on for six months, and ultimately Beecher won. But it left a permanent halo of suspicion around his name."
Weekly Paper.

Very nicely put.

NURSERY TALES FOR GROWN-UPS.

VI.—BEAUTY AND THE BERKSHIRE BEAST.

(*Coloured by a certain Society Novelist.*)

Sir Willoughby Dixon sat opposite to Mr. Abram Lichtenstein. There was a tense silence.

"You see," said Lichtenstein, and there was not a movement of his impassive olive-coloured face, "that I have you this time. It 's checkmate. If this business of the Koh-i-noor oil-fields gets out it 'll be prison for you, my friend. Your daughters will be typists and—I shall buy your estate as a birthday present for my son. Unless——"

"Unless what?" gasped the Baronet, whose face was a curious blue under his British tan.

"Unless three months from now your youngest daughter Sonia—Beauty, I think, you call her, or is it Bu?—unless she marries my son Benjamin."

"The Beast!" gasped Sir Willoughby.

"Oh, yes, they call him Beastie among his friends, I know. I 'm aware that he might not be everybody's choice, and so I offer you safety, secrecy, my help in the City and one hundred and fifty thousand pounds when your Beauty marries my son Beastie."

* * *

In the chilly light of his study Sir Willoughby waited for his daughter's return. She was at a night-club. The hall clock had struck six before he called to her.

"Beauty! Beauty! Come here!"

In all her radiant beauty Sonia Dixon stood before him. Scarcely clothed in a wisp of pink georgette she seemed like Aurora.

"What is it, old thing?" she asked. "Give me a whisky-and-soda and then spit it out. Money, I suppose?"

Bu, as her friends abbreviated her name, listened to her father's story in silence. Her face behind its powder was deathly pale.

"Another whisky-and-soda," she gasped, and drank it.

"You know what Beastie is like?" she asked. "*Quasimodo* and *Cyrano de Bergerac* and *Polyphemus* and——"

She drew a long hissing breath.

"Still, there 's the family name and our honour. Wait for an hour. I shall take a bath and then decide. Cheerio."

After a scented bath and seventeen Turkish cigarettes Beauty secured her long-distance call with Benjamin Lichtenstein.

"Hulloa! . . . Is that you, Beastie? Yes, it 's me—Bu. I say, I want to marry you next month. I know you want me . . . No, I shan't change. I 'll live the simple life on your Berkshire estate. All right . . . What? . . . Oh, black pearls and diamonds, please."

* * * * *

For three months Beauty Lichtenstein had lived in her husband's country house. The man his friends called the Beast had proved an adoring and indulgent husband, but to-night the girl was petulant.



THE NEW WARDEN OF NEW COLLEGE, OXFORD.
(*After an Illustration in the New College Manuscript, circa 1453.*
MR. FISHER.

"I 've been here three months," she said; "I must go to town to-morrow."

"Why, my Beauty?"

"Well, I must get shingled again, and I want to show my sisters my jewels. They don't believe you were worth while, Beastie. Also I must go to a night-club and try some new cocktails and new dances."

"Do you like that sort of life?"

"Of course not. It bores me stiff. But I *must* be like a modern novel and like the people in illustrated papers. You wouldn't have your Beauty a frump?"

"Go," sighed the Beast, "but promise to come back this day fortnight."

"Promise, old thing," said Beauty carelessly.

* * * * *

Three weeks had passed and still each night saw the loveliness of Sonia Lichtenstein gleaming in the hectic brilliance of the Felix Club. They called her the Cabaret Star. She was unquenchable. Her devoted lover, Freddie Saumurez, was her dancing partner every night, but a galaxy of young men waited the least chance of serving her.

To-night Freddie was watching for her at the door.

"You 're late," he whispered.

"Yes, but I won that Badminton Championship this afternoon, and this morning I played eighteen holes in Bogey. Before that I was riding with Sussex in the Row. Come and dance."

"Just a moment," whispered Freddie. "There 's a Chinese woman here, a dope-seller, with a wonderful crystal. We 're all trying to see the future in it. Come and try your luck."

A moment later Beauty bent her lovely shingled head over the crystal. There was a scream. Then, white as her powder, she turned to Freddie.

"Be quick! Listen! Drive me down to Berkshire. Beastie is dying. Lend me your leather coat."

Five seconds later the great Daimler was purring through the streets of London. "Quick—change places!" cried Beauty through set teeth. "I shall drive. I don't care how many policemen I kill. Give me the wheel."

That drive through the night was like a Cubist nightmare to Freddie Saumurez. The woman at his side seemed the demon of speed. In an incredibly short time they drew up at the steps of the great Georgian mansion in Berkshire.

Without a word or glance at her companion Beauty threw herself out of the car and rushed into the moonlit dark. In the rose-garden she found what she had expected—the Beast, her husband, prostrate by the side of the fountain, a revolver in his cold hand.

"Beastie," she sobbed, her tears raining on his face.

"My Beauty," he answered, drawing her shorn head to his breast.

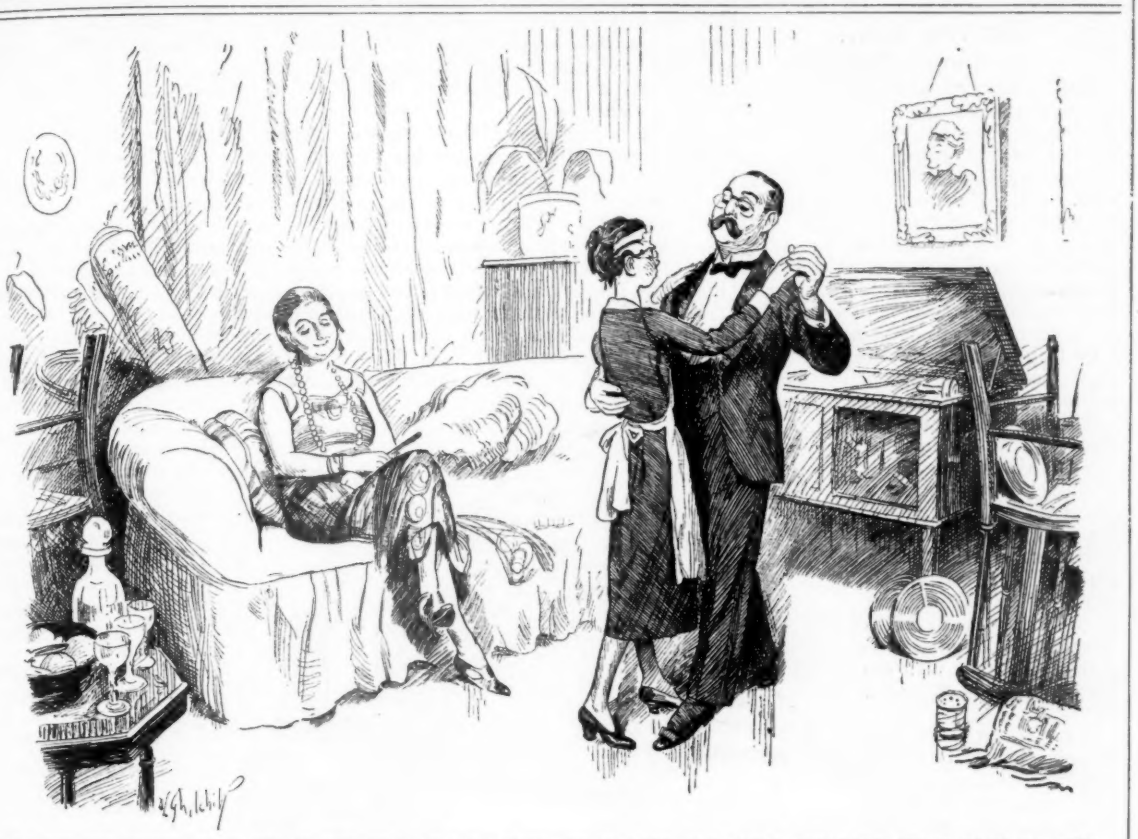
"Where is the wound?" she sobbed.

"All duds," he said, "six of 'em; I 'm not even scratched. It was grief. I thought I 'd lost you for ever."

"Never again," she cried, lost in the ecstasy of reunion.

"My Beauty," he murmured.

"My Beast," she sighed.



THE TOOTING-JONESES, KEEN STUDENTS OF THE SOCIETY GOSSIP COLUMNS, REALISE THAT IT IS IN THE BEST COUNTY FAMILY TRADITION TO GIVE AN OCCASIONAL SERVANTS' DANCE.

THE OBVIOUS REVENGE.

[In his "Answers to Correspondents" the conductor of a "Children's Corner" says that he is always glad to hear of little boys who help Daddy with the gardening.]

You are brimful of energy, Peter, my son,
And ever you fondly aspire
(Since the wonderful day when you started to run)
To aid your laborious sire;
Whatever the task that I happen to touch
Or the hobby I venture to try,
You are burning to have not a finger so much
As a couple of hands in the pie.

But most in the garden I've carefully made
With me you delight to combine,
As you playfully ply a diminutive spade
Or stagger about under mine;
But, frankly, your help in improving the soil
Is a thing I could well do without,
Since at present your notion of gardening toil
Is flinging the terrain about.

When I tackle the labour of rolling, I know
I must stop it again and again
To avoid your inquisitive finger or toe,
And starting 's a terrible strain;
But greater the strain of continuing mute
While my heart is beginning to bleed
For some priceless exotic yanked up by the root
When you 're helping your daddy to weed.

But still with your mother's affectionate view
I 'm fully prepared to agree;
Such open-air play is a tonic for you
If it seldom invigorates me;
To your hindering habits I freely submit,
But the thing that *is* making me mad
Is the thought that your custom of doing your bit
Is making some journalist glad.

My wonted contentment is put out of gear
By the pleasure expressed in his note,
Till the need of reprisal grows perfectly clear;
I 'll larn Uncle Puffin to gloat.
When his present address I have managed to trace
My revenge will be speedy and grim
As, quoting his words with a smile on my face,
I offer to lend you to him.

In a Good Cause.

A Ball (with Cabaret) will be held at the Hyde Park Hotel on Tuesday, February 10th, in aid of the funds of The National Children Adoption Association, of which Princess ALICE, Countess of Athlone, is the President.

Since 1917 the Association has secured adoption for seventeen hundred destitute and homeless children; and in the last few years six hundred and fifty have been temporarily housed at its Hostel, Tower Cressy, on Campden Hill.

Tickets for the Ball (30*s*., including supper) may be obtained from the Secretary, National Children Adoption Association, 19, Sloane Street, S.W. 1.

AT THE PLAY.

"THE THIEF" (STRAND).

THE identity of the latest adapter of M. BERNSTEIN'S *Le Voleur* was not disclosed on my programme, not even on the second page, where it says "Shoes by GAMBA," and things like that. I think we ought to have had his name, if only that we might know whom we had to thank for the naïve interpolation of such topical stunts as broadcasting and cross-word puzzles into a middle-aged drama, though they did little enough to correct the almost total lack of humour in the play. (The performers seemed amused, but I could not share their hilarity.)

This is your true "revival"—a restoration not merely to life but to youth, as though by the monkey-gland process. I commend the idea to the producers of SHAKESPEARE. *The Duke* in *As You Like It* might beguile the tedium of his exile with Mah-Jongg; or *Antony* and *Cleopatra* might do a little excavating at the Tomb of TUT-ANKH-AMEN.

It is eighteen years since I saw M. GORDON-LENNOX'S version of this play, and I still think that M. BERNSTEIN escaped his own notice in making the character of *Chelford* (the husband of the thief) his most interesting psychological study. A boy's lust or a woman's passion for finery may always drive them to incredible actions that offer an easy dramatic effect; but there was something rather more subtle about the clash of conflicting motives in the character of *Chelford*. As a mere man he must have detested his wife's crime and her still graver offence in letting somebody else bear the guilt of it. But as a doting husband he is on the point of condoning everything in response to a physical appeal, when it suddenly occurs to him that there must be something questionable in her relations with the boy to explain his heroic assumption of her crime. This decides him to regard her conduct as unpardonable, and the physical appeal is repulsed. He will sit up all night in a chair.

Later, when her fidelity to him is proved, he is quite ready to treat her theft of his friend's money as comparatively venial. The taint of it will blow off with a change of air in the tropics. Meanwhile he can continue to satisfy his uxorious instincts; and in order to make sure that we shall not mistake all this for divine forgiveness he ends on a note of jocular banality: "The women—bless 'em!"

Of course it is accepted that a certain type of man will forgive anything in a woman except a direct wrong done to himself. *Chelford* in fact is human. But he is a poor flabby creature; even his wife unconsciously admits this when she says that her object in spending money on dress was to retain his affection. And the curious thing is that neither author nor actor apparently recognised that he was a poor flabby creature. Mr. BOURCHIER, anyhow, seemed thoroughly satisfied with himself; not, of course, with his own acting—for to say this would be to call his modesty in question—but thoroughly satisfied with the excellence of the character that he was playing.

Those who have not seen *The Thief* before or have forgotten it could enjoy the element of surprise; but for the others the chief interest lay in the new interpretation. Mr. BOURCHIER, whose facial muscles were kept in full play, put a lot of eloquence into his long periods of silent rumination. Miss KYRLE BELLEW as *Marise Chelford* was natural in her movements and showed a right reserve in the bedroom scene, leaving it to act itself without too much encouragement. But she lacked mobility of expression. Mr. JAMES CAREW did good execution in his long recital in the First Act and was always adequately parental. Mr. JACK HOBBS played sincerely in the difficult part of *Harry Leyton*, the boy lover, but conveyed no suggestion of French precocity. One never quite believed in him as the dashing youth who had been plunging on the Turf and keeping an actress in Town.

I don't yet know where the boy got the money to do it with. I have my suspicions that he was the thief all the time, and that he let *Marise* have a fat share of the spoil. Those bank-notes that were produced from his pocket—it was too improbable that she could have handed them over to him in the garden after dinner. Would she be likely to be carrying fivers about in the bodice of her evening-dress when she had a much safer cache for them in her bedroom?

This view—that young *Leyton* was the thief—may not be the author's view; but, if it is not, why did he choose a title that leads us to suppose that the thief was a male? It says *Le Voleur* and not *La Voleuse*. Now M. BERNSTEIN, like all playwrights, is an honourable man, and would surely never dream of practising deceit upon his audience before the curtain went up. I cannot bear to contemplate the thought. I would much sooner believe that in coming to the conclusion that the woman was the thief he deceived himself. O. S.



Richard Chelford (*Mr.* BOURCHIER) *with decision.* "WE WILL SPEND THE NIGHT LIKE THIS."

Marise Chelford (*Miss* KYRLE BELLEW). "OH, MAYN'T I TAKE UP A MORE COMFORTABLE POSITION?"

How to Brighten Mothers' Meetings.

"Mothers' Union.—The Quarterly Service on Monday, January 19th, at 3 o'clock, with admission of men members."—*Parish Magazine.*

"SERVANTS AND BURGLAR.

ASSIZE JUDGE REWARDS THEM FOR BRAVERY."

Newspaper Headline.

We like these impartial beaks.

"Nearly 10,000 French civil servants are being dismissed for economy."

Morning Paper.

This stirs a patriot's heart. None of ours has ever been accused of it yet.

"'East is East, West is West,
Never the twain shall meet.'
RUSKIN IS WRONG, FOR AMRUTANJAN
is a living instance where East meets West."

Advt. in Indian Theatre-Programme.

But what do they know of Kipkin who only Rusling know?



Owner of Puppy (that has been jumping up on old gentleman). "I AM SO SORRY, BUT HE MAKES FRIENDS WITH *ANYBODY*—NO DISCERNMENT AT ALL."

THE INVERSE RATIO.

THE notice of the death, on his yacht at Monte Carlo, of Sir William Bullion, the millionaire, reminds me of a curious trait in the character of self-made magnates.

I met him only four times in all, in the way that one does meet certain persons in London, never getting to know them any better and often having to be re-introduced; and each time, I remember, he talked about his early days, but on each occasion with a difference.

When I met him first he was only beginning to be a financial notability.

"You 're all public-school and university men here," he said, looking round the table, "and therefore to be envied. Now, my father sent me to a private school and put me into business directly I left. What I missed I shall never know, even though my wits may perhaps have been sharpened."

Considering that he already had a hundred pounds to every ten of ours he had the right to his complacency.

"You 're all public-school and university men here," he said—this is my recollection of the second time I was in his presence, again at a men's dinner-party, and he was now the chairman of a score of companies—"and therefore to be envied. Now, my father held that the world was the best training ground, and so I was taken away at an early age from the very elementary school that he could afford, and put into life itself, without any outside leverage whatever, indeed nothing except possibly a certain quickness and plenty of driving power. And yet I have not perhaps done so badly. . . ." and so forth.

The third time was at one of those charity banquets where every guest's appetite is impaired by the contiguity of a fountain-pen and a banker's order, and Sir William Bullion—he had just been knighted—made one of the speeches.

"Most of the gentlemen around me," he said, "have had the advantage of a public-school and university education. I don't say it boastfully, but I had practically no education at all, and"—he added—"very little to eat. How I contrived to learn to speak grammar I have now no notion; perhaps a certain ability to pick things up stood my friend . . ." and so forth. It was like a chapter from SMILES's *Self-Help* on the cinema.

On the last occasion I chanced to be placed next to him, and I congratulated him on the baronetcy that had just been conferred. He thanked me with tears in his eyes, and with more tears went on to tell me how proud his parents would have been could they know of it. "Poor creatures," he said, "they could not even afford to give me schooling. For the first fifteen years of my life I was literally in the gutter."

E. V. L.

Our Erudite Contemporaries.

"Not 150 years separate us from the '76 Rebellion and the final battle of Culloden when the Highland clans fought as one man under their respective Chiefs."—*Daily Paper.*

A case of being a bit "out in the '76."

From the report of a Temperance meeting:—

"America, since the adoption of prohibition, had saved eleven million lies."

Provincial Paper.

GEORGE WASHINGTON *will* be pleased.

"Well educated young man seek sit. as companion to a gentleman or valet de chamb."

Advt. in Riviera Paper.

Evidently a case of "a gentleman's gentleman's gentleman."

MR. TURPENTINE.

BRING me an oyster, bring me five or six,
Bring me a bottle of the best white wine,
Bring me a sole done up with fancy-tricks—
Let me, in short, most generously dine;
And then, when I am warm and fed,
When all the world looks round and red,
Fill up, and solemnly be said
A hideous curse on Mr. Turpentine!

Confound you, Mr. Turpentine!
Confound you, Mr. Turpentine!
Confound you, Mr. Turpentine,
Misfortune dog your name!
Rats bite your nails,
And hairy scales
Appear upon your frame!
May any horse which you select
Have some congenital defect,
And at the post
Give up the ghost
Or suddenly be lame!
May Bulls and Bears
Mess up your shares,
And, if some foolish girl
Has sweetly smiled upon you, oh!
May she incontinently throw
You over for an Earl!
O may your nose go red and shine!
O may you catch a chill!
Confound you, Mr. Turpentine,
I wish you very ill!

No, do not ask the details of his case
Nor what gross injury the man has done;
It were a shame to tell you in this place;
I simply mention that he fouls the sun.
Then drink your healths, fill, drink the KING,
Drink Church and State, drink anything,
But fill again, and madly sing
An awful doom for Mr. Turpentine!

Confound you, Mr. Turpentine!
Confound you, Mr. Turpentine!
Confound you, Mr. Turpentine,
The Furies do you brown!
O may you buy
When things are high,
And sell when they are down!
O may the Inland Revenue
Conceive a strong dislike for you,
And sometimes hale
You off to jail
For owing half-a-crown!
And when you pass
A looking-glass
O may you start and cry
With new conviction every night,
"That is a most unpleasant sight—
My goodness, is it I?"
O may your nose go red and shine!
O may you catch a chill!
Confound you, Mr. Turpentine,
I wish you very ill!

Alas, a mellowness pervades my brain;
How fatal is the influence of wine!
My darned good-nature moves in me again,
I cannot curse you, Mr. Turpentine!
Nay, Turpentine, I sigh for you.
Though I detest the things you do,
You cannot help yourself, it 's true—
Ah, let us pray for Mr. Turpentine!

O bless you, Mr. Turpentine!
O bless you, Mr. Turpentine!
O bless you, Mr. Turpentine,
I wish you well and fair!
Good angels take
Your face and make
Some suitable repair;
Good fairies wrestle with your mind
And leave you sweet and clean and kind,
But may you not
Discover what
A horrid thing you were!
May men applaud
Your vilest fraud
And trust you once again;
And may that fond and foolish girl
Abandon her beloved Earl
And live with you in Spain!
O Turpentine, a glass of wine!
What use is it to curse?
God made you, Mr. Turpentine,
And how can man do worse?

A. P. H.

HINTS FOR CANDID TOAST-PROPOSERS.

[Lord BIRKENHEAD, in proposing the toast of "British Music" at the annual dinner of the Federation of British Music Industries at the Savoy Hotel last Wednesday, said that "he had never been able to tell one tune from another, and although he was a poor man he would rather pay fifty pounds than sit through the finest classical concert that had been produced in this or any other country."—See *The Times*, January 30th.]

At a Royal Academy Banquet:—

"Old and new Masters are to me alike anathema. I could never see the difference between MICHAEL ANGELO and ANGELICA KAUFMANN, MANTEGNA and MUNNINGS, REMBRANDT and FRITH. To visit a picture-gallery always gives me a headache or a crick in the neck. But the gratuitous exhibitions of our pavement artists seldom go unrewarded by a copper or two from my modest purse."

At a dinner of the Royal College of Physicians:—

"On the truth of the saying that where there are three doctors you will find two atheists, I refrain from comment, but I have always felt a cordial sympathy with the proverb that 'if the doctor cures, the sun sees it; if he kills, the earth hides it.' Though not exactly a pauper, I have never consulted a doctor on the register. To this abstinence, and the judicious use of patent medicines, I owe my robust health."

At a meeting of the Classical Association:—

"The people who burnt the library at Alexandria were bunglers; they did not do their work thoroughly. Though not in affluent circumstances, I would gladly contribute a hundred pounds to a movement for the annihilation of every manuscript and printed copy in existence of the works of HOMER, ÆSCHYLUS, SOPHOCLES, EURIPIDES, PLATO, VIRGIL, HORACE, CATULLUS and LUCRETIUS. The dead hand of the Classics is the curse of our higher education. After all it is modern poetry that counts."

At a soirée of the Royal Institute of British Architects:—

"I confess that I have never been able to distinguish between Gothic, Norman, Corinthian and Doric styles of architecture, nor have I cared to. Until quite recently I always thought that it was Beau NASH who built Regent Street. All this fuss about St. Paul's, the dome and golden cross, makes me tired. The collection of two hundred thousand pounds to shore it up seems to me a wanton waste of good money. If I could afford fifty pounds, which I can't, I would gladly contribute it to the cost of demolishing the whole building, in order to relieve the congestion of traffic, which so often delays my car on the way to Liverpool Street."

SIDE-LIGHT.

Two old horses were discussing the police news in the daily Press.

"These reckless driving and collision charges seem to be on the increase," said one. "Drunken motorists are always cropping up and being fined or even imprisoned."

"Yes," said the other; "that's what comes of machinery. There's no friendly intermediary any longer between the driver and the obstacle. Now my master could get as drunk as he liked when he was what he called driving me, and I always got him safely home."

"Mine too," said the other. "How the world must miss us!"

"There is little doubt that electric sins are rapidly assuming popularity as a method of advertising."—*Evening Paper.*
There is no doubt whatsoever.



Cottager (to new resident). "MY 'USBAND IS THE 'ANDY-MAN OF THE VILLAGE, MISS. IF 'E CAN DO A JOB 'E WILL. IF 'E CAN'T THERE 'S NO GREAT 'ARM DONE."

PLACES-AS-THEY-OUGHT-TO-BE.

VIII.—WATER-CUM-JOLLY.

If ever you go
To Water-cum-Jolly
Don't take your Sunday hat—
Don't take a brolly.

Don't take the clothes that
Demand mackintoshes;
Don't take your button boots,
Don't take goloshes.

Take shorts and a sweater
As old as you please,
For nobody 'll mind
If you show grubby knees.

At Water-cum-Jolly
You paddle and dabble
Where the brooks gurgle
And chuckle and babble.

There you get frog-spawn
And fresh water-cresses,
And in the soft mud make
Delectable messes.

You make dams out of pebbles
As much as you choose,
And no one says "Don't!"
Or "Just *look* at your shoes!"

You may *sit* in the water
And no one 'll scold,
For no one at Water-
Cum-Jolly grows old.

"VULGAR, A VICTORIAN WORD."

(*See "A.B.W." in "The Times" of January 28th.*)

THAT hardworked noun "vulgarity,"
Once freely used and heard,
Is growing quite a rarity,
Demoded and absurd.

We, in our vision's clarity,
Our social solidarity,
Our love of frank hilarity,
No longer gibe and gird
At people for vulgarity,
Since those who use the word
Have by their lack of charity
The same reproach incurred.



AWKWARD PREDICAMENT OF A BURGLAR WHO HAS PROMISED HIS WIDOWED MOTHER THAT HE WOULD NEVER STRIKE A WOMAN.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

IT is the misery of nearly every artist to see conduct and art as two distinct plots, neither of which can be cultivated supremely without time and labour snatched from the other. From the point of view of art, the propitious thing to do seems to treat conduct with comparative neglect until you have got the soil of your art into good condition, and then to turn back to conduct and wrestle with the weeds that have sprung up there. Unluckily there is not always time for the moral revulsion to take effect on the artist; and the tragedy, I feel, of *The Life of James Elroy Flecker* (BLACKWELL), the immediate cause of the above meditation, is that the final FLECKER, a spirit of real vigour and magnanimity, never got a chance to make his mark on the author of *Hassan*. By far the most interesting chapter of Miss GERALDINE HODGSON'S enthusiastic biography is the one that is headed "Switzerland"—an ominous heading when you remember that Switzerland meant Leysin and Davos, boxes of lozenges from the poet's friends and almost utter dependence on his father (it is hard to say which irked him most), and ultimately death. Yet to the Swiss period belong letters revealing a far finer human being than the schoolboy of Cheltenham and Uppingham, the "casual, eclectic, brilliant" undergraduate, even the hard-working official and still harder-working Parnassian who began his losing battle with disease and poverty at Constantinople. It is to the devoted labours of the poet's mother that the material of the present book is owing, so I suppose it is only natural that early data preponderate. Nevertheless I would give several pages of youthful promise for more letters like the rhapsody on teaching in the last chapter, when "the greatest poet of his day—barring Yeats" wishes he were well enough to educate the boys in his father's school "till they stood on their heads." After this Miss HODGSON'S scholarly "Epilogue" on FLECKER'S poetry comes almost as an anticlimax. But it is an anticlimax for which all amateurs of English and French prosody will be grateful.

There is no more engaging quality in a novelist than a sense of humour subordinated to the necessities of his theme. Miss PHYLLIS BOTTOME has brought this gift and a good many others to the writing of *The Depths of Prosperity* (COLLINS), and the result is a book which entirely justifies the publisher's description of it as "a tale of breathless excitement and true emotion." It describes the attempt of a jealous mother to murder her daughter, or alternatively to drive her mad, a rather lurid theme which is only made tolerable by its frankly melodramatic treatment. The book is in fact a struggle for a patient's life in two rounds, the first in a sick-room and the second in a lunatic asylum, between an heroic young nurse, aided by a few staunch friends, and the murderous mother and her accomplices. Between the rounds Miss BOTTOME has mercifully provided one peaceful chapter, and, if you don't take advantage of it and put the book down for a moment, you most certainly never will until it is finished and the time is two hours later than you thought. However, I hope that Miss

BOTTOME, having shown us how exceedingly well she can work in this field, will now abandon it for something better worth doing. If she will choose a theme which will allow us to feel that we are participants rather than spectators (for so few of us know murderous mothers), she should give us a book that is really worth remembering.

Step-children of Music 's a title
Repelling Dick, Harry and Tom;
None the less for his charming recital
I wish to congrat. ERIC BLOM;
I have read him in *Music and Letters*
And envied his wit and his lore,
But his present experiment betters
The best he has written before.

For he shows us the great in their weakness—
How genius may suffer decline;
How MENDELSSOHN's slickness and sleekness
Mixed water and milk with his wine;
How giants fall into disfavour;
Where WAGNER or BEETHOVEN nods;
How a vulgar or popular flavour
May elevate pygmies to gods.

But the point that most clearly emerges
Is this—the unmerited fate
Of composers who stood on the verges
Of greatness, yet missed being great:
GALUPPI the "brave," and PICCINNI
Whom fortune and fashion forsook,
Who wasn't a fraud or a "ninny,"
But only inferior to GLUCK.

Alert and incisive yet kindly
In handling the ancients is BLOM,
No wholesale iconoclast, blindly
Resorting to bludgeon or bomb;
And, though upon some of his strictures
Approval I cannot bestow,
He writes jolly well, and the pictures
Are excellent (FOULIS AND CO.).



Nurse. "NOW, I WONDER WHY BABY HAS STARTED CRYING."
Bobbie. "HOPE HE DOESN'T GET HIMSELF INTO A HEAT. I'VE GOT SOME OF MY SNOWBALLS IN THERE."

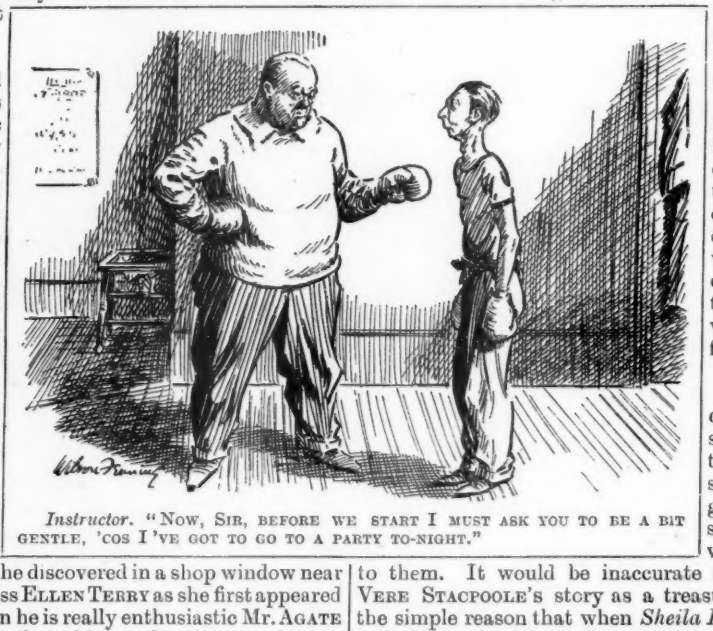
Students of War literature who may have wondered where, amid a great concourse of regimental histories, "The Watch Dogs" of *Punch* might be found in uncensored surroundings, with actual names of places and persons openly stated, will surely be glad to learn that, in *The War History of the Sixth Battalion The South Staffordshire Regiment* (HEINEMANN), many extracts are reproduced from those letters that *Henry* wrote to *My dear Charles*. Major F. O. LANGLEY, who wrote them, is one of a committee of authorship who have not only compiled statistics of the familiar kind dealing with such things as trench sections held and casualties suffered, but have tried to get beyond the bare ungarnished details into the realm of living human experience. By comparing all available diaries and cross-questioning all available survivors they have sought to learn at first hand what the men really thought about it all—when the section happened to be a lively one, for instance, and the casualties beyond what was reasonable. Admittedly the results have not been altogether encouraging, for the diarists seem more concerned to speak of mud and inspections—in somewhat similar terms—than of battles; while, if the survivors can be persuaded to tell of heroic exploits at all, it is sure to be of anyone else's but their own. Taking it all together one may say that here is a straightforward account of a straightforward territorial battalion that found its way into some of the bitterest fighting on the Western front and came through to the end, with however changed a *personnel*, in the same high spirit of fire and humour, both alike unquenchable.

Mr. JOHN COURNOS, intimate and competent chronicler of the family of Russian Jews, the *Gombarovs* in *The Mask*, *The Wall* and *Babel*, has broken surprisingly fresh ground in *The New Candide* (LANE), which borrows more, perhaps, from STERNE than VOLTAIRE. Ostensibly it is the history of the pilgrimage of a rich young American, *Peter Pock, Junior*, son of a Chicago millionaire pig-breeder; in fact it is a bitter satire on the tyrannies which "the philosophy of Bah-Bah," the code current among members and students of a famous American University (or, for the matter of that, almost any corporate body, such as a profession, an army or a nation), imposes on the "odd man out" who doesn't respond to the normal reactions. The War catches our

friend *Peter* when on a jaunt in Paris in the care of a not very elevating mentor, and, after various unseemly and disastrous experiences, the two join the Foreign Legion. *Peter* becomes a pacifist; returns to his native land an outcast; is shipped off to Russia with a batch of Communist exiles, and learns what Soviet notions of freedom are; moves to Ireland, where he comes in contact with the constabulary in Black and Tan days; thence to Italy, where Fascists dose him and his *fiancée* with castor-oil; back to America, where the drastic and ridiculous mummers of the Ku Klux Klan get hold of him—an unhappy pilgrimage indeed. In London alone he finds liberty, and is much impressed by the superb tolerance of this city of freedom during the passage of Mayor McSWINEY'S funeral cortège, with its escort of Irishmen in the uniform of their republic—an echo of Mr. COURNOS' love of the city of his adoption which he manifests in all he writes. A queer interesting book, not for babes. We can't expect satirists to be fair, but we fancy they might do more for their cause if they were a little less unfair. But perhaps satirists don't have causes.

I am always glad to welcome Mr. JAMES AGATE, the dramatic critic, writing weekly about his own particular topic, and I enjoyed *Fantasies and Impromptus*, wherein he wandered pleasantly enough in other fields as well, not very long ago. But *On An English Screen* (LANE) strikes me as inferior work. There are one or two essays that have an agreeable flavour to the elderly gentleman who recalls the past with a touch of sentiment. I rather liked, for example, the rhapsody on "An Old Photograph" which he discovered in a shop window near the British Museum—Miss ELLEN TERRY as she first appeared to his boyish gaze. When he is really enthusiastic Mr. AGATE is generally readable enough, and he can be enthusiastic over a good many things, some of them rather strange. Hence the best things in this volume, apart from this of Miss TERRY'S photograph, are those concerned with golf at Gleneagles and the glories of Lancashire cricket. He writes with a certain fervour even about beer and Mr. JOE BECKETT. But the greater part of the book is made up of short sketches so slight in texture that they could only have been worth preserving if they had been superlatively well done. The publisher reminds us that they are written with a "characteristic gaiety;" I should be inclined rather to diagnose a careless contempt for the reading public. About a dozen of the forty-two essays which go to make up this slender volume of 222 pages are professedly humorous, and really some of them might have been composed by a boy of seventeen trying his hand at comedy in his school magazine. I fear a long course of attendance at first nights has persuaded Mr. AGATE that the great British public will swallow almost any stuff sponsored by a well-known name.

Miss MARY BORDEN'S *Three Pilgrims and a Tinker* (HEINEMANN) has had a very disturbing effect on my mind. I did not, and I never do, take very seriously the loves of those who love often. *Marion Dawnay's* record at thirty-six is three husbands, two children by one marriage and one by each of the others, and at least two serious love affairs in the course of her various wedded life. But *Marion*, at once selfish and loving, hard and generous, has her fascinations, and Miss BORDEN very nearly made me take her loves seriously, besides convincing me that these weather-cocks of love must of necessity be very attractive creatures. The four children—save *Biddy*, who, however cosmopolitan, is a little too advanced for seven years—are excellently done, and so is *Cricket* the faithful old nurse, and *Jim* the third husband, and *Waring* the repulsive lover. Miss BORDEN has also some quite good things to say about hunting, though I shouldn't myself class her book, as I see Mr. S. P. B. MAIS has done, as the best written on the subject. One small point, though there are others like it: I cannot see why the *Dawnay* family should drive up from the station to their new home at the gates of old *Lord Woodthorpe's* park in the carrier's cart. If it had happened earlier it would have been almost enough, since *Lord Woodthorpe* is *Jim's* father, to account for his conventional hatred of his son and make their conventional reconciliation at the end quite unlikely. But, when all is said and done and grumbled at, this is a clever aggravating book, vivid and full of individuality.



Instructor. "NOW, SIR, BEFORE WE START I MUST ASK YOU TO BE A BIT GENTLE, 'COS I 'VE GOT TO GO TO A PARTY TO-NIGHT."

Golden Ballast (HUTCHINSON) should be instructive reading for those who find themselves in possession of gold which, from a strictly legal point of view, does not belong to them. It would be inaccurate to describe Mr. H. DE VERE STACPOOLE'S story as a treasure-hunt, and this for the simple reason that when *Sheila Dennis, Dicky Sebright* and *James Corder* became owners of *The Baltrum* their difficulty was not to find treasure but to know how to dispose of it. *The Baltrum* was "not so much a ketch as a bloomin' mystery," which you will easily believe when I tell you that her ballast consisted mainly of gold, huge chunks of gold, and that one great slab of it was being used as an anchor for the dinghy. You will be correct in supposing that the boat had a history, and that *Sheila and Co.* were not the only people who knew it. Further than that I will not reveal her mysteries, but I can vouch that Mr. STACPOOLE contrives to dispose of this treasure in a way that was most satisfactory to *Sheila* and extremely entertaining to me.

More Headaches for the Historian.

"The Cathedral is seen according to Inigo Jones's restoration, with the addition of the spire, which, however, was never built."—*Daily Paper.*

"It will be observed that St. Paul's is shown here without the spire. During the terrific storm which burst over London in 1561 the spire was struck by lightning and burned down."—*Same paper, same page.*

In our opinion the spire is still there, but you cannot see the wretched thing on account of the fog.

CHARIVARIA.

WE are asked to announce that the end of the world did not occur on February 6, as anticipated by some people. (*Official.*)

* * *

With reference to the discussion about St. Paul's it should be pointed out that the present Dean and Chapter formed no part of WREN'S original design.

* * *

Mr. ALBERT DE COURVILLE, writing in a Sunday paper, has revealed the fact that it was he who first introduced revue into this country. He has done the right thing in owning up.

* * *

A farmer living in Cornwall informed the local magistrates that he had no idea that there had been a European War. Our sympathies are with him when he tries to find out who won it.

* * *

RAISULI and his fortune of two hundred and eighty thousand pounds have been captured by ABDEL KRIM. This is a case of the loot within the Riffs.

* * *

We hear that a Cardiff newspaper proposes to run a cross-word puzzle in Welsh. Oh, Ll!

* * *

Now that tennis-players have taken to wearing plus-fours it would be interesting to know what would be the correct attire for a ludo-player attending a polo-match after he has had breakfast in bed.

* * *

It is now felt that if M. MICHALAKOPOULOS, the Greek Premier, can avert a conflict with Turkey he will make a name for himself.

* * *

One of the suggestions for the rapid construction of houses is to make the walls of poured concrete, which is afterwards baked. Of course you must not forget to grease the tin or you cannot remove the house without breaking it.

* * *

A Ford car left on a hill recently started itself and dashed into a river. As its bonnet was found on the bank it is thought to be a case of suicide.

* * *

At many schools where Rugby football is played the malady known as "scrum rash" is spreading. Not long ago, it will be remembered, there was an outbreak of flat feet caused through domino orgies.

* * *

A man was recently warned off a golf-course for acting suspiciously. It appears he was playing golf.

* * *

The Nobel Prize Committee has decided to award the Nobel Peace Prize to the person or persons who can claim the greatest credit for the Geneva Protocol. We understand that a mass meeting of claimants will be held next month.

* * *

It is estimated that the world weighs 1,256,165,970,000,000,000,000,000,000 tons. This news should make Signor MUSSOLINI realise his responsibility.

* * *

A dog belonging to a farmer recently killed twenty-eight rats in seven minutes. Have our dogs no trade union?

* * *

A large quantity of crockery was smashed last week at Redruth by what was thought to have been an earth tremor. A later explanation is that it was the work of a new domestic servant getting into her stride.



Puzzled Reveller. "WHAT'S A WORD—WHAT'S A WORD—BEGINNING WITH FOUR LETTERS?"

* * *

We see it stated that an Italian revolutionary organ is circulating in India. It sounds like a barrel-organ, and we've no doubt there's a monkey about somewhere.

* * *

A publisher's reader has explained in a daily paper why novels are rejected. But what we want to know is why they are not.

* * *

A mysterious sound of cheering heard in a London office is now explained. It appears that a wholesale meat magnate had discovered a small profit.

According to Professor Sir ARTHUR KEITH, Ice Age men in the Thames Valley were very much like ourselves. It was at a later period that Thames Valley residents developed webbed feet.

* * *

An ancient Maori adze weighing sixteen pounds has been dug up in New Zealand. This seems like an early attempt to solve the Canterbury lamb problem.

* * *

In view of the number of people who have been claiming the extinct Earldom of Oxford, there seems to have been some mistake about the "repose which stamps the caste of VERE DE VERE."

* * *

Ten inches of snow recently fell in the Arabian Desert. Those that threw the Winter garment of repentance into the fire of Spring are probably trying to get it back again now.

* * *

Pitcairn Island is over-run with rats and mice, and the natives have asked a passing liner to appeal to the British Government for assistance. Perhaps one of our cat-burglars will oblige?

* * *

The Daily Mail says that women are becoming geometrical. These eternal triangles again?

* * *

Giant squids with exceedingly tough scales are believed to inhabit the depths of the Atlantic Ocean. They live on discarded safety-razor blades.

* * *

The habit of employing chefs in place of female cooks has not done away with the worst scandal of social life below stairs. Any day you may catch your cook in the act of plying a pretty police-woman with rabbit-pie.

* * *

During a recent case at Marylebone Police Court a solicitor stated that the defendant played the saxophone. But surely it was out of order to mention a previous offence before he had been found guilty of the charge before the Court.

* * *

A few weeks ago American medical men thought they could cure colds with chlorine gas, but now they know for certain that they cannot. This is known as medical progress.

* * *

An undertaker has been charged with taking a pork-pie from a railway restaurant. His defence is that he thought the pie was dead.

The Rigours of Rustic Life.

"Notice is hereby given that after this date, owners of any fowls straying on land tenanted by Mr. ——, —— Farm, Dronfield, will be destroyed."—*Provincial Paper.*

EROS IN EXILE.

[The statue of Eros above the Shaftesbury fountain in Piccadilly Circus is to be temporarily removed on account of excavations for subways and for the extension of the Tube station. It is reported that a home for it will be found in the garden of the Tate Gallery.]

WHEN Eros does his exit from the Circus,
Gloom will be registered on London's face,
So long his business it has been to perk us
Up with his swinging curves and joyous grace;
There 'll be a vacuum drear and chilly
When that bright lad removes from Piccadilly.

No more with voices husky but sonorous
The bouquet-merchants at the fountain's brim,
Combining in a common female chorus
To sound their favourite Sophoclean hymn,
Will render (while remaining seated)
Those well-known words: "O Eros Undefeated."*

No more on Messrs. SWAN AND EDGAR'S ladies
Is he to exercise his killing craft;
For in his place the engineers of Hades
Propose to sink a temporary shaft;
And, if no other site were found,
He would collapse into the Underground.

That 's why the powers have ordered his removal
Upon the principle of "Safety First,"
And not in deference to his disapproval
Of those electric signs, abhorred, accurst,
Whose blinking horror blinds our eyes
Making us loathe the things they advertise.

And, when our friend is shifted from his whilom
Vantage above the buses' roaring spate,
They 've promised him a suitable asylum,
A home-from-home, contiguous with the Tate;
There, if the solitude should pall,
He 'll practise arching at the garden wall.

And, when to his own place he comes resilient,
May I be still extant in upper air
To see him start again upon his brilliant
Toxophilitics in the buff, or bare,
And lend the Town that Gallic touch
Which would have shocked Lord SHAFTESBURY so much.

O. S.

* Ἔρως ἀνίκατε μάχων.—*Sophocles, Antigone.*

NO RECOMMENDATION.

THE fashion of telling editors about their "beauty-spots" is spreading. It began with that shy little sheet which creeps into the world every morning through the gateway of Carmelite House and blushes and trembles to find itself discovered. I refer to *The Daily Mail*. Readers wrote to the Editor—are very likely still writing—to say what they liked best; without, I hope, any interested motives, although it certainly does present a certain temptation to young journalists' benevolent aunts. What a leg-up for that ambitious caricaturist, TOM WEBSTER, for example (who is not unamusing at times, but should go oftener to Association football matches), if all his relations conspired pseudonymously to commend his drawings!

The fashion, as I say, is spreading, and soon every paper will have a corner in which its trumpet is blown. A certain number of letters already written towards that end have found their way here and are now printed.

To the Editor of "The Daily Mail."

DEAR SIR,—If you will permit me to say so, I think the most marvellous thing about *The Daily Mail* is its Editor, and I don't wonder there is a movement to complete the memorial at Canterbury. The way you control the universe is wonderful. My constant prayer is that you may be spared to give us a better summer this year than last.

I am, Yours faithfully, TRUE BLUE.

To the Editor of "The Times."

DEAR SIR,—My favourite column of *The Times* is the one written by your racing correspondent, who is so down on card-sharpers in railway carriages. But I should like him even more if his forecasts of the results of races were always accurate. Surely a great paper like *The Times* ought to be able to give impeccable information as to the day's winners?

I am, Yours faithfully, ARTHUR PLUNGER.

To the Editor of "The Evening Standard."

DEAR SIR,—If a little suggestion that I have brought before the Editor of *The Times* should bear fruit, the feature of your admirable paper which I shall most enjoy will be the report of the day's racing.

I am, Yours faithfully, ARTHUR PLUNGER.

To the Editor of "The Sphere."

DEAR SIR,—The section of *The Sphere* which I have always most esteemed is the Literary Letter signed "C. K. S." I have no notion who "C. K. S." is, although I have asked a great many people. All I know for certain is that he is not, as one might think after only a hasty glance at the initials, Mr. CHESTERTON. But I should like here and now to record my gratitude to him for the generous way in which he has taken us into his confidence as to his likes and even, now and then, his dislikes.

I am, Yours faithfully, INQUIRER.

To the Editor of "The Sunday Times."

DEAR SIR,—The shining glory of *The Sunday Times* is in my humble opinion the reminiscences of Mr. T. P. O'CONNOR, who can remember and describe, even at Cannes, everyone that he has ever met and, almost better, everyone that he has ever missed. Long may the Father of the House flourish!

I am, Yours faithfully, SENEX II.

To the Editor of "The Observer."

DEAR SIR,—What I like best in *The Observer* is Mr. GARVIN'S pithy little leaders. But I wish his space was not so curtailed. Could not the paper be enlarged to give him real room? In our home we always observe Sunday, and refer to it as "the day of reticence."

I am, Yours faithfully, SABBATARIAN.

To the Editor of "Punch."

DEAR SIR,—The writer on *Punch* that I think most highly of signs with the three initials . . .

[EDITOR.—Oh, no, you don't. I guessed that something like this might be coming and was all ready for you.]

E. V. L.

Carried away with enthusiasm.

"The demonstration was amazing. Showers of hats were flung into the air. Cheer after cheer for both Australians and Englishmen rang out, and it was some minutes before the crowd came back to earth."—*Press Association Message.*

They should have got out of their hats before they flung them into the air.

A recently established isomeric compound has been entitled (so a kind correspondent informs us):—

ANISYLIDENEMETHYLPHENYLANISYLCYCLOPENTENONE.

Hurray! This gives us forty-three "across" at last.



AN OPTICAL ILLUSION.

THE BUTCHER AS WE ALWAYS THOUGHT WE SAW HIM. | THE BUTCHER AS HE SAYS HE IS.

[Evidence given by the Meat Trade before the Royal Commission on Food Prices went to show that the average butcher had the greatest difficulty in keeping body and soul together.]



FORCE OF HABIT.

Barber (to conductor). "YOU 'RE A BIT THIN ON THE TOP TO-NIGHT, AREN'T YOU?"

HOT-BEDS AND BLOTS.

MR. WILLIAM PERKINS BULL, K.C., who was recently entertained by the National Commercial Temperance League, spoke out about night-clubs. In speaking out about night-clubs he said, according to *The Times*, that the object of the night-club was to attract men of position and wealth and influence. With a little leaven of this kind was mixed the mass of the people, men and women, young and old, who might be classed as the goats (*sic*). "If you are sincerely interested in the welfare of the flower of our young people," urged Mr. BULL, "you will not 'let up' until these blots on our civilisation are either properly inspected and administered or properly 'closed up.'" (*Cheers.*)

I do not know if Mr. WILLIAM PERKINS BULL, K.C., holds a brief for any particular night-club, but the effect of this spirited address upon me was to revive in me all my lost illusions about night-clubs, and I immediately went to a night-club, uncertain whether I should count as a leaven or a goat, but supposing that night-clubs must at last have become really entertaining.

My night-club record is very unfortunate. I suppose I must have visited some six different hot-beds of temptation during the past twelve months—once each; and the only temptation to which I have ever been exposed was to have a second helping of bacon-and-eggs. To this temptation I invariably succumb. When I went to "The Wild Ones" I had three cups of tea as well. It was five minutes past eleven, and by the iron discipline of the place it was impossible to obtain anything stronger. But it was the same at "The Night Birds," and "The Devil-may-Care," and "The Red Bats," and "The Vicious Circle." Unlucky as ever, I turned up at all these places just when the particular temptations of the moment happened to be bacon-and-eggs, mushroom-sandwiches, coffee and tea. At "The Vicious Circle" I lost control altogether and had a cup of Equibos.

And don't think I go to the wrong places. "The Wild Ones" and "The Vicious Circle" are the newest haunts of "the fast set"—or so I read in the papers. It may be so, but I fear the fast set are too fast for me; at any rate, by the time I arrive at one of their haunts they have flitted leagues away. The nights I go to a night-club the fast set seem to flee the country, the giddy duchesses, the leading ladies, the notorious drug-takers, the cocktail set; and all that I see are the jaded *roués* of Sydenham and Ealing demurely toying with a sausage or dancing indefatigably with their own wives.

As for the temptation of the young, I have sometimes hoped that I should see this going on; for, if we are not to experience temptation in our youth, how are we to withstand the far more insidious trials and allurements of middle-age? But no—the one clear charge against the night-club is that it is a hideous temptation to the old. They are tempted to stay up late and neglect their business in the morning. And they fall; they fall in coveys. And, if there is any illicit drinking after the canonical hours of this law-ridden country, it is generally the old who are responsible. The young are occupied with dancing, with intellectual conversation and, it may be, love. The modern young are more or less immune from what the middle-aged generation of our day regard as temptation. And, if only that generation had been exposed to a little healthy temptation in their youth, they would probably behave themselves more laudably to-day.

I am not alone in these opinions. All my giddy friends assure me that

their particular hot-beds of temptation are becoming increasingly depressing and suburban. No doubt, however, Mr. WILLIAM PERKINS BULL, K.C., has himself attended many of the blots on our civilisation of which he speaks, or he would not speak so confidently. But what I want to know is: *Where does Mr. BULL go?* For I should like to go there too.

I made an effort, as I say, a few nights ago. I went to "The Spree," the particular blot for which George Rowland has made himself responsible. He is the *accoucheur*, proprietor and manager—all in one. I arrived, of course, ten minutes after the canonical hours for beer; this did not surprise me. What did surprise me was that there was no one there. The place was empty, save only for George, who was dancing unexcitedly with his only sister. We sat down and riotously broached a sausage-roll, and we discussed the condition of our civilisation; for George too had been reading Mr. WILLIAM PERKINS BULL, K.C. And after a little there entered an aged, aged man with a lady past her prime, to whom I have no doubt he had long been happily married. And after a vain attempt to obtain an unlawful whisky-and-soda the old man rose, and these two danced, sedately and alone. And for my part I was glad to see it.

But "Observe," said George a little bitterly, "the flower of our youth in the clutch of temptation. I have been writing," he continued, "a little song, which I propose to dedicate to Mr. WILLIAM PERKINS BULL, K.C., and present to the National Commercial Temperance League for the purposes of propaganda." And he handed me a *menu*, on the back of which the following disgraceful song was scribbled:—

DON'T TELL MY MOTHER I'M LIVING IN SIN; OR,
SEE WHAT IT DONE TO ME!

Beside a empty barrel
Upon a foreign shore
There sat the wreck of a 'uman man,
A 'uman man no more;
An opium pipe was in his hand,
He had not shaved for days,
The pack of cards that strewed the sand
The horrid truth displays,
When "Why," says I, "if that ain't
Ned!"
He raised his bloodshot eyes and said:—

"Don't tell my mother I'm living in sin,
"Don't let the old folks know:
Don't tell my twin that I breakfast on gin,
He'd never survive the blow.
Promise you'll keep little Maggie from harm;
You'll have to take care with a girl of her charm;
Don't let her know about whisky and 'snow,'
Don't let her go to them clubs in Soho!
But tell the whole world of the ruin you see;
This is what comes of a night at the Spree—
See what it done for me!"

The broken reed continued:
"I never swore a swore,
I never kissed a woman's hand
Till I was twenty-four.
They took me to a night-club then—
Ah, how was a lad to know?—
And all the rips of Wimbledon
Was dancing in a row;
A so-called haunt of pleasure—see?
And it was that what done for me."
"Don't tell my mother," etc.

"Nine—ten—eleven-thirty—
And still the music played.
O Heavens, the mushroom-sandwiches,
The lights, the lemonade!
And a chit of an actress-girl was there—
I was only a moon-struck calf;
Next day I stop at a postcard-shop
And I bought her photograph!
The shame of it!" the sinner sighed.
"Cheer up!" says I, but he replied—
"Don't tell my mother," etc.

"Once only," said the drunkard,
"But once was all too oft;
Temptation 's cruel, cruel hard,
Particler if you 're soft.
Drink, women, drugs, revolvers, knives—
I took the downward track,
So here I am with seven wives,
And most of them are black."
"Ah, don't say that," said I to Ned.
"I do say that," said he, he said—

"But don't tell my mother I 'm living in sin,
Don't let the old folks know.
Don't tell my twin that I breakfast on gin,
He 'd never survive the blow.
Promise you 'll keep little Maggie from harm;
You 'll have to take care with a girl of her charm;
Don't let her know about whisky and 'snow,'
Don'T let her go to them clubs in Soho!
But tell the whole world of the ruin you see;
This is what comes of a night at the Spree—
See what it done for me!"

A. P. H.



Doctor. "WHAT DID YOU OPERATE ON JONES FOR?"
Surgeon. "A HUNDRED POUNDS."
Doctor. "NO, I MEAN WHAT HAD HE GOT?"
Surgeon. "A HUNDRED POUNDS."

A POINTED EAR OR SO.

ALL on a fine summer morning, along the top terrace at Calebasse Chase, Miss Paterson, head-nurse, wheeled a baby. No less a person than the Honourable Robin Mellon, only son of Robert, nineteenth Baron Calebasse, and of Ann, his wife. At two years old the Honourable Robin was an extremely handsome young man. His fair skin was slightly sunburnt. The stolidity of infantile good health was lightened by a certain joyous impishness that presumed a sense of humour—a thing hitherto unheard of in the Mellon family tradition. His grey eyes, crinkling at the corners, had lashes long and black as a winter night. No male, Miss Paterson held, *ought* to have such lashes. His hair withal was a golden-chestnut, which would doubtless darken to auburn under big boyhood's closer cropping. In fact he looked the lamb Miss Paterson said he was.

I want you to realise Miss Paterson. She was about thirty. She liked poetry. She bore the same relation to the head-nurse of the eighties as a modern destroyer does to a dreadnought. She was an educated and resourceful young lady, in fact, who had degrees and college certificates to say she knew all about children. She had pursuits outside her profession. Botany, for instance. You see she was engaged to marry Professor Melbury on his return from Borneo, where he had gone in the interests of science as it related to the Orchideæ, and she meant to share her husband's troubles.

Meanwhile she wheeled the baronial perambulator and looked at one of the loveliest views in England. River she saw, and great belts of forest and heath, blue in the hazes of June; and beyond these, fifteen miles away, a grey sword-blade which was the Channel. To her came through the morning the Lady Molly Merrywood, a week-end visitor. She had a cigarette in her mouth and the sun in her hair.

"Morning, Miss Paterson," she said. "Topping day, isn't it? Hello, Robin Adair! How goes it, my lad?"

Robin beamed at her cheerfully.

"I say, Miss Paterson," she continued, "how that brat has come along since you've been doing him! Looks almost intelligent. Only a month ago I thought he was going to be a regular Mellon—good as gold and dull as ditch-water. Now he looks such a jolly little beast that I can't think how Robert and Ann come to own him. I love his crinkly eyes and mouth. *And* I love one of his ears to be pointy and t'other not to be," said she, ruffling Robin's hair.

"Pointy," said Miss Paterson—"one of his ears *pointy*? Surely no, Lady Molly."

"Surely yes," said Lady Molly. "Haven't you noticed?"

"Oh, *that*," said Miss Paterson rather weakly—"oh, yes."

For one ear did in fact grow a little differently from the other. There was, when you came to look, a suggestion of a point in it. Like a rose-bud's. It was, as Lady Molly said, rather attractive.

Her ladyship, with a friendly nod, strolled on to join a tall man in flannels who seemed to be interested in the standards on the lower terrace.

"Now, I wonder," said Miss Paterson, looking at Robin's ear again—"now I wonder how *that* occurred."

You see this is what had happened. The previous week Miss Paterson had taken Robin for a picnic into Calebasse Forest, which is oak and beech and old as England. They went alone. It being June, my lord and lady were in Portman Square. They came to Calebasse for week-ends. When Miss Paterson and Robin had had their tea she put him to sleep in his pram. She left the pram in a long aisle of oak. She commended Robin to a Purple Emperor that swooped like a flicker of blue flame down the afternoon. She then climbed a long rise in the woodland to visit a famous patch of the beautiful Butterfly Orchis which grew at the top. The Purple Emperor, more intrigued with the decomposition of a dead rabbit than with Robin, sailed magnificently on.



"BETWEEN THEM WALKED, HOLDING A HAND OF EACH, THE MOST FASCINATING LITTLE COPPER-KNOBBED FAUN YOU EVER DREAMT OF."

As it did so two oreads, of the merriest and most mischievous faces, came through the sun-splashed shade. Between them walked, holding a hand of each, the most fascinating little copper-knobbed faun you ever dreamt of. It was just about as big as Robin. Of course there are oreads in Calebasse; didn't you know? The Romans knew all right. They raised altars in Calebasse to the woodland Pan and his people, and the Romans, being practical folk, wouldn't raise altars to anyone who wasn't there, would they?

"Hello," said the rosier of the two nymphs peeping into the pram, "what a scrumptious baby! And asleep, too. Let's take it and play with it."

"Let's," said the other. "And we'll put Panikin into the pram till we come back; he's as sleepy as an owlet, anyhow."

"But wouldn't it be fun an' all," said the first, "to dress him in some of this

kid's clothes? The nurse, ten to one, won't spot the difference till she gets home. And oh, what a prodigious joke!" The two pretty creatures fell a-laughing like the ringing of bluebells on a May morning.

When Miss Paterson came back, all she noticed was the sleeping baby beneath the coverlet, and one carroty curl. The pram had its awning up, and it was only when Miss Paterson got home and picked up Panikin that she saw his little faun-legs and cloven hoofs and the prodigious joke simultaneously.

Miss Paterson was, as we know, a young lady of education and resource, and, instead of throwing a fit as a village girl would have done, she wrapped her changeling in Robin's coverlet, thanked Heaven it was Edith's evening out, and, murmuring, "Silenus, and Silvanus and fauns, and the nymphs of the woods and the waves, I fancy *this* is a faun," she carried him to the nurseries. There she discovered what a little *pet* of a faun it really was. She was enraptured with its pointed ears and its curly mouth, and quite enjoyed giving it Robin's supper and putting it to bed.



"WHEN MISS PATERSON GOT HOME AND PICKED UP PANIKIN . . ."

But you mustn't think she didn't worry about Robin. She did most frightfully. But she argued that the mother of such a bundle of bliss as Panikin was certain to be equally worried. An exchange therefore would be easy to effect. So, as the earliest slants of June sunrise came a-tiptoe, she met them among the great oaks. She laid the slumbering Panikin in a blanket just where she'd left the pram on the previous afternoon. She went some fifty yards into the wood and leant on a wise old tree, her back to the baby. She felt privacy was necessary to her plan—and, oh yes, *surely* she ought to say an incantation? She began softly, "When the hounds of spring . . ." When she got to where "the laughing leaves of the trees divide" she heard a light laugh, like the tinkling of bluebells, and then a chuckle that she recognised as Robin's. But wasn't there some new note in it? Something *different?*

When she finished on "the fawn that flies," she looked into the ride, and lo! the faun had fled, but on the blanket sat Robin, still chuckling, his face all twinkly and crinkly.

Little boys of two and a bit don't remember for long, but Robin for some time half recalled delightful games with delightful playmates, and that a jolly old gentleman (there was a statue of him in the rose-garden) happened along and said, "Why, here's Robin Mellon; and a dull and respectable little dog he must be if he takes after his ancestors. However, he's our prospective landlord in these parts, and the first of his family to call, so here's Joy o' Life for him." And the old gentleman pinched Robin's ear, all friendly, and played him the most merry little lilt on his whistle, and, as Robin listened, the corners of his eyes and mouth danced with those indelible crinkles that Lady Molly had found so adorable. They meant the capacity for laughter in life. They meant tears, too. But laughter, mostly laughter.

What? Yes, of course. Robin's one pointy ear was the one that Pan pinched. I thought you'd have guessed that; Miss Paterson did.



"AND PLAYED HIM THE MOST MERRY LIITLE LILT ON HIS WHISTLE."

WANTED BY THE YOUNG.

SOME young friends of mine, having noticed advertisements from grown-ups seeking bright homes for them and their kind, have drawn up a few which they think might meet their own needs:—

ONLY CHILD of millionaire would like to go where others are kept. Or would exchange quantity expensive toys for access to back-garden; one with pond or mud preferred. Attendance not required.

GIFT BOOKS, unused. Exchange for cricket-bat, white rat or anything useful.

YOUTH (15), studious, quiet, with four sisters, would like peaceful home with elderly lady. No gramophone or dancing.

BOY, active, energetic, early riser, good whistler, loud speaker, late hours not objected to, would like to adopt Uncle with ample means next holidays. Would be prepared to go anywhere and do anything.

GIRL (16) would like bright cheerful home for mother. Vivacious, popular, fond bridge, dancing; or would consider exchange for heavy-weight who is good knitter.

LADY (young) would like to part with three Victorian great-aunts. Perfect specimens. One slightly cracked.

THE BLUSH-METER.

[Professor BOYS, the physicist, is attempting to register by means of his radio-micrometer, the heat of a girl's blush. So far, however, he has failed, owing to his inability to find a subject. "Young women," he says, "are not given to blushing nowadays."]

HE should be still in youth's first flush
Who hopes to make a maiden blush;
And I am not surprised to read
That our Professor can't succeed.
The truth (although it sounds like rot)
Is—"Boys are boys, but BOYS is not."

"A regettable misprint crept into the text."
Cambridge Review.

But how seldom they are regettable!

THE TAUNGS MAN.

(Being an after-dinner speech to the Golders Green branch of the Anthropological Society in the year of grace 1925.)

IT seems that another of these buried Pithecanthropes has been recently discovered (or rather his skull), and that scientists expect us to be thrilled. The site of his burial was Taungs. The Pithecanthrope is an ape who was rather more like an ape-man than a man-ape, or else he is a man who was rather more like a man-ape than an ape-man; I forget which. Very likely he did not know himself.

But if any new interest attaches to this discovery it is not because the belief lingers in the mind of the ordinary man that he is descended from the angels. A great change has come over us since we first accepted the Darwinian theory as passably true. We were then half amused and half chagrined. As soon as we began to discover that the apes and ourselves had common ancestors, instead of mourning over our lost relationship with angels we began to canonise the apes. And not only the apes, but almost every other animal as well. It is doubtful whether any people since the ancient Egyptians have ever worshipped animals as they are worshipped in England to-day. Every kind of virtue is attributed to them, and the sins of man show up more luridly against the background of their divine calm.

Books are written about the beautiful nature of the mole and the sublime unconscious dignity of the stoat. Many of our most respected and intelligent authors spend half their time during the spring and summer crouching in the grass or hiding in hedges or sitting in the tops of trees for the sole purpose of observing the beatified existence of the animal world. In the winter time, when the trees and hedges are bare and it is no use sitting in them, they sit in quagmires amongst the reeds, hoping that the sight of a duck or a bittern may be vouchsafed to them, or that a water-vole may come and gambol near their boots.

No hardships or privations are sufficient to deter them from this rite. Rising before dawn on the coldest days, they cook a hasty breakfast and go out into the marshes to prostrate themselves in front of a teal. Those who shoot wild animals—for there are a few throw-backs of this kind amongst us—are regarded with abhorrence and dismay, and it is constantly pointed out how much more just and beneficial it would be if wild animals were able to shoot us.

It is true that even our forefathers found moral virtues in the brute creation. They told sluggards to go to the ant, and extolled the laborious behaviour of the bee. But in their naïve and foolish way they also attributed vices to certain animals, such as the ass, the fox, the tiger, the hyæna and the wolf. They could not see that any approximation to human nature ought to be regarded as a failing rather than as a matter for self-congratulation amongst beasts. At the present time we should exhort a busy stockbroker to go to the sloth bear and be wise. We implore our statesmen not to busy themselves with legislation, but to stand and stare at cows or study the pleasing abandon of the snail.

No animal, it is pointed out, would make a meat trust, or corner wheat, or grind the faces of the poor. And, whereas we dislike burglary, we lend it a halo of romance in particularly daring cases by attributing to the criminal some of the graceful agility and scorn of convention which we notice in the common cat.

In fine, if we are interested now in the discovery of a new Pithecanthrope, it is a form of snobbish pride, comparable to the discovery that, several generations ago, some distant female connection married the cousin of a peer.

All this homage to the brute creation has its good side; it makes for humanitarianism, it makes for humility. But it may also do harm. It may lead us in the course of the next hundred years to be too easily content. When it becomes our highest aspiration to live like the animals, to imitate their natural morals and unselfconscious ways, we shall be in danger of forgetting that there are one or two good things which men have done, but which animals have never done, and are never really very likely to do.

This may seem a daring statement to make at the present time, and it is a kind of propaganda which would never find its way into any of our more advanced literary reviews. Nevertheless it may be stated boldly that there are limitations to the intellect and even to the moral fervour of the brute creation. No antelope, for instance, has ever led a campaign in the cause of the abolition of slavery. No iguana has ever gone to the stake for its refusal to desert a cherished creed. No orang-outang has ever solved a cross-word puzzle. No forlorn hope has ever been led by a female smew. It is doubtful whether, even if it found itself possessed of the necessary power, any hippopotamus would ever have attempted to make the world safe for democracy. The fact is that in reading books and studying films, in lying about on mud-flats with cameras or dangling from the top of precipices in order to study wild life and its ways, we must not forget that the human intellect and the human soul have in times past had their triumphs too. Much though we may fall below the level of the weasel in our ordinary social relations, our financial ethics and our political designs, yet the human mind has at moments had dreams and visions which a weasel can never share. We write too many books and articles exhibiting the extent to which our ideals have sunk below the level of the fox, the onager, the peccary and the toad. We should harp more on impassioned preachers, poets and reformers who have risen, however slightly, above the gentle benignity of the yak and the gnu. And the discovery of a new Pithecanthrope ought to be hailed, not so much with shouts of triumph as a further proof of our noble ancestry, as with a kind of chastened calm. We may not only rise again some day to the level of the man-apes. We may even soar beyond.

PLACES-AS-THEY-OUGHT-TO-BE.

IX.—APPLEBY-ON-THE-EDEN.

OH, Appleby-on-the-Eden must surely be the place
Where first young Adam opened his eyes and looked upon Eve's sweet face;
And Appleby-on-the-Eden must surely be part of the land
Where Adam and Eve in a new-made world went wandering hand-in-hand.

At Appleby-on-the-Eden, when the world was fresh and new,
Adam and Eve went walking in the cool of the morning dew;
And Eve, she wove her chaplets of flowers, delicate, faint and sweet,
And Adam played with the animals that tumbled about his feet.

At Appleby-on-the-Eden, innocent, unafraid,
Eve came under the apple-trees in a tremble of light and shade;
And there, piled coil on enamelled coil, most beautiful for to see,
She saw the ancient Serpent lie twisted about the Tree.

Oh, Appleby-on-the-Eden is changed from those dear days;
But the lasses who walk in Appleby have something of Eve's old ways;
And, though some say that the Serpent lurks, watching and waiting still,
Lovers may eat of the apple-trees with never a thought of ill.

Motto for Lord BRADBURY:—*Quis reparabit?*

THE ART THAT CONCEALS ITSELF.



IN THE MATTER OF COSTUME, DON'T JUDGE BY APPEARANCES—



BECAUSE YOU NEVER CAN TELL.

THROUGH DIRTY DAYS.

By STICKHAM WEED.

I FEEL the time has now arrived when I can, without danger to Europe, let the public into the secret of the strange event which caused my person to suffer a temporary eclipse in the esteem of the more important Chancelleries, and, by preventing me from personally insisting that my advice should be followed, was undoubtedly the principal cause of the outbreak of the Great War.

I well remember the 1st of April, 1914. In the early morning I had been to the Foreign Office to see Sir EDWARD GREY. I had warned him that his want of a clear and definite policy was leading the world to the brink of disaster, and insisted that he should inform our Ambassador in Berlin that in future he must submit himself entirely to my instructions. GREY is a man not without ability, but slow and pedantic to a degree. Though I went so far as to offer to pass my instructions through his office and permit him to read though not to alter them, I had spent some time and no little argument in the vain endeavour to convince him of the elementary wisdom of my proposals. The fortunate arrival of the PRIME MINISTER and his instant appreciation of their vital necessity were the fortuitous reasons for GREY'S final agreement, and I left, exhausted but content, about twelve noon.

I hurried home, as the French Ambassador was due to lunch with me at one o'clock. I had to refuse his earnest insistence that I should run over to Paris to advise the French Government upon the delicate question of the cultivation of roses, on the ground that I had already expressed repeatedly my views and preferences in this respect.

As I was leaving my house about 4 P.M. on my way to Lambeth Palace, whither the Archbishop of CANTERBURY had invited me to explain to him the implications of the Eastward position, I was stopped on the doorstep by an individual of peculiar and indeed repellent aspect. I was about to brush past when he caught at my sleeve and breathed into my ear two words of the colloquial Magyar, with which of course I was perfectly familiar. Hastily enjoining him to follow me in three words of the unadulterated Finnish, my thorough knowledge of which I have always found useful on such occasions, I returned to my study. Speaking rapidly in Basque, he informed me that my old friend, Professor Smelski, besought my immediate presence at his house.

Smelski is a man for whom I have a warm friendship, having had the good fortune to save his life on innumerable occasions. The mention of his name at once recalled to me the last. At the request of his daughter I had consented to use my influence with the EMPEROR FRANCIS JOSEPH in order to obtain his release from a Viennese prison, into which he had inadvertently (for his friendship with me was well known) been thrown. On arrival at Schönbrunn I had a slight altercation with the CHANCELLOR, who put forward the ridiculous excuse that the EMPEROR was too busy to see me. Fortunately the Archduke CHARLES, having heard my voice, burst into the room and, silencing the CHANCELLOR with a glance, seized me affectionately by the ear and led me into the Imperial Presence.



"YES, AND WHAT 'S THE USE O' BEING AS GOOD AS EVERYONE ELSE IF EVERYONE ELSE IS TOO, EH?"

"Sir," I exclaimed in the Bessarabian patois which we always used in our more intimate conversations—"Sir" (I could hardly call him "Francie" before the ARCHDUKE), "my old friend Smelski has been arrested, and I demand his instant release."

The old man looked slightly uneasy and, to mark his displeasure, replied in the dialect only used in the town of Przemysl, until my smiling correction of his grammar caused him to change hastily into the Upper Croatian, with which he was better, but, to the trained ear imperfectly, acquainted.

"Ah!" he said. "My dear Weed; of course, of course. But the CHANCELLOR tells me that the existence of the Dual Monarchy is at stake."

It was no time for trifling. "It is, Sir," I replied, "IF YOU KEEP SMELSKI IMPRISONED!"

He paled visibly. "Will you personally guarantee that?" he asked, relapsing into Low Dutch in his agitation.

"Certainly," I replied.

"Enough! enough!" he cried. "Smelski *über alles!*"

From the above anecdote it will be readily conceived that Smelski had a claim upon my attention and that he had obviously summoned me upon a matter of the first importance. I therefore at once set out for his house. So engrossed was I in my speculations as to the object of his appeal that I should not have noticed the Tsar of BULGARIA (at that time *incognito* in London) had he not affectionately tweaked my moustaches and besought my attention upon a matter so delicate that even now I cannot recall it, though I remember that he thanked me warmly for my advice.

Arrived at Smelski's, I found awaiting me an assembly in which I recognised the leading *savants* of the whole world, with all of whom, of course, I was on terms of the greatest familiarity. Smelski himself was overjoyed to see me. "My dear Weed!" he said, tugging affectionately at the nape of my neck. "This conference has been called to settle a momentous question. Is or is not the daily bath of advantage to the human animal? We are in agreement only upon one point, and that is to ask your counsel and advice."

Raising his voice and delivering himself of a sublime gesture, he proceeded: "I myself hold that the bath, by destroying the natural oils of the skin, allows the germs of every known disease to attack the human body."

The man's sincerity was almost pain-

fully obvious. Instantly a perfect Babel of opposition and assent in every known language arose, and I even thought for a moment that I detected a Chinese dialect with which I was unfamiliar, until it appeared that the speaker was merely incoherent with indignation. For a brief second, however, I could not bring myself to throw the weight of my authority upon the one side or the other.

That second was my undoing. To a man of my acute sensibility, Smelski's unconscious was stronger even than his conscious appeal, and I felt the room whirling round me. "Gentlemen," I cried in sixty different languages—"gentlemen——!" Then all became a blank.

When I recovered consciousness six months afterwards it was too late. The War, which I alone could have prevented, had begun, and, worse still, it is unquestionable that the reports of my mishap, forming as they did the chief topic of interest throughout Europe for many weeks, suggested to the Germans that use of poison-gas which prolonged and intensified the horrors of that terrible conflict. I do not blame the medical profession, and I accept their explanation that they were for long prevented from approaching my bed by the sea of anxious telegrams from every statesman in Europe which filled my room neck deep. How can I blame the senders? And I can only ascribe it to the inscrutable decrees of Fate that they should thus have assisted in depriving themselves of my counsel, lacking which they halted, wavered and finally plunged blindly down the cliff of madness.

Literary Notes.

"The other was *Kenilworth*—no need to say by whom, I hope. The confession I have to make concerning *Kenilworth* is that I stuck in the middle. While no one, in his senses, would blame Sir Walter Scott for the way the Jew Isaac is chevied about, insulted and tortured, the heart grows sick of it all."—*Weekly Paper.*

We disagree. The part where the *Disinherited Knight* pushes *Amy Robsart* down the trap-door is one of the best bits that SCOTT ever wrote.

"It is expected that the erection of the great central space beneath the tower will be begun next summer."

Church Paper on Liverpool Cathedral.

Could not a similar substructure be used to prop up the dome of St. Paul's?

"Sir,—What I think I like best is the practice you have long adopted of printing in italics passages in your leading articles which you wish to emphasise particularly.

This tends to draw more attention to the article, and attracts the eye to the sentences."

Letter in "The Daily Mail."

We half-fancied there must be some reason or other for it.



Mrs. Climber. "DON'T LOOK SO MISERABLE, HERBERT. THEY 'LL THINK YOU 'RE A FISH OUT OF WATER."

Mr. Climber. "AND THEY 'D BE RIGHT—A BLINKIN' SARDINE."

TO A POET.

[At a recent Conference of Educational Associations, Professor SCRIPTURE, of Vienna, stated that "the poet has an uncontrollable impulse, much the same as the impulse which drives the lunatic or criminal to acts which land him in the asylum or the jail."]

WHEN blazes forth my psychic fire
In irresistible desire
To twist my neighbour's nuchal bone
Or make his silver plate my own,
Then for a season must I dwell
In prison cell, in prison cell.

And when, nor murderer nor thief,
I'm forced to own a firm belief
(From out the deep unconscious Me)
That I've a home in Tennessee,
Again my heels I've got to kick,
A lunatic, a lunatic.

But should *your* wild impulsive soul
(A thing no mortal may control)
Erupt—it *does* from time to time—
In ruthless, rough and rotten rhyme,
Yours are the earth, the sea, the air.
It isn't fair! It isn't fair!

"After-dinner speakers, of course, know they must not be too syllogistically logical and that the prepositions they enunciate must be simple and obvious."

"*A. B. W.*" *in* "*The Times.*"

"To" is the simplest and most obvious we know; it should be accompanied by an upward movement of the right hand and arm.



Small Urchin. "COME ON, SIS, AND 'AVE A LOOK AT 'EM FROO THE RAILINGS. YOU 'LL FINK YER IN THE LION-'OUSE AT THE ZOO."

TO THE CHEQUERS CAT.

I KNOW not by what name men summon thee,
Mouser, nor what high lineage thou dost boast,
Smoke, black or ginger, a "gigantic he"
Or placid Tib; whether thou joyest most
On the high roofs to hoist a gallant tail
Or blink in comfort by the fender rail,
Inscrutable and sleek as buttered toast.

Nor do I think that I shall meet thee ever
In that fair haven where P.M.'s repair
After each week of strenuous endeavour,
Ploughing the sand and pawing of the air
Yonder where midnight boomings from Big Ben
Summon the senior cat from Number Ten
To midnight frolics in St. Stephen's Square.

Yet when, replete and humming like a top,
I watch *our* silken Thomas lie and dream
(He only deigns to use me as a strop,
But would he leave us? Not for untold cream!),
I think on thee and on thy lonely state,
Nobody's cat, yet fondled by the great;
Nobody's cat, yet among cats supreme.

Yea, and no Party's cat. In song or story
Was never such a turncoat cat as thou,
Who sometimes Liberal art and sometimes Tory—
Not WINSTON'S self has changed so oft, I trow;
For he 's not been a Socialist—as yet—
But thou of late wast Labour's purring pet
(Though some declared one THOMAS quite enow).

But what are Parties, what the pomps of state
To such an one as thou, majestic cat!
Whom peers have fed with fragments from their plate
And foreign potentates have paused to pat?
Polite, detached, contemptuous, aloof,
Thou humourest them; but, once upon the roof—
Ah, there 's a different tale to tell of that!

There—when the moonlight woos the wistful owl
And love's first whisper thrills the vibrant air,
And over hatch and chimney-stack and cowl
Grey shadows move where late no shadows were,
When, like the bursting of atomic bombs,
Cats call to cats and Toms miaul to Toms
And claws and screeches, teeth and flying hair

Fill all the night—whose awful head-note shatters
The foeman's nerve and scatters him pell-mell?
Little enough, I wis, his Party matters;
Sheer pounds of cat-power are the things that tell.
'Tis thou, O Mouser! Let the weaklings call
Thee turncoat, so they dread thy caterwaul
And fear thy fangs and flee thy talons fell.

Not cats alone but men must envy thee,
That from all Parties drawest nourishment,
Yet keepst thy heart from all engagements free,
The mind unbiassed and the will unbent.
Could *we* wax full on life's delicious bone,
Lap at life's cream, yet call our souls our own,
Who could resist us? Who be so content? ALGOL.

A GOURMET OF REPUTE.

JONES was a man of reputation. We used to tell each other there wasn't a thing about food or drink he didn't know—and know well. Every restaurant in London, even down to the little places in Soho, seemed to be as familiar to him as his own office desk. He knew what each one was famous for; it was his theory, since restaurants, like their patrons, are human, that none could excel in more than one dish. The menus of his lunches, which he would sometimes recite to us when he came back to the office, used to sound like visions of another and a better world.

"Truite saumonée au champagne, poussins farcis à l'américaine, petits pois, Château Yquem 1848, Château Lafitte 1874," he recited to us once, I remember, and a great hush fell upon us as we listened.

How he could afford it, none of us quite knew. Certainly he had a good position in the office, and our firm pays fair salaries as salaries go these days; and then too there was a vague belief that he had money of his own. Anyhow, a lunch like that must cost a goodish bit, I suppose, though, having no experience, I can't say for certain.

What had really established his reputation in the first place had been the light way in which he had waved champagne aside when some of us had been discussing that beverage.

"Oh, it's not bad," he had said, "but after a time I think it palls; don't you?"

We looked at each other and we agreed that it did—after a time. None of us specified what time.

Jones went on to talk carelessly of his Château Yquem 1848, of a Corton of some other date (no one knows how impressive a date can be till he hears it tacked on to the name of a wine), of a certain Madeira and so on.

I remember once he sketched out for us the ideal dinner, which, he explained sadly, no one would ever taste because he calculated that in order to obtain it one would have to visit seven or eight different restaurants.

"For the soup, the City, of course; the City knows itself in soup," he said, his long study of menus having given his speech at times a curiously French idiom. "But for the fish you'll have to taxi to the West-End, and I'll tell you just where." He told us—confidentially, of course. "Only," he added in a depressed way, "for the sauce you'll have to go to a little place in Green Street, Soho—they have the only man in London, perhaps in the world, who really understands sauces. Then back to the Strand for your joint, and West again for the bird; but, if it happens to be grouse, then it must be Bloomsbury, and I'll tell you just where." He told us—confidentially, of course. "And when it comes to sweets—well, that's obvious."

So obvious indeed that we all said Yes, it was, though none of us knew the answer.

It was just a day or two after this that I had occasion to penetrate during the lunch-hour, on a little bit of private business, into the far-off wilds of Islington, a place I had never visited before. However, to my relief, I found they had tea-shops there, like anywhere else, and, when I turned into one to get something to eat, I saw Jones himself at one of the little tables just finishing a modest meal.

He saw me, but not for one moment did he flinch or hesitate, and, if he felt his reputation waver, he did not show it. He beckoned to me and, when I went across to him, he said impressively:—

"My boy—the best poached egg on toast in London, perhaps in the world."

He nodded still more impressively and departed; and I am very sure he felt his reputation was more firmly established than ever.

So it was too.



Fierce Visitor (to our village postmaster). "IT'S PERFECTLY PREPOSTEROUS, SIR, THE WAY YOU PEOPLE REFUSE TO RESTORE THE PENNY POST."

Things that one Couldn't Possibly have Expressed more Happily.

"HEALTH ROLLS.

(Guaranteed 100 per cent. Wheat.)

Mrs. —— writes:—

'From my knowledge of the method of manufacture of these foods, I can strongly recommend them to the people of W.A., as in my opinion they fill a long-felt want in our midst.'"—*West Australian Paper.*

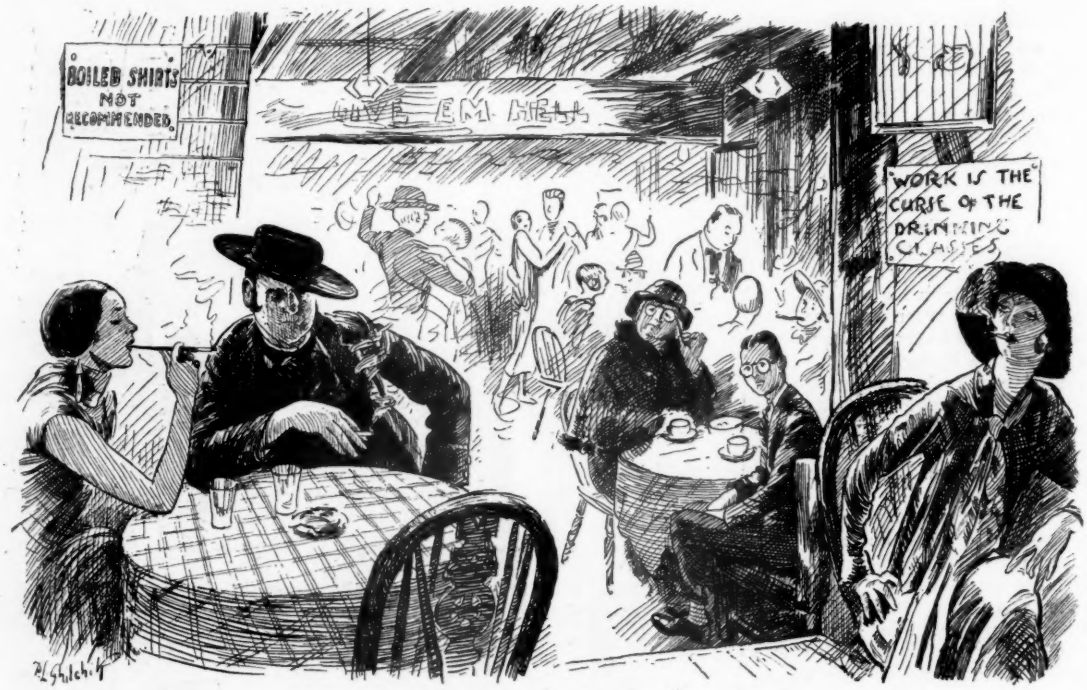
"Epsom was wrapped in gloom, while the Downs around were bathed in unshine."

Daily Paper.

A very suitable description of the Sun's recent performances.

"The —— Borough Council have ordered 30,000 bricks for their building scheme at £7 19*s.* per 1,000, which entails an outlay of more than £238,000."—*Daily Paper.*

If this is a specimen of municipal arithmetic, no wonder the rates go up.



BITTER BLOW TO BRIGHTER CHELSEA.

Old Lady from the country (who has been taken by nephew to famous Bohemian club). "I AM GRATIFIED TO DISCOVER, MY DEAR NOEL, THAT YOU FREQUENT A PLACE WHICH IS PATRONISED BY THE CLERGY."

BANK LORE.

THEY were talking about the remarks made by the Chairman of one of the Big Five Banks at its Annual General Meeting—Deflation, Foreign Competition, the Gold Standard and all those other things. I did not understand a word. I whispered so to the man next to me, and he whispered back, "Nor did any of them, until they read this speech. It happens every year, you know, when these Chairmen's speeches come out. Everybody gets tremendously wise."

"I must read them," I said.

"You should," he replied; "they really are most interesting and instructive."

That same evening I found one, and read it. It was by Mr. WALTER LEAF, of the Westminster Bank. My interest was attracted at once by the heading of the first paragraph, "The Dawes Scheme," this being one of the many subjects on which I have long yearned for enlightenment, but which I have somehow never liked to ask anyone to explain to me. "German Competition" came next—intensely interesting. After that the "International Chamber of Commerce," which in most men's minds is only a high-sounding meaningless phrase; and then "The Recovery of Sterling"—how the British pound crept up and up in the estimation of New York until it became practically as good as gold. Impossible to understand anything of this unless you had read Mr. WALTER LEAF'S speech. Eagerly I read it and re-read it, seeking to become word-perfect; and I believe that with a little more time I should have been in a position to dazzle almost any company with my amazing knowledge of this very complicated subject.

But my eyes had wandered. They had strayed to another paragraph and were reading things of a different nature—simple homely things about the "Bank's Affairs;" easy things to understand, but—but, if they were not being said by Mr. WALTER LEAF, quite impossible to believe:—

"Of the changes in the figures in the Balance Sheet there is only one to which I need call your attention, and that is the welcome growth in our advances to customers, which have increased during the year by 20 per cent., from just over £101 millions to £121 millions. . . . For too long we have been forced to employ a large portion of our resources in Treasury Bills and other securities giving a low return; we gladly see the signs of a revival, when our customers will apply to us more freely for the financial assistance which it is our duty and our satisfaction to offer."

The newspaper fell from my hand; my eyes filled with tears. Blindly I groped my way to my writing-desk. Pulling open a drawer, I took out my pass-book. I made a few simple calculations and, my hand trembling with emotion, wrote a letter to the Manager of my own very different Bank:—

"DEAR SIR,—Please note that my a/c with you is closed as from this date. I am cashing a cheque to-morrow morning for the whole of my balance, which stands, I see, at £2 14*s.* 7*d.*

I am, Yours faithfully, ——"

* * * * *

The business of the day had barely begun when I reached the Westminster Bank next morning. Mr. WALTER LEAF himself was not present. I was shown into the Manager's office.

"I wish," I said simply, "to become one of your customers."

The Manager bowed politely. We had a pleasant little talk about the more trivial details of the affair, and then we came to business.

"I presume," I suggested, "that before I can do anything for you I ought to give you a specimen of my signature?"

"Er—yes," he replied. "That will be necessary."

"Right," I said. "I will see to that.



THE CAUTIOUS CHAMPION.

[*THE LADY*—A DEPRESSED BRITISH INDUSTRY. *THE DRAGON*—FOREIGN COMPETITION. *THE KNIGHT*—SIR STANLEY-THE-SAFEGUARDER.]

The Lady. "HELP!"

The Knight. "BEFORE I DRAW MY TRUSTY BLADE IN YOUR DEFENCE I MUST SATISFY MYSELF THAT YOUR SITUATION IS SUFFICIENTLY PRECARIOUS TO WARRANT MY INTERVENTION. BE GOOD ENOUGH THEREFORE TO FURNISH ME WITH FULL AND EXACT PARTICULARS OF YOUR NECESSITY."

The Lady. "HELP! HELP!!"



Wife (cataloguing maid's misdeeds). "AND TO-DAY SHE ADMITTED SHE DROPPED BABY!"
Husband. "VERY HONEST OF HER, MY DEAR. SHE MIGHT HAVE SAID HE CAME TO PIECES IN HER HAND."

And," I added, taking my note-case from my pocket, "as a matter of formality I think I should give you a little of my own money before I accept yours."

I put two pounds on his desk. He gave a slight start.

"Excuse me," he stammered; "I—I'm afraid I don't quite understand."

I explained. He still didn't understand. I explained again. He seemed to understand rather less.

I became a little impatient. Raising my voice I called his attention to the welcome growth in his advances to customers, which had increased during the past year by 20 per cent. from just over 101 million to 121 million pounds, and assured him that in my own modest way I was willing and anxious to assist this growth.

He stared at me stupidly and made no reply.

"For too long," I went on, "have you been forced to employ a large portion of your resources in Treasury Bills and other securities giving a low rate of interest. Mercifully there are signs of a revival, when your customers will apply to you more freely for the financial assistance which it is your duty and your satisfaction to offer. Your duty," I repeated with emphasis, "and your satisfaction to offer."

He stepped back a pace, and I noticed that the colour had faded from his cheeks. There was on his face a look that I had seen only on men's faces in the illustrations of magazine stories and patent medicine advertisements—a look of conflicting emotions, chief of which was fear. I felt suddenly uncomfortable, conscious of having done some wrong. No one had ever looked at me like that before. No one had ever been afraid of me.

I cleared my throat.

"Pardon me," I said gently, "am I blundering in some way? I was merely quoting your Chairman's speech. I am sorry."

In a flash the colour was back in his cheeks. He stepped forward again, smiling a genial smile.

And then he explained.

And now I understand.

Yes, there is much instruction to be gained by reading the Big Five speeches, but they need explaining.

MR. PUNCH'S MUSIC-HALL SONGS.

VIII.—WEAR YOUR WHITE.

Wear your white, my love, to-night,
Wear that little frock you wore
When I met you, long ago.
Satin—silk? I hardly know,
But I saw you at the door
And I loved you—
Still I love you,
Wear your white, my love, to-night.

Wear your white, my love, to-night.
You were young and lovely then,
Bright your eye and sweet your smile,
And I wondered all the while
Did you like those other men?
For I loved you—
Still I love you,
Wear your white, my love, to-night.

Wear your white, my love, to-night.
Out of fashion? I'll not know.
Old and faded? I'll not see.
It 's the fashion still for me,
Thus I met you, long ago,
And I loved you—
Still I love you,
Wear your white, my love, to-night.

A. P. H.



Sister (to weeping brother who is having his hand dressed by nurse). "WHY DON'T YOU GO FOR HER *SHINS*, MAN?"

OUR SMOKING CONCERT.

AT intervals during the winter a smoking concert is organised in our barracks. Organising a smoking concert consists chiefly in getting Private Trigger, the day before, to promise a turn, and then on the next night announcing that "owing to the absence of Private Trigger, Private Sling will now oblige." It also consists in trying to persuade those who can sing to do so and trying to stop those who can't, both efforts as a rule being equally unsuccessful.

The main thing about the smoking concert itself is that there should be plenty of smoke and not too much concert, for each concert is very like the last. If the battalion humourist is neither absent without leave nor under close arrest (as he usually is) his turns are of course the mainstay of the business. Naturally everyone knows his songs, but all want to see just how far he will go this time with that verse about the officers before his turn is brought to an abrupt conclusion, as it was once by a wooden-faced Corporal of Regimental Police, who, acting on a whisper from the Adjutant, appeared from the wings and solemnly marched him off in the midst of verse eight.

Corporal Foresight's songs too are always popular. He is a stern disciplinarian and advances with unswerving tread straight to the centre of the stage, where he makes a smart left-turn, fixes his eyes unwaveringly on the nearest electric light, and delivers himself, without a vestige of expression of any kind, of seventeen doleful verses in a minor key. The song generally deals with the premature demise of a much-beloved infant and its parents' uncontrollable grief, arriving finally at an approximate assessment of the amount of "gra-erss end flow-errrrs," to whose upkeep, over and above parental tears, the infant is now contributing from a strategical position in the village churchyard. It is received with ferocious applause which evokes an even less cheerful encore, at the end of which the youngest bugler has to be led out weeping bitterly.

Then comes the recitation. At every military smoking concert there is always a Lance-Corporal who knows "Gunga Din," can recite "Gunga Din," doesn't mind reciting "Gunga Din," and whom nothing on earth is going to stop from reciting "Gunga Din." Terrific acclamation ensues, at the end of which the R.S.M. announces that Captain Bayonet will now tell some of his well-known funny stories.

Captain Bayonet, who feels the R.S.M. might have phrased it better, works off the latest from the Sporting Press and is received with the respectful applause due to an officer; after which the next turn comes on. This is called a duologue, by Privates Barrel and Butt, and starts with a species of imperfectly learnt back-chat, liberally interspersed with jokes that have length and breadth, but no depth. It generally devolves into an interchange of somewhat coarse personalities between the performers and the audience, and has to be abruptly terminated by higher authority from the front row of the stalls.

But the *pièce de résistance* is generally a great thought-reading act by Sergeant Grenade and Private Rifle, Private Rifle being blindfolded for the occasion. Private Rifle is supposed to have been selected at random, but we know that he has done it before from the way in which he pointedly finishes up his beer before allowing the handkerchief to be put over his eyes. Sergeant Grenade then moves about the room picking up various articles and saying, "Tell me, what am I holding now?" Private Rifle, looking down his nose at a piece of paper concealed in the palm of his hand, replies, "A cigarette case."

Sergeant Grenade (*picking up a card*). "Now, what is this card?"

Private Rifle (*consulting paper*). "Two of diamonds."

Sergt. G. "Come, tell me what is in Sergeant-Major Magazine's glass?"

Pte. R. (*promptly, this time without consulting paper*). "Beer."

As a matter of fact he is wrong. The glass has been hurriedly emptied just before Sergeant Grenade could pick it up. Sergeant-Major Magazine is an old hand.

Sergt. G. "Favour me with the date of this sixpence."

Pte. R. "1897."

Sergt. G. (*very pointedly*). "I said, 'Favour me,' not 'Tell me.'"

Pte. R. "Sorry." (*Refers again hurriedly to paper*). "1997."

Sergt. G. (*exasperated*). "*Favour me with the date of this sixpence.*"

Pte. R. (*feverishly hunting through paper*). "King of diamonds."

At this several men who know the code shout out the right answer from all parts of the hall, and there is a general uproar, during which Private Muzzle's respectful request for the return of his sixpence passes unnoticed. The turn comes to a premature conclusion with Sergeant Grenade and Private Rifle arguing heatedly in a corner.

Then after the usual mouth-organ solo by Private Pullthrough, if he can't be stopped in time, the concert concludes with the singing of the National Anthem in true military fashion in two different keys—one for the officers and N.C.O.'s and one for the men.

As our letters home say, "an enjoyable time was had by all."

THE CALL OF THE WILD.

THOUGH wallabies at Clissold Park
Are threatened with extrusion,
Though dread of Nature and expense
Are linked in mean collusion,
My voice shall plead the urgent need
Of zoologic fusion.

I love to meet wild animals
In unexpected places,
Enlivening the dull routine
Of old familiar faces,
And free of charge to watch their large
Gestures and gait and graces.

For think what stimulus 'twould give
To fine sub-conscious feeling
If we could see a giant sloth
Down Piccadilly stealing,
An albatross at Charing Cross,
And elephants at Ealing!

If to the City's ceaseless hum
And variegated lingo
Were added the barbaric yawp
Of jaguar and dingo;
If old St. Paul's ancestral walls
Harboured the gay flamingo!

I'm sure JOHN BURNS at Battersea
Would welcome whales, upturning
The waves of "liquid history"
With their tremendous churning,
Out of their course without remorse
The normal traffic spurning.

How richly 'twould exhilarate
The denizens of Tooting
If grey gorillas in their midst
Set up their awesome hooting,
With long festoons of large baboons
In their cerulean suiting;

If hippos haunted Harley Street,
Whose saint HIPPOCRATES is;
If rhinos brightened Mincing Lane
With stertorous snorts and wheezes;
If lion cubs at Wormwood Scrubs
Were fed on Cheshire cheeses!

In fine, the first great remedy
For our sophistication
Is simply to let loose the Zoo
And educate the nation
Till we attain the nobler plane
Reached by the brute creation.



Mary. "YOU 'RE LOOKING WORRIED, EMMA."
Emma. "WELL, THERE 'S A BLOKE THERE I DON'T KNOW."

Our Sporting Peers.

The Earl of LONSDALE as quoted in the Press:—

"I certainly should be one of those ready to take part in any proposal for legalising boxing in the House of Lords were it necessary, but boxing is legal."

Quite so. But does Mr. ASQUITH possess the necessary stamina?

Pessimism.

There is a young Captain called
GILLIGAN
Whose bowlers are all of them ill again.
When it comes to the toss,
It 's a dead certain loss;
He 's done it three times and he will again.

"HITCH IN HOBBS SUIT."
Newspaper Poster.

Surely the trousers must have been too long.

THE GREAT NIGHT-CLUB RAID.

"THE POLYPHEMUS" is now closed. I only opened it in order to gratify my curiosity; and this object has been attained. The balance of all subscriptions will be returned.

For the past few years I had from time to time been putting forward various theories about the night-clubs of London, the most important of which I enumerate below.

I.

That night-clubs do not exist.

Against this theory we have the Bishop of LONDON'S statement that there are now eleven thousand of these institutions. My argument, however, has always been that night-clubs were in all probability founded, registered, controlled, staffed and finally raided by the Metropolitan Police, with the assistance of the Metropolitan Policewomen. The obvious reason for this ruse was to divert attention from the failure of Scotland Yard to arrest the cat-burglar, or to discover any traces of the silk-mixture umbrella which I left in a brown-coloured taxicab nearly eighteen months ago.

It was urged, on the other hand, that one night-club, called, I think, "The Legation," must exist, because paragraphs are constantly written about it in the evening and Sunday newspapers. But a tenable hypothesis here is that "The Legation Club" has been invented and is maintained solely by these newspapers in order to acquaint their readers, however untruthfully, with the diversions of the rich, the brave and the fair. I found corroboration for my view in the very fragmentary nature of the information supplied about the doings in "The Legation Club." The writers who deal with this topic are obsessed evidently with their own personality and have missed the more intimate details that we should like to know.

"I thought General Dot," they say, "looking wonderfully bronzed and well, while Lady Dash, I fancied, was more pale and *distraite* than her wont. I was near enough to William Star to overhear him make a jovial observation to a waiter, and I rallied George Asterisk upon a slight mistake in the knot of his tie. A laughable confusion occurred when a famous K.C. attempted to sit down at my table instead of the one allotted to him. I complimented a certain popular actress on having cropped the back part of her head even closer than mine. On going to the cloakroom a well-known editor went away with my hat. . . ."

It is perfectly obvious that anyone could write nonsense of this sort. As a matter of fact I hardly ever go to the cloakroom of a day-club or a large hotel without finding that someone or other has gone away with my hat. The one that I am wearing as I write belongs, as far as I can remember, to the Archbishop of YORK.

I was bound therefore to regard the evidence of the existence of the Legation, still more of the less known night-clubs, as extremely inconclusive.

II.

Assuming, however, for the sake of argument the objective reality of these places, I held furthermore that they have only sprung up during the last few months, and are almost certainly depôts or offices for the manufacture and distribution of cross-word puzzles.

In support of this view I pointed to the invariable presence of one or more large commissionaires at the doors of the alleged night-clubs. It is only natural to suppose that they are posted there to prevent the public from rushing the building and obtaining the solutions of their conundrums by force.

Both these theories, I may point out, may be supported in general probability by what is known of the habits of the British people, and especially the inhabitants of London, at the present time. It is fairly well ascertained that taxes are heavy, economies compulsory and that amusements of all kinds have to be curtailed. It is also well known that Londoners spend the afternoon of every day and the earlier part of every evening—

(1) In cinemas.
(2) In theatres.
(3) In dancing-halls.
(4) On roller-skating rinks.
(5) Looking at the sky-signs.
(6) At home (*a*) Hunting for tropical plants in four letters beginning with P; (*b*) Listening-in to the Savoy Band.

Is it likely then that they can have either the energy or the means to waste the hours between 12 and 4 A.M. at these so-called night-clubs?

About a month ago, however, a great friend of mine in whose presence I ventilated these theories replied (rather sternly) as follows:—

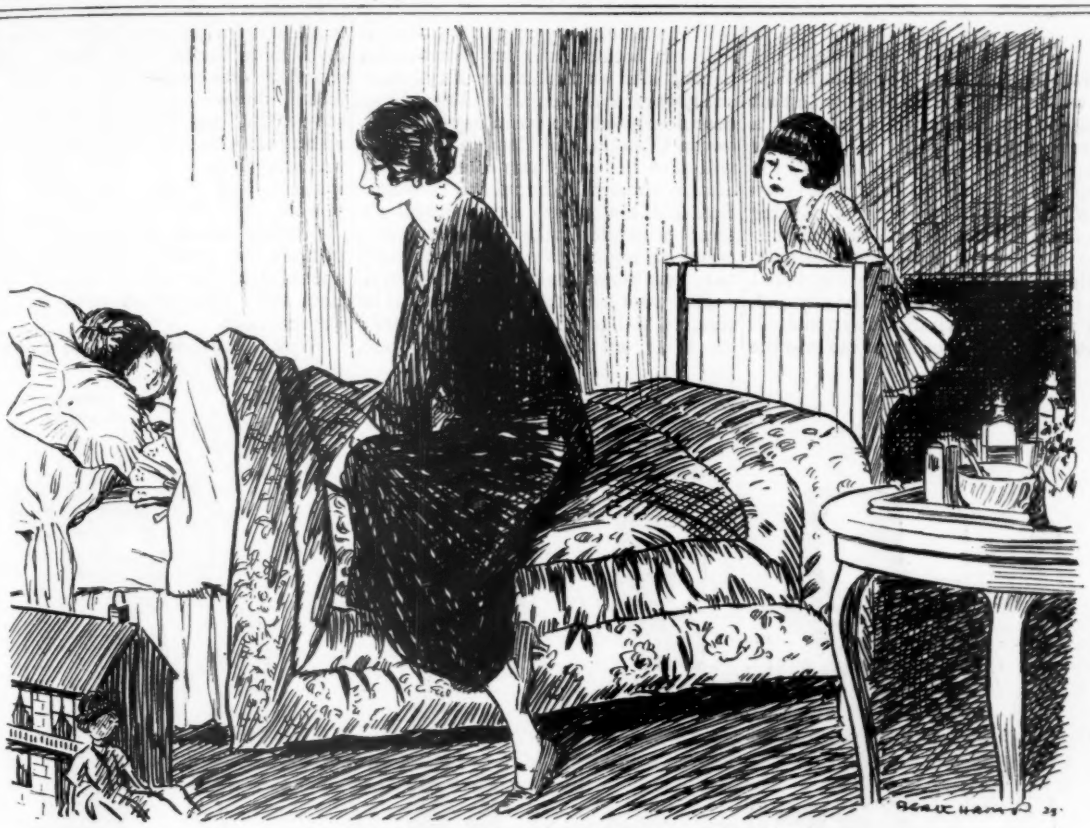
"You are talking tripe. You forget that times and manners have changed. Constant gaiety, unlimited alcohol and perpetual dancing are a necessity to the inhabitants of London. Sleep has become a past memory. Whereas in the old Victorian days a gay dog was secretly envied but openly rebuked, in 1925 a man who is not a gay dog is suspected of some secret virtue and barred from society altogether. Formerly it was only young bloods and elderly *roués* who arrived home with the morning chalk; nowadays respectable men and women hardly like to be seen returning to their front-doors until the burglars have finished their nightly round of toil. It is partly the result of the War; partly



"This used to be a *red* rose-tree," said Seven, "and you 've been and whitewashed it."

"Other names, other colours," said Five. "And anyhow it smells as sweet."

COLONEL AMERY AND SIR P. CUNLIFFE-LISTER (formerly SIR P. LLOYD-GREAME).



"JOAN'S LOOKING *weeks* OLDER, ISN'T SHE, AUNTIE?"

the fault of the modern young girl. Morals have deteriorated. Latchkeys are universal. Cocktails are the vogue. Samson is ensnared by a Delilah who has lured him to destruction not so much by shearing off his tresses as by shingling her own."

"Would you mind stopping for a moment?" I said. "I cannot make epigrams myself and I want to get all those things down."

"The little night-clubs, I assure you," he went on, "are not only pestilentially numerous, but they are the bane of London life to-day."

"Then why," I inquired, "does London allow them to exist?"

"Goodness knows," he replied.

"I will promote a little night-club myself," I said, "and prove how harmless they can be."

To this end I persuaded a number of friends and acquaintances to become subscribers, and I registered "The Polyphemus Club." It was within a stone's throw of Shaftesbury Avenue. I made many efforts to secure a more exact address in order to assist the postman, but nothing better could be obtained.

We used it for fifteen nights. We did not approach it furtively on foot nor in closed motor-cars, but in the manner which we thought suitable to the Dionysiac gaiety of London by night. We sometimes put vine- or ivy-leaves round our hats or in our hair, and we always made a noise as we swaggered in. We carried coloured balloons and shouted and laughed and sang. Once I walked in beating a drum.

On the fifteenth night we were raided by the police. Two constables in plain clothes, giving entirely false names and addresses, eluded the vigilance of our guards and burst into the little damp-ceilinged cellar which we had converted into a palace of joy.

A truly astonishing spectacle met their gaze. In the middle of the room was a round table covered with a maroon serge cloth, supporting a large aspidistra in a yellow china bowl. At a small piano in the corner two ladies were seated, playing a MENDELSSOHN duet. Two others, in armchairs, were doing crewel-work. A hearty game of backgammon, played not for money but for cowrie-shells, was in progress at the table. Disposed about the room, on ottomans and settees, some of us were looking at albums containing coloured photographs of foreign capitals, whilst others solved acrostics or composed riddle-me-rees. On a whatnot, however, were glasses and two large bottles labelled conspicuously VODKA and ABSINTHE.

Baffled for a moment, the burly emissaries of the law strode to the buffet, poured liquid into the glasses and drank. They were disappointed again, for one of the bottles contained a decoction of Gregory powder, and the other of syrup of figs.

Naturally they put handcuffs on our wrists and led us off to Vine Street at once. The Magistrate next morning ordered the club to be closed down, but contented himself with severely reprimanding us instead of imposing a fine. The police he said were spending infinite labour and time in raiding night-clubs, and the least that night-clubmen could do was to see that something illegal was going on when they came.

As I say, the balance of all subscriptions will be returned. EVOE.

"COMEDIAN'S DOG.
CHORUS GIRL STATED TO HAVE BEEN BITTEN IN WINGS."
Birmingham Paper.

Dogs always seem to know where to bite a fairy, don't they?

AT THE PLAY.

"SPRING CLEANING" (ST. MARTIN'S).

I WENT to the St. Martin's with that pleasant expectation of being just a little shocked which is so agreeably eupeptic a condition. However, the outspokenness of Mr. FREDERICK LONSDALE'S *Spring Cleaning* is as nothing compared with the devastating candour of so many young and youngish men, maidens and matrons of our day that I was in this matter at least faintly and, as I now see, inevitably disappointed.

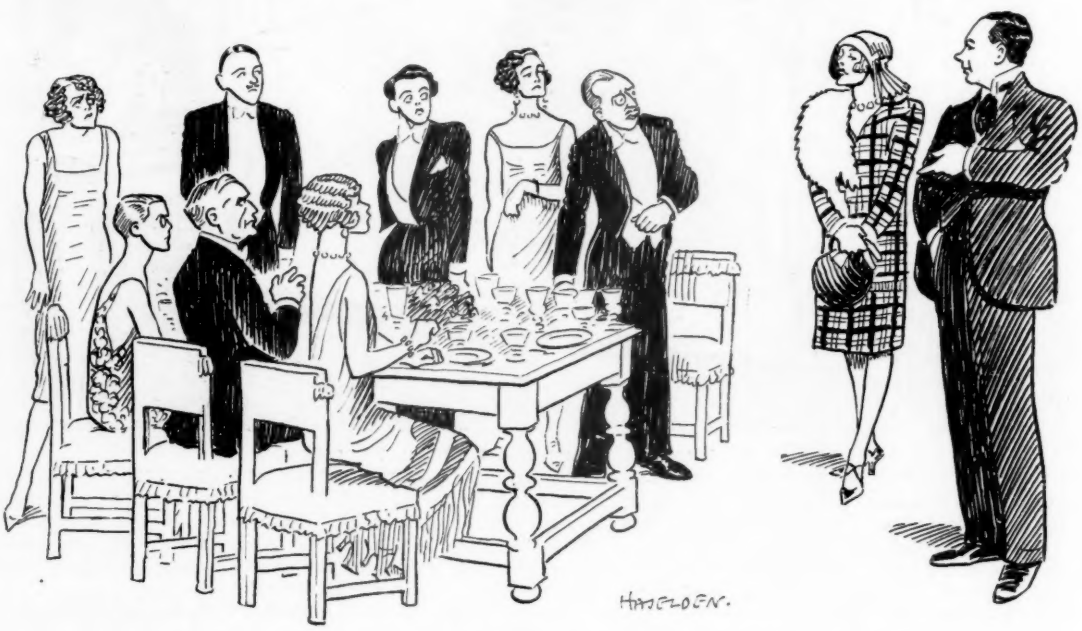
Nor did our author spoof me into the conviction that he had come as with the scourge of ATTILA seriously to castigate the decadents of our particular decade. These are not peculiar to our time, but merely a little better advertised, and here they have yet another amusing advertisement. For Mr. LONSDALE is very definitely witty and ingenious, and, apart from some portentous speeches of his novelist-hero—an upright bore if ever there was one—he skilfully avoided being tedious. For which he deserves our gratitude.

Richard Sones, a successful serious novelist (with a butler and an excellent or at least a heavily-stocked cellar), now seven years married, sees his beautiful *Margaret* drifting away from him and ready to fall an easy prey to a notorious seducer, because she has surrounded herself with as unpleasant a crowd of scallywags, male, female and neuter, as ever flourished like green bay-trees between Olympia and Temple Bar. He will give her and them a lesson. So, after a somewhat impulsive consultation with his butler on the general abstract principle of taking risks in serious crises, he imports a professional pretty lady into his wife's little dinner-party.

If I were to ask Mr. LONSDALE if he thought it likely that any man would do this; or that, granted it done, whether he had considered what the pretty lady would be likely to say and how she would say it when she found herself laid out on the dissecting-table of this stranger at this little lesson in moral anatomy; or whether he thought it probable that the snake in the grass would be converted by his candid eloquence into such an engaging sportsman as *Mr. Ernest Steele, Margaret's* expectant lover, turns out in the Third Act; or whether, again, the precocious cynicism of *Mona*, the philosophical professional, would be so dashed with sentimentality as to prompt her to take a hand in the reconciliation which we see looming in the distance; or whether the class, even that particular class, would let him get away with his lecture on a mere threat of publicity from a reporter downstairs and a bluff of locked doors—he might, I imagine, say: "But, my dear ass, don't be so *vieux jeu* as to take me for one of your realists. I'm a bit of a symbolist, quite in the mode, you know. My non-morality play deals with types and universals—IBSEN *frappé* with a dash of absinthe, what? and a rather larger spoonful of the milk of human kindness than that artist ever put into his cocktails."

Well, let us, with a faint quiver of one eyelid, accept our author's conventions and not inquire too closely into the likelihood of his portraits and situations, nor, on the other hand, allow him to bluff us into over-estimating the seriousness of his intentions.

The playing was admirable. Miss CECILY BYRNE, looking more lovely than is quite fair to susceptible critics, gave distinction to what might have been a mere heroine's "straight" part by numerous subtle little touches, in particular some graceful pussy-cat gestures (being an incurable philofelist I mean this for the highest of compliments) most tactfully accomplished. Mr. RONALD SQUIRE had the fattest of actor-proof parts as *Mr. Ernest Steele*,



"SPRING CLEANING": THE "GENTLEMAN WITH A DUSTER" (TARTAN).

The Duster (*Mona*) . . . . . MISS CATHLEEN NESBITT.
The Gentleman (*Richard Sones*) . . MR. IAN HUNTER.

The Company (*from left to right, standing*): MISS CECILY BYRNE, MR. RONALD SQUIRE, MR. DENYS BLAKELOCK, MISS DOROTHIE PIDCOCK, MR. EDMOND BREON; (*seated*) MISS EDNA BEST, MR. H. G. STOKER, MISS NANCIE PARSONS.

but his address and assurance carried the thing a good deal farther than that. He even made plausible his unlikely conversion. Mr. DENYS BLAKELOCK was almost unpleasantly clever as an excessively feminine young man; and Miss EDNA BEST, as a mannish miss of twenty, almost unrecognisable behind a monocle and under a billiard-green cloche, gave an excellent performance which showed her to have more talent in reserve than the parts hitherto dealt to her had demonstrated. Mr. IAN HUNTER, in a difficult and unsympathetic *rôle*, negociated the rougher places with skill, and in the smoother acted with a commendable naturalness and resource. Miss CATHLEEN NESBITT as *Mona* made the most of an excellent opportunity; an original character this and an excellent performance.

If I happened to be my niece I shouldn't take my mother to this cynically amusing diversion, but I don't see that the heavily inoculated younger generation will take much harm by it. Two well-dressed young men behind me liked it all very much, and frequently said so. They did not at all like the cut of the trousers of one of the players. They said that too. I blame them for it. The stalls presented a smarter appearance than is usual in these drab and careless days. I imagine something can be deduced from that. But I rather wonder what women of intelligence make of this persistent male attitude that a wife is a chattel to be trained and chastised like a valuable Pekinese. In some ways the most modern of us aren't very modern, are we? T.



Diehard (*stroking his beard*). "MY DEAR GIRL, IT'S OUR ONLY CHANCE LEFT. AS SOON AS YOU CAN IMITATE THIS WE'RE DONE."

RHYMES OF THE R.A.F.

XIV.—THE WING COMMANDER.

THE Wing Commander walks about
And somehow seems to find things out.
He never peeps, he never pries,
He hardly seems to use his eyes,
Yet all within the Wing agree
It's little that he fails to see.
He hasn't very much to say—
"Good-morning" or "A pleasant day,"
Then, if he smiles and passes on,
You've much to pride yourself upon.
But should he pause and point his stick
It makes you feel extremely sick,
For this, you sadly understand,
Is quite a heavy reprimand.

When not engaged in strolling round
The hangars or the flying ground
He seeks his office where he sits
And signs innumerable chits.
Each morning to this dreaded room
Defaulters come to meet their doom;
He hears the tale of each offence
In silence ominous and tense,
Then, moved to righteous wrath, exclaims,
"The rogue who calls a sergeant names
Must forfeit decent men's goodwill;
Do seven days of extra drill."

Although delinquents learn to fear
His stern rebukes and mien severe,
The conscientious airman knows
What helpful favours he bestows,
And finds in him a happy blend
Of kindly mentor, guide and friend.
No Aircraft hand need be afraid
To seek the Wing Commander's aid
Should his precocious month-old son
Devour a stodgy penny bun,
Proceeding loudly to express
The symptoms of acute distress;
He won't refuse at any price
To offer him the best advice,
Because he understands so well
His duty to his personnel.

At big inspections on the square
He shows delightful *savoir faire*;
No Air Vice-Marshal, fiercely grim,
Can hope to put the wind up him;
Respectful, but serenely bland,
He keeps the fellow well in hand,
Just shows him what he's meant to see,
Then steers him safely off to tea.

Proud sergeant-majors modify
Their haughty tones when he is nigh;
But nothing could more aptly serve
To illustrate his strength of nerve
Than this most bold and fearless act:—
Each week (I have it as a fact)
He takes his clubs and hurries off
To *beat the A.O.C.* at golf.

"£49,000 WILL SUIT."
Newspaper Head'ine.

Admirably.

Our Best Sellers.

"A smooth magnolia-white face with two great eyes set darkly luminous under wide sensual nostrils."—*Popular Novel.*

We hate these sensational features.

THE FUTURE OF EROS.

BY THE FIRST COMMISSIONER OF WORKS OF SUPEREROGATION.

THE temporary removal of the Shaftesbury Memorial Fountain from Piccadilly Circus affords a suitable opportunity for the discussion of (1) how it should be disposed of in the interval; (2) what changes are desirable when and if it is re-erected on the original site.

We may, I think, dismiss at once the possibility of the Fountain being stowed away in some inaccessible place or hidden from public view. Such treatment in an age of publicity is unthinkable. We may, I think, safely assume that the authorities will seize the occasion to make known this curious work of art to the greatest possible number of persons in the general interest of education. The ideal method would no doubt be to arrange a tour of the Fountain in the provinces, accompanied by a lecturer, who at all stopping-places would expound its genesis, aims and objects in simple yet not necessarily uninspiring language.

On account of the delicacy and fragility of the structure, great care would have to be taken to provide a vehicle in which the minimum of friction would be secured, whether motor-lorry, caravan or special train. In view of these difficulties I am reluctantly driven to the conclusion that it would on the whole be safer not to send the original fabric but a replica in reinforced concrete or some other indestructible material. The actual Fountain and Statue had better remain in London, but might be temporarily set up in some commanding position. It will be remembered that the proposal to re-erect the Albert Memorial on the top of the Albert Hall, with the view of obtaining greater concentration of interest, though it met with considerable support, was abandoned in deference to opposition in influential circles. This opposition was quite intelligible if not convincing, but could not arise in the event of a desire to bestow this distinction on the Shaftesbury Fountain. An excellent alternative is offered by the Marble Arch. The figure, being that of an Archer, would lend itself with remarkable appropriateness to this position.

There remains the even more important question of what should be done to the Fountain when, after a period estimated at eighteen months, it is restored to its original home. Let me say at once that I do not share the iconoclastic views of those who would tamper with the design or reconstruct the memorial on lines attuned to the spirit of modern or modernist sculpture or architecture. But I strongly support those who feel that the Fountain should be brought into harmony with the scheme of nocturnal illuminations which are now the chief attraction of Piccadilly Circus. A stationary fountain is a gross anachronism, and the resources of modern mechanics should be applied to make it revolve in time with the overhead signs, and also to discharge jets of coloured water to complete the general kaleidoscopic effect.

Lastly, the time has long been overdue to revise the nomenclature of the statue. The London County Council, accurately reflecting the temper of the age, has definitely declared that, whatever motto should be chosen for that august body, it must be in the vernacular and not in Latin. Now Eros, the name of the figure on the Fountain, is not even Latin; it is Greek, which is much worse. I need only refer to the comprehensive indictment of Greece and Greek culture by Lord DARLING to prove how strong the feeling is on this point. Moreover, Eros was, I regret to say, a Pagan deity of dubious parentage and by no means immaculate character; while, as *The Times* has recently pointed out, the dominant note of London is austerity. His equipment is obsolete and his appearance an insult to the revered champions of the dominant school of magnificent ugliness. Nobody who is anybody nowadays knows how to pronounce his name—whether it should rhyme with heroes or be sounded as "Erros." As it was the avowed aim of the sculptor to impart joyousness to our cheerless London, why should not the figure be rechristened "Jazz"?

BOY-SONGS.

VII.—A CHILD OF THE CHAPEL ROYAL, A.D. 1586.

UPON Her Grace's birthday
To Windsor we shall fare
And play a masque before her
And all her gentles there,
With painted cheeks and posies,
Lith swords and silken roses,
And cork-heeled shoes to wear.

Last year I was too little
Before the QUEEN to play;
I had to stand all silent
Holding a laurel spray;
But now that I am older
And bigger far and bolder
I have long lines to say.

Yet must I play *Scintilla*,
With ruff and fan and veil;
I 'd liefer play *King Priam*
And clank in silver mail,
Or crawl as half-a-dragon,
Or bear a torch or flagon,
Than wear a farthingale.

I fain would play *Cambyses*
And clatter to and fro;
'Tis sport to be a tyrant,
As all we players know;
To be a fearful fellow,
And roll your eyes and bellow,
As doth *Geronimo*.

Next year it hath been promised,
If I am tall enough,
That I shall act some monarch
Most terrible and gruff;
Farewell, then, to *Scintilla*,
Timoclea and *Flavilla*,
Farewell to hoop and ruff!

Oh, rare to be *Cambyses*
And wear a yellow crown,
And wave my glistering sceptre
And see my foes fall down,
And make the good folk wonder
And quake to hear me thunder,
The folk of London-town!

We Children of the Chapel
Learn leagues of verse by heart;
I would not grudge the labour
Were mine a tyrant's part;
Better I love such playing
Than whipping tops or maying,
Cob-nuts or damson-tart.

D. M. S.

GOLF MADE EASIER.

[A reply to "EVOE'S" article in the last issue of *Punch* on the need for a new system of handicapping in golf.]

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—I have read with much interest the views of your esteemed contributor "EVOE" on the subject of a new system of handicapping in golf.

It is his suggestion that the size of the ball should be increased in proportion to the player's proficiency; but I do not think he can have considered the disadvantages of such an innovation and the unfairness of it to such mediocre players as myself.

For instance, were I matched against an expert such as HOLDERNESS, WETHERED or TOLLEY, I should be directing my blows against a ball of normal size, whereas my more skilful opponent would simply have to hit something about twice the size of a football.

No, it seems to me that this would merely assist the expert in getting off the tee at the first stroke, leaving me struggling hopelessly at the post.

By all means let us have a larger golf-ball—the larger the better, in my opinion—but let it be of the same size for both novice and champion. There is a better and fairer way of enabling players of my prowess to figure in the Championships.

Why should not the necessary handicap be imposed through the medium of the club itself?

Bluffshire, of course, is noted for its golfers, and our County Club can put



Lady (to Next Door, discussing departing lodger). "I LIKES TO PART FRIENDLY, BUT I *DID* JUST SAY 'GAWD 'ELP THE CAT WOT 'AS TO LICK *YOUR* PLATE.'"

some very accomplished players on the green. Yet I should feel confident in meeting the best of them on condition that I was allowed to utilise my complete repertoire of clubs, and his only weapon was a walking-stick, a cricket-stump or a kitchen poker.

Similarly, there is no reason why Mr. TOLLEY himself and I should not meet on equal terms. None, that is, provided he would agree to contest the match with

(*a*) A fountain pen;
(*b*) A Corona Corona; or
(*c*) A cheese straw.

Only by introducing some such improvement as this can many players like myself be tempted to retain our interest in the Royal and Ancient Game.

Yours rather hopelessly,
MINUS FORTY-FOUR.

A NEW GLOSS ON VIRGIL.

[Mr. T. H. FERENS has given two hundred and fifty thousand pounds to Hull for the foundation of a university.]

ALL gifts are not safe; we remember, of course,
The classical instance of Troy and the Horse;
And even to-day, in the mid nineteen-twenties,
We look with suspicion on *dona ferentes.*
But frequent exceptions have got to be made
And compliments, where they are merited, paid,
As to-day they are due from all voices and pens
To Hull for her *splendida dona Ferens.*

"SIR,—The only difference between your correspondent, Mr. W. F. H——, and myself, is that he is a moderate drinker and I am not."
Letter in "Daily News."

Tut, tut!



"STROR'NARY NUMBER OF WORDS OF ONE LETTER!"

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

"To govern men," said the youthful DISRAELI, "you must either excel them in their accomplishments or despise them." Despite its grammatical ambiguity (the ultimate "them" stands for accomplishments) there is something to be said for the maxim. The predestined leader of the Young Tories was at the time of its utterance an exponent of the second method; and, if you want to see what one of his followers could make of the first, read the *Life and Letters of George Wyndham* (HUTCHINSON). WYNDHAM, of course, might well be accomplished. Apart from the charm and vigour of the stock he sprang from—his chequered pedigree is not the least interesting thing in this ideal biography by Professor J. W. MACKAIL and Colonel GUY WYNDHAM—he had a childhood irradiated with gracious and inspiring influences. You have only to look at the photograph of seven-year-old GEORGE and his sister and brother, and the WATTS portrait of their mother, and read of their various homes (Cockermouth, for instance, where Mrs. WYNDHAM read MALLORY to the children and DICKY DOYLE came to tea) to realise what went to the making of the soldier, poet and paladin. As a statesman GEORGE would have been happier had he been more like his father; but, unluckily for his political comfort, he did not inherit the paternal limitations. Compare the sole letter of the elder man—an obviously heart-felt farewell to the young Guardsman embarking on his first campaign—with the whole correspondence amassed in these two volumes. The difference is not only one of age but of temperament. PERCY WYNDHAM would never, you feel, have laid himself open to the amiable and probably true explanation of GEORGE'S haziness over the MACDONNELL affair: "sometimes he thought he had been listening when he had only been talking." Nor would he have kindled to enthusiasm over the crazy fortunes of Ireland. "The dust in front of our own door is all we are responsible for," he said. But his son (and this will be his lasting glory) would have tidied up the whole street.

In the matter of villains, as in most other things, America likes to go one better than the rest of the world, and she may take a reasonable pride in *Sadoul*, whom Mr. ROBERT W. CHAMBERS makes known to us in *The Talkers* (FISHER UNWIN). *Sadoul* is a student of the occult and, having married *Gilda Greenway* by hypnotic means, but failed to win her love, he invests her with a dual personality in the hope that the timely incursions of her grosser self will lead her to look more favourably upon him. However, in spite of all the trouble he takes with her (and she has first to be murdered and restored to life by a gland-grafting operation) *Gilda* does not respond, and the only result of his efforts is to enable a gallant young lover, *Stuart Sutton*, to show us what a veritable *Sir Galahad* a man can be if he should have the luck to come of a family with a town house on Ninth Street and an ancestral mansion on Hudson River. These two, *Gilda* and *Stuart*, make a very pretty pair of lovers, and I must congratulate the author on having woven a refreshingly wholesome and even idyllic romance round a potentially unpleasant theme. I do not know whether Mr. CHAMBERS himself regards his story as plausible or fantastic—he has certainly paid the spiritualists the compliment of reading their works—but, if you will grant him his postulates, you will find *The Talkers*, if not a great, at

least a very readable book. The title, by the way, is not a very happy one, the "talkers" being merely a set of *Tadpoles* and *Tapers*, who appear at intervals because the author wishes to satirise them rather than for any more fundamental reason. And, unfortunately for us, it is a kind of satire which does not make the Atlantic passage very successfully. I must not forget to mention that in an interpolated chapter Mr. CHAMBERS gives his native country such a trouncing as must make even Mr. MENCKEN a little envious. Not being responsible for America I thoroughly enjoyed it.

The cheering name of RONALD KNOX
  Upon a cover or a jacket
Prepares one for delightful shocks
  And intellectual racket.

For he is agile as a fox,
  So artfully he turns and doubles,
So unmaliciously he mocks
  And pricks pretentious bubbles.

The wild ass and the patient ox
  He loves to chasten and astonish;
His mind is whimsical as GROCK'S
  And equally undonnish.

He is in fact a genuine *Vox*
  Humana—not *præterea nihil;*
Nor yet a high-brow heaving rocks
  From some pedantic high hill.

So whether ye be orthodox,
  O readers, or acute agnostics,
I bid you study RONALD KNOX
  His *Book of* (new) *Acrostics.*

For here he lavishly unlocks
  His treasures of "judicious levity,"
Making the most confirmed of crocks
  More hopeful of longevity.

It is a perfect treasure box,
  By METHUEN published; fits the pocket;
And, if not standing in their stocks,
  All booksellers should stock it.

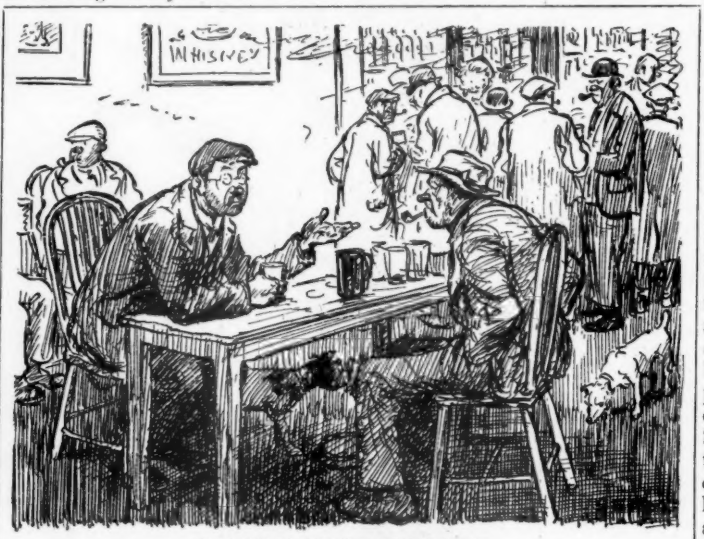


"YUS, I THINK I 'LL GO INTER SERVICE. BUT I CAN'T MIKE UP ME MIND WEVVER TO BE A LIDY'S 'ELP OR A 'NIPPY.'"

If I happened to be an art critic and found myself engaged in controversy with Mr. E. WAKE COOK, *Retrogression in Art* (HUTCHINSON) is exactly the sort of book I should have liked my adversary to write. As an ardent though unexpert sympathiser with many of the articles of his denunciatory creed, I cannot but regret that so timely a philippic should have been docked of its usefulness and rendered a mere stalking-horse for the enemy by the extravagance and vanity of its author. Surely no member of the public who is concerned for the future of art, the integrity of art criticism, the status of the Royal Academy and its Schools and the safe custody and judicious increase of our treasures in Trafalgar Square and at Old Millbank is required to produce elaborate credentials before proclaiming his opinions! The voice of a very small Daniel indeed would be listened to with respect and attention on its own merits. Yet Mr. COOK begins, ends and permeates his book with a parade of testimonials to his own importance, citations from his own articles, reproductions of his own pictures and extracts from press-cuttings. These however do his cause less disservice than the space he devotes to "the Great Harmonial Philosophy," a system of American "uplift" whose adoption is urged as the one hope of the world in general and the artist in particular. I am afraid Mr. COOK'S quotations from Transatlantic Harmonialists, in one of which Dr. ANDREW JACKSON DAVIS, the chief seer of the movement, is exalted above DANTE and MILTON, will hardly tend to enhance his weight as a thinker. And this is a pity, for he has much that is apt and interesting to say about modern painting, from CÉZANNE to JOHN; his invective *in Joannem* being particularly lively and level-headed. "Financially," he says in his preface, "I am wasting valu-

able time in writing this book." If that were all there was to it, both Mr. COOK and his readers might perhaps be accounted happier than I feel they actually are.

I wonder if many readers are still interested in the author of *The Red Badge of Courage*, who died in 1900 before he was twenty-nine years old. A possible American KIPLING he was considered by some in those far-off days, though his masterpiece, written in 1893, was sold a year later to a syndicate for less than a hundred dollars. So we are told by Mr. THOMAS BEER in his *Stephen Crane* (HEINEMANN), which he calls a Study in American Letters; and he seems to have been at considerable pains to ensure accuracy. CRANE'S carelessness, as his biographer remarks feelingly, was astonishing: "Belonging to the vainest of professions, he took no trouble to annotate himself for history." Consequently his reputation has always been at the mercy of rumour. The following are among the myths current about him. He was the illegitimate son of GROVER CLEVELAND; the outcast child of an eminent family in New York; an Australian sailor; a German actor, and an ex-convict. Mr. BEER'S researches revealed a love affair with SARAH BERNHARDT; an attempt to burn JAMES GORDON BENNETT'S yacht; marriages to several dancers of various nationalities; the famous ninety-thousand-dollar cable to *The New York Journal*, and finally a death by delirium tremens or alternatively by murder at the hands of a still living actress. In fact, CRANE happened to be the sort of man around whom stories grow naturally. He was young and unconventional and had a touch of genius: also he was free alike with talk, of which he had an inexhaustible supply, and with money, which was not quite so easily obtained, even after his success. Then again those friends who tried, after his death, to clear him from suspicion of drink and drug-taking probably only fixed those charges more firmly in the public imagination. Mr. BEER does his best to give us a lifelike picture of his subject in a rather flamboyant style, but the introduction by JOSEPH CONRAD, who was his intimate friend, brings the man before us even more vividly. This personal tribute, thirty-five pages long, gives the book its chief value.



ANOTHER DYING INDUSTRY.

"WELL, YOU SEE, IT 'S THIS WAY, MATE. MY TRADE, WHEN I 'AD A TRADE, WAS A EBONY TURNER. I USED TO MAKE BLACK BALLS FOR WEST-END CLUB ELECTIONS. BUT WHAT WITH FURRIN' COMPETITION AN' THE CLUBS GETTIN' LESS EXCLUSIVE, WELL, THERE YOU ARE—SEE?"

I have no quarrel with Mr. A. B. COX for calling his book *Brenda Entertains* (JENKINS). She does entertain, but for thorough appreciation of her entertainment I suggest that frequent intervals are advisable. *Brenda* was a strenuous child of seven years, and it is conceivable that a continuous course of being entertained by her might be as exhausting to others as it was sometimes to her great friend, *Mr. Smith*. Poor *Mr. Smith* in a sense was at a disadvantage, for he was in love with *Brenda's* elder sister, and, in the language of the day, *Brenda* put it across him. She was an adorable child enough, but a very determined one. Nothing could side-track her when she was hunting for information. She wanted to know why a welkin rings, what "poor as a church mouse" means, why a grig is merry and a trivet right. *Mr. Smith* required to keep stern control of his wits when engaged in a single with *Brenda;* but he made brilliant recoveries from two or three very bad lies, and emerged with credit from several situations which can only be described as tight. I prescribe *Brenda* as an excellent tonic, which will be more readily assimilated if you take it in small doses at suitable intervals.

The Human Side of Crook and Convict Life (HURST AND BLACKETT) may conceivably disappoint those who expect to be entertained by a series of sensations. It is true that Mr. STANLEY SCOTT, with the help of an ex-lawyer convict and others, has various hair-raising incidents to relate, but in the main he is more serious than sensational. Perhaps the most attractive and informing chapter in the book is the one about "Possible Reforms in Prison Régime." Mr. SCOTT is not the only author who has protested against solitary confinement, but his protest is so dignified and forcible that it deserves something more than passing recognition. He is no hysterical advocate of the abolition of pains and penalties, but he does plead that prisoners, both for their own sakes and for the State's, should be given the widest possible chance to save their lives from total wreckage. For the rest these tales of notorious criminals prove once more that the crime is commonly of far more interest than the man who committed it. Thus the circumstances of the murder done by CRIPPEN will not easily be forgotten, but the information that he was an intense lover of beauty and had a "veritable passion" for oysters leaves me strangely unimpressed.

Mr. NEVILLE BRAND'S thrilling tale of adventure, *The Courtyard* (BODLEY HEAD), introduces to us, in the person of *Hernando Comar*, a character that is unforgettably repulsive. So bulky that he could scarcely walk, so lustful that no punishment was too heavy for him, he had by hook and crook contrived to acquire the knack of controlling the rapscallions who lived in the lawless town of San Cristobal (South America). Mr. NEVILLE BRAND intended him to be loathsome, and loathsome he is. An Englishman with a lovely daughter had fallen into *Comar's* clutches, but the providential appearance of some British shipwrecked sailors upset the mammoth's carefully-laid plans, which included not only the murder of the Englishman but the seduction of the beauteous maiden. Fiercely I hoped that this villain would pay for his misdeeds with punishment that should fit them, and I am happy to say that I was not disappointed.

CHARIVARIA.

SIR NAPIER SHAW is writing a book on our weather. Yet we were under the impression that tragedies were not now in demand.

* * *

With reference to the burning question, "What is a night-club?" our definition is that it is a place where it is bad form to appear at breakfast except in evening dress.

* * *

We learn that the rumour of a dangerous structure notice being served on the Authorities at Pisa, calling attention to the leaning tower, is unfounded. Neither is the name of the Lombardy Surveyor, Giovanni Toddeo, confirmed.

* * *

Although St. Paul's has still only one Dean, it has recently had several chapters all to itself.

* * *

With reference to the report that the freedom of Hull had been conferred on Mr. LLOYD GEORGE, a Conservative Die-hard has written to ask if we are sure it was Hull and not some other place.

* * *

We gather from a fashion writer that women are wearing darned hats. Husbands who have to foot the bill are only wearing knitted brows.

* * *

We read of a man who boasts that he has never played golf in his life. Other golfers we have met have never been quite so frank as that about it.

* * *

Herr FURTWANGLER, the famous American musician, arrived last week too late to take part in a Queen's Hall concert. We wish he would give some of the amateurs we know a few hints on how to do that sort of thing.

* * *

It appears from a contemporary that doctors find it difficult to make a living. This is probably due to the fact that in these hard times people can only afford to go in for the cheaper complaints.

* * *

Wireless is being blamed for the weather we have had. Now perhaps somebody will tell us what is to be blamed for wireless.

* * *

A health specialist states that motoring is bad for the complexion. Our own view is that drivers should remember this and always drop into neutral gear whenever the car skids on a pedestrian's face.

* * *

The Fruit Trade Federation estimate that each person in Great Britain eats an average of eighty-five apples a year. We understand that the Statistical Department of the British Medical Association is now trying to find out how many doctors have been kept away by this method.

* * *

An American poet recently left all his money to a lunatic asylum. Was this conscience money?



Dear Old Lady. "DOES IT SWEAR?"
Dealer. "WELL, NO, LADY, IT DON'T. BUT IF YOU CARE TO SPRING ANOTHER TWO BOB I 'VE GOT ONE THAT *DOES*."

A Texas judge has been likening Dr. COOK of North Pole fame to ANANIAS. It seems hardly fair to compare the doctor with an amateur.

* * *

A mammoth shoulder-blade has been found in Kennington. This must be a relic of the days when the people who played at the Oval used to open their shoulders and hit out.

* * *

A bagpipe player was recently said to earn twelve shillings a day for playing in the streets. We doubt this. It was more likely for going away.

* * *

An advertisement states that the —— motor car is the best. We cannot say, never having been knocked down by that particular make.

The lories are said to be large birds which lap liquid like cats. We fancy a couple of these dined behind us recently.

* * *

A scientist suggests dissipating icebergs with heat bombs. Personally we think it would be cheaper to land two Socialists on the things and let them discuss what Socialism really meant.

* * *

We hear of a musical composition called "Golf Spirituals." No doubt one part is entitled, "Swing Low, sweet Handicap Player."

* * *

Dr. J. R. LEESON says that for two hours after a baby is born it can hang from a pencil, and it is argued that this proves we have a common ancestry with the monkey. Personally we think it comes from a generation of riding in Tube trains.

* * *

A girl at Aylesbury recently swallowed a watch. It is thought she wanted to feel full of that spring feeling.

* * *

A bricklayers' strike was recently settled. The men have returned to what they were doing before.

* * *

We have nothing but admiration for the courteous first-nighter who withdrew to the cloak-room and booed quietly in a corner so as not to hurt the feelings of the author.

* * *

The youngest *prima donna* in England is said to be able to sing in six languages. She is an example to some vocalists who have failed to justify their claims to be able to sing in one.

* * *

An American film-actress says she intends to marry on a Wednesday. We know another who always marries on a Monday.

* * *

A story-teller is being appointed for the Bradford Children's Libraries. It seems just the job for a retired angler.

* * *

Discussing a certain play, it was a candid but unkind critic who said that he had never realised before what beautiful music there was in "God Save the King."

"SOUTHERN RAILWAY LANDSLIDE.
LINE RAISED 4FT."
Headline in Daily Paper.

We knew those carping fault-finders would go too far; now, of course, a worm has turned.

WIRELESS AND MORALS.

Now that England is beginning to look like one vast æolian harp on account of all the wireless aerials in the back-gardens, it is comforting to reflect that it is having a good effect on our morals. We are never likely, for example, to hear some small boy charged with scalping his sister's doll attributing his downfall to the effect of listening to the Children's Hour in the same way as he blames it on to the cinema.

I am moved to this reflection by a report from the U.S.A. that there has been a decrease in the number of law-suits since the inception of the broadcasting habit. No doubt some ingenious scientist will explain this phenomenon as the effect of all these ohms full of music that are floating about in the ether; but you know how romantic scientists can be in a case like this. We shall be told that a concert-party will be followed next day by the surrender of a contrite cat-burglar, or that there will be a surprising jump in the amount of income-tax paid after an evening of DE GROOT, proving that restaurant music makes us think of our past lives and determine to be more honest in future.

Of course this apparent improvement in morals may be due to more prosaic reasons. Supposing the people next door have a cat which digs up your bulbs, it may cost less to instal a cheap loud-speaker with the intention of driving your neighbours into a lunatic asylum than to proceed against them in the courts and drive both parties into the poorhouse.

Lovers of wireless will undoubtedly claim that the improving talks which are broadcasted tend to promote a brotherly love for our neighbours, but the fact is that once you have started to buy wireless components you 've simply got no money left for litigation.

On the other hand, wireless will inevitably produce its own specialities in crime before very long, and even now the radio fanatic shows villainous proclivities. He is prone to murder if you sneeze while he is attempting to tune in; his set coruscates with so many valves that it jams everything within a radius of fifty miles; and the stories he tells of having picked up America with one valve and an amateur in New Zealand with another, on the same set at the same time, are such that the Recording Angel requires a special book in which to enter them.

On the whole, however, the effect of wireless seems to have been beneficial to public morality. In my own case there may have been less scope for improvement. Anyhow, I cannot ascribe to its influence any marked amelioration in my moral condition, except that, since I have been able to check my watch by Greenwich nightly, I miss my trains by a far smaller margin than before.

ANEMOPHOBIA.

As I keep on growing older,
Finding every winter colder,
Never feeling warm or fully
Clothed without a Shetland "woolly,"
And more sensitive to the shafts
Of the very tiniest draughts—
Whether from the poles or Ind,
I detest all sorts of wind,
Or (alternatively) find
They are equally unkind.

Boreas or *Aquilo*
Naught but ill to me can blow.
Though he clears the heavens, *Eurus*
Is more apt to kill than cure us.
Auster batters at the pane,
Bringing thunder, gales and rain.
Bora, Khamseen or Sirocco,
Sand- and dust-storms from Morocco,
Merely mentioned in the Press,
Minister to my distress.
Every quarter of the compass
Adds to the celestial rumpus,
And I have no use whateffer
For the winds, excepting Zephyr.

Let rhetorical beanfeasters
Hymn the glory of North-Easters,
Or compare the organ's mellow
Booming to the tempest's bellow,
I would rather dine with KETTNER
Than go "rotoring" with FLETTNER;
Nor can I admit the truth
Of the saying that the tooth
Of ingratitude bites sharper
Than the winter's "grand old harper,"
When he imitates the tones
Of demented saxophones
Or suggests a super-hornet
Screaming on a cosmic cornet.

No, the paradise I crave,
Far from Æolus his cave,
Lies, untroubled and serene,
Where nor elephant nor dean
Is allowed to trumpet proudly—
Where no wind blows ever loudly.

THAT 'FLU.

A SHORT time ago—about a fortnight, to be accurate—I rang up my old friend Bill Bailey to see how the world was treating him. He reported that with him personally all was well, but that the nurse had 'flu. Somewhat to his annoyance, his wife was nursing her as well as looking after their daughter. This was just the sort of thing that that most delightful person, Mrs. Bill, would do. But the daughter is a tearing and rampageous imp of about seven, and, as she couldn't go to school, it was plain that Mrs. Bill was going to have her hands full. I know that child.

Bill, I gathered, had rigged up a bed for himself in his den.

After some days I rang up again. The nurse, I learned, was slowly getting better. It had been rather a troublesome case, and her panel doctor, aggrieved by the too frequent use of his telephone, had made a gesture, and was preparing to sweep her from his panel. That, however, affected the future, not the present. Bill's only immediate trouble was that his daughter had 'flu, and his wife was nursing her. This, of course, did have the modified advantage of keeping the little beggar quiet, and the nurse, though not well enough to be any good, was not ill enough to be much trouble. Still, it was a bad time in the flat. Bill remarked that the housemaid, as a rule a lazy young devil, had turned out a regular little brick, and was looking after the nurse, fortified by repeated garglings, which seemed to amuse her.

A few days ago Bill rang me up to say that his wife had 'flu. His study had been added to the sick rooms of the flat, and he had a hospital nurse in, partly to look after Mrs. Bill and partly to lend a hand at entertaining the child, who was becoming convalescent and in consequence truculent. He was sleeping on a sofa in the drawing-room. I know that sofa. It is short, and Bill is a longish man. The housemaid and the cook were still mercifully going strong. The latter, a belligerent Scot, seemed to look on the whole thing as a divine visitation, sent by the Omnipotent as a reward for golf on Sundays, a practice to which both Baileys are, in health, addicted.

The next day, on making kind inquiries, I was informed that the housemaid had 'flu. Bill was not communicative, and I hadn't the heart to bother him with questions. The other victims were doing well. Bill said that he was occupied with the housework and was modifying his views as to the laziness of "the girl," as her panel doctor called her.

Yesterday morning he rang me up to tell me that the cook had 'flu. (This, by the way, ought to soften her views on the workings of an irate Providence.) Adding that he was just off to do the cooking, he was right in concluding with the pious ejaculation, "Heaven be good to us all!" Bill is no cook.

To-day I am seriously alarmed. I have rung up half-a-dozen times and have had no reply. I would go round this evening to inquire; but I have 'flu.

DUM-DUM.



FOUL WEATHER FRIENDS.

[It was at the joint request of Mr. RAMSAY MACDONALD and Mr. LLOYD GEORGE that the PRIME MINISTER granted a day to discuss the new Government plan for the Safeguarding of Industries.]



The Enthusiast (reading report of match with Victoria). "PITY SANDHAM GOT OUT. I SEE HE PLAYED ON."
The Sympathiser. "HOW SPLENDID, DEAR, AFTER BEING GIVEN OUT!"

BUMBLEPUPPY.

(*With humble acknowledgments to the Squash Rackets reports in "The Times."*)

YESTERDAY saw the second round of the inter-club contest for the Tosh Club Cup concluded under depressing conditions on the Piffle Club court. The string was subject to unusual fluctuations in tension and the pole was beyond all experience elastic and "springy." The floor sweated almost as much as the players. The new ball, standardized by the B.P. Association, could hardly be considered satisfactory; one thinks that there should be two holes in it instead of one. In the circumstances Mr. Baseline himself would have found it difficult to maintain that standard of footwork which made him the most dreaded of our Bumblepuppy amateurs twenty years ago.

One hears that Mr. Gross, of the R.I.P. Club, will be unable to play Bumblepuppy for some months. The loss of such a player at the full breadth of his form is enormous, and it would now appear morally certain that the Night Club will win the Cup for the second year in succession.

Of the matches themselves there is little to be said. Mr. Poop (Piffle Club) defeated Major Creep (R.I.P. Club) by two games to love. Mr. Poop on his own court is almost invincible. But he had barely recovered from typhoid and it took him a quarter of an hour to dispose of Major Creep, a brave and much-improved player. Indeed Major Creep might have actually won the second game but for an unfortunate propensity to get his racket entangled in the ball-string, an unintentional offence which is very properly penalised.

The second match was marred by an unfortunate incident. Mr. Wrott (Piffle Club) had had a late night and was not "seeing them" with his customary quickness and precision. It is vain to set yourself correctly for the stroke when the combination between hand and eye is for the moment impaired. Captain Sloe (R. I. P. Club) generously refused to take advantage of his opponent's temporary lapse from form and lost the first game with consummate ease and grace. The second had barely begun when one of Mr. Wrott's "drag" strokes caused the ball to "sit down" suddenly, and Captain Sloe, taken off his guard, was severely hit between the eyes. He plays in glasses, and these were swept away and dashed to pieces on the floor. The President of the Association, who was in the dedans, with his habitual love of sport stripped off his own and pressed Captain Sloe to make any use of them he pleased. That player, with the old spirit inculcated at Harrow, played on through an uphill game without complaint; but, handicapped by astigmatism and borrowed glasses, finally broke his racket in violent collision with the pole and had to retire.

In the last match General Pott (R. I. P. Club), who was playing the game for the first time in his life, showed its astonishing possibilities.

He twice detached the ball from the string with strokes of tremendous power and once actually broke the string with a boasted force. One wonders with what riposte PETER LATHAM would have countered this astonishing shot. But when these fireworks were over, Mr. Dudde (Piffle Club), biding his time, took the second game easily. Afterwards he always seemed to have a little in hand, and, getting in at 7—4, he twice bumbled the pup with an overhand side-stroke and ran out a steaming but comfortable winner.

MR. PUNCH'S MUSIC-HALL SONGS.

IX.—SAUSAGE AND MASH.

If there 's a dish
For which I wish
More frequent than the rest,
If there 's a food
On which I brood
When starving or depressed,
If there 's a thing that life can give
Which makes it worth our while to live,
If there 's an end
On which I 'd spend
My last remaining cash,
It 's sausage, friend,
It 's sausage, friend,
It 's sausage, friend, and mash.

Sausage and mash,
Sausage and mash,
Hope of the hungry and joy of the just!
Sausage and mash,
(Not haddock or hash),
Done till they bubble and done till they bust!
Your truffles are toys,
Your oysters are trash
Contrasted, my boys,
With the homelier joys,
The beauty, the poise
Of sausage and mash.

O noble thing,
From churl to king,
Uniting class and clan!
What brow so high
That cannot spy
The simple sausage-fan?
The haughty plumber blows a kiss
When Mrs. Plumber brings him this;
And where 's the Lord
So old and bored
But that proud eye will flash
If some sweet girl
Says, "Sausage, Earl?
A sausage, Earl, and mash?"

Sausage and mash,
Sausage and mash,
With an R in the month I am happy and gay!
Sausage and mash,
My molars I gnash
With impotent longing in August and May!

I weary of fish,
I deprecate hash,
Your partridges—pish!
Quite frankly I wish
For the tiniest dish
Of sausage and mash.

Sweet when we rise
With heavy eyes
And work is just ahead;
Sweet any time,
But most sublime
When we should be in bed;
Though kingdoms rise and kingdoms set
A sausage is a sausage yet;
When Love is dead,
Ambition fled
And Pleasure, lad, and Pass.,
You 'll still enjoy
A sausage, boy,
A sausage, boy, and mash.

Sausage and mash,
Sausage and mash,
Done till they bubble and done till they bust!
Sausage and mash,
Careless and rash,
I raises my hat to the food of the just!
What 's women to me,
What 's liquor or cash?
Contented are we,
The sons of the free,
With a pot of hot tea
And sausage and mash!

A. P. H.



Magistrate. "YOU SAY THE PLAINTIFF IS A RELATIVE OF YOURS?"
Witness. "OH, YES—BY BIGAMY!"

THE BATTLE OF THE BOOKS.

My butcher and baker were crying
For payment, disturbing the Muse;
My tailor was talking of trying
A suit—to recover his dues;
They say that care flies if you mock it,
But duns are immune from defeat,
And raillery won't fill a pocket
Or frighten the wolf from his beat.

I pondered all possible measures
Untested for raising the wind;
I counted my pitiful treasures
By cruel necessity thinned;
The timepiece had stopped—with the broker;
The pictures had gone from their hooks;
The shovel was sold—to a stoker,
And nothing remained but the books.

My soul and my body were fighting;
Was MILTON or Stilton more dear?
I hummed between BROWNING and whiting,
I ha'ed between BACON and beer;
I weighed the attractions of *Laelius*,
The sorrowful charms of HALL CAINE,
The merits of MARCUS AURELIUS,
The morals of *Marcus Ordeyne*.

I picked out a score for the dealer
And asked him to call, which he did;
I put out a delicate feeler
And hopefully bided his bid;
He eyed the morocco and vellum,
He said, "I would just as soon not,
But, if you are anxious to sell 'em,
I'll give half-a-crown for the lot."

The battle was won; I replaced them;
I ushered the knave to the door,
Then turned to the tomes and embraced them
(My darlings!) and solemnly swore
I'd sup off a beet or an onion,
I'd even go empty to bed
Than browse like a brute on my BUNYAN
Or barter my BYRON for bread.

"Good General Help required to assist occasionally in business; woman help wept."
Local Paper.

It doesn't sound encouraging for applicants.

THE STATE OF FILMLAND.

VIII.—AMONG THE ARTS.

IN Filmland the outlook for literary aspirants is distinctly discouraging. As a matter of fact it is a rare thing to find a young Filmlander who is fool enough to want to be a literary aspirant, and it is extremely unlikely that any optimist who ventured to offer a postal course of literary tuition at special coupon rates would rake in enough remittances to pay for the preliminary burst of advertising.

The principal objection, from the Filmland point of view, to the profession of authorship is that it is not sufficiently picturesque. We in this country believe that there are few more beautiful camera studies than those of writers writing at their desks or sitting in easy-chairs glancing through high-class magazines. In Filmland they would rather see a man riding a race-horse.



"IT IS NOT THAT FILMLANDERS DISLIKE BOOKS; THEY TAKE THEM UP AND PUT THEM DOWN QUITE A LOT; SOMETIMES THEY CONCEAL IMPORTANT DOCUMENTS IN THEM."

In other respects too an author does not fit satisfactorily into the Filmland scheme of things. It is true that conscientious Filmland women, like those in other lands, could make themselves thoroughly miserable by marrying literary men, but there is not much real dramatic satisfaction, in the Filmland sense, to be got out of this. Then no one, not even a publisher or theatre manager, thinks it worth while doping an author or chasing him across country or throwing him over a precipice. There is practically no picturesque social purpose he can serve.

As a minor difficulty there is the fact that nobody in Filmland ever reads a book, at least not for more than a few lines. Occasionally, as a last pathetic resource and in order to register her intense loneliness, a young wife will sit down with a book and drop a tear on the first page, but as a rule she is lucky enough to be interrupted before it is time to turn over. It is not that Filmlanders dislike books; they take them up and put them down quite a lot; sometimes they conceal important documents in them (and it would be difficult to think of a better hiding-place), and they find them useful for throwing at one another. They have very sumptuous libraries, too, some of them, and an author with the gift of thinking out good titles for the backs of books might make a little money. More he could not expect, for in the Filmland home the library is dedicated to domestic quarrels, murders and dramatic revelations by the family solicitor. Being as yet immune from the cross-word puzzle they have no literary use for the place. The most a Filmlander cares to read at a sitting is about a quarter of a newspaper column, consisting entirely of headlines, so that even the journalistic profession offers little scope except for sub-editors.

The profession of painting has much more in its favour. In Filmland the artist is quite a popular figure. This is because he can put much more style and romance into his method of working than can a mere author. The Filmland artist is a much more noticeable person than most modern artists in this country. He keeps up the good old-fashioned tradition so that you can see at once he really is an artist. I have little doubt that, if you were to see (for example) the illustrator of these articles, you would mistake him for a doctor or a stockbroker, or an estate-agent, or a member of some other profession that is hopelessly unromantic in the matter of dress. But the Filmland artist is unmistakable. He still wears the long silky hair, the velvet jacket, the flowing cape and the dreamy smile. That is, of course, when he has become famous. At first the long hair and dreamy smile are about all he can

afford to wear. Here again the Filmland artist is true to the best traditions of his profession. With him there is nothing of the "You can learn to sketch in five minutes if you like" or "Fill up this Form and become an R.A." business. He begins in the regulation way, in rags and tatters, and has a rotten time for some years until he gets snowed up or run over and wakes up in a nice room with a lovely girl bending over him. Then he paints her portrait and commissions simply roll in. All he has to do after that is to rent a studio that looks like a section of the Louvre, buy a velvet jacket and be prosperous until the girl blows in and marries him. In Filmland an artist, however buffeted by Fate, always has the consolation of knowing that somewhere there is a nasty accident waiting for him that will set him up for life.



"AT FIRST THE LONG HAIR AND DREAMY SMILE ARE ABOUT ALL HE CAN AFFORD TO WEAR."

Things are much the same in the musical profession; there is invariably a nasty accident to be experienced before one can expect to reach the point of staggering the critics. The Filmland musician is very conservative in his choice of an instrument, preferring to use either his voice or else the violin. He has the sense to know that anything like an organ, or a piano, or a harp, or even a 'cello would be fatal to his prospects, since he could not carry it about with him; not so as to look picturesque, anyway. People would leave it behind when they carried him away after the accident. Even if they did not it is difficult to sit up in bed and play a harp or an organ so as to make people rave about you. The violin or the human voice, however, can always be produced at the psychological moment.



"THE VIOLIN OR THE HUMAN VOICE, HOWEVER, CAN ALWAYS BE PRODUCED AT THE PSYCHOLOGICAL MOMENT."

What happens in Filmland to the artist or musician who is so unbalanced as to refuse to look like an artist or musician I cannot say; no doubt he degenerates into an elevator attendant or a comic waiter. Anyhow he never reaches the stage of bouquets and supper parties, and I am certain that no lovely girl with any self-respect would dream of bending over him.

A word regarding criticism. The Filmland critic, who presumably is also sub-editor, is the best of good fellows and is of real use. His criticism is terse, kindly and easy to read. What he usually says is something like this:—

ROMANCE OF FAMOUS ARTIST (OR MUSICIAN).
BOY FOUND IN SNOWDRIFT MAKES GOOD.
RUDOLF BURGE STRIKES TOWN WITH A BUMP.
CRITICS STAGGERED.
RUDOLF'S OLD TEACHER TELLS VILLAGE THAT HE CAN NOW DIE HAPPY.

LADY EVELYN GOSHAWK RECKONS SHE IS GOING TO SAY "I WILL" RIGHT NOW.

The critic could say—and no doubt does say—a lot more than that; but at this point Filmland lovers always throw down the paper and merge into one another's lips.

AVANTI!

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—I am one of those (I am proud to confess it) who *believe* in Italy. No amount of pessimism has ever been able to convince me that she has no part to play in the contemporary world and is nothing but the museum and the sepulchre of the glories of Ancient Rome. I have always recognised that she was capable of carrying into the twentieth century the noble traditions of her past and proving herself worthy of a place in the foremost rank of present-day culture and humanism. I have had no doubt that she would identify herself ultimately with what is widely regarded as the greatest literary, scientific and educational movement of our times.

My confidence has in the end been splendidly justified. Italy has taken her decision, and has taken it in a manner characteristic of her most glorious self.

On February 8, on the very day fixed for the reassembling of the Chamber of Deputies, when all eyes were rivetted upon the political situation, the *Domenica del Corriere*, with a fearless and dramatic gesture of challenge to this puerile obsession of the nation, published the first crossword puzzle that has appeared in the peninsula.

It is, I admit, a modest, almost a primitive, affair, containing no more than a dozen clues, of which the most pretentious is a mammal of seven letters. But it is a beginning. With it are opened up new vistas that stretch away into infinity. Italy has put her hand to the plough. There will be no looking back.

Obediently yours, ANTONIO SIMS.

GIVING PLACE TO THE NEW.

"SHE would be more attractive," said a witty and comely lady of one less comely, "if it weren't for that rush of teeth to the head."

I heard that, I forget how long ago, and have thought of it again as a motto of the new conversation; for it is becoming impossible, even in mixed company, among strangers, to sit long without hearing dental talk.

The weather will never fail, but teeth come next. It used to be books and plays; but those are now later claimants for notice: we don't reach the audacities of *Spring Cleaning*, the mordancies of Mr. ALDOUS HUXLEY, until we have exchanged remarks on molar trouble.

"Thank heaven!" he says over the soup, "I can at any rate bite this."

"Are you like that too?" asks his neighbour.

"I shall never be anything else again," he replies gloomily.

"Ah!" says she, "you should have gone to mine."

(According to the poet WHITTIER, of all sad words of tongue or pen, the saddest are these: "It might have been." But he wrote too soon. The saddest words to-day are, "You should have gone to mine;" and not only the saddest but almost the most frequent.)

"No good, no good," he replies, "I am doomed. I shall never bite again," and his face lightens as he notices that the fish is in the form of a *mousse*. "Something like a hostess," he murmurs.

"Did you have them all out?" she asks later.

"All the lot," he answers. "They said I should never know happiness until I did. And it's a lie. I have never known it since. They were good ones too."

"But why did you do it?" she asks. "Mine probably wouldn't have let you. Mine is most careful."

"I thought mine was, then," he replies darkly. "I go about now warning people, whatever else they do, not to have their teeth out."

At half-time his neighbour on the other side, nibbling a salted almond, passes the tray to him.

"Thanks," he says in the depths of dejection; "I wish I could; but I have eaten my last nut."

"How tragic!" she replies. "But I'm sure it needn't be as bad as that. My husband has had them all out, but he eats walnuts like a two-year-old. You should have gone to mine."

The man groans.

"Would you like his address?" she continues. "He's really marvellous, and never a hint of pain. In fact I enjoy him."

"No, I beseech you," he implores; "not enjoy—not enjoy!"

All this openness about what once was a carefully closely-guarded secret is very extraordinary and significant. It is another proof of the coarsening of manners that is in process. We can all remember uncles whose false teeth slipped and rattled now and then, whose voices on the way to the ballroom were muffled and strange; but no one said anything about it, except in whispers and apart. Certainly the uncles didn't. But to-day they are capable of juggling with the two sets, upper and lower, throwing them up and catching them, or even dropping them, light-heartedly in public, just as though they were billiard-balls. To-day they are capable of sending someone upstairs to fetch them. Shame—and I suppose it was false shame and therefore we need not mind—has gone; but all the same, false shame or not, I confess to a shudder when, the other evening at dinner, one of the most fastidious men that I know, seeing, after a series of insipid dishes, the approach of a favourite one, removed his top plate without a blush, remarking, "I'll taste *that* if I die for it!"

I wonder when this new candour began, when false teeth entered the market-place, climbed to the housetops! Can that inspired farce by Mr. SHAW, *You Never Can Tell*, have had anything to do with it?—Mr. SHAW, whose own teeth are, or used to be, so wonderful. That, I fancy, was the first play in which the curtain fell on a patient in the chair. Or can it be charged to the account of the great European struggle which lifted so many veils and destroyed so many reticences? The social historian must decide. Meanwhile it is a fact that the *râtelier* is worn hardly less in the mouth than on the sleeve.

E. V. L.

WASTE ENERGY.

[Inspired by the various schemes afoot for the "harnessing" of tides and other wasteful forms of energy; with further suggestions arising therefrom.]

A PERSON of inventive mind
Who looks about will never find
Encouragement to laze,
As things are nowadays;

Because in ocean, earth and air
(Well, practically everywhere)
Facilities abound
For making wheels go round.

To turn the Severn or the sea
To docile electricity,
A thrill of pride it brings;
But there are other things.

The forces now evolved in vain
When *maîtres d'hôtel* uncork champagne,
Or, in a humbler sphere,
Men open bottled beer;

These could be "harnessed"—could they not?—
And stored in some convenient spot
For ventilating trains
Or cooling fevered brains.

The tails of dogs, the stormy sneeze,
The mettlesomer sorts of cheese
An energy display
That's wasted every day.

Could this be "harnessed"? Yes, it could
Be utilized for sawing wood,
Draw water from a well
Or ring a little bell.

The power you daily dissipate
When sprinting for the half-past eight—
Can such be used again
When once you're in the train?

This could be "harnessed"—am I right?—
And when, returning, you alight
Transport you, effortless,
Straight to your home address.

A trifling outfit would suffice:
A pair of wings of medium price,
Which you may fold and place
In an attaché-case;

A battery within the shoe,
A row of valves, a coil or two
Adjusted to the feet—
And there you are complete!

There's money in this thing, I know,
Because, if it had not been so,
Such notions as these be
Would not occur to me.

When Wizard DAVID spouts and thumps,
The wind, transferred to cycle pumps
(By a revolving drum,
A sparking-plug and some

Twelve yards of copper fixed below
The variometer), would blow
A hundred tyres up tight.
The outlay would be slight.

Wife-beating, with a thong or knot,
Should represent (per kilowatt),
If dulled by no remorse,
A very useful force,

Which, "harnessed" in a measured flow,
Would run a little dynamo
And keep a mansion bright
With inexpensive light.

A hundred ways occur to me
Of utilizing energy;
But these I here suggest
Are easiest and best.



First Scotsman. "WUNNERFU', JOCK! JUST LISTEN TAE THE BAGPIPES. IT'S JUST LIKE A WEE BIT OF HEAVEN!"
Second ditto. "MON, IT'S NO THE BAGPIPES YE'RE HEARING—IT'S THE VALVES HOWLING."

PLACES-AS-THEY-OUGHT-TO-BE.

X.—BOZEAT.

OH, Bozeat is a castle (or so it seems to me)
With the changing sky above it and below the changing sea;
It's crumbling and deserted, and the ivy is its pall,
And its mourners are the seabirds as they dart and wheel and call.
But when the twilight deepens or before the day is born
You can hear a ghostly herald wind a ghostly bugle-horn;
And sometimes when the gold and red flares as the evening falls
You can see the gallant banners float above the ancient walls
With their mystical devices and their colours rich and strange,
Wavering and changing as the sunset colours change;
And you hear the sound of voices and the minstrels harping sweet
And the grounding of the pikestaffs and the clang of armoured feet;
And the old forgotten language of forgotten chivalry
Will mingle with the night-wind and the sobbing of the sea.
Bozeat stands a-dreaming of excursions and alarms—
Of the challenge and the quick retort and the sudden clash of arms,
Of the gay and gallant ladies arming champions for the fray,
With the mist of clouds above it and below the mist of spray.

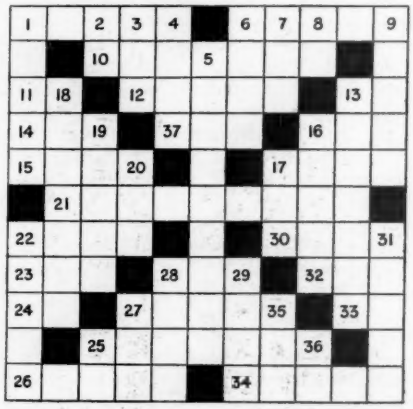
I've never been to Bozeat, but there I'm sure should be
The magic of old Merlin and the magic of the sea.

Latin for a "cat-burglar"—*Fur.*

THE IDYLL OF SIR BORS.

"HEBDOMADARY," Mr. Pinkerton of *The Wrecker* opined, "is a boss word;" and he made immediate commercial use of it. My trouble about cross-word puzzles is that the romantic imagination is starved. We assemble a number of glorious vocables in one small frame and allow them to fade away before we have time to enjoy the images provoked by them. To put it shortly, there is no plot.

Below will be found a puzzle which is not a mere barren



D = *Down*. A = *Across*.

exercise, but instinct with the very spirit of poesy. It is, in fact, the beginning of an idyll. How it would have ended I can hardly say, but in a series of similar puzzles there is no doubt that we should have our fill of pity and tears.

No prize is offered for solving it. Romance is its own reward.

The third tall child of Lot and Belisant (5 D)
And *that strange knight whom men called Lancelot's son* (10 A)
Rode on a winter morning *three parts rain* (14 A)
And *two parts mist*,(13 A) and all a dreariness,
Through a wan *region* (30 A) of deserted woods
Where *half that fabled monster* (6 D) might have hid
Who ravaged Lycia, or some *wingless bird*.(17 D)
And in their path they found a fallen *dame Decapitate*,(32 A) in fashionable clothes,
Neck severed at the nape and seemingly
(So orbed the lips in *exclamation* (11 A) set,
So rumpled was the *headgear* (27 D) that she wore)
The victim of some unprovoked attack
By craven knights; not self-conferred the blow.
Whom, with one *finger* (12 A) touching gingerly,
As part in irritation, part in ire,
Sir Gareth's brother groaned, "What have we here?"
And, lifting, laid the corse upon his steed,
Lifeless,(19 D) and bore it to the *citadel*,(25 A)
But deemed the head too burdensome to bear.
Then Arthur called to him his Table Round
And girt upon his side *Excalibur*,(1 D)
Wherewith aforetime he was wont to *smite* (9 D)
The heathen *Picts* (23 A) and quell *their uncouth cries*,(22 D)
So that at every *stroke* (15 A) they fled from him
Like *bearded grain* (7 D) before the winnowing fan.
And close beside him sat Queen Guinevere
With (Lancelot's gift) two *lap-dogs* (28 D) at her knee:
Fair as *that Grecian maiden* (22 A) for whose love
Her suitor set at naught the Hellespont.
A sweetness as of *essences of rose* (34 A)
Or frankincense beloved of *Indian maids* (21 D)
Hovered about the garments of the Queen,
Filling the room, no windows being ope:
And she half-slumbering *sat, deprived of T.*(33 A)
But Arthur: "This is a most dreadful thing.
Who can have done this deed? No knight of mine.
Ye know the *rules* (6 A) I *fashioned* (17 A) and set down
When there was no rule save unruliness
And hatred of all rules: *amongst the rest* (4 D)
How that no knight (some mocked me for the *whim* (3 D))
Had leave *to cut off* (16 A) any lady's head
For spite or merriment, *though* (20 D) tempted sore,
On pain of being cast, *an abject thing*,(23 A)
For pyes to feed on in the wilderness
And screech his carrion *conduct* (21 A) through the world.
There is a name upon this damsel's brooch,
A damsel's name,(16 D) a name I will not tell
Save to that knight who shall avenge her doom.
But as for him who did the direful deed
His *honour (spelt as in Columbia)* (27 A) stands
Forfeit, and, though he were of mine own kin,
I would not (speaking in the Latin tongue) (29 D)
Spare him; and this *Welsh wizard* (2 D) at my side
Agrees with his *Commanding Officer*.(25 D)
Who then will *fasten* (28 A) on his *coat of mail* (18 D)
The brooch and, fastening, undertake the quest?"
Fell then a space of silence in the hall
So deep that all men fancied, "If a pin
Dropped in this silence we should hear the pin."
And ——(13 D) face was seen to wreath in scorn,
And ——(13 D) lips were heard to murmur "*Trash!*"(33 D)
Till suddenly Sir Bors, grown huge of *limb*,(37 A)



"A FALLEN DAME DECAPITATE."

And now for some time past a *Rechabite* (36 D)
Through converse with a *notable divine*,(8 D)
Sprang to his feet and shouted clarion clear
Up to the sixth note of the *tonic scale*,(1 A)
"The quest to me, Sir King! The quest to me!"
And Arthur answered him, "*All right*,(24 A) go on,"
And gave the brooch and passed from out the hall. EVOE.



"MY *DEAR*, DID YOU *EVER* SEE SUCH A PROFILE? NOT ONLY HAS SHE NO CHIN, BUT SHE HAS TWO OF THEM!"

SECRETS.

"I AM annoyed," she said slowly, majestically, dreadfully.

"I don't wonder," I hurried to assure her, "this weather——"

"I was not thinking of the weather," she answered coldly.

"Of course not," I agreed; "this Government——"

"Nor was I," she replied still more coldly, "thinking of the Government."

"Naturally you weren't," I declared; "it hasn't had time to annoy you."

"It's you," she said with simple force.

"Oh," I said, depressed, for, though I had suspected as much, still the truth was hard to bear.

"I should," she continued severely, "never have believed it of you."

"Then why do you?" I inquired, cheering up a little. "Cultivate a kindly incredulity. Why not?"

But this point also she waved aside.

"That you should have become engaged," she pronounced, "is nothing."

"Well, as to that——" I said a little doubtfully.

"I do not mean," she explained, "the engagement, but the becoming."

"Oh, but," I assured her, immensely relieved, "becoming is merely the *Élan Vital*. You have read *Bergson*, of course?"

"Not yet," she confessed; "it's on the library list, but they never will send us the new novels for ever so long. But we were talking of your engagement."

"Yet how much more interesting," I pointed out, "is *Bergson*."

"And I simply wanted to let you know," she continued, "that I feel most hurt."

"Is that quite fair?" I ventured to protest, "when you yourself so often——?"

"Every single time," she answered impressively, "I've been engaged—or married—or anything—I've always told you; even when it was the secretest secret possible."

"I know," I confessed; "and I've always done my best to let everyone know at once, haven't I?"

But she was too angry to render me even that slight justice.

"While you," she said, "you leave me to hear about it by chance or not at all. You could have written at least."

"So I would," I urged, "only the art of letter-writing is lost; all the journalists tell us that because they want us to read their stuff instead."

"You could have 'phoned."

"So I did," I answered; "but they put me through to Moses instead, and when he heard he let me have fifty to be going on with on my note of hand alone."

"You could have wired."

"Wires are so unlucky," I protested; "every time I send a late wire the horse always loses. It has left me prejudiced."

"You could have come to see me."

"I did," I declared, "but it was your 'At home' day, and I got no nearer than the outside of the drawing-room door—useless in the scrum—I always used to play full-back at school."

"I call it most unkind," she continued, "leaving me to hear it through chance gossip, and I shall never forgive you. How did it happen?"

"Some," I said, "blame the cocktails and some blame her."

"And you—whom do you blame?"

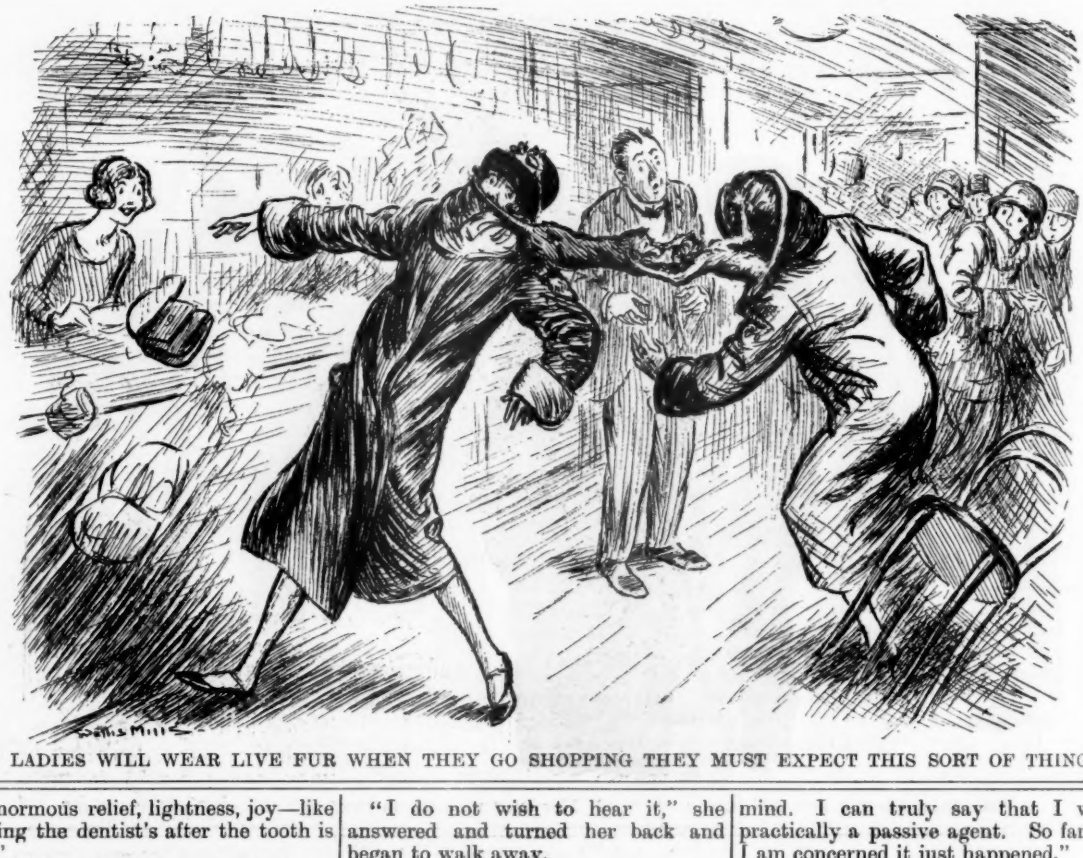
"Myself," I answered simply.

"When was it?"

"After dinner," I answered, "naturally."

"And are you most awfully, tremendously happy?"

"It's more," I replied, "a feeling



IF LADIES WILL WEAR LIVE FUR WHEN THEY GO SHOPPING THEY MUST EXPECT THIS SORT OF THING.

of enormous relief, lightness, joy—like leaving the dentist's after the tooth is out."

"That's simply being horrid," she rebuked me. "And, anyhow, I do think you might have told me."

"I will next time," I promised.

"When I heard it first," she went on, "I said it wasn't true."

"Optimist," I murmured.

"Because I was so sure you would have let me know. But then I heard it everywhere, and finally I found out I was the only living creature who didn't know. I shall never want you to tell me anything any more ever."

"Don't say that, all that," I pleaded.

"I do say it," she cried with heat; "and I wouldn't listen now if you did come and say you had something to tell me."

"But I have," I told her eagerly—"something awfully secret. It's about Betty Wear."

"I do not wish to hear it," she answered quite steadily and firmly.

"Don't you?" was all I could stammer, for this indeed revealed to me how strongly she felt.

"Besides," she added simply, "Betty told me."

"I could tell you something else," I insisted, rallying a little.

"I do not wish to hear it," she answered and turned her back and began to walk away.

"About me," I almost shouted after her.

"About—you?" she asked, turning again, but only so that she might let me see her yawn—deliberately, slowly, bitterly. "Oh, about you?" she said between two more yawns.

"I should say," I corrected myself quickly, "my engagement."

"Your engagement?" she repeated, and her tone was one of the most icy indifference.

"It's——" I said. I nodded to her slowly. "Since this morning," I said in a whisper. "It's a secret as yet," I said; "no one knows but you."

"You don't mean——?" she breathed.

"I do," I said firmly.

"It's——?"

I nodded.

"Broken?" she whispered.

"At any rate," I said, "it no longer exists. Of course it's a most tremendous secret."

"And I mustn't tell anyone?"

"No one," I told her firmly; "no one at all."

"How did it happen?" she asked.

"We met this morning," I said. "I think she had already made up her mind. I can truly say that I was practically a passive agent. So far as I am concerned it just happened."

"Then you've only been engaged a day?"

"But what a day!" I murmured reminiscently.

"Didn't she say why?"

"She had had her fortune told. She was warned to beware of a dark man."

"But you are fair."

"That was just it."

"Well, I think that was silly."

"Yes, she saw that too, so she decided at last that she wouldn't bother about the dark man."

"Then there was another reason?"

I nodded.

"Do tell me."

"She was not sure that I went well with her new hat."

"Men never do," she sighed mournfully; "I've often noticed it. The hat or the man, but never, never the two together."

"She said that too, but she also said that she would go on trying."

"Men?"

"Hats."

"Very sensible," she approved; "but you haven't told me the real reason yet."

I preserved complete silence.

"If you don't," she threatened, "I shall invent it—that will be wrong of me and it will be your fault."

"I have so many," I mused, "need I mind one more?"

"There is that," she confessed; "but if I don't others will, and worse. You had better tell me."

"Well, it's not so much broken," I observed meditatively, "as lapsed."

"Lapsed?" she repeated. "How?"

"Efflux of time, Statute of Limitations, all that sort of thing—quite legal, you know," I assured her.

"Nonsense," she said sharply. "In a day?"

"But what a day!" I repeated.

"Tell me why," she insisted, "or——" and indeed I could see her already inventing as busy as a bee.

"Well, it's not so much why," I said slowly, "as where."

"Why is it where?" she asked; "I mean—what where?"

"At the registry-office," I explained, "just before lunch. Now she's packing her frocks and then I'm to call in my car and we start for the Continent. We shall be away a month. On our return no one will remember we were ever otherwise."

"Do you mean married?"

"I do," I said.

"Well, it's mean," she cried.

"But it wasn't a secret," I urged.

"If it had been," she said, "we would all have been there."

"Pre-ci-se-ly," I said in ever so many syllables.

"I will never——" she began and then paused. "No one knows," she asked eagerly, "but me?"

"No one," I said. "Remember, it's a secret."

"I'll remember," she panted; "thanks ever so much."

"Not at all," I said.

"Well decorated and thoroughly competent typist open for employment."
Advt. in Canadian Paper.

O si sic omnes! It too often happens that the competence is in inverse ratio to the decoration.

"Wanted a Cough, in good condition and cheap."—*Advt. in Scots Paper.*

The advertiser does not disclose his object; perhaps it is for use in sermon-time. Anyhow, he can have ours for nothing.

From the account of a miser's death:

"The old man frequently attended church with unwashed hands and face, but wearing a clean white waistcoat and a heavy gold chin."
Provincial Paper.

Most of us have to be content with a gold tooth or two.



Young Critic (as villain gets shot for making love to hero's wife). "AND QUITE RIGHT TOO!"

BILL'S ENEMY.

"THERE 's a bloke I sometimes want to
kick the worst way in the world,"
Said Bill, while from his short black
pipe the dog-watch smoke-wreaths
curled;
"'E 's a decent kind o' blighter, an' 'e
mostly means me well,
But the 'arm that feller 's done me it 'd
take a week to tell.

"'E spends my 'ard-earned cash on
beer an' wine an' fancy gals,
'E gets me fightin' with the cops an'
scrappin' with my pals;
'E takes an' pawns my sea-chest when
'e 's been and burned my pay,
An' I 've never got the bloomin' guts to
up an' say 'im nay.

"'E 's lost me every chanst I 've 'ad o'
gettin' on in life;
If it 'adn't been for 'im I 'd 'ave a public
an' a wife;
I 've run my ship along of 'im an' wished
I 'adn't after—
Cut off my nose to spite my face, an'
what could you 'ave dafter?

"There ain't no other chap alive I 'd
stand it from," said Bill,
"But we 've allus sailed together an' I
guess we allus will;
'E 's a sort o' blessed inkybus or Old
Man o' the Sea,
An' there ain't no shakin' of him off—
For why? Because 'e 's me!"

C. F. S.



"DID YOU SEE, JANE, THAT SOME OF THE PAPERS SAID THE WORLD WOULD END LAST WEEK?"
"I UNDERSTOOD, MISS, THAT WAS ONLY IN AMERICA—THOUGH OF COURSE THEY MAY HAVE MEANT IT WOULD APPLY HERE TOO."

REAL BRAIN WORK.

[After reading a series of articles on betting systems and methods of staking by which "our daily special" would have shown a profit this season.]

By way of a gentle amusement
On bowls I was formerly keen;
For hitting the jack I had far from a slack eye;
My form was immense on the green;
But quickly I wearied of prowess
At sport of this Philistine kind,
Which, though it bore witness to bodily fitness,
Was starving the mind.

Urged on by the pricking of conscience,
I felt I could certainly gain
More genuine pleasure in moments of leisure
From pastimes that call on the brain;
I mourned for the moments I 'd wasted
And fancied that haply I might
Recover those lost ticks by making acrostics
My only delight.

They served for a while till, advancing
To chess (at my lunch-time), I took
A sandwich of ham bit while planning a gambit,
Or savage assault with a rook;
But soon even that set me fearing
My brain would decay with disuse;
An anxious and glum thing, I sought after something
More truly abstruse.

But now there 's an end to my seeking;
I 've hit on the hobby that brings
A blend of enjoyment with brainy employment;
I follow the pastime of kings,
And find in it, once I have mastered
The jargon that veils it in fogs,
A game worth the candle (to one who can handle
A table of logs.).

Although I admittedly cannot
Distinguish wild horses from tame,
Nor dewlaps from fetlocks, I 'm striving with wet locks *
To master the rules of the game;
'Tis proving expensive at present,
But still there 's a prospect some day
(If it doesn't first shatter my cerebral matter)
Of making it pay.

* Owing to the use of damp towels.

"BRICKLAYERS AND THE BIRTH-RATE."
Headline in Daily Paper.

Evidently they are laying badly.

Our Erudite Contemporaries.

"'Veeny, veedy, vicey.' Cæsar's famous message to the Senate . . ."—*Newcastle Paper.*

Really, of course it was the Duke of WELLINGTON'S celebrated despatch to QUEEN VICTORIA.

"We have now a number of modern Portias and it was this character in 'Hamlet' that was one of Miss Ellen Terry's favourite Shakesperian parts."—*Channel Islands Paper.*

"Miss Cecilia Loftus is appearing at ——'s Theatre, and it is the first time that she has been in Toronto since she played Ophelia in 'Othello' before the War."—*Canadian Paper.*

Good old SHAKESPEARE! Wherever you go throughout the Empire you find him equally appreciated.

Referring to those well-known words, "O Eros undefeated": "'Ερως ἀνίκατε μάχων (*sic*)," from "Eros in Exile" (*Punch*, February 11th), Miss Annie Katie Macan (μάχαν) presents her compliments to Mr. Editor and wants to know why she has been deposed from a *rôle* which she has sustained with distinction for some centuries in favour of Miss McKeown, a nobody. The McKeowns were never in a scrap in all their lives. Though still unconquered, Miss Macan feels wounded.



THE OLD LOVE AND THE NEW.

MR. WINSTON CHURCHILL'S DILEMMA.

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Tuesday, February 10th.—The re-opening of Parliament after the Christmas recess was marked by no State pageantry. One was all the more grateful, therefore, to Miss ELLEN WILKINSON, the only woman Member of the Labour Party, for introducing a touch of colour into the drabness of the proceedings. Clad in a gay green frock, contrasting agreeably with her auburn hair, she looked like the Spirit of Spring in one of D. G. ROSSETTI's pictures. The Press Gallery at least, and I think the House as a whole, was grateful for her departure from the sable or sub-fusc habiliments which have hitherto been the only wear of feminine M.P.'s.

All the same I am a little afraid lest her example should spread to the other ladies in the House, and even to the men. There are some Members who would stick at nothing in their endeavours to catch the SPEAKER's eye, and who would be quite capable, with that intent, of adorning their clothes as well as their speeches with purple patches.

During the Recess rumour had it that the Liberal Members intended to invade the two front benches below the Gangway, with the view of getting more into the limelight. It was even said that the reason why Mr. ASQUITH reluctantly agreed to "go upstairs" was not so much difficulty of finding a seat in the Commons, as the consciousness that, when he had found one, he would



"A GOOD HEAD ON."
LIEUT.-COL. THE HON. CUTHBERT JAMES.

still be unable to speak at the famous box, whereas in the Lords he would be under no such disability.

The Liberals, however, still occupy the old Nationalist benches; and it was from the seat where Mr. DILLON was wont to spoil Mr. REDMOND's conciliatory overtures that Mr. LLOYD GEORGE seconded Mr. RAMSAY MACDONALD's



MR. NEIL MACLEAN.

request for a day to discuss the Government's plan for safeguarding industries.

The Oppositions evidently regard that as their best joint fighting-ground; and they seemed a little disconcerted at the PRIME MINISTER's alacrity in granting their request, "in order," as he said, "to allay the misconceptions which have apparently arisen."

The Ministerial strength was shown by the ballot for notices of motion, when no fewer than ten of the eleven chances available fell to the Unionists. It also revealed the fact that the Father of the House now has a namesake, for, when the SPEAKER called out, "Mr. THOMAS O'CONNOR," it was the Unionist representative of Luton, and not the Right Honourable Member for the Scotland Division, who responded to the call. The most popular balloteer was Colonel CUTHBERT JAMES, who chose for his subject, "The price of beer," and evidently has a good head on him.

It looks as if Mr. WHITLEY will have a trying time with the Clydesiders, now free from such sense of responsibility as they felt when the Labour Party was in office. Mr. KIRKWOOD, enraged by the titters which greeted his denunciation of the Clydebank factors for dismantling the houses of recalcitrant tenants, even to the extent of "cutting off the gas," was with difficulty persuaded to cut off his own.

Then Mr. NEIL MACLEAN endeavoured to persuade the Chair that the Church of Scotland Bill was a breach of the Act of Union of 1707 and ought to be withdrawn from the purview of the House. If not, he argued, the people of Scotland would be free to set up their own Parliament once again. The SPEAKER, who appeared to regard that prospect with remarkable equanimity, declared unhesitatingly that what Parliament had done it could undo, and ordered that the Bill should proceed.

The debate was remarkable for the differences of opinion expressed by Scottish Members. The Rev. Mr. BARR, the Boanerges of Motherwell, smote the Bill "hip and thigh" in a discourse lasting over an hour; whereas Mr. BROWN, who was Lord High Commissioner under the late Government, declared with confidence that the measure would be for the good of the people of Scotland as a whole. Mr. BARR had quoted MILTON; Mr. BROWN countered with BURNS; and in the end BURNS triumphed by 282 votes to 110.

In the meantime the Lords held a short sitting in order that the Archbishop of CANTERBURY might call attention to the expulsion of the Œcumenical Patriarch from Constantinople. His Grace quoted a great deal of ancient history in his plea that the Government should take up the cause of the exiled prelate. Lord CURZON was equally erudite but a good deal more cautious, and could only promise that the Gov-



"THE HIGHER THE FEWER."
SIR KINGSLEY WOOD.

ernment would use their influence towards composing the passions that had been aroused—a negative attitude which earned the approval of Lord HALDANE.

Wednesday, February 11th.—Lord

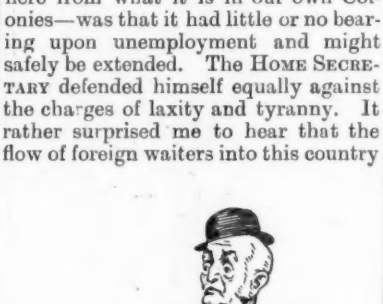
BUXTON, who has both a hereditary and official interest in the natives of Africa—does not a black man figure as one of his armorial supporters?—sought information about the suggested transfer of Swaziland and other native territories to the Union of South Africa. Incidentally he complained that there was now no direct representative of the Colonial Office in the Upper House. However he got the information he required from Lord ONSLOW, who, like the Duke of WELLINGTON on a famous occasion, is quite prepared to act for all the Government Departments at once, and who assured him that the Boer-Labour Government has postponed the question of transfer, and that if and when it was reopened the interests of the natives would be carefully safeguarded.

The great Law of Property Act introduced by Lord BIRKENHEAD in 1922 has had a numerous offspring. No fewer than seven Bills arising out of its provisions were read a second time this afternoon. As, however, they involve the repeal of ninety-nine existing statutes—two of them so old, according to Lord CAVE, that even their date is unknown—the Statute-book will be slightly reduced in voluminosity. Lord HALDANE warned the House, however, that even now there were points which had not been covered and which might require further legislation.

During the early months of a new Government Ministers who find their administration criticised often fall back upon a second line of defence and declare that they are simply carrying out the policy adopted by their predecessors. Thus Mr. BRIDGEMAN, in reply to Opposition criticisms of the cost of the five new cruisers, was content to point out that they were laid down by the late Government. Not long afterwards Mr. WALTER GUINNESS, being asked by Sir H. SLESSER to explain why a thousand pounds had been spent on the conveyance to prison of debtors—"seeing that these poor people were not criminals in the ordinary sense of the word"—suavely explained that the estimate exactly followed the lines of the one introduced by the Labour Government, of which the hon. and learned Member was a member and legal adviser.

On the other hand some Ministers find it hard to carry out in office the counsels of perfection which they preached when in Opposition. Sir KINGSLEY WOOD, one of the severest critics of the late Government's housing policy, was fain to admit that the cost of building had gone up since he joined the Ministry of Health, though he indignantly repudiated the suggestion that his enthusiasm for keeping down prices had waned since he took office.

A debate on Alien Immigration took up most of the evening. The Tories, led by Major YERBURGH, urged that it was largely responsible for unemployment among our own people and ought to be still further restricted. The Labour point of view—strangely different here from what it is in our own Colonies—was that it had little or no bearing upon unemployment and might safely be extended. The HOME SECRETARY defended himself equally against the charges of laxity and tyranny. It rather surprised me to hear that the flow of foreign waiters into this country



A TALE OF BOW AND BROMLEY.
"Deport me if you dare!"
MR. LANSBURY.

had been entirely stopped—I had not noticed any appreciable falling off myself—and Mr. LANSBURY was evidently a little doubtful of the statement that there had been no deportations for political reasons, even though the HOME SECRETARY pleasantly added, "The worst revolutionaries are Englishmen."

Thursday, February 12th.—The House of Commons received a good deal of interesting information at Question-time. From the PRIME MINISTER it learned that the Government have not been invited to come to the rescue of St. Paul's, and from the FOREIGN SECRETARY that they were not negotiating a separate pact with any other country, but were earnestly considering (without prejudice) the Geneva Protocol.

THE CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER said that it was intended to restore the gold standard as soon as possible, but could not say when. More startling was his announcement that the Italian Government was anxious to initiate discussions regarding the Italian debt to this country. The duel between CHURCHILL and MUSSOLINI should be more exciting than a Test Match. If it could be staged at the Stadium, the success of the revived Wembley Exhibition should be assured.

Wembley, by the way, is one of the numerous topics on which Labour opinion is sharply divided. Mr. JAMES HUDSON was shocked at the demoralising effect upon British youth of the military tattoo, which he seemed to regard as equivalent to the Devil's; whereas Mr. J. H. THOMAS considered it the outstanding success of the Exhibition—a marvellous display of skill with nothing militaristic about it.

A similar diversity of view was shown when Mr. KIRKWOOD sought to reduce the grant for the PRINCE OF WALES'S tour in South America. Mr. RAMSAY MACDONALD was ostentatiously absent from the debate; Mr. CLYNES left soon after it began; and though Mr. WHEATLEY remained, and pleaded with the CHAIRMAN to secure a hearing for his eccentric colleague, even he did not venture to speak (though he voted) for the motion.

On the whole Mr. KIRKWOOD was less flamboyant than usual (he compared favourably with Mr. SAKLATVALA, the last of the Communists); if the young Tories would only school themselves not to jeer at his wilder excesses he would soon be reduced to dulness. Mr. WALTER GUINNESS, choosing the better way, replied to his arguments with polite seriousness, and secured the vote by an immense majority.

The evening concluded with a discussion on steel houses. The Labour Party seems to have made up its mind that these erections are designed for the purpose, not of providing accommodation for the working classes, but of bringing down their wages. Mr. HARDIE, a walking embodiment of "*Enquire Within upon Everything*," displayed a curiously minute knowledge of the manner in which Lord WEIR'S "sardine-tin cases" would behave under the stress of the weather conditions found in Scotland, where, it appears, "the sun goes down and you get a fall of temperature." But this—almost the only uncontroversial statement that he made—did not much affect English Members, who seemed to be more impressed by Mr. NEVILLE CHAMBERLAIN'S view that even a steel-cased house was better than none, and that the experiment ought to be tried.

MISLEADING CASES.

VI.—A CROSS ACTION.

Before Mr. JUSTICE SNUBB.

The Bishop of Bowl, Earl Rubble, Evadne Lady Smail, John Lickspittle, General Glue and Others v. *Tishbite.*

THIS action, which raises a novel point in the law of libel, drew a large house yesterday.

Sir Antony Dewlap, K.C., in opening the case for the plaintiffs, said:—This action for defamation is brought by a number of distinguished citizens suing in conjunction in respect of an ingenious series of malicious libels composed, written and published by the defendant, Mr. Reginald Tishbite, an author and journalist of loathsome antecedents and inconsiderable income. The action is unusual, melud, not by reason of the expressions complained of, which are no more than the ordinary envious outpourings of an unsuccessful man, but by reason of the channel which the defendant has selected for his abuse. Melud, that channel is no other than the innocent and familiar Cross-word——

Mr. Justice Snubb. What is that?

Sir Antony Dewlap. Forgive me, melud. Melud, with great respect, melud, a cross-word puzzle is a form of puzzle, melud, in which a number of numbered squares in a chequered arrangement of —er—squares, melud, have to be filled in with letters, melud, these letters forming words, melud, which words are read both horizontally and vertically, melud—that is, both across and down, if your Lordship follows me—and which words may be deduced from certain descriptions or clues which are provided with the puzzle, melud, these descriptions having numbers, melud, and these numbers referring to the squares having the corresponding numbers, melud, which are to be filled in with the correct letters and words according to the descriptions which have the corresponding numbers, melud, whether horizontally or vertically, as the case may be—does your Lordship follow me?

Mr. Justice Snubb. No.

Sir Antony Dewlap. Melud, I have here an easy example which will perhaps assist your Lordship; and, if I may amplify that in this way, melud—melud, if I were to ask you to give me the name of a learned and sagacious High Court Judge in five letters, beginning with S, I think your Lordship would readily arrive at a solution? (Laughter.)

Mr. Justice Snubb (*benevolently*). I should give you the name of my learned brother Slugg. (Laughter.)

Sir Antony. Your Lordship is too modest. (Laughter.) That however, melud, is the principle of these puzzles. Now as a rule, melud, the descriptions or clues provided are brief and the correct solutions are the names of mythical animals and Biblical characters, prepositions, foreign towns, classical writers, obscure musical instruments, little-known adjectives and so forth. In the puzzle, however, or series of puzzles which the defendant has written and published in *The Cross-Word Times*, most of the clues are wordy and long, and all of them refer or are alleged to refer, in terms which, whether directly or by implication, are grossly offensive, to living persons and, as a rule, to living persons of position and distinction. The first puzzle, melud, to take a few examples, included the following descriptions:—

Across.

2. Bibulous bishop.
4. Titled lady, banting at Nice.
5. Peer. Powders his face.
6. The favourite indulgence of No. 2 (above).
7. Number 4's next husband—if he's not careful.

Down.

4. Political. A time-server. Or so they say.
5. An English humourist. Or so he says.
7. That clever young dramatic critic with the *toupet*.

Now, at first sight, melud (and this is the case for the defence), these "descriptions," though deplorable in tone, are innocent enough so far as any individual is concerned. "No. 2 (across)," for example, says simply, "Bibulous bishop;" no particular bishop is indicated, and, *primâ facie*, melud, we might take it to refer to any of the bishops. In the same way, melud, with regard to No. 4 (across), it might be said that there were at the moment any number of titled ladies staying on the South Coast of France for the benefit of their health. And, to turn to the "Down" clues, there are hundreds of public men and women of whom a malicious person might with equal plausibility employ



THAT CROCUS FEELING.

the words "Political. A time-server. Or so they say."

But, melud, we have to consider this puzzle as a *whole;* we have to consider each of the words to which the clues direct us, not in isolation but in relation to some other word, whether vertical or horizontal; and we have to remember that each of these words is exactly limited in length, and must have neither more nor fewer letters than there are squares provided for it. And, if your Lordship has followed me so far, you will see that these limitations divest the clues of much of their innocent vagueness and impersonality.

Melud, to take a distasteful example, there are very few bishops in four letters. Melud, in fact there are only three—if we except, as surely in this connection we must except, the venerable Bishop of Rung. There are the aged Bishop of Bowl, the Bishop of Moat, and Bishop Loon of Huddersfield. Here again the suggestion, nay, the accusation, is so preposterous and vile in every case that, as the defence maintains, no reasonable man will immediately attach it to any one of the three. Say to me, melud, "*A bibulous bishop in four letters*," and I do not think particularly of the Bishop of Moat, the aged Bishop of Bowl, or even of Bishop Loon. Each of these names will enter my mind, only of course to be indignantly expelled. So much is true.

But take the thing a stage further, melud. Take the "Down" clues. Take No. 7. The clever young dramatic critic, melud, is in eleven letters, and it is unhappily, melud, a fact that we have only one well-known and comparatively youthful dramatic critic in eleven letters—namely, melud, Mr. Lickspittle.

Now take a further and a most disquieting step. The first letter of the dramatic critic, melud, must, if the puzzle is correctly conceived, be the last letter of the intemperate divine. And if, as seems only too clear, Mr. Lickspittle is the only possible solution to No. 7 (down), we are driven reluctantly to the hypothesis that by No. 2 (across) may be intended the aged Bishop of Bowl. And when we find that No. 5 (down), an English humourist, or so he says, is in seven letters, and, if in seven letters, must almost certainly begin with "W," for the well-known Mr. Wagwise, we are inclined to invest that hypothesis with the certainty of a scientific proof. After this, the fact that a plausible solution for No. 6 (across) is—

P	O	R	T

is of small consequence, for the majority of bishops take port wine for their health, though it is true that the aged Bishop of Bowl is, if anything, more delicate than the others. More serious is the fact that the name of Evadne Lady | S | M | A | I | L | may be fitted with sinister exactitude into the space provided for No. 4 (across), and that No. 4's next husband if he is not careful, in three letters, has suggested to many competitors the name of Major Bat.

But, melud, I will not weary you with the detailed working out of the puzzle. It is enough to say that a number of citizens *have* assiduously worked it out on these lines, and have been forced, however reluctantly, to fill these scandalous squares with such honoured names as Bowl, Smail, Lickspittle, Lord Tiptree, Sir Thomas Tick, the Right Honourable Mr. James Rusk, Father Mahony, and many others.

Nor was the defendant content, melud, with defaming these ladies and gentlemen in a single puzzle. Nearly all of them have appeared, melud, in each of the six puzzles of the series, though with different but equally objectionable "clues" attached to them. The Bishop of Bowl, melud, invariably appears—as "a prosy humbug," as "an intolerably hearty and over-paid clergyman," "the world's worst golfer," "Canting Tommy," "the sniffing parson," and other vile expressions of the kind. Indeed, melud, I am informed that to those who followed the whole series the name of Bowl quickly became a regular starting-point or foundation from which they would proceed to build up the whole structure. In the last two puzzles, melud, this unhappy victim of the defendant's spite had not even the satisfaction of a principal (and horizontal) place in the puzzle, but was degraded to the position of a word in four letters, reading downward, an indignity intolerable, melud, to a man of his years and sensibility.

It will be suggested by the defence, melud, impudently suggested, melud, that in all this the various plaintiffs have nothing to complain of but a coincidence or series of coincidences; that the defendant has made no use of their names, directly or indirectly; that all he has done is to construct a series of puzzles entirely concerned with imaginary or historical figures; and, as evidence of his innocent intentions, he will produce what purport to be the correct solutions of his puzzles.

These, melud, consist of colourless or invented names, such as Otho, Freg, Smith, Thompson, Brown and so forth, and need not, I submit, melud, be taken very seriously. In any case, melud, it is well settled that the *intention* in this class of case is immaterial, that he who publishes a defamatory statement concerning another person is liable, melud, though he had no intention of referring to that other and no knowledge that his statement would be supposed to refer to that other. To this however the defendant will reply that he has not in fact published any statement whatever; that the words he has written—"2. Bibulous bishop"—are not, by him at least, connected with the aged Bishop of Bowl, and that if any persons have chosen to write down in a space so labelled the word "Bowl," those persons and not he are the publishers of the libel, if any, and it is against them that this action should have been brought.

This will show you, melud, the kind of man we have to deal with. I will now call, melud, the unfortunate Bishop of Bowl.

A. P. H.



"AH, ROSSETTI!"

"YOU 'BE RIGHT, GOVERNOR. ROSET NEVER DONE IT, BUT I GRANT YOU IT *IS* A BIT ROSETTY."

There was an old Bishop of Chichester
Who said thrice (the Latin for which is *ter*),
"Avaunt and defiance,
Foul spirit called Science,
And quit Mother Church—thou bewitchest her."



WHAT OUR COMMISSIONAIRES HAVE TO PUT UP WITH.

Enid. "LOOK, GRANDMA, THERE 'S DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS."
Grandma. "REALLY, MY DEAR! WHAT A SHOWY-LOOKING MAN!"

THE DEGENERATE AGE.

LONG years ago, ere age had started placing
Her print upon my alabaster brow,
I was a fervent devotee of racing;
I like a little flutter even now.
Full many a field, pavilioned, railed and tented,
Full many a down, in times for ever gone,
Has seen me rush about like one demented
To get my money on.

Races were races; but my favourite meeting
Was held not on the open field or lea,
But in a spacious room, with central heating
Raised to a quite unbearable degree;
And, though one soon became as dry as haddock,
Parched with a thirst that glued the very lips,
There was no tiresome pounding round the paddock
Cadging for futile tips.

No boring waits, no tedious pauses nettled
One's spleen; the runners always numbered nine,
And then, the moment each event was settled,
They once more faced the starting gate (or line).
All out to win, on nine concentric courses,
They ran as hard as ever they could go;
It was, in fact, a game called "Little Horses,"
Or (French) "*Petits Chevaux.*"

White, scarlet cap—such was the gay apparel
Worn by the jockey who bestrode all day
My favourite horse, a creature long in barrel
But short in pastern, coat a shining bay;
As game a mount as eye has ever lit on,
Though stud-books do not show his pedigree—
I rarely failed to have a little bit on
That trier, Number Three.

But now, when I desire a gentle beano,
Excitement of a speculative kind,
And turn my steps towards the next casino,
What sorry entertainment do I find!
Gone are the glossy steeds in prime condition,
Straining to gallop when the flag should fall,
And in their place, usurping their position,
A silly bouncing ball.

Oh, I could weep, oh, I could howl and blubber,
Such desolation gathers in my soul
What time I watch that wretched sphere of rubber
By devious courses dribbling to its hole!
The pulse of life is stilled, its colour faded,
Its movement irksome and its music thin;
No marvel if one grows depressed and jaded.
Besides, I never win.

FOXES, LEOPARDS AND WOLVES.

A CINEMA-HOUSE in the West End of London now feels it necessary to inaugurate itself with as much regal pomp as a new cake-shop or a new drapery store. At the Capitol this desire for ceremonial took the form, amongst other things, of flowers, of a young man in peculiar shaped brown velveteens playing a violin in the vestibule, and of a number of persons moving about in immaculate evening dress at the hour of 2.30 P.M. It was impossible to escape the sensation, as one crept humbly after the faint circle of light projected on to the soft purple carpet by a young lady of astonishing charm, that a good deal too much fuss was being made over a mere miserable sinner scarcely worthy to follow the gleam. I have had the same sensation when standing in a queue some thousand strong waiting to enter a Marble Hall of a Hundred Mirrors for the purpose of partaking of a piece of bread-and-butter and a cup of tea.

The producers of the anglicised French film called *The Miracle of the Wolves*—fit title for the inauguration of a Capitol—were torn evidently between two conflicting claims. In early schoolroom days I remember a pack of cards containing coloured pictures of the English Kings, under each of which was placed a compendious psycho-analytical *résumé*.

"*Brave, ambitious, cruel,*"
"*Handsome, indolent, weak,*"

they said, and one knew where one was with the English Kings.

If there had been a French pack, I hazard the guess that under LOUIS XI. would have been written

"*Superstitious, treacherous, cunning,*"

and in *The Miracle of the Wolves* a respect for historical truth is shown which fairly well supports this estimate. Unhappily it was also necessary to insist on the equally historical fact that under LOUIS XI. France made further steps towards becoming a united nation; that the bourgeois and peasant classes were deliberately encouraged against the nobles by the Crown, and that even so attractive a character as CHARLES THE BOLD OF BURGUNDY, a typical film hero if ever there was one, is not ranged on the angels' side.

To overcome this difficulty, JEANNE FOUQUET, the famous "JOAN OF THE AXE," is chosen as the heroine of the film and saves the KING's life ("for France"); and, though her lover is in the service of CHARLES THE BOLD, he too for chivalry's sake assists the KING during those critical hours when LOUIS for some unknown reason put himself in his rival's power at Péronne.

The *rôle* of villain moreover is played by another vassal of CHARLES THE BOLD, the COMTE DE LAU, who, dressed in a rather short cloak, a rough leather hat and wearing his hair bobbed, looks almost exactly like an English demoiselle of 1925.

None the less, when we read subtitles such as

"LOUIS BEGINS HATCHING HIS PLOTS AGAIN,"

or

"THE LEOPARD MEETS THE FOX,"

and have to realise that the crafty-looking fellow with the leaden images in his beaver stands for right, and the imposing figure of CHARLES—a thought on the ponderous side, perhaps, for a pard—has the great soul of the democracy against him, surely the very foundations of the film fan's world begin to rock, and we shift uncomfortably on our plush-lined depressible *fauteuils*. Foxes are wicked and leopards are good. If not, where are we, I should like to know? It all comes of this absurd habit of turning history into a scientific affair.

On the spectacular side, however, *The Miracle of the Wolves* does homage to no film that I have ever seen. The historical museums of all France, we read, were thrown open to the producers. Fifteenth-century armour and weapons are actually worn and used. Six thousand French soldiers were lent by the Government (and a glorious rag they must have had), and the town of Carcassonne was used as a substitute for old Beauvais. The realistic fury of the siege of this town is impossible to describe, though why on earth, when he had taken it after its heroic defence by JOAN OF THE AXE, CHARLES THE BOLD didn't leave any scouts out to tell him that the KING's army was coming, I cannot for the life of me imagine; and I don't suppose the six thousand French soldiers could either. Was fifteenth-century warfare really as stupid as all that?

Among other bright features is the miracle play representing the Fall of Man, performed in Paris by order of the DUKE OF BURGUNDY to entertain the KING. I note in this scene an absence of those ecclesiastical dignitaries who bulk so largely in Mr. BERNARD SHAW's *St. Joan*, and who complicate the course of mediæval history in such an annoying way. But of the mystery play it is impossible to speak too highly, and I cannot imagine why Sir ALFRED BUTT does not put something of the sort on at Drury Lane. The Devil alone was worth the money for the *élan* with which he acted his part.

But standing out beyond all others, of course, is the incident that gives its name to the film. Here was JOAN OF THE AXE, the KING's letter in her bosom, running—or may I rather say hobbling?—over the snow, with a posse of Burgundians running—or may I rather say waddling?—after her. It is a penalty of film-work that it accentuates the waddling gait of persons dressed in archaic clothes when the going is bad. Enter suddenly a flock—I mean to say a herd—of wolves. Fierce and ravening they lie down meekly about her. She fondles their heads. The pursuers come closer, possibly thinking, as I had begun to think, that the wolves were tame. Not so. In a series of hair-raising pictures we now see the Burgundians, and most of all that villainous suitor, the COMTE DE LAU, being harried by wolves. There seems to be no deception whatever, and, if they are not real wolves, they look as like them as the real wolves at the Zoo. They fight, harry, roll, tumble with their enemies into the half-frozen stream. One wolf seems to have finished ravening his Burgundian altogether and has begun quietly to gnaw him. I have seen many representations of animal life on the screen, but this is the noblest of them all. Exit JOAN in triumph on a Burgundian horse which the wolves had overlooked. And where are your cowboys now?

A word might be said about the *tempo* of the film. It seems to be the French idea to play the pageant episodes of history very quickly indeed and the face-to-face encounters of personalities very slowly. This is no doubt a necessity of the screen, but it does compel us to linger a little too much for my taste on the facial gestures of mediæval royalty and aristocracy. For I have my cherished illusions in this matter, and I am bound to say that the film people shatter them. Thay scowl too hard. They lack grace in ravening. They ought to study the wolves. EVOE.

Things that might have been Expressed more Happily.
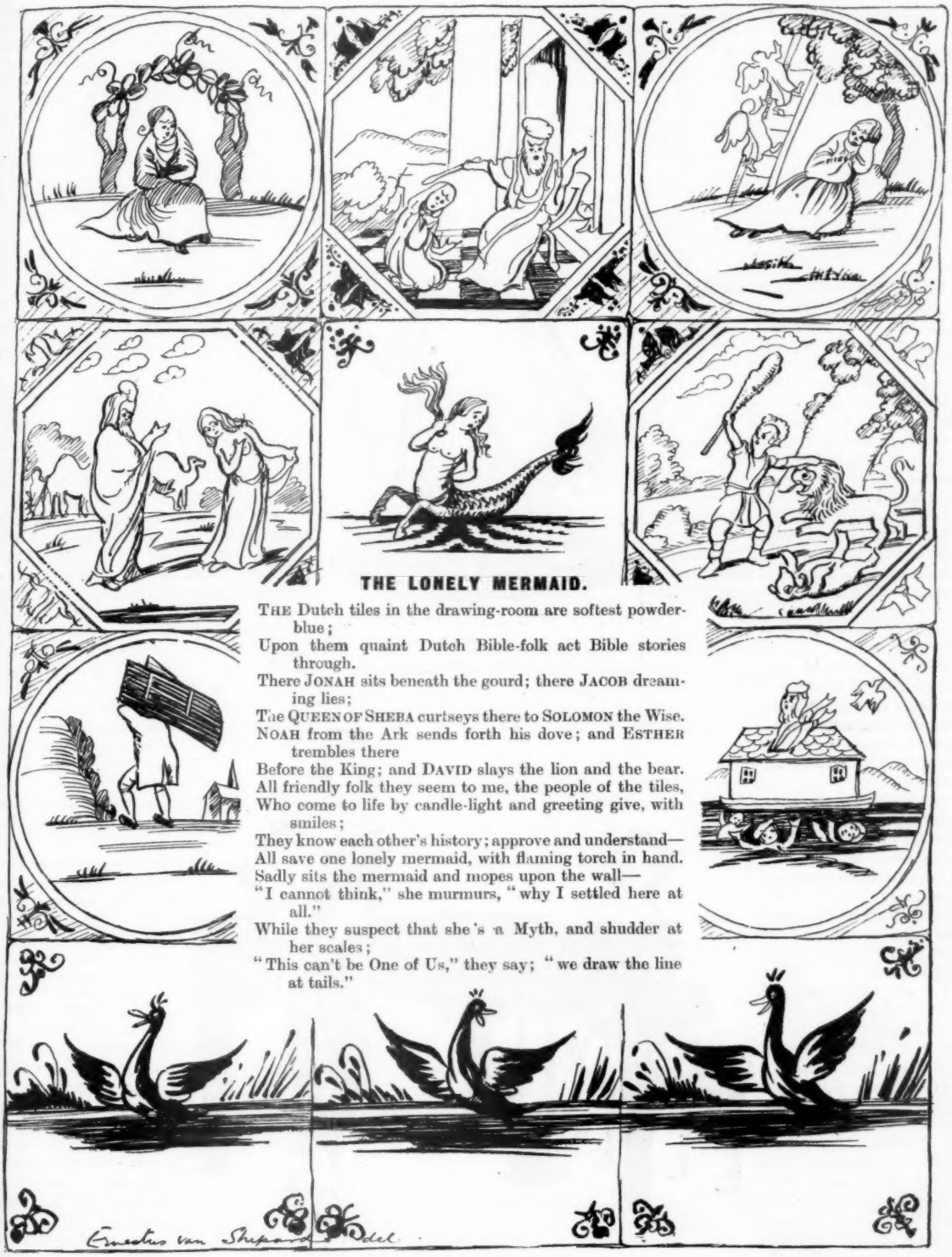
"Vocalists:
—— and ——, at 8 p.m.
COME TO THE MATINEES.
COME TO THE MATINEES."
Concert Advertisement.

"Spain 2 weeks 10 gns., with Morocco 15 gns. Italy, 2 weeks, 10 gns; with Cicily 13 gns."
Advt. in Liverpool Paper.

The only question is whether Cicily as a travelling-companion will be worth the extra money.

"—— and Co. are making further reductions in their goods, and offering oddments in blouses, golfers, etc., at half price."
Channel Islands Paper.

We are surprised that anybody in the home of VARDON and RAY should speak so slightingly of golfers.



THE LONELY MERMAID.

THE Dutch tiles in the drawing-room are softest powder-blue;
Upon them quaint Dutch Bible-folk act Bible stories through.
There JONAH sits beneath the gourd; there JACOB dreaming lies;
The QUEEN OF SHEBA curtseys there to SOLOMON the Wise.
NOAH from the Ark sends forth his dove; and ESTHER trembles there
Before the King; and DAVID slays the lion and the bear.
All friendly folk they seem to me, the people of the tiles,
Who come to life by candle-light and greeting give, with smiles;
They know each other's history; approve and understand—
All save one lonely mermaid, with flaming torch in hand.
Sadly sits the mermaid and mopes upon the wall—
"I cannot think," she murmurs, "why I settled here at all."
While they suspect that she 's a Myth, and shudder at her scales;
"This can't be One of Us," they say; "we draw the line at tails."

AT THE PLAY.

"THE PUNCH-BOWL" (DUKE OF YORK'S).

A SECOND refresher has just been poured into this on the whole sound mixture which the public seems still to lap up with pleasure, having been at it now for some eight months. The main ingredient, and still the most attractive, is the fantasy and ballet, "Punch-and-Judy-up-to-date," which is well worth seeing a second or even a third time, especially as this gives a better chance to Mr. NORMAN O'NEILL'S charming music.

A few old friendly turns were repeated to give dilatory folk—an increasing class—time to get into their seats; among them the highly moral "Old William," in which the commandant of a meat depôt in the Great War is shot in his soup by the waiter (Mr. ALFRED LESTER), who can't stand the noise his customer makes eating it. And many a man has been done in for less. "The Last Word" foreshadows the tragedy imminent in many a home where husband and wife don't take the same view of the essential seriousness and educational value of this astonishing epidemic. Mr. ALFRED LESTER and Miss NORAH BLANEY make a most persuasive Lancashire couple in this business.

"Until To-morrow," an ultra-sentimental ballad, is sung with perhaps just a little too much feeling by Mr. COLIN ASHDOWN and by Miss NORA BLANEY, dressed as eighteenth-century Venetian romantics, against a background of gondolas and arches.

"A Night-Club Episode" shows Mr. LESTER (in an epoch-making moustache which puts HARRY TATE'S to shame), pleasantly idiotic, with Miss ENID STAMP-TAYLOR, the chief newcomer into this third edition, making a pretty foil. Best item unquestionably of the first part was the fake Negro "Spiritual" (by GREATREX NEWMAN and MELVILLE GIDEON), an excellent and, I think, permissible parody sung in just the right mood by Mr. COLIN ASHDOWN. Well, no, perhaps one ought to qualify that "best." Nothing could well have been better of its kind than Miss HAZEL SHELLEY'S amazing buck-dance, which has to be seen and heard to be believed. Mr. SONNIE HALE'S dancing is also of a particularly engaging kind. But I must confess there were dull moments in this first part.
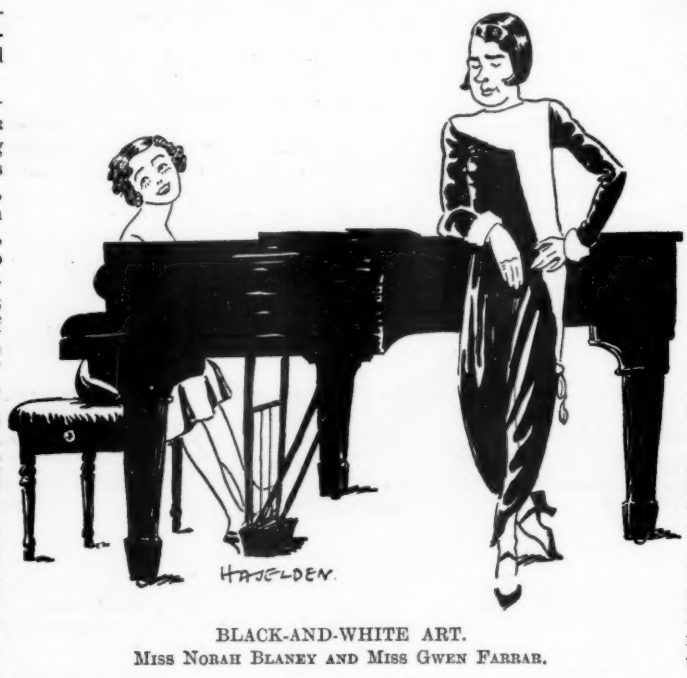


SENORITA ALFREDA LESTER.

As to the Punch-and-Judy affair, I still think the introduction too long and a little tedious—all that's essential could be said and done in half the time—but I wouldn't miss anything of the little patch of pathos touched in most tenderly by Mr. LESTER and Miss BLANEY in Phase III. And, as I say, the ballet itself was as good as ever.

In the Third Part of the Revue the versatile Miss BLANEY interpolated a topical monologue, "Eros and Me," a commentary on the Piccadilly tragedy seen from the point of view of the flower-girl. It oughtn't to pass the wit of the City Fathers to devise some way of returning our archer and his friendly attendants to an adjacent pitch, so that the eye might have just one quiet decent thing to rest on in this blinking place.

Miss MARJORIE SPIERS sings and dances attractively with Mr. HUGH DEMPSTER; Miss STAMP-TAYLOR, in an engaging suit of green pyjamas, gets demurely into bed what time Mr. SONNIE HALE demonstrates the futility of his ingenious defences against the cat-burglar; Mr. LESTER repeats the quite admirable *Lolita*, the second-hand Belle of Seville; clever little Miss ANNIE KASMIR turns herself into a piece of miraculously resilient rubber in a riotous dance with Mr. SONNIE HALE; Mr. LESTER, who may reasonably at this point be supposed to be tired out, makes competent but not heaven-shaking fun as "The Actor's Mate," and Miss NORAH BLANEY and that superb droll GWEN FARRAR, always at their best "on their own," bring the varied programme to a satisfactory conclusion. T.



BLACK-AND-WHITE ART.
MISS NORAH BLANEY AND MISS GWEN FARRAR.

Zoology in the City.

"When it was found that Paris was inclined to be a buyer, bears here drew in their horns."
Financial Paper.

"Cleopatra used palm and olive oils 3,000 years ago."
Advt. in London Omnibus.

And so captivated ANTONY rather over a thousand years afterwards.

"He stirred his coffee with a steady brown hand and ran a casual eye down the columns of *The Sunday Eagle*."—*Magazine Story.*

After a moment or two the pain in his fingers reminded him of what he was doing, and half mechanically he picked up a spoon.



MRS. GILES SAYS THAT, PROPERLY MANAGED, POULTRY *CAN* BE MADE TO PAY.

THE PESTILENT FEAST.

SHE was chewing when she boarded the train at Bedford Hills. At Mount Kisco she was literally ruminating, with the lethargic stare of a cow. Round the bend she quickened the stroke, but at Chappaqua she dropped into a steady 120. I know this to be accurate, because I timed her by my watch, observing in the corner of my eye the white lump that I knew to be her jaw.

I felt my interest aroused.

Apart from this regrettable streak I am sure she was eminently respectable. She had the bearing of a dowager-countess or, a greater compliment perhaps, of the person whom Subway advertisements style "a discriminating chewer."

120 also is a respectable rate. A ten-cent-store flapper chews an insouciant 135. The East Side financier has been known to chew 140, but only when the market was bullish. During a break his rate drops to 100, even 90. One I know gave up chewing. There were some priceless orchids on the grave. But I digress.

We have passed White Plains; New York gleams dully in the distance. My interest, I discover, varies inversely with the square of the duration of the orgy, in this case forty-nine minutes, so far, of continuous mastication.

Great strangling thoughts crowd round me. The chewer becomes symbolic. I hear the monotonous boom of Atlantic breakers, inexorably pounding. I see *Sherlock Holmes* relentlessly sleuthing his victim from Kettering to Kamschatka. I hear the grandfather clock in the hall at home. I see the earth following her set path in dumb obedience to immutable laws; the march of the solar system through the stellar system; of the stellar streams through space. From the precipices of cosmogony I reel back, aghast.

And still she chews.

Why do I not sit somewhere else?

First, because I am spell-bound. Second, because there is no room. Third, because the pastime is not the monopoly of my dowager-countess.

At Grand Central Terminal I shall escape—out of the frying-pan. Discriminating chewers always leave something for Mr. Manners, which means the Subway platform, the stairs or the pavement outside, on which I must tread softly, as Mr. YEATS might say, because I tread on their gum. Chewing-gum is the only down-trodden thing in New York. It is cast from satiated lips and lies in blobs the size of those giant rain drops that presage a tropical storm until the city gum-scrapers (I am told) arrive on their weekly errand of mercy.

125th Street flashes by. And in a flash I realise the true danger of the Labour Question in this country.

Suppose the gum-scrapers went on strike!

There would be foot-hills first, across which one could stride with ease. As these grew larger they could be taken with a running jump. From hillocks, however, they would grow to hills—and greater and greater—until nature-lovers would watch from the mountain top the dawn break over East River. Then the strike would break—too late.

Grand Central Terminal! Will no one rid me of this pestilent feast?

Our Infant Prodigies.

"NURSE.—Canadian family, two children, two years person of either sex, sub-editorial work, translations from French, secretarial, etc. Person of imagination and initiative preferred to one of learning merely."

Daily Paper.

Those "cross-word puzzles for children" have a lot to answer for.



"LET 'IM BE, CAN'T YER? 'E 'POLOGISED, DIDN'T 'E?"
"THAT 'S WOT MIKES ME SO BLOOMIN' WILD. I SAID I 'D KNOCK 'IS 'EAD ORF IF 'E DIDN'T."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

THE American picker-up (and republisher) of unconsidered English trifles has much to answer for; not least the dilemma in which he places the man whose work, perhaps deliberately submerged, he ostentatiously salvages. What is the victim to do? The stuff is his, and, if he is to shoulder the reputation of it, he may as well pocket the reward. Perhaps he had better produce a counter-reprint over here, stiffening it with material unavailable to the predatory Yankee? He does; and the result is a farrago like *The Shining Pyramid* (SECKER), in which Mr. ARTHUR MACHEN has reissued the substance of two American piracies, with such other stories and essays as he himself thinks fit to survive. Two-thirds of the whole deals, picturesquely and often gracefully, with "the occult." And here I feel I should be standing on firmer ground if I knew whether Mr. MACHEN was trying to live down or up to his "angels of Mons." In "Out of the Earth," a War-time story of the irruption of the powers of evil, he scornfully remarks that his experiences with "The Bowmen" have convinced him that "no tale is too idle to be believed." In "The Happy Children," which tells how the baby victims of Flanders and the *Lusitania* flock to hear a ghostly Mass in a ruined abbey, he plumes himself on his ritual having deceived "a liturgiologist of some experience." *The Shining Pyramid*, a clever but occasionally nauseous story of a Devil's Punch Bowl in the Welsh Marches, was (he says) written "purely for fun." The collection of "notes and hints" on "The Secret of the Sangraal" betrays, on the other hand, a genuine zeal for research. Whether the real Mr. MACHEN is the cloud-castle-builder, the *farceur* or the scholar, I do not know. Perhaps he does not know himself. But I am sure some determination under one or other of these heads would be all to the advantage of his next book.

If ever a history of public obliquity of vision in the matter of art comes to be written, an important chapter will be filled by the case of HONORÉ DAUMIER, the French artist, whose painting had little or no recognition during his lifetime of poverty and of whom a large number of people refuse still to think except as a caricaturist. That he was a caricaturist of genius is beyond question, but as a painter he was far greater; and it is in part to adjust the balance and set his fame on firmer foundations that Mr. MICHAEL SADLEIR has written the monograph which, under the title *Daumier: the Man and the Artist*, Messrs. HALTON AND TRUSCOTT SMITH have just issued in noble form. It comes at an opportune moment, when there is on loan at the Tate Gallery the remarkable collection of Mr. WILLIAM BURRELL. Here the original of the frontispiece "The Good Samaritan" and other reproductions may be seen and Mr. SADLEIR's criticisms of the painter tested: as, for example, that DAUMIER "is a master of majestic and sombre colouring . . . a dramatist to whom design is drama in itself and to whom rhythm is the noblest element of design." Both in his judgments and in his biographical narrative Mr. SADLEIR

seems to me to be admirable, and his account of the occasion on which COROT, more prosperous, more easy-natured, but hardly less simple and genuine than DAUMIER, came to the financial rescue of his shy unpractical *confrère* (one of the best stories in the history of artists' kindness to artists) is most charmingly reconstructed. It would not have impaired the value of the work if the portrait of DAUMIER by his friend and champion, DAUBIGNY, which hangs permanently at the Tate Gallery, had been included; it would have helped to fortify Mr. SADLEIR'S remark that "his painting is full of a profound and melancholy sympathy. He is an ennobler of humble things . . . a patient endurer of adversity." Beyond one picture at the Tate, one of the Don Quixote series (and that, I believe, is a debatable HUGH LANE), the only public DAUMIERS in London are on the walls of the Ionides rooms at South Kensington.

There was once a small boy who sat Sunday after Sunday in a suburban chapel, fortified by the sight of a cushion of crimson velvet that was part of the furniture of the pulpit. "It was a great resource to me," he said afterwards, "because I liked watching the rich colour of the folds and creases that came in it when the clergyman thumped it." This small boy lived a long time ago. He was, in fact, pre-Victorian. But childhood still has its æsthetic shifts for the mitigation of grown-up ugliness; and some of the prettiest and most pathetic of these are described in *Miss Tiverton Goes Out* (ARROWSMITH), by the anonymous author of *The House Made With Hands*. The name of the child in question is *Juliet*, and she is not *Miss Tiverton*. *Miss Tiverton* is the aged and utterly secluded tenant of the old house next to *Juliet's* father's brand-new one. And *Juliet's* father, *Mr. Simpson*, is a speculative builder, thriving in the pre-War expansion of a rural suburb—or at least he *would* thrive (he insists) if only *Miss Tiverton* would die and let him build on the Grange land. None of the *Simpson* family have ever seen *Miss Tiverton;* but they all want her to die, except *Juliet*. And for *Juliet* she and her black cat belong to "time immemorial," a mysterious phrase which the little girl has adopted, giving to it a spiritual meaning. It includes not only the box-hedges and wrought-iron gates of the Grange, but the sound of "O that We Two were Maying," sung by her sister *Olivia* during her first disreputable engagement, the lyric overtures of a mad peer who courts *Juliet* herself, and also, though dubiously, *Bruce Sadler*, brother of a snobbish schoolfellow, who would like to marry *Juliet* but cannot stomach her family. It is a charming fantasy, charmingly conceived and as charmingly written; except in its last two sections, which, as they deal with the War, have caught a perhaps sympathetic note of stridency and hustle.

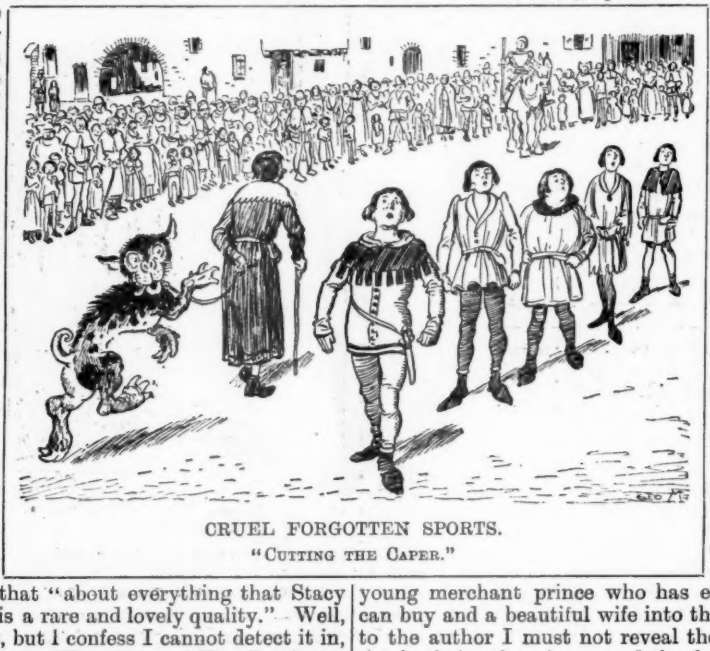
The Art of the Theatre (BLES), by SARAH BERNHARDT, is a somewhat random collection of notes which the great actress made during the last three years of her life by way of summing up her attitude to the craft she so splendidly practised. The notes have been sorted by loyal hands according to a plan which she left in writing. It is a book interesting chiefly to players and critics, very happy in the qualities of its defects of desultoriness; for here one finds a shrewd piece of practical counsel, here a flash of inspired criticism not always free of an impish malice, there a reminiscence picturesquely phrased and betraying the great actress's dominating personality—not logically in place but very apt to the general intention. One thing above all she emphasises, the need of elaborate and varied training, physical and mental, and the danger of relying upon natural gifts and aptitudes in place of the discipline of consistent hard work and adventurous experiment—a shaft that may go home to some of our native artists. She lets us know something of her own struggle against the traditions and conventions of those in power in the French theatre when she set out, a frail determined child, to capture it. Her critical preferences naturally throw valuable light on her theories and methods. She places RÉJANE before DUSE; LUCIEN GUITRY before COQUELIN, whom she sums up as "a



Picturesque Person (in answer to question of keen student of humanity). "NO, SIR, I WAS NOT ALWAYS A SANDWICH-MAN" *(delight of K.S. of H., who scents a story of real human interest);* "FOR YEARS I 'ANDED OUT CIRCULARS." *(Collapse of K.S. of H.)*

great artist but not a great actor," lacking sensibility; RACINE before CORNEILLE, "who does not know how to make a woman talk." Mme. BERNHARDT liked playing men's parts because she admired the male brain and male achievement generally; wishes she had been born a man—"If I had been a man it seems to me that I should have had such a splendid career!" She disapproves the theory that the actor should have his emotions always under control, and believes in his letting himself go, completely living the scene and being carried away by it as in actual life—a confession of realism which perhaps goes a little further than she intended.

There are three, or perhaps four, good stories in *Overheard* (HEINEMANN), which is the name Mr. STACY AUMONIER has given to his latest collection. These three, in the order in which they appear, are "The Kidnapped General," "The Friends" and "What *Was* She to Think?" If I had to select a fourth I would add "Dark Red Roses." Mr. AUMONIER has several admirable qualities for the writer of short stories. First and most important he has the rare power of creating atmosphere. "One Sunday Morning," for example, is all atmosphere; there is nothing else in it; but it remains the most satisfying of the other stories for that reason. Also he has a sense of irony, and is capable of a tender touch on occasion. But I think he must have served up a better batch of stuff than this to have secured the enthusiastic chorus of praise from other eminent writers that I see printed on the wrapper. Here is Miss REBECCA WEST, for example, declaring that "about everything that Stacy Aumonier writes there is a rare and lovely quality." Well, it may be my own fault, but I confess I cannot detect it in, let us say, "Freddie Finds Himself" or "The Persistent Mother." These seem to me tolerable magazine stories of the second or third class. "The Friends," as I have said, is quite good, but it has appeared in volume form before.



CRUEL FORGOTTEN SPORTS.
"CUTTING THE CAPER."

Many lovers of the countryside who have read and rejoiced in *Cobbett's Rural Rides* have been content, I suppose, to regard as no more than incidental (though highly pungent) spicing all those political allusions and invectives, now hardly intelligible, that are there so amazingly mixed up with the writer's intimate delight in trees and fields and flowers. If such readers will be advised to take up *The Life of William Cobbett* (COLLINS), by Mr. G. D. H. COLE, they will soon realise that, born farmer and country lover though COBBETT might be, he was even more a natural fighting reformer. This most able and luminous biography sets him forth as a startlingly vivid personality, half lion yet perhaps half fox-terrier, a man who all the days of his life was a crusader passionately on the side where he saw justice, yet thrust himself into many a fight for sheer fighting's sake; a man whose energy of body and mind, and particularly of literary productiveness, was almost beyond belief, yet who could halt his diatribes in mid-career to mark the cloud-shadows sweeping over the downs or to listen to the call of a bird. As Mr. COLE's hero was very much in the middle of all the social battles of his time it is natural for this study to be in some sense a political history of the period, and natural too for that history to have something of the particular bias to be expected in one of the intellectual leaders of that present Labour Party with whose struggles towards existence COBBETT's name is partly associated. Yet this is no book of blind worship or excessive partisanship, but rather such an account as all who love the man in any of his aspects will read with almost unmixed satisfaction.

The writer of detective fiction has at least this much in common with the master-criminal, that he must lie awake on many a night wondering what he is to do about Scotland Yard. Your hero being a private investigator, are the sleuths of the C.I.D. to compete with him for the genuine clues so sparingly provided? If not, through how many pages can they chase wild geese and red herrings before the taxpayer begins to wonder what he is getting for his money? Mr. MICHAEL MAURICE, at any rate, is in no doubt as to which horn of this dilemma offers the more comfortable seat, and in *The Long Way Round* (FISHER UNWIN) he has made such guys of the police that he has had to write a preface explaining to the Yard that he doesn't really mean it. The story concerns the sudden disappearance of a young merchant prince who has everything that money can buy and a beautiful wife into the bargain. In fairness to the author I must not reveal the plot. But I enjoyed the book for the vigour and the freshness of its writing, and its mystery kept me guessing until the end.

I am not surprised that *Ducros*, the strongest of the strong men who took part in *The Starkenden Quest* (DUCKWORTH), frequently exclaimed, "By dam." Indeed, when I reflect upon the fertility of Mr. GILBERT COLLINS' imagination, I feel inclined to imitate *Ducros*. *John Crayton*, down and out in Yokohama, met *Starkenden*, who offered him a job. Shortly afterwards *Crayton* met his old school-fellow, *Gregory Hope*, and found that he was engaged for the same job. Neither of them at the moment knew what they had engaged themselves to do, but *Starkenden* soon enlightened them. They were to plunge into the unknown and, having plunged, to locate gems of astounding value and to help *Starkenden* to find his long-lost brother. They plunged; and presently encountered dangers enough and to spare, including a tribe of hairy dwarfs, in whose caves *Crayton* and *Hope* passed as hectic a time as anyone could conceive. A love story is interwoven with these wonderful adventures, but in comparison seemed to me a little anæmic.

CHARIVARIA.

IT has been mentioned that twenty Conservative M.P.'s have been attacked by the influenza germ and only one Liberal. The "flu" germ wishes it to be known that it rarely bites Liberals because they taste so bitter just now when they are out of season.

* * *

We understand that the germ which inoculated MUSSOLINI with influenza has since apologised by saying that it didn't realise exactly who he was.

* * *

According to a dealer in such things, HENRY FORD'S autograph is worth only one-tenth as much as the signature of any of our popular poets. In an album presumably, not on a cheque.

* * *

It is reported that a regiment of the Guards have taken to drinking milk. No wonder a sergeant-major was heard the other day telling a squad of recruits that they were going to the cats.

* * *

"Cross-word puzzles are becoming quite a nuisance," announces a contemporary. Those published in our morning dailies are said to be causing our Government officials to spend many a sleepless day.

* * *

A large number of clergymen are unemployed at the present time. We should like to give one of them the opportunity of reading an impressive service to the friends and relations of a particularly persistent income-tax collector we know.

* * *

"Should we know the 'Missing Link'?" asks Sir BAMPFYLDE FULLER in an evening paper. In our opinion we might know him to nod to, but we shouldn't ask him to tea.

* * *

Upon being sentenced to prison for a month for false pretences a cook is reported to have asked the magistrate to reduce the sentence on the ground that she never stays in one place longer than a fortnight.

* * *

Giving evidence in a London police-court a policeman stated that the defendant stood outside a tailor's window challenging a dummy to come out and fight. The man pleaded that it was the dummy who first started it.

It was stated in Parliament the other day that there are more sheep in this country than since 1918, and more pigs than since 1867. We deplore these political personalities.

* * *

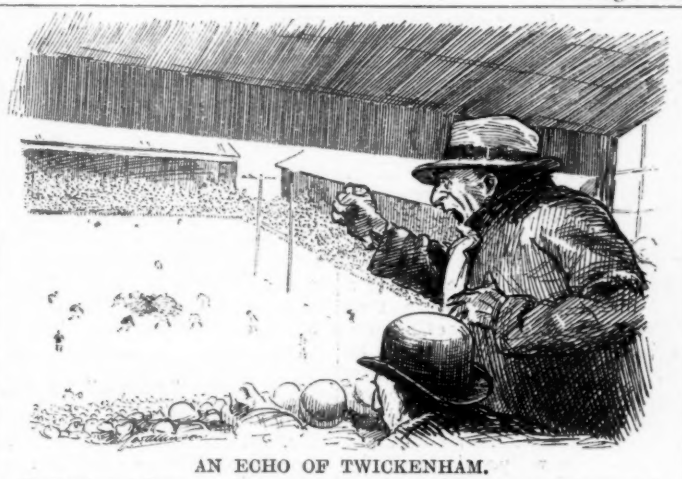
Richmond licensing hours are to be extended during the coming summer, we read. This supports the local rumour that the idea of having a summer has not been abandoned.

* * *

An Irish draper has just qualified as a solicitor. His statutory fee will no doubt be six and sevenpence-three-farthings.

* * *

A German woman admits having had twenty-seven husbands. She intends marrying another so that he can keep the score.



AN ECHO OF TWICKENHAM.

Enthusiast. "COME ON, ENGLAND; MY VOICE WON'T LAST MUCH LONGER."

We read of a wonderful electrical machine which will take dictation like a typist. Business men with wide experience of typists say this machine will have to do better than that if it is to be a success.

* * *

America has a woman Governor. So have most married men.

* * *

The newspapers have referred to a song-writer who is missing. If it is the man who wrote "It ain't gonna rain no more," we don't blame him either.

* * *

With reference to the projected nine-storey flats to be built by the L.C.C. we understand that the rent-collector will be equipped with a parachute in case of misunderstandings on the top floor.

* * *

A good homing-pigeon will often fetch fifty pounds, declares an evening paper. Personally, we would let it.

A Manchester baby was recently christened PHELEXORATA MAFEGAPGASEE; we understand that its godfather is emigrating before the baby grows up.

* * *

With regard to the English prima donna who is said to be able to sing in six languages we understand that this does not include the one that all singers use when they sing English songs.

* * *

In parts of Russia the ground is said to be frozen to a depth of forty yards. In view of the liability to chilblains worms must be glad sometimes that they have no feet.

* * *

A traveller reports that, owing to the large consumption of oranges, influenza is unknown in Madrid. All that the inhabitants suffer from is acute guitarrh.

* * *

A clergyman has invented an instrument which detects the wireless waves that come from the protoplasm in a fertile egg. But there have often been funny things inside curates' eggs.

* * *

After the result of the fourth Test match there seems to be no reason at all why an English crew shouldn't win the Boat Race.

* * *

Sir H. J. WARING points out that there is a rib of ROBERT BRUCE in the Royal College of Surgeons. We believe that you can see quite plainly the dent where the spider nudged him.

* * *

One of the visitors at a recent fashionable ball was a perfumed seal. We understand that the rumour that it won a fox-trot competition is false.

* * *

At a recent jazz ball we hear that an elderly man was repeatedly warned by the M.C. and finally ordered off. It appears the offender was dancing.

* * *

"You can tell both a man's character and his profession by his walk," says a writer. If you see a man stumbling over his feet you 'll know he 's a bad poet.

* * *

"February has been a wild month," announces a morning paper. Weather such as we have experienced of late has been enough to make any month wild.

THE NEW INQUISITION AND THE OLD INQUISITORS.

THE threatened invasion of our liberties by the police in the search for illicit crystals or unpaid wireless licences is bad enough. It is the end of "Rule Britannia" even as eye-wash; Magna Charta becomes a scrap of paper, and from the Englishman's home portcullises and machicolations fade away. But all the same it might have been worse.

Why? you ask. The answer is, because our "bobbies" are such angels.

"Bobbies" I called them; but that is no longer current slang. In fact I am not certain as to what the current slang is. The words "Bobby" and "Peeler," after Sir ROBERT PEEL, who instituted the Force, belong to the middle of the last century, and, though "Bobby" has stuck, who says "Peeler" now? "Look out, here comes a peeler!"—that is an obsolete cry. "Copper" too one rarely hears; but once everyone called them "coppers." How was "copper" derived? Was it from the metal or from the verb to "cop"? I suspect the latter, because in America, where they have no time for long words but only for long speeches, "cop" is also a noun. Is it possibly dislike of the term "copper" that causes all English policemen, when describing the lower orders of coins, as found in prisoners' pockets, to refer to pennies and half-pennies exclusively as "bronze"? You have heard the formula: "The prisoner became very voilent and had to be carried to the cells. When searched there was found on him eightpence in bronze"? Another slang word for policemen was "slop," but it is long since I heard it. An old music-hall song ran: "I came an awful cropper on a bandy-legged copper, and he's never been the same slop since." Old ladies say "Constable"; wise men say "Officer"; very wise men say "Inspector."

But whatever we call him the English policeman is a friend rather than a foe. And that is why I suggest that this threatened new inquisition, this return to Star Chamber methods, might be worse, because think what it would be if we were under an alien Force! Think of the cold terrors that we should suffer if our houses were visited by French *agents*, men of iron, moving irresistibly and inscrutably, under capes, in pairs, with faces carved from stone, and under those capes Heaven knows what weapons! All official Frenchmen are to be feared, especially when they have rubber stamps, but the *agents* freeze the blood to its direst gelidity. Compared with them how sociable are our own guardians, and what towers of sympathetic strength!

This is the more remarkable when we recollect that the London police are recruited from the country, since London does not make men on that scale. The Londoner is rarely out-size. The more remarkable then is it that they have such dignified composure and so much of, at any rate, the machinery of sagacity. The transposition of the rustic into the metropolitan authority is quick and complete. I wonder if there is great competition among the fair for these substantial prizes. I wonder what is the status of a policeman's wife; even more I wonder what is the status of a policeman's son. A boy with such a father should command respect, be he what he may. And do policemen's sons become policemen? I feel that we know far too little of these bulwarks of society.

There can hardly be a householder in the land who has not at one time or another found comfort in the Force. When on returning at night one discovers that the latch-key was left behind, who walks round the house until he can find a way in?—The policeman. And with what reassuring deliberateness, with what slow and carefully weighed encouraging remarks! When we are lost in a fog who directs us?—The policeman. How then shall we dread his visits when he enters our homes on the POSTMASTER-GENERAL'S autocratic behest? If we are angry and resentful it will not be with him, but with the P.M.G. and the Government.

Nor will the policeman's attitude, I am sure, be overbearing. He will hate the job as much as we, and it will break his heart when the guilty box is discovered where we hid it or the licence cannot be produced. But think of what would happen if two French *agents*, moving like Fate in pairs, with their capes of mystery, penetrated our perfidy! Tumbril stuff, no less.

And the police of other countries too. I don't claim to have come personally into collision with all of them, but I have been to the cinema, and the camera cannot lie. Compare our kindly protectors with the giants swinging cudgels who stand at the corners of the streets in American cities. What would a domiciliary visit from one of them be like? They are chiefly of Irish extraction, and when, on seeing a head, the Irish desire to crack it is combined with the cudgel to crack it with and the legal sanction to use that cudgel, obviously there will be brains on the green. If the policeman in *Sumurûn*, who advances in epileptic hops, were to bring his music with him, his visitation might be entertaining, but I suspect the implacable and subtle methods of the East.

If fear of the police is, in England, less acute than it might be, I think we have not far to look for the reason. I believe that, if there is any culpability in the matter, Mr. Punch's artists are very greatly to blame. Ever since the days of LEECH, whose policemen wore top hats, Mr. Punch's army of pencils has been busy in delineating the Force with kindliness and imposing upon it a character of geniality and tolerance. Perhaps Mr. Punch's artists were building better than they knew; perhaps the mellow urbanity of Scotland Yard is their creation? We know how nature can follow art. And Mr. NORMAN MCKINNEL, the "infaliable," he also is not wholly guiltless in this matter. E. V. L.

"PUNCH" TO PADEREWSKI.

GENEROUS givers do not expect to be thanked for their gifts, but Mr. Punch cannot refrain from alluding to the splendid munificence of M. PADEREWSKI to the British Legion Appeal Fund. The series of recitals devoted to that end which began at the Albert Hall a week ago crown his thirty-five years' attachment to the country which was amongst the first to acclaim his genius. Mr. Punch, in the person of one of his young men, formed one of the very scanty audience which attended M. PADEREWSKI'S first recital in London in 1890, and fell at once under the spell of his commanding personality.

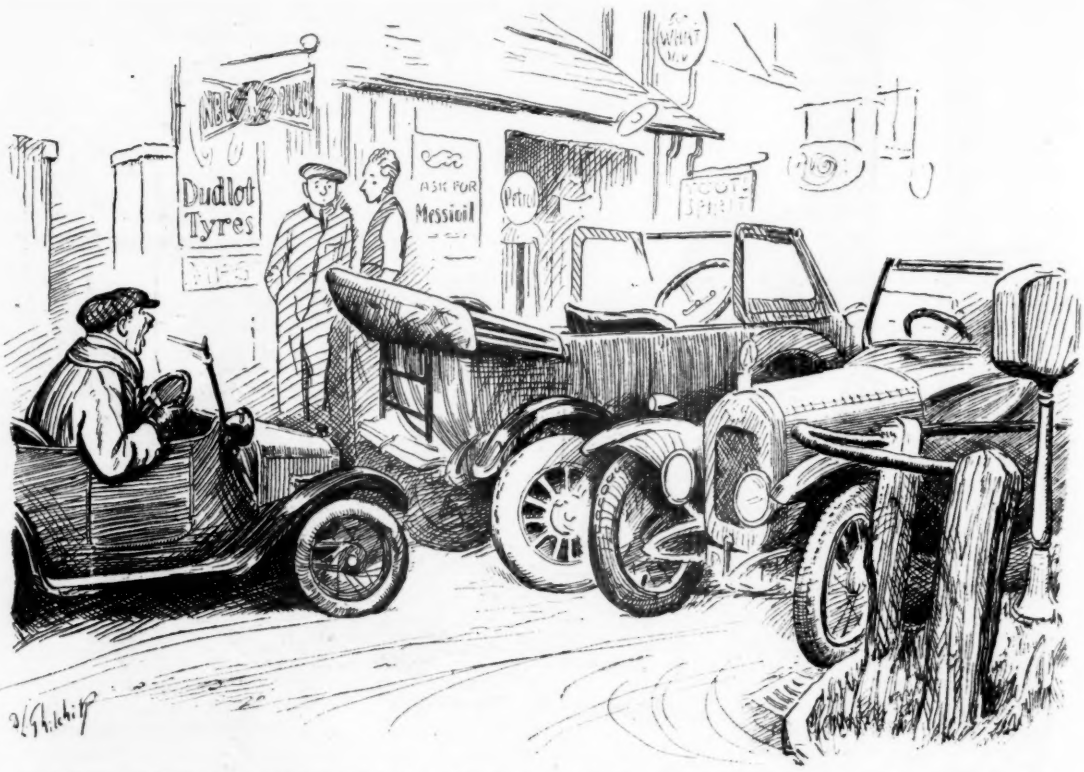
M. PADEREWSKI indeed was always far more than a mere musician. Those who knew him best were least surprised when the pianist became Prime Minister. *Inter arma silent Musæ.* But M. PADEREWSKI was a patriot first. Moreover he was deeply versed in the history and politics of his country, and, when he abandoned the keyboard for the arena of affairs, made his mark at once as a wise and sagacious statesman. His tenure of the highest office was brief; less moderate counsels prevailed; but he was too magnanimous to be embittered by the lack of support which obliged him to resign. He continued to serve his country with active and unremitting benevolence. And now he has shown his gratitude to England for her brotherhood in arms in a manner worthy of one who is a great gentleman and a good sportsman as well as a great artist. For it is reported of M. PADEREWSKI that in pre-War days he once defined the difference between himself and one of his closest American friends as follows: "I am a poor Pole who plays solo, and he is a dear soul who plays polo."



THE NEW INQUISITION.

INDIGNANT HOUSEHOLDER (*terrified at the prospect of the cook's giving notice*). "I AM SORRY TO HAVE TO TELL YOU THAT OWING TO THIS INIQUITOUS BILL WE ARE LIABLE TO A VISIT FROM THE POLICE AT ANY MOMENT."

COOK. "LOR, SIR, HOW *LOVELY!*"



Irate Owner of diminutive car (whose way is blocked by four-seater). "HERE—HI! WHOSE IS THIS BLASTED CHARABANG?"

THE MENACE TO CIVILISATION.

WHEN I play billiards I like to give my whole attention to the game. I prefer an atmosphere of cloistered calm, broken only by the faint click of the ivory balls.

Blisterworth seems to consider a game of billiards an opportunity of unburdening himself of all those thoughts to which no one would listen if he expressed them at any other time. He sees his opponent as a caged prisoner and the green table as an altar of sacrifice. What is worse, he plays rather well.

"*The Times* is quite right," he said solemnly as he went into baulk, "to devote all this space to the warfare in China. I only wish they would give us more articles on the subject."

"Oh, yes," I answered, attempting an all-round cannon. "Why?"

"The Yellow Peril," said Blisterworth, "has been gravely under-estimated. It seems fairly clear to me that in thirty or forty years' time our so-called civilisation will be over-run by Mongol and Tartar hordes. The actual troops, I have no doubt, will be chiefly Chinese. But I see no reason why Europe should submit to destiny without a struggle, and, instead of bickering over boundaries, reparations and tariffs, instead of grouting the piers of an obsolete cathedral, it seems to me that all which remains of what was once called Christendom should be banding itself together by solemn vows to resist the mighty menace from the East. Do you notice that Wei Hung Li has flung himself into Chow?"

"Has he, indeed?" I said, missing the middle pocket. "That's very serious."

Blisterworth was by this time eighteen and I was five.

"And whom do you think our old friend, Hang Yu, has formed a combination with now?" he went on, finishing a rather nice little break at the top of the table.

"Hang Yu?"

"Yes, Hang Yu."

I was unable to think of anybody with whom Hang Yu would have been likely to form a combination at the present time. I resented the sinister presence of this Oriental in the room. I was about to play a very fine and difficult losing hazard, almost the first leave which Blisterworth, a singularly grudging and ungenerous player, had presented to me.

"I haven't the slightest idea," I confessed.

"Wo Hei Wo!" shouted Blisterworth in a loud exultant tone.

I ran a coup.

"One of the main things," observed Blisterworth, calmly chalking the tip of his cue with a piece of chalk that he had stolen from the Club and was keeping in his right-hand trouser pocket, "that prevents us from paying due attention to the gathering storm-clouds is what we foolishly suppose to be the comical nature of Chinese names. We cannot imagine a man named Wang Mang doing anything more subversive than eating rats and dogs, drinking bird's-nest soup, smoking opium or sailing about in a junk; or possibly, in extreme cases, failing to send back our collars from the wash. But is there anything really more funny in reading about the astute and crafty Tai Ping or the reckless and vainglorious Wing Wong than in reading about the astute and crafty LLOYD GEORGE or the reckless and vainglorious RAMSAY MACDONALD? Why should we laugh?"

Why, indeed? I wondered, glancing at the scoring-board and grinding my teeth. "A couple of breaks of about

fifteen each," I said to myself, "and I should be on terms with the confounded fellow." I bent to the task.

"Can you doubt," he continued relentlessly, "that the Romans smiled at the name of ALARIC when they first heard the mutterings of the storm, just as you are smiling at the Yellow Peril to-day?"

"I wasn't smiling at the Yellow Peril, if you want to know," I said rather crossly. "I was trying to pot the red."

But Blisterworth remained imperturbable.

"I suppose," he said, "that we shall still be giggling at the funniness of Mongolian names when a Japanese fleet is lying in the Mediterranean; we shall still titter when we are told that a Chu Yang has overrun the Netherlands, a Feng Pei has ransacked the streets of Berlin, and London itself is cowering at the mercy of a Mu. That was eleven, wasn't it? Three off the red. There's just a chance that I may pot you this time if I'm not very careful."

He potted me.

"Tut, tut," he said. "Tut, tut. Now, as I was saying, not only do we need a Singapore base, but several Singapore bases or their equivalents. And we need a great deal more than that. We need a firm federation of the Latin and Anglo-Saxon-speaking peoples pledged to stand shoulder to shoulder and put away petty differences in the face of the common foe. I'm afraid I've left you rather tucked up under the cushion there."

"I'm afraid you have," I said, miscueing.

The balls were now left very nicely together for Blisterworth.

"You must not imagine," he said with great *empressement* as he took advantage of the opening, "that there is any impossibility in the idea of a military alliance between the Soviet Government of Russia and the theocratic Empire of Japan. The Oriental is no visionary where material interests are concerned, and with the prospect of looting Europe in front of them, Mongol and Tartar might well make common cause. Ninety-one—forty-seven. No, that's not your ball, I'm afraid; it's mine. You're in the middle there. You'll need the long rest. I don't consider it unlikely that we shall live to see an Asiatic army once again thundering at the gates of Europe and the streets of her fairest cities bathed in blood."

I still maintain that it was more by accident than by design that in bringing the point of the long cue down I struck Blisterworth's forehead and nose with the point of it in such a way that the latter began to bleed on to the cloth. Nobody could be more sorry than I was that he had to go away and lie down with a key at the back of his neck in the small drawing-room, so that he was unable to finish the game. Billiards is a game full of remarkable fluctuations, and it is quite on the cards, as I have pointed out to several members of the club, that even if he had not retired I might have won.

Nevertheless I am bound to admit that the position from my point of view was becoming exceedingly desperate. The Mongol, so to speak, was at the gates.



"I 'EAR THEY 'RE GOIN' TO PUT OLD EROS INTO TITE'S."
"GO ON! WOT YER MEAN *TIGHTS?*"
"YUS. YOU KNOW—TITE'S GALLERY."

Another Glimpse of the Obvious.

From a City article:—

"FLAT FEATURES IN KAFFIRS."
Yorkshire Paper.

Commercial Candour.

"It looks and feels like an ordinary high-class briar, but what a difference when you smoke it."—*Advt. in Weekly Paper.*

"Higher Doles Farm . . . old-fashioned, but picturesque house."
Advt. in Provincial Paper.

The name is quite up-to-date, anyhow.



First Dog. "OLD TOBY—'E 'S GOT ON A BIT SINCE WE KNEW 'IM IN THE OLD DAYS. BELONGS TO TWO SMART CLUBS. I 'EAR"
Second Dog. "NO—DOES 'E?"
First Dog. "YUS—THE 'KENNEL' AND THE 'GREEN ROOM'!"

BOY-SONGS.

VIII.—PIPES IN SCHOOL.

ETON 1662.

THE plague 's abroad in London
From Lambeth to the Pool,
And lest it come to Eton
They 've made a rare new rule;
Nay, wot you what?
Now have we got
To smoke long pipes in school!

And since our worthy Provost
Has issued this decree
Blue curling clouds of vapour
In Lower School you see;
And there we puff
The fragrant stuff
As if grown men were we.

Fair fortune to the Provost
For taking such a whim!
Now can we eat green apples
In class unseen of him;
He too must play
On a pipe o' clay
That maketh eyes wax dim.

Like any learned greybeard
My plug of leaf I roll;
With wax I tip the pipe-stem,
With chalk I clean the bowl;
And, once well lit,
I breathe till it
Glows like a burning coal.

But only in the class-room
We play these brave new games;
We may not burn tobacco
I' th' houses of our Dames,
For many folk
Do hate such smoke
As much as did KING JAMES.

We may not walk through Eton
With fuming bowls alight,
We may not flaunt in Windsor
Their stems all long and white,
Nor puff our weeds
In Datchet meads;
But how I wish we might!

D. M. S.

Another Impending Apology.

At a Presbyterian church "induction":—

"To Mrs. ——, wife of the Session-clerk, was entrusted the pleasing duty of 'robbing the new minister.'"—*Scots Paper.*

"Good General, to live in; no basement; two ladies; quiet, comfortable place; mid-day dinner. Old Dear Park Gardens, Richmond."
Local Paper.

We trust the Old Dears will be successful in their quest.

ANOTHER BAD FOX.

NEWS has come to hand of another bad fox, a worse fox, if anything, than the ill-conditioned creature which hung about on the outskirts of Daventry and eventually escaped. That fox, by the way, I learn from a kindly correspondent, was, as I expected, a female, and capable of anything. The present, or perhaps I should say the past, fox was having fun with the Cowdray Hounds and got into *The Sunday Times*. "Chased by the Cowdray Hounds for fifteen miles" this fox "sought refuge at —— House, near Petersfield, by jumping through a window and up the chimney flue. Efforts to smoke him out failing, workmen removed some bricks, and the fox was got out, together with four live rabbits. The fox was given to the hounds."

What maddens me about this story is that, so far as one can see, the four live rabbits were *not* given to the hounds. There is clearly some bungler in the Cowdray country. Still, they did well enough. Since Great Britain won the Great War there has probably been nothing finer than the steady, methodical, scientific attrition and destruction of this degraded fox by the Cowdray Hounds near Petersfield. Over fifteen miles of cruel country the beast evaded them; and then, in flat defiance of all the laws of civilised hunting, took refuge in a human habitation. Selfish, impulsive, thinking only of its own comfort and careless what inconvenience might be caused to the unfortunate humans in the house, the animal rushed up a chimney. Were the Cowdray Hounds dismayed? They were not. They set their teeth. The hounds themselves, by a curious oversight, had not been trained to climb up chimneys, but, thank goodness, there were Englishmen present who knew what to do. And these Englishmen lit a great fire in the hearth, to smoke the bestial creature out. I like the picture. It is not stated what fuel they employed, whether coal or coke or wet green wood, or simply newspapers; but I like to think of the Master in his red coat and the First Huntsman and the Second Huntsman and the noble Lords and the Society ladies as they gathered round the quaint old hearth and busily fed the flames with matches. And outside the faithful hounds impatiently waited for their prey, receiving now and then an affectionate lash from the Third, Fourth and Fifth Huntsmen (all born lovers of animals) when they showed too much impatience.

Alas! the fire was unavailing. Hardened in sin, not even the Sunday newspapers could dislodge the fox. But the resources of civilisation were not exhausted. Workmen, honest British workmen, men in the mould of the men who fought at Agincourt, who stormed the mole at Zeebrugge and went unquestioning to the South Pole and back, men careless of danger and inured to hardship—British workmen were called into the fight. Hounds with all their instinct might be baffled, the aristocracy with all its intelligence might own defeat, but the simple artisan, as usual, was at hand. Brick by brick and stone by stone the simple artisans dismantled the flue, and the cowardly fugitive was at length ejected. Had he been a German, had he been a burglar, had he been a confessed murderer, the vile sentimentality of the English race might have asserted itself; some loathsome tosh about mercy to a beaten foe might have been heard. But no—the Cowdray Hunt at least have some sense of reality, and the shifty brute was taken out and given to the hounds. Let us hope that there are some children at —— House, near Petersfield, for this will be a nice thing for them to remember.

And let us thank our stars that there is still some liberty in England. We may not dance when we like or drink when we like; we may not buy chocolate when we like or cigarettes when we like; we may not take photographs at Kew on Sunday afternoons; we may not go to Boulogne without a passport; we may not have what plays we like because of the Censor; we may not powder our noses without a wigging from the Bishops; in a provincial town I know they may not have music in the parks on Sundays because of the busybodies; and a few days ago a man was fined £3 16*s.* 6*d.* for stupidly sending a dog by train in an unventilated box, because of the law. But for all that we are a free country still; and English gentlemen may chase a bad fox for fifteen miles with dogs and horses and the aristocracy, and smoke it out of a chimney with a hot fire and dig it out with the help of the Lord and a bricklayer or two and fling it gloriously to a pack of ravening hounds, and neither the Censor nor the Bishops nor the busybodies nor the law will say a word to hinder them. Let us be thankful.

But the most free among us have some restraints; and it is curious that for these same gentlemen there is no worse crime than the cruel shooting of a fox. I think they are too sentimental in this matter; and I warn them that, if ever I live in a hunting country (which Heaven forbid!), I shall be absolutely ruthless. I shall buy a gun, and I shall get a licence, and I shall prowl from copse to copse, from covert to covert, deliberately shooting foxes. It may spoil sport, it may make their lives less thrilling than they are at present, but it will be a quicker way of exterminating the evil breed. A. P. H.



Host (*proudly*). "WE 'RE THIRTY FEET HIGHER THAN ST. PAUL'S HERE, YOU KNOW."

Visitor. "OF COURSE WHEN IT FALLS DOWN YOU 'LL BE A LOT HIGHER, WON'T YOU?"

From a Test-match report:—

"Hobbs soon afterwards cut Mailey to square-leg for a 4."—*Provincial Paper*.

The umpire should have called "Offside."

From a publisher's catalogue:—

"[Gissing (Geo.)] Demons: a story of English Socialism."

We suspect that publisher of Tory proclivities.

"With the advent of February the lengthening of the day has begun to be more apparent. On the 31st of the month the sun will rise at 6.50 A.M."—*Scots Paper*.

The month seems to have been lengthened too.

NEW YORK CITY: A GUIDE FOR SETTLERS.

III.—NEWSPAPERS: CONTENTS, TONNAGE, ETC.

IT would be well, I think, for the newly-arrived Englishman to understand in some measure the general principles of Metropolitan journalism; I shall try in this paper to point these out to him, for without assistance he would probably fail to discover any principles at all.

Broadly speaking, there seem to be two theories at the bottom of New York journalism. The first is that people can and do read.

This is the old conservative theory and is upheld by some dozen newspapers, each printing about a hundred thousand words of type an issue, exclusive of the advertisements. None of these papers is as firmly convinced of the correctness of this theory as it was before the War, and almost all have so far given way to the second theory as to publish numerous pictures to explain, or take the place of, the type.

PAPERS FOR THOSE WHO CAN'T READ.

The second and more radical theory is that people can't and don't read. This is supported by three or four papers which have come into great and increasing popularity. They give the news completely in pictures, making it necessary for the person to read only the few words of type which explain the photographs. These "captions" are made in short sentences and words of one syllable, and should be understood by nearly anybody, with the picture there to help him if he goes wrong.

At first thought it may seem that there must be some items of news which the graphic papers cannot publish, such as, for a random example, the proposed Child Labour Amendment to the United States Constitution. There could, of course, be pictures of children labouring and pictures of Congressman Jones, who thinks the measure both good and bad; but it would be difficult to understand all the finer points of the Amendment without several inches of type. This kind of news makes the problem of how the paper can be purged of all type extremely hard to solve and drives the editors to the conclusion, which it is rumoured they have already reached, that, if a matter cannot be explained with pictures, it simply is not news.

The old conservative papers are still fighting this movement for reducing the working hours of the brain; they argue that they themselves have already reduced the working hours to a minimum and that the public should be satisfied with that, though they ought to know that a mere minimum will not satisfy any public very long.

NEWS PUBLISHED BEFORE THE EVENT.

But what will probably be harder for the strange Englishman to get used to is the progressive spirit of all the papers. Most countries feel wide awake if their papers publish Tuesday's news on Wednesday; they feel particularly progressive if they can read Tuesday's news on Tuesday; I know of no other country where a person can read Tuesday's news on Monday. Only a few years more and a person will be able to get April's news in March and see the notice of his return from his vacation before he has decided where he will spend it.

Sunday papers are even more progressive, being on sale Saturday morning, twenty-four hours ahead, instead of merely twelve. And if the Englishman looks at the contents of one, what will puzzle him most is why it could not have been on sale Friday morning. The answer is that it could have come out Thursday morning of the week before if the man with the key to the newspaper store-room could have been bribed; the papers were all there waiting for Saturday morning, and could have appeared long before if it had been made worth the man's while. One paper indeed is so progressive that the postmaster in China has to hold the copies a week in order not to deliver them before the date of issue; but this paper is published in Philadelphia and should not worry the Englishman, who will have more than he can do to understand the New York publications.

SUNDAY PAPERS.

The principle on which the Sunday papers are made is obvious and reasonable; they come out only once every seven days and should, of course, be seven times as big as the daily papers. They are really eight times as big. In bulk a single Sunday paper is approximately the same as one dozen popular novels. It is made up in a sort of compromise manner to conciliate the lovers of the daily pictorials (which have no Sunday edition that I know of) and contains a great many pictures. There are usually about twenty-four pages of brown pictures, showing people going abroad or coming home or winning a beauty contest or walking on the street or standing or just being photographed, in addition to the regular sixteen pages of coloured pictures known as the "Comic Supplement."

This title is derived from a peculiar meaning of the word "comic." In the newspaper sense the word means a series of pictured incidents in the life of some "character" who appears every week, ending with his complete stupefaction in the last picture, in which he is exhibited as laid out on the floor, seeing all the heavenly bodies, under the influence of a slaughtering blow dealt him by somebody or other; or else he conquers and is seen striding succinctly out of the frame, one foot only being visible. It is a special use of the word "comic," and should not be confused with the same word meaning humorous.

THEIR MONSTROUS BULK.

The great disadvantage of such a paper is that in a family having only one child the father has to bring it in himself. If there are two children they are sometimes able to manage it between them, and a boy of, say, nineteen or twenty, who has spent most of his life in the open-air, should be able to carry it. Under all other circumstances the father has to bring it in himself, or else let it remain on the doorstep; and he can't do that if he expects anybody to be able to use the front-door. He could give a man fifty cents to shovel it off like snow if it was any day but Sunday; Sunday is a day of rest, and he won't find anybody willing to bother with it before Monday morning. There is nothing to do but take off his coat and move it himself.

In winter it is good information to start the furnace with. In summer it presents a real problem, even to the native; the present solution of tearing it up and scattering it over the parks and gardens isn't very satisfactory. Perhaps the best use for it that has been yet devised is as a pad to sit on at the football games in the autumn. The majority of the games are played in the pouring rain and the spectators sit in the pouring rain; after they depart the papers are found reduced to a pulp from the wet and can be easily washed down the drains with a fire-hose. But this leaves a great many copies still not disposed of. The Englishman, coming in with a fresh point of view, may be able to invent some better way of destroying them.

About twenty million words of news are printed in a week. I should recommend the Englishman to disregard them all and read the little paper that comes out every seven days, giving the news of the week that matters in the space of about four newspaper pages. By avoiding the daily papers he will not know of the thousand perils which others have fallen a victim to and which he seems to be escaping. If he reads the papers he will be forced to the conclusion that the only safe place for him is bed.

U. S. A.



Waiter (to convivial Gentleman at hotel who has entertained friends with realistic animal imitations). "BEG PARDON, SIR, THE MANAGER SAYS NO GENTLEMAN WOULD MAKE A NOISE LIKE THAT."

Convivial Gentleman. "OF COURSE NOT. 'TAIN'T MEANT TO BE A GENTLEMAN—IT'S A LION."

AN OMISSION.

In the leading picture-papers
We can see folk cutting capers
In the comradeship of Switzerland and snow,
But the native population
Of that frost-enfolded nation
Are the people we would really like to know.

Do they wear those dazzling coats
When they go to milk the goats?
Do they favour jazz-like jumpers in the byre?
Do the waiters and the cooks
And the men who keep the books
Go about in such a JOSEPH-like attire?

Is the man who drives the bus
Just an ordinary cuss
Or an animated rainbow on the spree?
Does the man who kills the ox
Wear a scarf of silver-fox
And a polo-jersey reaching to the knee?

All these duchesses and earls
In their breeches (men *and* girls!)
Make some very pretty poses, I agree;
But I 'd like to see the folk
Who arrive with coal and coke,
Fill the water-jugs and carry in the tea.

At a supper or siesta,
On the crampit, on the Cresta,
We can read the pictured progress of The Best;
But those pages seem to miss
All allusion to the Swiss
Who accepts the whole creation as his guest.

W. H. O.



Enamoured Person. "I 'VE GIVEN UP ALL MY SQUARE MEALS AND HAVE EATEN NOTHING BUT NUTS AND FRUIT JUST TO PLEASE YOU, AND YET YOU 'RE NOT SATISFIED."

Vegetarian Young Woman. "I KNOW, I KNOW. BUT YOU STILL *LOOK* SO MEATY."

A BAFFLED FAUST.

I ASPIRED to the pleasures of youth, but I found they had fled;
If I tried to make merry and gambol, I heaved at the chest;
If I stopped up too late, I was booked for the next day in bed;
My digestion was not what it had been; besides, I possessed
A large corporation, which showed that the best of my prime
Had been gone for some time.

Then I said to myself, with deplorable absence of tact,
"You are seventy odd, and you feel it; deny it you can't;
You 're a fossil and done for; you 'd better own up to the fact;"
And I answered myself with magnificent spirit, "I shan't.
While an ape or a monkey exists I can still make a stand;
I shall borrow a gland."

So I went to a person of skill, and I uttered my pray'r,
And I bade him accomplish the transfer as soon as might be;
"I 'm by no means a rich man," I added, "but mind you take care;
What I want 's a reliable active young creature, a he;
For the matter of that, as this isn't the moment to skimp,
I could run to a chimp."

And I did. And I own (with regret) that he passed in the dope.
He was honoured, I think, in his going; I trust he agrees;
I 'm convinced, if he looks from the shadowed Elysian slope
Where the *genus Quadrumanum* take a well-merited ease,
He 'll be pleased to observe the success (to a certain extent)
Of the organ he lent.

For indeed, if my muse could be lashed to a genuine thrill,
I could give you a picture like those who proclaim in the Press
The triumphant result on their persons of Somebody's Pill;
How the bloom on my cheek would do honour to thirty, or less,
Of my locks would I sing, above all of my juvenile shape;
But I erred *re* the ape.

For the monkey, I learn, is a creature of frivolous ways,
But the ape is a person of sombre and dignified sprite;
And I find, in assuming his gland, I inherit his traits.
I could startle the bravest at cocktails and stay up all night;
I could dance till the wealth of my nigger-like wriggles and twirls
Would astonish the girls;

Of such pleasures of these, of a dozen such innocent tricks,
I would scale the whole gamut, so goodly and nimble am I;
But my simian monitor 's down like a thousand of bricks
On my new aspirations and mutters indignantly, "Fie!
These are sports for a monkey—a creature all jabber and jape;
They are not for an ape."

DUM-DUM.

Art Notes.

"Mr. ——, the black and white artist, has an exhibition of what he calls 'Penal Portraits of Popular People.'"—*Daily Paper.*

But there is nothing novel about this.

LETTERS FROM A GARRULOUS AUNT.

I.

Berkeley Court Gardens, W.

MY DEAR NIECE,—Now you and Clive have gone to live so far away in the depths of the country—I forget if you said it was Dartmoor or Exmoor, but it's somewhere on the Great Western and I've got the postal address all right—I must try to keep you informed about home news.

As the car is being overhauled I've had a day *chez moi*, and told Burrows, my butler, to open the lumber-room. Of course I hadn't been in it for ages, as there are so many old family relics, "though lost to sight to memory dear," and to me always affecting. I had to ring for Pritchard, my maid, to bring me another handkerchief as soon as my eyes fell on my dear father's bust. You, of course, never saw him, his nose having been broken off when moved for spring-cleaning twelve years ago and never replaced. It used to stand in the hall and was a sweet reminder of him so long as one did not recollect his untimely end. I believe he swallowed the stopper. I never mention the fact as it would soon be the nuculus for scandal; and these things grow so, don't they? I'm afraid I've spelt it wrong, but you know what I mean.

It is a great relief to think that you and Clive are so happy and have your own cow, as Cook tells me she heard on good authority (the policeman, I expect) that there will be a milk strike next month. It will indeed be dreadful, as my darling little Trixy—you remember my sweet Pom, don't you?—simply hates tinned milk in his morning tea, and I don't want him to be sick before his proper breakfast. Of course I don't like it myself, but shall make the sacrifice in the interests of the poor farmers after the dear Vicar's sermon last Sunday.

You will be sorry to hear that I slipped on the steps coming out of church, and was on the verge of falling down, but I grasped a gentleman's hand, at least I thought it was, which was unpleasantly moist. When I looked up to thank him I was greatly embarrassed to find it was Briggs the butcher. I'm sure he only meant it kindly, although his kidneys are never really fresh, and I've had to complain more than once. Still, it is a relief to know he is true to the colour and voted for Sir Gulliver Gibbs, who had a handsome majority. Such a sweet man he is, and in quite the best style! I've known him for years, though Lady G.'s clothes never fit properly and she always sneezes when I give her tea, especially if there are muffins.

Don't you like to see real blue blood, my dear? So very different from the sham aristocracy that grew out of the motor trade and the late war. I'm glad to say that Burrows knows which is which. No doubt his father having been an antique furniture dealer has something to do with it. I do hope you have nice neighbours, and, if you would like any county introductions, do let me know, as a word from me to Sir Gulliver and he would do anything in his power.



Late Diner. "WAITER, THIS OX-TAIL SOUP'S PRETTY POOR STUFF."

Waiter. "YESSIR. I'M AFRAID YOU'VE GOT THE TAIL END, SIR."

Isn't it dreadful about the Red Peril? He was talking to me about it only last Tuesday. I'm sure the new Yale lock on the pantry-door won't be strong enough, as the papers are full of such horrible relapses of crime nowadays. One hardly trusts one's eyes when reading them, as I do every evening. He told me that the working-classes, if they cannot read, have everything up-to-date in pictures on the films, which can't be good for the rising generation, as an ounce of illustration goes further than a pound of prejudice. Of course I never saw them myself, the people being so unpleasant and no proper ventilation, they say, even in the best seats. But Pritchard goes every Thursday night, and so I must try to counteract any improper inclination. It's so easy, you know, to swerve from the narrow path that lies between right and wrong, and a side-slip is fearfully dangerous and so disfiguring to a girl's reputation. My dear, let us ever guard the flower of our blameless life. Even if we have a worm at the root it will turn when watered. But it must be with the milk of human kindness and sterilised by the proper fellow-feeling. I am only quoting from memory the last number of the *Parish Magazine*. I wish I had kept the cutting from the Vicar's monthly letter to send you.

I often wonder how he writes them, but the new curate is a wonderful help, and so tall. The Butterfly Guild for hemming dusters and handkerchiefs is crowded every Tuesday night, and he keeps things going full swing with his comic songs. I'm told they have nearly two pounds in the bank already, and a social with tea and crumpets, fixed for Christmas, without reckoning the Boys' Boxing League, where the stakes go to provide knickers for the poor footballers.

With all that is going on isn't it wonderful that the clergy can manage to give attention to any other duties? What do you think?

Your loving Aunt, LULU.

P.S.—Have your cockerels started laying yet? as if so do send me some more of those lovely eggs.

Our Tactless Advertisers.

"The joyous sense of refinement which affects those who 've washed for the first time suggests no minor happiness thereafter."—*Manchester Paper.*

"Captain Tipler, of the Church Army, has each night held services on Brewery Plain."
Provincial Paper.

Comment is not merely superfluous; it would be impertinent.

"The Maharaja of —— is in need of one pair of best Spaniel dogs, with long ears and curly hair over distempered, docile with children, ferocious on strangers, nearly 2 years old, pedigreed Black colour more preferable. Those who have such dogs for sale, may correspond with the Manager."—*Indian Paper.*

Our Cocker might fill the bill, except that he is not "ferocious on strangers" and does not, so far as we can ascertain, distemper his hair.



Jovial One (to proposer of next toast). "WELL, IT 'S BEEN A JOLLY EVENING UP TO NOW, EH?"

PLACES-AS-THEY-OUGHT-TO-BE.

XI.—ASTON MAUDIT.

ASTON MAUDIT 's full of witches,
Full of cramps and imps and stitches;
There the grim night-raven sings,
There the tortured ash-tree flings
Its strangled arms to cloud-racked skies
When the pale moon falls sick and dies.
There soft sly toads crawl under stones
And snakes lie coiled round dead men's bones;
Evil herbs grow high and rank,
The very grass is long and dank;
Black Medick stains the fields with gold
And knot-grass grows in every fold,
And crones steal out to gather nettles
For the witch-brew in their kettles.
When the white moonlight floods the sky
Like blots the gorse-bush shadows lie
On the white road and pallid grass,
And bats cry shrilly as they pass.
Fantastic shadows make that place—
Fretted shadows, light as lace,
Creeping shadows soft and sly,
Stealing, slinking, sneaking by.
Aston Maudit 's cursed, I know,
That 's why I think I 'll never go.

"Lady Lytton, wife of the Governor of Bengal, is coming to England for the hot weather."—*Northern Paper.*

We hope she may get it.

"AS MERRY AS A ——"

IT is a word of four letters and it begins with "g." You 've got it at once, of course. Probably you know, without referring to the dictionary, that it means a grasshopper or cricket. It also means "a small lively eel." That, so far as the dictionary is concerned, is the end of it. But I have another theory as to its origin. It may not have much academical support, but it is an attractive theory all the same. I hit on it quite by accident. The other day I bought an old sampler in an incredibly dirty shop in Bayswater. It bears the date 1805, and the following little poem, flanked on either side by a row of Noah's Ark trees in tubs, and beyond them a double zig-zag border, painfully and elaborately wrought:—

"I dare not look round, and my cheeks become red,
What mischief, alas! have I done?
My Conscience, I fancy, some evil may dread
And warn me the danger to shun.
My Heart is delighted its Virtue to view;
With joy I its dictates obey;
With blushes of innocence still let me glow,
Nor Vice wipe the crimson away."

At the foot of this grim little stanza is the signature, worked in cross-stitch:—

ANN GRIG,
Aged 10.

Then there is another row of the Noah's Ark trees.

* * * * *

Possibly there should have been another "g" at the end of the surname, which was omitted because even the sonorous dictates of Ann's conscience could no longer overcome the weariness of her small fingers. But on the whole I feel that GRIG is right. My theory demands that it should be right. It is so obvious, I think, that in that obscure shop in Bayswater I stumbled upon a great etymological treasure. My little grey tattered papyrus confounds all the dictionaries and proclaims without fear of contradiction the origin of the phrase "As merry as a grig." Of course it should read: "As merry as A. GRIG." (The Romans would have called this "*Lucus a non lucendo.*")

* * * * *

Poor solemn little Ann!—a small lively eel, forsooth!

Not Cat Burglars.

"The police intimated that they were satisfied there was no felinous intent, and the men were discharged."—*Manchester Paper.*

From a review:—

"Police-Corporal MacFardell glides with amazing facility down the descensus taverni."
Scots Paper.

Anglicé, we infer, took to drink.

MR. PUNCH'S MUSIC-HALL SONGS.

X.—"HA!"

Major Reginald Macan
Was a Strong Silent Man,
And he very, very seldom said a word;
He shuddered at the sight
Of the kind of men that write,
For the doer was the chap that he preferred.
When he exercised his troops
He commanded them to run
With abbreviated whoops
Like the popping of a gun;
And they seemed to understand,
Or, at any rate, they ran
Just exactly as he planned,
This extraordinary man;
Though, as far as one could tell,
These electrifying *mots*
Were the simple phrases, "Hell!"
"Hell!" and "Ha!" and "Hi!"
and "Ho!"
The ejaculation "Ha!"
The ejaculation "Hi!"
The ejaculation "Hell!"
And occasionally "Ho!"

When the Major crossed the wave
He continued to behave
With his customary reticence and strength.
It annoyed him very much
That the Frenchmen and the Dutch
Had a language of unnecessary length.
So, in speaking to the Kurds,
Or the Spanish, or the Shah,
He employed the shortest words,
Such as "Ho!" and such as "Ha!"
And it answered very well,
For, whichever he had said,
As a rule they rang the bell
And arranged to have him fed.
"Why should any man do more?"
Said the Major. "What's the good,
When a hearty British roar
Can be always understood?
If you bellow at the Shah
The ejaculation 'Ha!'
The interrogation 'Ha?'
As a rule it's understood."

But, when Reggie fell in love
With a darling, with a dove,
And the moment was approaching to propose,
He was careful to rehearse
An exordium in verse
And a very, very wordy piece of prose.
But his head was in a whirl;
Not a sentence could he say;
So he snorted at the girl
In his customary way,
Like the starting of a Ford
Or the bursting of a cloud;
And I'm sorry to record
That the lady laughed aloud.



THE LAMB TO THE SLAUGHTER.

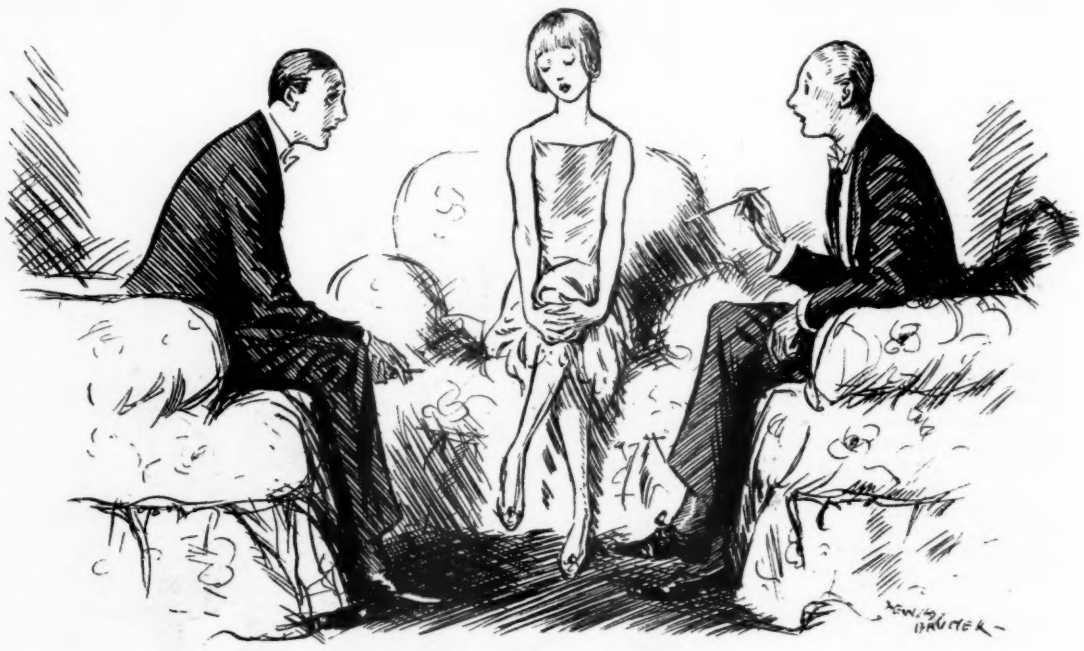
Dentist (as usual). "NOW, MY LITTLE MAN, I AM NOT GOING TO HURT YOU."
Small Boy (who has been there before). "LIAR!"

She replied, to his surprise,
Not with "Yes" and not with "No,"
But with short explosive cries
Very much like "Ha!" and "Ho!"
With the cachinnation "Ha!"
With the mocking sound of "Ho!"
With the cachinnation "Ha!"
And occasionally "Ho!"

Said the lady, "Though I know
The expressions 'Ha!' and 'Ho!'
Are attractive in the ordinary way,
I imagine that a wife
Would require in later life
Conversation more elaborate and gay."

Broken-hearted, he withdrew
With a bitter little smile,
With a dictionary too,
To a distant desert isle,
Where, by practice on the birds,
He is doing what he can
To acquire the use of words,
Like a literary man,
Making speeches to the birds
With a literary flow,
Though, alas! his favourite words
Still, I hear, are "Ha!" and "Ho!"
I am sorry, but it's so;
He is still attached to "Ho!"
The ejaculation "Ha!"
And the observation "Ho!"

A. P. H.



MANNERS AND MODES.

Youth. "I SAY, OLD MAN, YOU *MIGHT* STOP TALKING WHILE I 'M PROPOSING."

RHYMES OF THE R.A.F.

XV.—THE FLIGHT-LIEUTENANT.

THE Flight-Lieutenant wakes at dawn,
Permits himself one mighty yawn,
Blinks owl-like at the window-pane
Then snuggles down to sleep again.
But soon the batman's hateful rap
Abruptly ends his final nap,
So, uttering a sigh profound,
He quits his mattress at a bound.
A hasty shave, a rousing splash,
A spot of grease for his moustache,
And then, his morning toilet made,
He scoots along to First Parade;
Prepared to tackle, come what may,
The labours of another day.

There 's little doubt the Looty can
Be termed a disillusioned man.
In days of eager youth he thought
That just to be an aeronaut,
Applauded, petted and admired,
Was all his ardent soul desired.
But though at first his pulse would beat
To view the clouds beneath his feet
He soon began to find the game
A trifle flavourless and tame;
Till now a long cross-country flight
Affords him but a mild delight;
He 'll start without the slightest fuss,
As we might board a motor-bus
And ride, unruffled and serene,
From Shepherd's Bush to Golder's Green.

But furthermore he is, of course,
The Cinderella of the Force.
If Squadron-Leaders waste their time
It may not be so grave a crime,
For I have heard ('twixt me and you)
They 've very little else to do;
While Flying Officers agree
To take their duties easily;
And Pilot O.'s are young and gay,
They jest the merry hours away
And live for frivolous pursuits
Like jazz and bridge and pigeon shoots.
But Flight-Lieutenants have to bear
A burden greater than their share;
They may not falter, slack or shirk,
For someone 's got to do the work;
So, lest the Service go to pot,
They shoulder their unequal lot
And trust the years will prove but few
Ere they are Squadron-Leaders too.

"WHAT IS NICER??
Nothing more nourishing than
LIVER for Breakfast.
PORK STEAK for Dinner.
HOGS PUDDING for Tea.
TRIPE (Stewed or Fried) for Supper."
Advt. in Devonshire Paper.

What appetites these Devonians enjoy!

"One of the minor charms of Continental countries is the picturesque washing of linen in the rivers and in the rustically constructed abattoirs up in the hills."—*Glasgow Paper.*

We always think that there is something a little *triste* about a mountain *abattoir.*

Surgical Supply Depôt.

Mr. Punch has pleasure in announcing that a Bridge and Mah Jongg party in aid of the funds of the above excellent institution will be held at Claridge's Hotel, on Wednesday, March 18th, from 3 to 6.30 P.M., players to bring their own cards and markers. Many attractive prizes are offered. Applications for tickets, 7/6 each, including tea, accompanied by remittance, to be addressed to the Hon. Secretaries, Surgical Supply Depôt, 23, Upper Phillimore Place, Kensington, W.8.

From a description of the Rugby match between England and Ireland:—

"Once Locke broke away from his own half and with Smallwood coming up a try seemed likely, only to be foiled by an Irishman's diving tacks from behind at Locke's ankles."
Sunday Paper.

Assuming that "diving" should be "driving," we feel bound to enter a protest against the Irishman's manœuvre.

"The car can never take the place of the carriage with a pair of well-furnished and well-turned-out horses. There was a distinction, a picturesqueness and an individuality about the old style which raised those who sat behind the stately livered John and James far above ordinary mortals."—*North-Country Paper.*

But surely a chauffeur, even though (as some people aver) not possessing a heart, may acquire a liver.



THE LABOUR SOLUTION—GROUTING OR OUTING?

MR. RAMSAY MACDONALD. "ALL THE BUILDING WANTS IS A LITTLE OF MY SOCIALIST CEMENT, AND IT WILL STAND FIRM FOR CENTURIES."

MR. WHEATLEY. "ROT! PULL THE WHOLE THING DOWN, I SAY, AND RECONSTRUCT IT FROM TOP TO BOTTOM." (*Left disputing.*)

[MR. RAMSAY MACDONALD (in a message to *The Indian Review*): "Those of us who still believe that justice and fairness must rule the world have to take a very firm stand against those subversive tendencies which, whatever the intention of their advocates may be, can bring no hope of anything except strife and war."]

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Monday, February 16th.—The House of Commons was inconveniently crowded in view of the debate on the Government's proposals for the safeguarding of industries.

Sir C. KINLOCH-COOKE ought to have known better than to address his plaintive inquiry, "Why is the price of pork so great?" to the MINISTER OF AGRICULTURE. Of course the proper person to supply the desired information was the PRIME MINISTER, in whose affections (to judge by the cartoons in the Opposition Press) pigs and pipes hold an equal place.

From my personal point of view the most important event of the day was not the fiscal debate, but the publication of *Debrett's House of Commons and the Judicial Bench* (DEAN AND SON), of which the publishers have kindly sent me a copy. Since the General Election became a "hardy annual" the difficulties of the Parliamentary commentator have been immeasurably increased. No sooner did one learn the names and faces and eccentricities of one set of Members than half of them were ousted by a new lot, and one had to begin the process all over again. Often I should have been in despair but for the assistance of an authoritative and up-to-date Parliamentary guide such as *Debrett;* and I am deeply grateful to the accomplished editor, Mr. ARTHUR G. M. HESILRIGE, for helping to safeguard my industry.

The Government's plan for safeguarding other industries has, I see, been described (among other contemptuous epithets) as "a frost." In its effect upon the cohesion of parties it has certainly shown the disintegrating power attributed to frosts. Not one of them has escaped. Mr. RAMSAY MACDONALD, though he attacked the Government policy with a good deal of sound and fury, was evidently conscious that some of his nominal followers did not agree with him, and was careful to say that he did not regard Free Trade as something that would in itself solve the social problem.

His hesitation was justified when Dr. HADEN GUEST, the Labour representative for Southwark, declared that the Government proposals had at least the merit of being positive, and asked if the Labour policy was to be "Liberalism tinged with pink." This phrase appeared to touch Mr. SNOWDEN on the raw, for he proceeded to speed the parting GUEST with a good hard kick, accusing him of being a convert to Toryism.

But the Tories themselves are not precisely unanimous. Mr. BALDWIN, anxious not to stir up the smouldering embers of the fires that devoured Mr. BALFOUR in 1905 and himself in 1923, stuck to the Government's actual proposals, and assured the Labour Leader that Protection would never be brought in by the back-door, though, he slily added, it might come from behind Mr. MACDONALD's back. He did not however prevent Mr. C. ATKINSON, who was an official referee under the old Safeguarding of Industries Act, from expressing his doubts as to certain aspects of the new plan; particularly the possibility that, if the workers of other countries worked harder than the Trade Unions allowed ours to do, that might be held to be "unfair competition." Mr. HANNON, on the other hand, described the proposals as a compromise and declared his preference for "a full and adequate measure of protection."

From the Liberal Party, at any rate, you would expect a clear and certain note. But, whereas Sir JOHN SIMON preached the pure doctrine of COBDEN, his new leader based his opposition to Mr. BALDWIN's "piffling proposals," not on any theoretical grounds (was not Mr. LLOYD GEORGE the author of the original Safeguarding of Industries Act?), but because trade was improving and this was no time to disturb it. The Government had a comfortable majority of 189.

Tuesday, February 17th.—"The Right Honourable HERBERT HENRY ASQUITH, K.C., having been created Earl of OXFORD AND ASQUITH and Viscount ASQUITH of MORLEY, in the West Riding of the County of York—Was (in the usual manner) introduced." So baldly runs the Official Report of the House of Lords. I call it almost misleading. Who would think that "in the usual manner" connoted in this case a crowded House, galleries filled with ladies in their best frocks (there was one daring creation in scarlet to remind the new Peer, I suppose, of the existence of the Labour Party), the PRIME MINISTER and half the Ministry on the steps of the Throne and, to crown all, the Earl of BALFOUR as one of the sponsors? One would have rejoiced to see the other ex-Premier, the Earl of MIDLOTHIAN (better known as Lord ROSEBERY) as his colleague in the procession. The Earl BEAUCHAMP, however, made a handsome and efficient substitute.

The new Earl played his novel part very well. Only one slip did



THE SOUTHWARK "TORY."
DR. HADEN GUEST AS SEEN BY MR. SNOWDEN.



A STEPPING-STONE.
MR. ASQUITH RISES TO HIGHER THINGS.

he make. On approaching the LORD CHANCELLOR for the first time to present his Writ of Summons he essayed to shake hands with him; but GARTER-KING-OF-ARMS was on the watch and gently but firmly pressed him to his knees. Thenceforward the ceremony proceeded without a hitch, and at its close Lord OXFORD took Lord CAVE'S hand in firm grip. Then he left the House, shed his gorgeous robes and returned in time to hear Lord CURZON'S graceful welcome—"We regard his addition to our ranks as an honour to the House of Lords." And this of the author of the Parliament Act! Time may bring strange revenges, but it brings strange reconciliations as well.

A genuine Scotch grievance was revealed by Mr. PATRICK FORD, who presented a petition, signed by a hundred and fifty-eight thousand of his countrymen, praying the House of Commons to reduce the duties on beer and spirits.

Mr. HANNON was distressed at the imports of foreign granite. Why could we not develop our own supplies? To meet his grievance Sir P. CUNLIFFE-LISTER thinks, I understand, of acquiring an option on Sir ERIC GEDDES' chin.

The CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER was rather short with Colonel WOODCOCK, who wanted to know why income-tax and super-tax returns could not be made on the same form and for the same year. Yet the hon. Member's name should have appealed to him. Did not Mr. GLADSTONE once refer to Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL (then representing Woodstock) as "the Member for Woodcock"?

Mr. ALEXANDER, seeking, like his namesake, "more worlds to conquer," introduced a Bill to restrain the abuses of Trusts and Combines. I hope, but hardly expect, that victory will crown his efforts.

Wednesday, February 18th.—A Bill for the registration of theatrical employers was introduced by Sir WALTER DE FRECE, whose object is to get rid of the "bogus manager," that pest of "the Profession."

The Member for Luton (now described in the Official Report as "Captain T. O'CONNOR," to distinguish him from the one and only "T. P.") anxiously inquired whether, on the analogy of Mr. PRESTON'S case, an M.P. who had a contract with the Government (for the supply of a telephone) might find his election void. Sir DOUGLAS HOGG smilingly assured him that disqualification applies only to contracts "made for or on account of the Public Service." It appears, then, that, in the opinion of the ATTORNEY-GENERAL, the telephone is not a public service. Well, perhaps he is right.

Quite a lively speech was made by the MINISTER OF AGRICULTURE in support of his British Sugar (Subsidy) Bill, a measure designed to encourage the growing



"BLESS YOU, MY CHILDREN!"
THE HON. E. F. L. WOOD.

of beet by encouraging people to set up factories in the country districts. His object he said was to "marry" town and country, and by providing more employment to stay the rural exodus. It looked for a time as if Mr. WOOD, in trying to grow beet, had only succeeded in "raising Cain," but in the end he got his Bill without a division.

A racy speech came from Lady ASTOR in support of Major HARVEY'S motion



SIR SAMUEL HOARUS SPREADS HIS WINGS.
(After a figure of a falcon, the emblem of the sky god, Horus, recently acquired by the British Museum.)

in favour of allowing British women married to aliens to retain their nationality. Among her aphorisms were:—

"A woman generally makes her husband think as she wishes."

"Woman is an inconvenient necessity."

"The time when a woman is in love is a dangerous time."

Thursday, February 19th.—There is a flutter in more than one dovecote over Mr. MACQUISTEN'S plan for clipping the wings of the Labour Party by limiting the political levy of the trade unions to those members who definitely express their desire to pay it. The Socialists naturally detest a measure which may seriously reduce their fighting force; but a good many Unionists also, while agreeing with the Bill in principle, are doubtful of its tactical wisdom. The number of trade unionists actively resentful of the present system is not impressive, for the HOME SECRETARY told Sir H. SLESSER this afternoon that the number of complaints against the levy received in the twelve years since the passing of the Act that authorised it was only sixty-six.

Referring to the long list of Orders of the Day, Captain BENN inquired, with a touch of sarcasm, how many the PRIME MINISTER expected to get that night. "I never expect anything," was Mr. BALDWIN'S disarming reply. It earned him the reward promised to the meek, for by the end of the evening no fewer than eight Bills had been advanced a stage, and two had received a Third Reading.

These last were the WILLIAM PRESTON Indemnity Bill, to relieve the late Member for Walsall from the possible demands of "the common informer," and the Anglo-Italian Treaty Bill, under which Jubaland is to be added to Signor MUSSOLINI'S responsibilities. Mr. FISHER warmly supported the Bill as being a debt that we owed to Italy for her exertions during the War, and seemed to think that by ceding "this little strip of scorching African territory" we had defrayed it rather cheaply.

In supporting the Northern Ireland Land Bill Mr. LLOYD GEORGE made a graceful allusion to the late Mr. GEORGE WYNDHAM'S work for Irish land purchase; and Sir WILLIAM JOYNSON-HICKS, not to be outdone in generosity, referred in the same connection to "the greater name of Mr. GLADSTONE"—a pleasant incident conveying a lesson to politicians not to take their present-day controversies too bitterly.

"WOMEN'S INSTITUTE.—The Hon. Mrs. —— very kindly sent a box of chocolates as a prize for the best peeled potato (blindfolded)."—*Local Paper.*

A humane precaution, lest the poor thing should see how it was being cut about.

"THE AWAKENING OF ULSTER.
THE INTELLIGENCE OF HENS."
Headlines in Belfast Paper.

One of them, we fear, will be accused of fouling its own nest.

BUSES.

As long as you could distinguish between bus and telephone numbers, all went well. What I mean is that nobody would be liable to ring up 19 Highbury Barn, or try to get into 8943 Hop. At that period in London's history there was, it is true, a traffic problem, but it was a different one. The problem then was to discover why buses had—

(*a*) motor-engines;
(*b*) wheels.

It was widely felt that in view of the housing shortage the buses might have been let on a seven, fourteen and twenty-one years' lease while Chief Inspector Opossum was thinking out the answer. Nor is it forgotten that thirty newly-arrived Russians, entering a bus at Ludgate Circus, took out naturalization papers at Aldwych. But as usual the critics of Authority were wrong. The Chief Inspector had discovered the answer. "The reason," said he, "why the buses have wheels is that they are intended to move from one place to another." This, of course, was hotly denied. There was the good old-fashioned school who said that buses had never moved in their time, and they didn't hold with what was clearly contrary to nature. There was the sceptical school, who said that, if EINSTEIN were read in the proper spirit, it was obvious that one place was another, and that therefore . . . . And there was the charming writer in *The Evening Ruse* who began pleasantly: "It is well that the wise men who deal in these matters have propounded to us the question of the bus. For I am minded of that very learned knight who, in the reign of CHARLES I., said, '*De gustibus non disputandum*,' which, as I imagine, means, 'It were well not to argue noisily about buses.'" But Chief Inspector Opossum was not to be put off. "If," he continued, "they are to move, it is plain that there must be, as it were, space in which to move. Locked as they are in a solid line from Hammersmith to East Ham there is a difficulty. What is the difficulty?" At this point *The Daily Sale* (net) proposed three solutions:—

(*a*) That the Chief Inspector should be superseded by a business man who had himself been in difficulties.

(*b*) That there were no difficulties.

(*c*) That the difficulties were clearly attributable to the increasing influence of what they called in a headline "*Bolshie far niente*."

The Chief Inspector thanked *The Daily Sale* (net) for its help, but continued his ratiocination.

"The difficulty," he said, "is due to the passengers. If there were no people wanting to go anywhere the buses would not need to go there. What is needed is to get rid of the passengers." At this stage the Directors of the Companies made a public statement to the effect that anything that could be done to discourage passengers had been done already. To which the various Local Authorities added in a moving document that "We have left no stone unturned."

But the Chief Inspector swept all this on one side. "Renumber the buses so that they are completely unrecognisable and then change the numbers every half-hour, and," he added with what was a flash of genius, "appoint as conductors telephone operators."

What is the result? Every time you board a bus you are met with two observations, "Wrong number" and "Sorry you've been troubled." Meantime the buses streaming lightly East and West fleet the time carelessly, as they did in the Golden World, and the Chief Inspector is devoting his attention to St. Paul's.



WHAT OUR LEGS HAVE TO PUT UP WITH.

VARIETY IN BOND STREET.

THE SONG OF SIXPENCE.

LONG ago there was a kingdom. It was small and round. In the spring so many daisies grew in its meadows and so many pale anemones in its woods that, when the sun shone, all the land seemed silver. There were other flowers as well, of course, but the daisies were predominant. Like most kingdoms, it had a king.

So because the kingdom was small and round and had a king and looked like silver in the spring sunshine, it was called Sixpence. Its capital was Bhang. You know its song that has become famous? The Song of "Sixpence;" but of course you do, for that and the Song of Solomon are the best known of all songs. But you may *not* know the origin of the former. Well, then.

The King had a son. His mother had been the King's first wife. The dear little present Queen (she was still little enough to like bread-and-honey) was much too young to have a son of marriageable age. And the Prince Alexis was twenty-two.

Now it was considered advisable that this royal youth should wed a princess of the neighbouring kingdom of Hearts—Princess Heartsease, to wit; Pansy for short. She was a virtuous young lady and, considering she was a princess and *very* rich, not such a bad looker.

Nevertheless, on the occasion of her state visit to Bhang, the Prince, though very favourably impressed, thought her face lacking in piquancy. He had, I maintain, no call to be so pernickety, for he was a Sax, a family famed for its stodginess. Still he may have had glimmerings. Anyhow, at the end of the week the poor Princess went home again without an engagement-ring. I say poor, because she had conceived a violent affection for the Prince.

At Hearts she sat in her bower and took thought and green tea. At last she said, "I know what I will do; I will disguise myself as a young woman of the people and will take domestic service with the Saxes. I shall at least sometimes see *him*. That will be *something*." She then shed a few tears and told a few stories.

Next day at Bhang a country wench came to the back door of the palace and craved an audience of the Queen.

"Oh, *bother!*" said the Queen; "send her up to the parlour."

Being sharp as a needle, she spotted her at once and said, although her mouth was full of bread-and-honey, "Hello, Pansy, old pet, what a priceless guy you look! and what *are* you doing here in that rig?"

And when the Princess told her, she laughed fit to kill, and said, "Well, you *are* a one! Fancy taking all that swot for a booby like Alexis; but of *course* I 'll push it along."



ANOTHER AWKWARD JUXTAPOSITION.
THE PAVEMENT-ARTIST'S DISCARDED PITCH.

Now I don't think it was quite fair of her to call the Prince a booby. But she was only eighteen. And the King was quite old, over forty. *And* I think perhaps that Her Majesty had tried to get up a flirtation with Alexis. Only a *very* tiny one, of course. He was personable enough. And Bhang *was* rather dull. And perhaps Alexis, who wasn't that *kind* of Prince, had been rather irresponsive. Who knows?

Anyhow she was a good little sportsman, so she rang the bell and sent for the housekeeper. And the housekeeper came and curtsied three times. And the Queen said, "Oh, Mrs. Muffin, I wish you to find this young person a place in the household." And Mrs. Muffin said, "Yes, Ma'am," curtseying three times again, and to the Princess, "Follow me, child."

And the Princess curtsied three times too and walked out backwards, like Mrs. Muffin, over whom she tumbled at the door, and became Prudence Barker, third laundrymaid. And the Queen laughed so that she almost choked over her second bit of bread-and-honey.

A few weeks later was the first anniversary of the King's wedding with his new little Queen. The editor of *The Court Journal* offered a prize of a million *rhai** for the best poem, not to exceed three verses of eight lines each, celebrating the happy event. The Queen read about this with her early tea. She liked bits of poetry, especially if they said nice things about *her*—*lots* of nice things. And she thought she 'd like to read *all* the poems, not just the winner. So she sent for the editor and said that she wished to judge the entries. The editor bowed three times and said, "Certainly, Ma'am."

And in due course he brought them to her, twenty-four of them, the work of twenty-four poets. But when she read them the Queen found that they said less of her than of the King and of Sixpence. She was only third, in fact. So she said, "I hate all these; and I could find twenty-four better singers by sticking my head out of the window and whistling."

The editor said, "Yes, Ma'am," and published a paragraph to say that the entries had not been "up to our expectations" and that the prize was held over. He also accepted an invitation to the anniversary banquet.

Then the Queen—it *was* such a lovely day—went to her big windows that fronted the park and the singing greenwoods. And she put her pretty little dimpled elbows on the sill. And she put her pretty little head out into the sunshine, crown and all. And then she screwed up her two pretty lips and whistled, just as she 'd said. And up flew an old garden blackbird.

* *rhai*, plural of *rhoi*; a coin of the country. 1,000,000 *rhai* = 6*d*.



Biddy (addressing very bandy-legged "Buckeen" who is monopolising the fire in Irish waiting-room). "GLORY BE, MISTER MORIARTY, COME AWAY FROM THAT FIRE! YER LEGS IS WARPIN' TERRIBLE."

Now the Queen could talk bird-talk as easy as clap your hands.

"Good morning," she said; "I want twenty-four of you to put in a pie."

"Nothing doing," said the blackbird crossly.

"How silly you are!" said the Queen; "I don't mean *that* sort of pie. I mean a *musical* pie. When it 's opened you all begin to sing, and show how much better you are than the stupid poets."

"Oh, all right, then," said the blackbird, who was always ready to show off; "I 'll find the next best twenty-three voices and bring them with me. Mind," he said, "that it 's a big enough dish to hold us comfortably and that it is suitably ventilated; and—oh, yes, see that it has a fitting foundation, say mealworms and cherries."

"Certainly," said the Queen.

And so it was. But as it was May there were no fresh cherries, so the Queen used brandy cherries instead. And the pie was a huge success from all points of view—especially the blackbirds'. And the King went off next day, *en garçon*, to his country house to shoot rabbits and recuperate after the festivities.

But what about Princess Heartsease, *alias* Prudence Barker? It was the morning after the banquet and the poor child was crying bitterly The Prince's valet had told Mrs. Muffin, who had told the head laundrymaid, who had told the Princess (*oh*, so rudely!), that the Prince had said that the washing of one of his shirts was "a dam disgrace." And, alas! 'twas the Princess who 'd washed it. And so she cried as she hung up the linen in the garden. Cried till her nose was most unbecomingly pink. So pink was it that the old blackbird, who was getting shortsighted and who, perhaps, was a bit jumpy after last night, mistook it for a cherry and pecked it off. He was *frightfully* apologetic. But a jenny-wren, of course, put it on again.

Now whether the jenny-wren was artistic or only amateurish I don't know, but I *do* know that she stuck it on rather tiptiltedly, which gave the Princess's face just that piquancy which the Prince had found lacking. He was passing through the gardens ten minutes later and, seeing her, fell in love with her on the spot. She was now really rather lovely. The Prince loved her so much that he would have wanted to marry her even had she been, as he thought, a poor little laundry-girl. This for a Sax was pretty good. But when he found out that she was really the wealthy Princess Heartsease of Hearts he was not displeased. And so they were married and everybody was happy.

And the editor of *The Court Journal* offered a prize of a million *rhai* for the best poem (not to exceed three verses of eight lines each) celebrating the happy event. And this time the Queen didn't judge the entries. And the famous "Song of Sixpence" won the prize. I have a copy of the first edition. It differs slightly from the version usually accepted. For instance, verse 1, line 2 gives *rhai* for *rye*. This is obvious. And in verse 1, line 4 I read "*Banquet* in a pie." This is surely correct as no *baked* bird sings; just as no barking dog bites. And in verse 2 the first two lines of my edition are—

> "The King was at his country house
> Hunting up a bunny."

This seems more likely than the "counting house" version. A king is not a clerk. And the first edition has an extra line—the last—like this:—

> "There came a Jenny-Wren
> And put it on again,
> *And made our loved Alexis the happiest of men.*"

That sounds all right for a marriage ode.

Well, anyway, *I* call either version of it jolly good stuff; and, if the editor *did* wink at the *clothes—nose* rhyme, I think none the worse of him for that.

AT THE PLAY.

"HAMLET" (HAYMARKET).

MR. JOHN BARRYMORE, visiting us again after a long interval, during which he has climbed to the top branch of the American theatre tree, in a performance brilliant technically, temperamental and



ADVICE TO A DAUGHTER—WHEN SIRES WERE BOLD.

Polonius . . . . MR. HERBERT WARING.
Ophelia . . . . MISS FAY COMPTON.

thoughtfully studied, leaves us in no doubt as to his interpretation of *Hamlet's* mental disposition. He gives him to us as essentially and permanently sane, liable to temporary lapses from self-control under stress of great emotion, but putting on the antic disposition just when and no further than it suits his purpose. This the actor made clear from the first in the unexpectedly vociferous vehemence of "O most pernicious woman! O villain! villain!" etc., and he worked out the whole part with an admirable consistency until the point where, in the play itself, it seems to get beyond consistency. One can never quite believe, for instance, in the likelihood of that all-important fencing-bout ever taking place at all; or in the furious bombast of the graveyard encounter.

A gallant intrusion this of MR. BARRYMORE's and one that he will by now have learnt from the warmness of his welcome by a crowded and distinguished audience is very far from being resented by us. On the contrary.

His performance was perhaps more interesting intellectually than definitely moving. The actor gave us time to see how carefully every reading and gesture had been studied. If the noble rhythms seemed to suffer a little from the too deliberate pace and rather choppy phrasing, you had the more chance of appreciating the splendour of the thoughts, which repetition cannot stale. MR. BARRYMORE's elocution was crystal-clear, a challenge to some of our own favourites, and, if anyone harboured the thought that he might occasionally be made to smile by some characteristically transatlantic intonation he was doomed to complete disappointment. To those who know the DREW–BARRYMORE tradition this did not come as a surprise.

MR. BARRYMORE allows himself few tricks and no obvious egotisms. Perhaps one ought conscientiously to note a tendency to "register" emotion a little too freely with elaborately-worked eyebrows and a disposition to suit the action to the word something too literally—habits perhaps nourished by his distinguished experience of the silent drama. I liked the resourceful way in which, when his sword obstinately refused to re-enter its scabbard, he scored a point instead of losing one.

I must add that he was most heavily handicapped by a desperate cold, a perverse stroke of fate which, though it did not rob him of his well-deserved triumph, must have taken much from the brilliance and precision of his technique and have sensibly increased the physical strain of this exacting *rôle*.

MISS FAY COMPTON'S *Ophelia* was most skilfully and sweetly done, and with the most admirable restraint in the mad scenes. Her singing too was beautifully true and simple, fading with an exquisite pathos into distraught speech. But that long climb up the steps of the great hall, with disaster threatening from her clinging draperies, was surely a mistake of the producers, and the



TWO STRAIGHT YOUNG MEN.

Rosencrantz . . . MR. JEVAN BRANDON-THOMAS.
Guildenstern . . MR. MICHAEL HOGAN.

undue protraction of a tense situation robbed it of some of its effectiveness.

The *Claudius* of MR. MALCOLM KEEN was a fine performance, the sensual-sinister being indicated with skill, though I did not like that disappointed snarl with which he greeted his queen's first obvious indication that the burning words of *Hamlet* had broken down her defences—a piece of business plausibly invented but failing from excess of zeal.

MISS CONSTANCE COLLIER looked lovely, and she developed most adroitly, especially during her more silent earlier scenes, the guilty *Queen's* growing sense of imminent discovery and disaster. MR. HERBERT WARING'S *Polonius* was wholly admirable. MR. GEORGE RELPH'S soldierly simplicity as *Horatio* was most effective, and MR. IAN FLEMING made his *Laertes* a man of fire.

MR. HARCOURT WILLIAMS was, as always, most intelligent in his handling of the chief *Player*. MR. BEN FIELD s *Gravedigger* was rich in humour without the often too exaggerated clowning. MR. COURTENAY THORPE'S perhaps rather over-impressive and eccentric *Ghost* made me a little inclined to giggle—let us suppose as the



THE COUP DE GRÂCE.

Claudius . . . . . MR. MALCOLM KEEN.
Hamlet . . . . . MR. JOHN BARRYMORE.

result of nervous strain. Mr. JEVAN BRANDON-THOMAS and Mr. MICHAEL HOGAN made the parts of *Rosencrantz* and *Guildenstern* much more plausible than is usual. The producer had evidently insisted throughout on the subordinate characters in all the scenes grouping themselves effectively and keeping still, a device which had a quite remarkable success throughout, and more especially perhaps in the sometimes rather awkward scenes between the *Prince* and these Courtiers.

The scene was most ingeniously designed by Mr. ROBERT EDMOND JONES, MORE'S re-appearance to take his deserved ovation proved that he had not succumbed to a flow of blood to the head from being carried practically upside down with impressive, but to him, I should judge, excessively inconvenient slowness. T.

"THE SECOND SUMURÚN" (COLISEUM).

O fat gentlemen with green faces! O prancing girls—and prancing boys! O corners of Oriental streets! O quasi-Russian dances and semi-Byzantine harems! O viziers, O gongs! and O slaves gloated on fiercely and heaved



DEEDS, NOT WORDS, AT THE VILLA SUMURÛN.

one of America's most advanced and knowledgable producers. An elaborately built-up set of steep stairs leading to an open archway serves, with the addition and subtraction of curtains and the manipulation of lights, for every scene—battlements, throne-room, closet, lobby, churchyard (here our Mr. NORMAN WILKINSON put in a skilful hand very effectively)—without any sense of incongruity or makeshift or affectation.

I don't think the turning of the play within the play into an elaborate pantomime, with two of the actors kneeling below speaking the parts, was an altogether happy device. And I was certainly relieved when the captains of *Fortinbras* had got their burden safely up the stairs; and when Mr. BARRY-like sacks of flour across the stage! Have I grown more exacting, or are you less glorious to behold?

Do I remember *Sumurûn* when it was first performed in this country? Well, so many things happened in that amazing year that it seems rather difficult to say. But I have a feeling that *Sumurûn* went more swiftly then, that I had not seen so much Russian ballet, that the cruel and beautiful East was more mysterious to me then than it is to-day. And then there has been the War. And *Hassan*. One would not compare what was meant as a spoken tragedy with what is staged as a wordless mime, except that the ballet *motif* is introduced into *Hassan* as well as into *Sumurûn*, and both are *Arabian Nights' Tales*. But the road to Samarkand, I must maintain, is the more exciting journey of the two.

In *Hassan* fate and cruelty triumph, in *Sumurûn* love's young dream. In *Sumurûn* all that opposes this dream is grotesque and evil, except that in the person of the *Hunchback*, made grotesque by nature, extremes meet. Betrayed and deserted himself, he performs those kindly offices which eliminate the terrible *Sheik* and (as the programme has it) the *Sheik's Young Friend*.

If I found a lack of harmony in the play, I think it was because the grotesques were so very grotesque—the *Kadi*, the stout gentlemen, the *Sheik* himself, and the two slaves of the cloth merchant, who might almost have qualified as pantomime cats. Whereas in the love scenes between *Nur-al-din* and *Sumurûn*, not to mention the other young ladies of the harem, we seem to be transported by magic into the rosy comfortableness of musical comedy. It was a little, perhaps, the young ladies' own fault. There was something (so to put it) more Viennese than Byzantine about their charm. One of them, in fact, and that *Sumurûn's* own maid, so far forgot herself when dancing before the *Sheik* as to perform the most Oriental movement of her dance far more for

the benefit of the Coliseum audience than for the edification of the unhappy potentate who had commanded it.

Nevertheless how delightful these ladies looked in their various modifications of an Eastern attire, one of the most attractive styles, I always consider, that stage ladies undress in! And how different these styles can be!

Before *Sumurûn*, for instance, there had been a turn in which a dancer appeared in no other costume, so far as I could perceive, than pink grease-paint and an enormous belt of green ostrich feathers round her waist, much longer on one side than the other. Why not green grease-paint and pink ostrich feathers? Frankly, I give it up.

But there are always many, many things puzzling to me about the turns of a music-hall performance. Why, for instance, did we hail with such rapturous delight the two elderly negroes, one standing and one at the piano, who informed us that they were waiting all alone at the telephone, that there was a lady named Hannah residing in Susquehanna, or some such place, to flirt with whom was like walking through Alaska in your underwear, and that they despaired of knowing how the old folks ascertained that the weather was likely to improve? A keen London audience, one would have fancied, on the look out for humorous novelties, would rather have welcomed the lyrical announcement that they were going to murder anybody, young or old, who ever attempted to sing that song any more. Whereas in the sketch by GERTRUDE JENNINGS, played very cleverly by Miss ELLIS JEFFREYS, we were so up to date that the plot actually turned on a diary full of scandals, and the question whether such a work is written for literature or profit's sake.

But to go back to *Sumurûn*. The part of *Nur-al-din* was excellently played, for there was the expression of a waking dream not only on Mr. WALTER RILLA's features but in every movement that he made, which went a long way towards redeeming the sprightly Occidentalism of the damsels who besieged him with their love. Mr. ERNST MATSAY, producer and *Hunchback* too, spends a considerable part of his time on the stage in being dead or apparently dead, a trying *rôle* when people are always bundling one into sacks or packing one up in boxes or pulling one's limbs about to see whether life is really extinct. Grotesqueness in his case is assisted by the fact that he combines with his hump an immovably pale and tragic cast of countenance and features not very unlike those of Signor MUSSOLINI. *The Witch*, so called, is a good deal too realistic for me. She looks like a bad old woman in a disreputable part of an English town. *The Dancer*, Miss HÉLÈNE BEKETI, alone among the ladies fulfils the ideal of Oriental ferocity and abandon in her movements of face and limb. Mr. EDUARD ROTHANSER, the old Sheik, is comically stark and grim, and, as I think I have suggested before, I could not regard him as a man with a nice taste in selecting a harem, though it was difficult for me to escape now and then from the idea that *Sumurûn* was his daughter and not his wife, so prettily suited did she seem to be to the best known *rôle* on our light operatic stage.

The procession through the auditorium must be a great deal more effective when seen from other parts of the house than the more or less advanced rows of the stalls. It scores most, I think, when the harem, which had been amusing itself with *Nur-al-din*, is suddenly startled by the arrival of the *Sheik*. At other moments it does not always seem worth while the crick in the neck.

Was the setting of the old *Sumurûn* by REINHARDT more effective? Was the music more sensational? Over these things let the veil of forgetfulness be drawn. EVOE.

ONE OF THE VICTORIANS.

I HOPE that Mr. M. A. WETHERELL'S version of the life of LIVINGSTONE, now at the Philharmonic Hall, will continue to command the success which it deserves, not only on the score of intrinsic excellence, but also on that of discretion. Here we have wonderful pictures of African vegetation and African waterfalls, prairie and jungle, village and camp; and amongst all of them, moving at the usual rapid pace of screen pedestrians, strides onwards that indomitable missionary with the peaked porter's cap, followed by his faithful and smiling negro train.

The big game scenes are as good surely as anything of the kind that has been done before. A hippopotamus upsets a boat, the alligators are stupendous, and we have a real fight between LIVINGSTONE and a lion. All the natives appear to be born film artists, never giving the slightest effect of exaggeration when they speak, and the whole film works up to a moving end, when the body of LIVINGSTONE starts for its eight-hundred-mile journey to the coast, whilst his heart, which could never be happy out of Africa, is buried in the jungle village where he died.

Nevertheless I cannot refrain from a word or two about discretion. It is not in the least clear to the audience what was the driving force that urged LIVINGSTONE on into the unknown, or how far the motives of missionary and geographic zeal, of imperialism and of hatred of the slave-trade were mingled in his soul. Perhaps nobody knows. Perhaps Mr. WETHERELL, who played the title-*rôle* himself, had some notion (in shirking this psychological issue) of presenting to us a period when all such motives could be inextricably fused in the mind of a single man. Dr. LIVINGSTONE falls on his knees to "the great God;" he prays for humanity, but to what end did he mean to convert the sources of the Nile?

I notice much reticence also, where comedy might have filtered through, in the reception of the explorer by QUEEN VICTORIA, and much tact in the great prominence given to the Stars and Stripes when STANLEY uses his immortal phrase, "Mr. LIVINGSTONE, I presume?" How I hoped, but hoped in vain, that the next sub-title would be "Pleased to meet you, Mr. LIVINGSTONE." But, alas, it was not. And, by the way, I had not known before seeing this film exactly what brand of champagne it was that STANLEY bore with him for two hundred-and-thirty-six days of jungle wandering in order to celebrate the meeting at Ujiji.

Pictorially, at any rate, as a presentation of heroic adventures, a more than Odyssey of African toil, this is a great film, and one that Mr. LYTTON STRACHEY ought to be dragged, if necessary by wild horses, to behold.

TRAFFIC RHYMES.

I.—THE TAXI.

THE men who ride in taxi-cabs
Assume disdainful airs,
No wonder that the driver grabs
All that he can in fares;
He fancies every bowler hat
Covers a bloated plutocrat.

Observe on his rapacious face
The greed he cannot hide
When seeing that the porters place
All trunks and bags outside;
For each one they deposit there
Adds threepence extra to the fare.

In traffic blocks he loves to wait;
Then his expenses cease;
Yet, though his wheels do not rotate,
His threepences increase;
Triumphant through the tube he chats
With apoplectic bowler hats.

The men who ride in taxi-cabs
Assume disdainful airs,
No wonder that the driver grabs
All that he can in fares,
And contemplates, with curling lip,
Even the most excessive tip.



GREAT STRENGTH RETURNS THE PENNY.



Quartermaster-Sergeant. "THEM AS 'AS BOOTS AS DON'T FIT 'EM AN' DON'T WANT 'EM, 'AND 'EM OVER TO THEM AS 'ASN'T 'OO DOES."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

WHATEVER the rest of "GEORGE A. BIRMINGHAM'S" admirers may say—and he professes himself apprehensive of distaste or at least indifference—the new vein he has set himself to work in *Bindon Parva* (MILLS AND BOON) seems to me, slender as it is, a rich one. Eleven mystical, or at least mysterious, short stories are related by the *Reverend Sylvester Maturin*, vicar of a remote Wiltshire parish, to a profane and jaunty young architect; and the profane one in his turn relates them to his partner. The partner, an ecclesiastical expert not unbitten by mysticism himself, should by rights have been their first auditor; for it was he who ought, if he had been well enough, to have proceeded to Bindon Parva to discover the painted Vices and Virtues suspected to exist on *Maturin's* church wall. But *Lionel Darrell*, with his sympathetic comment, is wisely kept to the end. And it is his sceptical colleague who disinters *Gula* in the guise of a pig, and *Luxuria* as a scarlet goat, supplements *Maturin's* ascetic table with ginger-nuts and potted meat from Wareham, and supplies sufficiently Voltairean comments to his host's legends or visions. Whether they are legends or visions you can decide for yourself, or let *Darrell* or his partner decide for you. They are stories of spiritual experiences connected with the church and its incumbents, from the personal dilemma of a mediæval *Arthur Dimmesdale* to the official quandary of a disciple of the Oxford Movement. Their prelude, in which *Maturin* gives Holy Communion to the ghosts among whom he dwells, struck me as, theologically speaking, false heraldry. Embodied graces were surely not intended for disembodied spirits. But, apart from this flaw and a recurrent vagueness as to the exact provinces of Church discipline and individual judgment, I admired what I may call the professional aspect of the book quite as much as its generous temper and graceful manner. My favourite among the stories is that of the Jacobean parson's daughter, who ought to have sat for Fortitude. But I have more than a tenderness for the whole series.

Mr. A. L. FRANCIS, for many years the honoured headmaster of Blundell's School, has turned his leisure to good account, in collaboration with a former colleague, Mr. H. F. TATUM, in *Martial's Epigrams* (CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY PRESS). The volume contains seven hundred epigrams translated into English verse. It is an excellent piece of work, vigorous and idiomatic, and faithfully reproducing the "slickness" of MARTIAL'S style. The epigrams selected are blameless; neither from them nor from the account of his life does one glean anything of his porcine wallowings. Indeed it is claimed that "he stands alone in his age as the poet of friendship, private life and simple emotions;" that he was "modest, simple and affectionate." His flattery is admitted, but condoned on the ground that it was common form as well as prudential. Silence in a literary man meant starvation; frank criticism meant death. Yet with all his self-protectiveness MARTIAL managed to deal many shrewd blows at legacy hunters and mean millionaires; he anticipated SHAKESPEARE in saying that there was "nothing uglier than an old buffoon." He could be grateful without servility, and he was a genuine lover of children. Though the authors have been too frugal of notes, the modernity of the life he depicts leaps to the eye on every page, for

he lived in an age of "doles" and diners out and mummer-worship, and admits that his name and fame were eclipsed by that of racehorses. Publicity agents and architects flourished; and, in advising a friend on the choice of a calling for his son, MARTIAL says, if he wants to learn a lucrative trade, "*præconem facias vel architectum.*" I know that orthodox critics lay stress on the pungency and wit of MARTIAL'S epigrams, but personally I find they titillate rather than startle. He called himself "a moral jester in Catullus' vein," but he had none of the concentrated passion of the author of *Odi et Amo.*

When EDWARD NOBLE writes of ships
And sailormen and life afloat,
He tells the sort of tale that grips
And seems to get you by the throat;
Not all at once; by slow degrees
Of subtleties which never err,
But swell to triumph, like the sea's
Own way with those who follow her.

Three separate stories, all akin
In force, though varied as to plan,
He offers for acceptance in
The Mandarin's Bell (from HEINEMANN).
I like them all, but most I like
(And he, I judge, prefers them too)
Those where his old windjammers strike
The doldrums with a dago crew.

It's fifteen years ago, I think,
That last I saw his printed name;
Has he since then been saving ink,
Or is my carelessness to blame?
If mine's the fault I cry "Forgive;"
If his, I thank him now, and state
That fifteen years are short to live,
But very much too long to wait.

Mr. WALTER STARKIE'S critical biography of *Jacinto Benavente* (OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS) is one of those rare and treasurable books that open up as many vistas as they explore. The interest of its writer is both central and radiative; and where a lesser talent would have made play with the episodic life of the great Spanish dramatist, summed up the plots of his plays, peppered the whole with erudition and finished, MR. STARKIE is at pains (and extraordinarily remunerative pains) to illuminate BENAVENTE through his age and his age through BENAVENTE. Born in Madrid, son of a saintly children's doctor, himself lawyer, traveller, circus-impresario, journalist, playwright and winner of the Nobel Prize for 1922, BENAVENTE has as significant a place in contemporary European thought as he has in the Spanish literary tradition. He inherited not only the craft but, to a certain extent, the mentality of CALDERON; and, though his first function as a playwright was to satirize the raree-show of social and political life, he turned to a more or less religious drama in mid-career. In this, of course, he swung round with the tide of twentieth-century intellectualism, and his two most mystical plays, *Sacrificios* and *Alma Triunfante*, are Spain's greatest contribution to the modern psychological drama. His Castilian peasant plays, however, and his fantasies (forerunners of the *teatro grottesco* of CHIARELLI and PIRANDELLO) show the conflict of his realistic and satiric temper with his idealism; and his underlying spirit, the natural result of this conflict, is irony, "sadness which cannot weep and therefore smiles." MR. STARKIE enters with admirable sympathy into every mood of his subject and, as a good Irishman, is not sorry to find BENAVENTE anything but an Anglophile. One of the most amusing passages in the book is a dialogue on English respectability from *La Noche del Sábado.* I am sorry that most of BENAVENTE'S titles and a few quotations are given solely in Spanish. The vivid human interest of the book merits more condescension to the general reader.

With an admirable industry, MR. ARCHIBALD HURD has collected and clarified the miscellaneous information concerning the notable sea-thieves of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, and in *The Reign of the Pirates* (HEATH CRANTON) he presents twelve veracious biographies. A part of the flavour of romance which clings about the very word



LE MOT JUSTE.

Flapper (to man who at great personal risk has rescued her from drowning). "TA!"

pirate perhaps emanates from the places and things invariably associated with the buccaneers. Hark to the sound of Tortuga, Hispaniola, Panama, the Spanish Main (which really means, not the sea, but the mainland); consider doubloons, pieces of eight, ropes of pearls, rings set with balas rubies, iron chests crammed with jewelled crucifixes and gold vessels, bars of gold, buried treasure; not forgetting Execution Dock and Gallows Point. Who can resist the charm of these expressions? As for the pirate chiefs themselves, they were rather the cause of romance in other people than romantic themselves. The record of their deeds remains only in outline, for pirates were no diarists; so that the story-teller has had, and used, a happy licence. Of course the buccaneer was a scoundrel who broke most of the Ten Commandments; but the careers of Sir HENRY MORGAN, AVERY, KIDD, BLACKBEARD, ENGLAND, BARTHOLOMEW ROBERTS and the rest, manifest an undefeatable courage, a notable skill in an emergency and a magnificent if reckless indulgence in pleasure. It was left for one of the two ladies who became eminent in the Brotherhood, Mrs. MARY READ, openly to proclaim what none among the pirates save a woman would dare to affirm, that hanging was the right penalty for piracy, because the certain knowledge of what might happen to them served to deter inferior spirits from overcrowding the profession.

MR. NORMAN TIPTAFT has given to his book *The City Father* (ELKIN MATHEWS) the courtesy title of "A Novel," but I prefer to regard it as a tract for the times, wherein are convincingly set forth the impracticabilities of Council housing schemes, the evils of party government in local affairs and the rottenness of municipal finance. On all these subjects the author writes well and not without humour, but I found it impossible to maintain even a flicker of interest in the fortunes of his characters. He is hardly to be blamed for this failure. Mr. GALSWORTHY has demonstrated that it is possible to quicken the pulses with a true and faithful account of a Board meeting, but I doubt whether even he would care to tackle the finance sub-committee of a City Council. This book may appeal to that small section of the public which "thinks municipally" for fifty-two weeks of the year and not merely on polling-day. It must also have some local interest, the scene being laid in Birmingham, whose inhabitants will no doubt seek, despite the author's warning, to identify their local magnates with the various subsidiary characters in the book. But, speaking for the general body of novel-readers who live beyond the city boundaries, I can only say that, without wishing in any way to incur the charge of fussiness, we do like a little bit of butter with our bread.

The publishers of *The Green-eyed Lady* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON) describe it as "a novel with a haunting leading on quality for those who see visions and dream dreams." And they print "leading on" in red and the rest in black to show where the emphasis is. Evidently I do not see or dream enough, for this book has led me nowhere in particular, save perhaps to a mild regret that Mrs. G. DE FRIEZ has not made a better job of it. She can write with so much understanding and draw character so finely—her heroine, *Anastasia Murielle*, is an instance—that the general wildness and improbability of her story seem all the more annoying. Its chief theme is the tale of a little dream-girl who came to *André Slubiski* when he was a small boy, vanished for years and materialised in the girl he loved in later life; but this is worked into a web made up of so lurid a mixture of madness and suicide and attempted murder and the evil influence of "the Green-eyed Lady" (mother of *André's* sweetheart) that its frail prettiness is almost lost to sight. *André* and the girl are first cousins, and his mother has died of consumption, so that their engagement on the last page will scarcely suggest a happy ending to anyone save the complete sentimentalist.

The Master and His Boys (WARREN) can be read in a couple of hours, and, if you are in the least interested in boys, those hours will have been most profitably spent. Mr. STANLEY S. HARRIS was, as I know to my enjoyment, a distinguished athlete in his day; he is now a preparatory schoolmaster, and in this little book he writes with sanity and an admirable sense of proportion. Cynics may conceivably say that his views about the training of boys are too idealistic; that the advice given here is all very well, but at the same time that it is hopelessly unpractical. Such negative criticism will carry little weight. Mr. HARRIS not only tells us what he wants to do, but also shows us how he is trying to do it; and what he is attempting is a thousand times worth while both from the boy's point of view and for the benefit of the country to which the boy belongs. The book is an excellent guide for all those who have young boys in their keeping, and, barring two or three negligible details, I find myself enthusiastically in agreement with its teaching.



Gilded Youth. "CECIL."
Taxi-driver. "YES, ALGERNON, WHERE TO?"

After *Sir Nevil Loring* had been murdered, "the silver hilt of a dagger gleaming among the blood-stained frills at his throat," no fewer than six people were suspected of the crime. You see what kind of baronet *Sir Nevil* was, since four men and two women had excellent cause to kill him. Consequently *Mr. Shrig*, who was employed in solving *The Loring Mystery* (SAMPSON LOW), found himself embarrassed by numbers. But *Shrig* was a shrewd and a humorous sleuth, very capable of unravelling the problems set before him. For the rest Mr. JEFFERY FARNOL gives us an abundant allowance of spirited incident, dialogue and love-making. I wish however that *Sir Nevil* had not been quite such a monster of iniquity. By no device could I prevent myself from thinking that the murderer was a public benefactor, an immoral thought at any time and in a tale of this *genre* not a little disconcerting.

CHARIVARIA.

THE trouble with the Socialist leaders seems to be that they are not quite big enough to see over the heads of their followers who are marching on in front.

* * *

Apparently there is no truth in the rumour that the Socialist Party intend to adopt as a mascot the dog born in Dorset recently with two tails.

* * *

In the year 2925 A.D. we are promised transparent houses. But some critics profess to be able to see quite clearly through Lord WEIR'S steel ones even now.

* * *

NOWYABE, an Eskimo from Baffin Land who has been in London since last year, will return to his native land in June. This will enable him to avoid the rigours of our English summer.

* * *

Three miles of wire were recently removed from telephone-posts in Scotland. The first intimation of the robbery came from subscribers who complained that there seemed to be no improvement in the service.

* * *

The mystery of the large bird observed by an East-Coast lighthouse keeper to be flapping slowly out to sea is now cleared up by the news that an Oxford student in a pair of the new voluminous trousers was caught up by a sudden puff of wind.

* * *

A prisoner who has served seven years of his sentence, and who recently escaped from gaol, has now been re-captured. He pleads that he merely went out to see if it was still raining.

* * *

We are informed that quite a number of small boys who did very well on Pancake Day have now been deflated.

* * *

A *Daily Mail* writer mentions that there is very little change in men's suits. Very little in fact beyond a few odd coppers.

* * *

A Los Angeles animal trainer is teaching a lion to play the saxophone. We suggest that a diet of saxophone players might help the animal.

* * *

Pentonville, the dog that won the Waterloo Cup, paid a ceremonial visit to the Liverpool Stock Exchange last week and received several presents. We understand that it is now so wealthy that it has quite a lot of bones in the bank.

* * *

The Cambridge boat is to be 3 ft. 4 ins. longer than that of Oxford. The idea appears to be that the extra metre will assist the rhythm.

* * *

Lecturing to the students at King's College Mr. WILLIAM BLACKWOOD said young writers should have clear ideas as to where to send their literary contributions. Unfortunately this advice comes too late for the young author who sent a poem on Spring to the Industrial Editor of the *Muffin Perforators' Review*.

* * *

A report states that a mouse recently took a ride in an Underground train. We understand that several ladies most generously offered it their seats.

* * *

While the authorities are seeking the perfect milestone, it is suggested that the new ones should be placed closer together so as to substantiate some of the tales motorists tell about their cars.

A plague of daddy-longlegs is causing damage to many golf courses. Many of the intelligent insects are said to have adopted plus-fours as a disguise.

* * *

It was a grocer's helpmeet who, when told that the seas were being polluted with oil, said that the sardine crop ought to be very plentiful.

* * *

We hear that the dog which recently bit an actress four times has been offered a steady job as dramatic critic to a certain newspaper.

* * *

Sir JAMES BARRIE recently burnt his first novel. The world would be a much brighter place if everybody followed his example.

* * *

According to a short article on Mr. JOHN BARRYMORE, the latest *Hamlet*, he has a mannerism of moving his eyebrows up and down. It is expected that Mr. GEORGE ROBEY will seek an injunction.

* * *

Evening gowns worth three hundred pounds were stolen from a London shop recently. We understand that the police would be glad of any information regarding a man seen in the vicinity carrying a bulky foolscap envelope.

* * *

An emu at the Zoo has laid a blue egg six inches long. A man with wild smouldering eyes who wanted to purchase it was refused, it being ascertained that he was a regular first-nighter.

* * *

A Russian has written a philosophical work in ten volumes. Hurled accurately at an aggravating cat, these should ensure the animal's demise with a volume to spare.

* * *

We fancy we know why the muff is coming back into fashion. It gives a woman a chance to carry a lot of expensive fur without having to cover herself up with it.

* * *

We have a certain amount of sympathy for the owner of one of the latest baby two-seaters who complained that a careless pedestrian had walked him down.



"'ERE Y' ARE, GUV'NOR—ALL ABOUT THE 'EAT WAVE!"

"... the Royal apiary which gave Birdcage Walk its name."—*Evening Paper*.

On account of the Bee in Birdcage, we suppose.

WHAT TO THINK ABOUT WATERLOO BRIDGE.

(*A Handy Catechism compiled from various Respectable Sources.*)

Q. Do you take an interest in bridges?

A. Who does not?

Q. Name then some of the bridges that please you the most.

A. Why, the Ponte Vecchio, the Bridge of Sighs, the bridges at Bingen and Toledo, the Clifton Suspension Bridge, Hungerford Bridge, Stamford Bridge—— I could go on like this for ever.

Q. What do you take to be the original purpose of man in creating a bridge?

A. In most cases to prevent his feet from getting wet.

Q. Has a bridge any other function?

A. Yes, to be beautiful.

Q. Which, then, is the more important function of a bridge?

A. It depends on whether you are an artist or a taxi-cab driver.

Q. Does Waterloo Bridge fulfil either of these functions?

A. Both at present. It is considered, in the first place, by those who have looked at the span of its arches to be beautiful.

Q. Who has looked at the span of its arches?

A. Lord CURZON, Mr. MUIRHEAD BONE, the lightermen and many others.

Q. And now it is going to tumble down?

A. So it appears.

Q. How is it that we never seem to get a noble piece of architecture in London to gladden us with its beautiful proportions, but just when we learn to know it well and love it, it is doomed to die?

A. St. Paul's at any rate will remain to us.

Q. Possibly. But don't you consider it as important to prop up Waterloo Bridge as it is to prop up the dome of St. Paul's?

A. There are many differences between Waterloo Bridge and St. Paul's. The latter is the masterpiece of a WREN, the former of a RENNIE. The one is supported by a Dean and Chapter, the other by the L.C.C.; the one is built for spiritual, the other for temporal, ends; the one is a national memorial, the other is a dickens of a nuisance when you are in a hurry.

Q. Why so?

A. Because it is too narrow.

Q. Why is there so much traffic over Waterloo Bridge?

A. Because of Waterloo Station.

Q. Why not destroy Waterloo Station?

A. Why, indeed!

Q. Do any romantic associations cluster round Waterloo Bridge?

A. Yes; one may see from it at night-time the reflection of lights on the river, the bridges westward, the Houses of Parliament, the sky signs on the south bank, and the Savoy and Cecil Hotels. And it used to be a very favourite place from which to commit suicide.

Q. Waiving these points, is it possible to under-pin Waterloo Bridge?

A. No.

Q. Are you sure?

A. No.

Q. If it is not underpinned, what will happen to it?

A. It will tumble down.

Q. When?

A. One fine day.

Q. That will be a double sensation. Would it be possible to erect a new and wider bridge to take the place of Waterloo Bridge?

A. Some people say no, because of the scour of the tide. I think it is the scour of the tide, but it may be the squelch of the under-tow. They say that the new bridge will have to be built in some other place.

Q. Would it be possible to leave Waterloo Bridge where it stands now, divert the course of the Thames so as to flow round the south side of it, and re-bridge the stream lower down?

A. No.

Q. Why not?

A. Because the Thames would swamp Waterloo Station.

Q. I thought we agreed that that was a good thing to do?

A. Not really, because of the Isle of Wight.

Q. Would it then be possible to swing the heavy traffic over the river at this point by means of a travelling crane, and reserve Waterloo Bridge for light vehicular traffic and foot passengers? Or to support the arches of Waterloo Bridge by means of a stationary Zeppelin? Or to remove it altogether and place it somewhere else?

A. The last plan, but neither of the others, is recommended by many competent critics. From time to time buildings have been pulled down and re-erected elsewhere. There are Crosby Hall and Temple Bar.

Q. Why should not Waterloo Bridge be re-erected at the Wembley Exhibition?

A. I do not know.

Q. What will actually happen to Waterloo Bridge?

A. Some dark morning workmen will begin to pull it to pieces, and more people will gather to look at its arches then than have ever looked at them before.

Q. Will *you* be there? (*No reply.*)

EVOE.

ME AND THE KING.

ME and the KING were pretty ill an' had to stay in bed;
It was a most essenshal thing, so all our doctors said;
Our temprachoor was very high, we couldn't sleep a wink;
We couldn't have an appytite—a nawful bore, I think.

Me and the KING took medesin, pretendin' it was nice;
We bofe smelt luvly things downstairs an' couldn't have a slice;
We perseveered wif our beef-tea an' tried to do our best
To give no trouble to our folks but get well an' the rest.

Me and the KING were real good palls; I had his photograf
Upon the wall. It chirped me up to look an' see him laf;
We counted window-pains an' sheep to pass the time away;
At mornin' wished it was the night, at night that it was day.

Me and the KING bofe took a turn; they sent out bullet tins
To say that we were gettin' on as bright as two new pins;
We bofe read *Japhet* once again an' sat up by the fire;
We might have just a scrap of toast—what more could we rekwire?

Me and the KING were jolly glad to feel so nice an' spry;
"Well, how are we?" the doctor said; "We bofe feel fine," said I.
"A loyal subjeck, Madam, this" (he always smiled at me)
An' told my mummy we could have a new-laid egg for tea.

"'Yes, I want him,' I said firmly. 'Comes to that you are retaining my property unlawfully.'

'Unlawfully retaining your property!' He spoke almost in a dazed voice. I noticed with some annoyance that he had corrected my split infinitive."—*Story in Ladies' Paper.*

Another example of woman's power of observation. A man might read the sentence a dozen times and never see an infinitive of any kind, let alone a split one.



THE MODERN HORATIUS.

THEN UP STOOD BRAVE CURZONIUS
TO FOIL THE L.C.C.
"NOW WHO WILL STAND ON EITHER HAND
AND KEEP THE BRIDGE WITH ME?"



Rustic (to landscape painter who has arrived at his pitch to find his big tree blown down). "YEW'LL 'AVE TO PAINT YER PICTURE SIDEWAYS NOW, MISTER."

DIARY OF A MONDAINE.

Villa de Soleil, Mer d'Azur.

WHEN the spring east winds do blow, do blow, I bethink me of the Nottinghams and this sweet villa of theirs, and then I remember (by post) that Maud Nottingham and I were kiddies together and learned to read and write together (Maud never learned to spell, but I don't remind her of that), and I add something in my own style about youthful friendship and early memories, and then Maud does the obvious, *et me voici!* And a strenuous fortnight I 've had of it. In the morning motoring up, up, up to the top of somewhere for lunch and a view. In the afternoon motoring down, down, down somewhere else for tea and ruins. Then of course I 've had to go out to the links and do a little golf with Nottingham and Maud and run over to Quelquelieu to take a peep at the polo; and, Maud being a tennis fan, I 've had to go to the tournaments with her, talk the "language of courts," enthuse over Mrs. Asterisk's volleying and pretend to be dreffully anxious in case the one and only Céline should sprain an eyelid and be out of the finals! We poor dear Britons, who 've seen so many championships fade away from us, had our day of glory when our own Jack Smith of London, European spillikins champion, arrived here to try conclusions with the famous Guitarro Gettalongo of Venezuela for the world's spillikins championship. What a scene it was at the Cirque! The crowd, almost mad with excitement, surging against the barriers round the table where the two champions were fighting it out. And when Jack Smith won and received the world's spillikins championship cup from dear Prince Rallentando what a holy row our people made, and sang "Rule Britannia" in as many keys as would stock a locksmith's shop! I thought there were too many speeches. Nottingham made one. Quite eloquent. I 'd no idea! He said all Britons would wish to shake the hand that had restored us to our place among the nations. We had lost many championships, but so long as we owned the spillikins champion, the iron hand in the velvet glove, from which no spillikin however coy and retiring could successfully hide, we might hold up our heads proudly; and so on.

Next night there was the big Spillikins Ball at the Cirque. Jack Smith was of course the lion of the evening. Everyone wanted to dance with him. But I believe he was a bit of a disappointment—didn't know how to flirt and had no conversation outside spillikins.

The Nottinghams have their grandchildren staying with them. Little Pamela, aged three, is one of the notabilities of Mer d'Azur. Every day she may be seen on the Promenade des Flâneurs driving herself in her motor-pram (the *completest* thing in modern baby-carriages, with its little mirror, its vanity-case with powder-puff and lip-stick, its cigarette-box and nougat-box), with a nod and a wave for each of her many friends, who are mostly grown up. This new-style baby has no use for old-style babies of her own age who lisp and suck their thumbs. "Silly kiddies!" she says. "Why don't they speak plain, like me? And why do they suck their thumbs? Thumbs ain't sweet-stuff."

The film people, who 've been taking happenings and notabilities at Mer d'Azur, took little Pamela driving herself in her tiny car with a cigarette in her mouth, and she was shown on the screen with the sub-title, "The Child

of the Moment in the Pram of the Moment." She was so bucked about it that she asked everyone if they 'd been to the pictures and seen her; and she was heard to say one day that she hoped "those people" (she meant her parents) would be back from India before it was off. She was quite disgruntled when a procession of child-mannequins from a Paris house appeared on the Promenade showing kiddies' fashions and took all the staring. She sobbed and sulked all day, and Maud could only pacify her by promising that she should be a dress-model by-and-by.

The queer-pets craze has broken out badly here. Pixie Dashmore, who arrived the other day, made her *début* on the Promenade leading by a heavy gilt chain a creature with spots and a snarl and whiskers. She says it 's a tipard, a cross between a tiger and a leopard (I am too ignorant of archæology to know if there can be such a creature or if Pixie 's pulling our legs) and that Dashmore aimed at it when he was after big game. "But it 's quite well, thank you," she adds, "and everything else Dashmore aimed at is quite well, thank you." Delia Easthampton, all in white, to match a team of Samoyedes, is quite cut out by Pixie and her tipard. Everyone 's afraid of it, but she says it means well, only wants managing, and that she can quell it with her eye. Then there 's Princess Popitoff with a heavy whip in her hand and a brown bear ambling after her; and Mrs. Bollenbosch, the South African diamond-man's wife, leads about a perfectly darling ostrich. As for poor little me, I have set up a monkey, *mais voilà qui est peu de chose*. To be successful one's queer pet ought to *frighten* people.

The Bring-your-Pets Dance at the Gorgeous was a very chirpy affair. But unluckily some of the pets mislaid their company manners. When Pixie's tipard caught sight of Delia's Samoyedes he went for them. Pixie couldn't quell him with her eye, he cared nothing for her eye, and we all had to help hold him, while the Samoyedes yelped and Delia screamed. Then Princess Popitoff's bear got at the supper and half finished it before he was found; and Mrs. Bollenbosch's ostrich, excited by the scrim, began kicking the fox-trotters for all he was worth; my wretched monkey shrieked for twenty, and altogether the Bring-your-Pets Dance was just a wee bit spoilt by the pets!

The spring fashions are here. There seems a difference of opinion among them. In some the battle between skirts and stockings has ended in a hands-down victory for stockings, and the skirt seems retiring from business. In others the skirt gets back a bit of its own. But most people think stockings will beat skirts pointless in the final.

There 's a feeling for buttons and beads. One hardly knows whether to laugh or weep at the prospect, but it certainly seems going to be a button and bead spring. Also one may hang velvet ribbons about one anywhere and everywhere and be perfectly quite. Hats may be as big as umbrellas and loaded with all the feathers one can afford, or may be little close-fitting caps. Some of the latter, with high pointed crowns, are 'mensely suited to many people. With some of the newest modes it 's correct to draw a toy beastie along on wheels—woolly lamb, woolly dog, *comme il vous plaira*. The beastie



A PASSING PLEASANTRY.

Coster (clinching argument). "THE TROUBLE WIV YOU, GEORGE, IS THAT YER BLINKIN' DOME 'S CRACKED."

should have a big bow to match one's own *garniture* and should be drawn along by a chain to match one's own jewellery. We're commanded to show our ears again, but for those who might get an unpleasant shock in seeing their ears once more there are some quite pretty ways of camouflaging them with ribbon or chiffon. The Maison Dernier Cri has eclipsed all other Paris houses with its dernierest cri, the amazingly delicious *toilette d'une divorcée*. The distinctive feature of this exquisite creation is the *voile de divorce*, a scarf-veil attached to the hat, twined engagingly about the figure and fastened on the left hip with a big paste or diamond buckle in the form of a capital D. The shoe-buckles are D's of a smaller size. Princess Popitoff's is perhaps the sweetest *toilette d'une divorcée*—a little redingote frock of thick white silk, finishing just above the knee, amethyst-coloured honisoits, shoes, parasol and *voile de divorce*. "Oh!" cried Delia Easthampton on the Promenade des Flâneurs one day, "doesn't Olga Popitoff look too sweet for words? And here comes Fay Follington with a rose-coloured *voile de divorce* and the same darling big diamond D on her hip and small ones on her shoes. And *I* might have been dressed so. What a something fool I was to let things be patched up before the decree was made absolute!"

From the report of a speech by Mr. RAMSAY MACDONALD:—

"If, he said, we officially send a representative to the Dominions or to foreign countries, whether that representative is Mr. John Smith or the Prince of Wales, we shall pay his expenses. (Cheers.)⅞ . . . It is not consistent with our self-respect that we should say, 'You go and pay the money out of your own pocket.' (Cheers.)⅞."—*Yorkshire Paper*.

Judging by the partial character of the applause we fear the audience was a little fractious.

There was an old Hebrew of Peterborough
Who was constantly pestering me to borrow.
If I ventured to say,
"No, nothing to-day,"
He replied, "Thed I 'll cub back ad three to-borrow."

THE STATE OF FILMLAND.

IX.—SOME PROFESSIONS.

As stated in a previous article the splendid achievements of the Filmland child in the direction of moral uplift leave the clergy very little to do in this respect. Most Filmland clerics are free therefore to devote the greater part of their time and energy to the performance of the marriage ceremony, for which purpose, and that of an occasional funeral, the charming old parish churches and handsome cathedrals of Filmland appear to have been especially erected.

This duty is not such a sinecure as you might suppose. In a Filmland parish of any considerable size wedding ceremonies are of daily, almost hourly occurrence, and there is no three-o'clock time limit. As often as not they are very hastily arranged affairs, so that in reality the life of the officiating clergyman resembles in one respect that of a metropolitan fireman. Very often a wedding is held in a private house—usually at the foot of the staircase; sometimes on a flat rock in the wildest part of the Wild West; but wherever it is the clergyman is there in time, and he does not forget his flowing robes either.

The Filmland wedding may not be a lengthy business but it is rarely without incident. A wedding guest invariably has the thrill of knowing that hundreds of miles away, just as the service commences, a young man has caught sight of the "marriage has been arranged" notice on a piece of newspaper with which he was about to light his pipe, has leapt upon a horse, motor-cycle or aeroplane and is heading in hatless indignation to stop the dirty work. That is why, when the ceremony is performed in a private house, it takes place at the foot of the staircase, so that the young man can burst in through an upper window, stagger to the top of the staircase, throw up his arms and cry "Stop!" at the psychological moment.

At this point it is the duty of the clergyman to exchange his expression of almost fatuous blandness for one of pontifical severity until the rightful exchange of bridegrooms has been made, when he hastens with beaming benevolence to conclude the business before any more serious interruption robs him of his fee altogether.



"THROW UP HIS ARMS AND CRY 'STOP!' AT THE PSYCHOLOGICAL MOMENT."

The curate of a Filmland rural parish rarely seeks to emulate the bustling, practical, hard-working modern curate of other lands. He is properly content to be all that any parishioner with a sense of the dramatic proprieties could wish a curate to be, namely, awkward, bashful, fool-faced and easily shocked. Hand-in-hand with the Filmland elderly maiden lady he labours nobly to maintain the honoured traditions of comic drama. We, alas, cannot claim to possess anything approaching him.

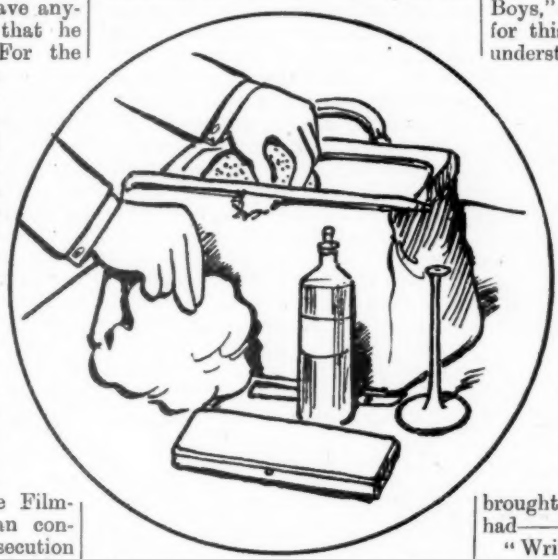
A Filmlander desirous of succeeding in the medical profession must possess a small hand-bag and a properly tense death-chamber manner. The latter is essential, as Filmlanders rarely bother about a doctor until the patient is practically at his last gasp. The hand-bag becomes necessary when it is required to play a part in an elaborate, not to say miraculous, operation in some outlandish spot where the only implements which could be used for saving the patient's life are a woodman's axe and a bowie-knife. It is highly creditable to the Filmland medical profession that a child, a handsome young man or a beautiful girl stands an excellent chance of recovering from almost any malady.

In cases where the patient is elderly or generally unpopular, a doctor requires little more medical knowledge than should enable him to put his ear on the invalid's chest, cover him with

a sheet and stand up and shake his own head in an expressive manner. Minor ailments — measles, influenza and so on—are practically unknown; your Filmlander scorns to have anything the matter with him that he is not likely to die of. For the general practitioner therefore life is fairly tranquil, and he has plenty of time in which to cultivate a pretty garden and act as guardian to an even prettier ward. A Filmland doctor would as soon be without his handbag as without a pretty ward; he must have something to worry him.

The law provides as much scope for energy as any profession in the State of Filmland. A barrister of any eminence finds his working hours crowded with divorce cases and murder trials; all of thrilling importance. Thanks too to the mental alertness of the Filmland judge and jury, he can construct a perfectly damning prosecution in a very few minutes by shaking his forefinger, slapping his papers and working his mouth in such a way as to cause everybody in court to look sombrely at one another and shake their heads. It is sheer bad luck that the case for the prosecution should so often be ruined by the appearance, at the moment of forensic triumph, of a missing witness, who arrives hatless and dishevelled from the customary cross-country race against time but full of beans and incontrovertible evidence in favour of the accused.

There is much less dull routine in the business round of a family solicitor in Filmland than in most countries. Whether you see him in his own comfortable office or in a client's ancestral library he is certain to be on the verge of making a dramatic and probably unpleasant disclosure. Yet, despite the rage and anguish he arouses in many a heaving bosom and throbbing shirt-front, he himself is devoid of harshness or cynicism. In his genial old-fashioned way he rather enjoys causing trouble and strife, because he knows that in ten or twenty years' time he or his successor will discover a new will or some other important document which will bring happiness to all who really deserve it. It is this comforting assurance which enables the good old man, during the intervening years of intrigue and family feuds, to pocket his fees with a joyous heart.



"THE HANDBAG BECOMES NECESSARY WHEN IT IS REQUIRED TO PLAY A PART IN AN ELABORATE, NOT TO SAY MIRACULOUS, OPERATION IN SOME OUTLANDISH SPOT."



"HE CAN CONSTRUCT A PERFECTLY DAMNING PROSECUTION IN A VERY FEW MINUTES BY SHAKING HIS FOREFINGER."

Our Helpful Press.

"Within a radius of say 60 miles transit by road is usually cheaper than by rail . . . but beyond 60 miles rail transit is generally cheaper."—*Provincial Paper.*

"For shorter distances rail and road transport vary little in price, but for longer journeys motor haulage is usually cheaper."

Same Paper, same day.

BRIGHTER CHEQUES.

WHENEVER I see George he duns me for my subscription to "The Bright Boys," our dining-club. And not merely for this year's subscription—I could understand that—he will go on about last year's, a subject which I thought had been decently buried between us. At the monthly dinner last week he caught me in a yielding mood a little after the savoury, but I had no money on me.

"Sorry, old man," I said regretfully. "No money on me. Not a bean. I'd pay it willingly, but there you are. I tell you what—I'll pay it next time."

"I'd take a cheque, old boy," said George.

"Awfully good of you, old man," I said. "I appreciate the compliment, but just this day of all days I haven't brought a cheque-book with me. If I had——"

"Write one on this, old fellow," said George.

"I beg your pardon, old man?"

"Write a cheque on this," he said again.

"But, joy of my heart, I can't write a cheque on the back of a *menu!*"

"Light of my night," said George, "you certainly can. You can write a cheque on anything."

"Moon of the West, are you jesting?" I replied. "The back of a *menu* at the Gobble-gobble Restaurant? It wouldn't be decent."

"It would be cashed," said George firmly, thrusting the bill-of-fare before me.

"Would it so?" I murmured feebly. "Well, I've no ink."

"Here is ink, my soul," said George. "Also two pens. Common or quill?"

"Quill," I said. I am less legible in quill.

"Now write," said George.

It is a terrible thing to be given a blank sheet of paper and told to sign away six guineas to another. It also struck me as a little difficult. I had never before considered the literary side of a cheque.

"I don't know what to write, George, old man," I said. There seemed no harm in making it as difficult as possible.

"*Pay*," said George, "is the important word. But you 'd better begin with the name of the bank."

"My bank? Dash it, old bird, I 've forgotten the name of my bank."

"It 's the West London and Yorkshire," said George.

"Right; I remember now." And I wrote:—

"*To The West London and Yorkshire Bank, Ltd., 14, Wink Street, W.1.*

Pay——"

Naked like that, the word Pay disgusted me. I thought with bitterness of the West London and Yorkshire Bank, Ltd.

"George," I said, "are you *quite* sure this cheque will be cashed?"

"Positive, old boy."

"Are you, indeed?" I thought. "I wonder."

I scratched out Pay, wrote Pay again and initialled it, to throw suspicion on the word. I wrote:—

"*Pay (curse you!) Mr. George Roland (sink him!) or Order, the sum of six guineas—and see he gets no more.*

£6|6|0.

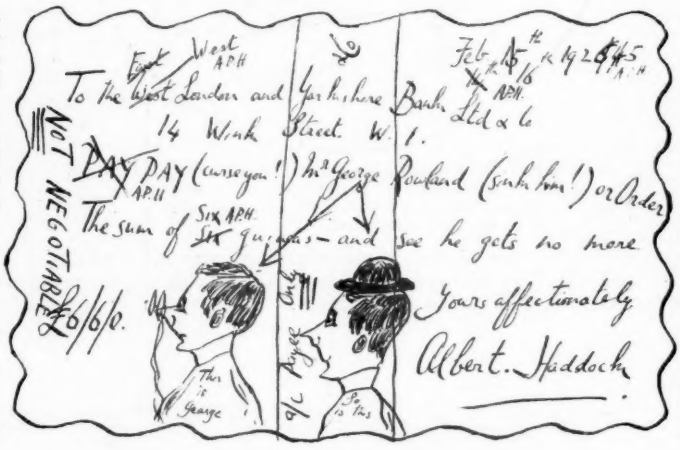
Yours affectionately,

Albert Haddock."

"Will they cash that, old man?" I said.

"Um," said George doubtfully.

To remove all doubt I added a little pencil sketch of George, wearing his pince-nez, by which the meanest banker could not fail to identify him. I crossed it carefully and wrote the miraculous words "& Co." and "a/c Payee Only." I scratched out a word here and there, wrote it again and initialled it, to throw suspicion on the whole document. Finally I wrote "Not negotiable," and prayed that this was true. Then I added another picture of George in a bowler, in case he visited the bank like that. The *menu* was a fancy *menu* with wobbly edges, and the cheque looked like the above picture.



"What about the stamp, old man?" said George.

"It 's about time the club made a gesture," I replied. "Either the club provides the stamp for this document or the whole thing is null and void."

"I 'm not sure it 's not that anyhow," said George gloomily.

"Null or not," I answered strongly, "that 's all the money you get from me."

I handed him the cheque and I went home, flattering myself that the question of my subscription (or subscriptions) was happily postponed for another month.

Yesterday, however, I crawled into my bank with the vague idea of extracting money from the monster. When I say money I mean four pounds. I was positive I had four pounds in the bank—possibly four and a half pounds; I put it no higher than that. I crawled past the glass cage where Timothy Rugg sits lordly at his desk and meekly saluted him, as I always do—though, confound it, Timothy Rugg!—Timothy Rugg was in the Upper Fourth when I was in the Lower Fifth! What right then has Timothy Rugg to lord it in a glass cage while I have to creep in and cash my overdraft on all-fours! Timothy Rugg . . .?

Curse him!

However, I reached the main overdraft counter and, rising to the perpendicular, peered timidly at the malignant fellow who looks after the overdrafts from A to L. Judge of my satisfaction and surprise when I observed that the man was positively beaming at me. Doubtless some heavy sum had only to-day been paid into my overdraft—some legacy, some little present from the Government. Recklessly I drew a cheque for twenty pounds, payable to myself alone, a/c payee only, and handed it to the hound across the counter—an evil fellow; I believe he smokes to excess.

"The account is not in funds, you know, Mr. Haddock," he said, but beaming still, the sly dog. (How difficult it is, I thought, to tell character or state of mind from the expression of a banker!)

"What have you done with that four-pound-ten?" I asked suspiciously.

For answer he produced a grubby document, entirely covered with writing, rubber-stamps and pen-and-ink drawings. It was none other than my cheque to George for six guineas!

"But you don't mean to say you 've *honoured* it!" I cried, aghast.

"Certainly, Mr. Haddock," said the monster. "The account is overdrawn to the extent of one pound sixteen."

"But surely you must see that no sober man could have put his signature to such a document!" I said.

"It has passed through the Bankers' Clearing-House," he replied. "We paid it out this morning."

"But I put 'Not negotiable'!" I cried.

"True," he said. "It has not been negotiated—in the technical sense of the word."

"In future," I said bitterly, "I shall write 'Not cashable—in any sense;'" and, turning on my heel, I left the building. It is now clear to me that my bank is capable of anything. Other men, I know, have instituted actions against their banks for wrongfully dishonouring their cheques. What I want to know is—Does an action lie against my bank for honouring a cheque which obviously was never intended to be honoured? Much as I enjoy the picture of the Bankers' Clearing House (whatever that may be) painfully poring over the *menu* of the Gobble-Gobble Restaurant and solemnly pronouncing it a sound and valid promissory note, I consider that the Bankers' Clearing House has evilly entreated me.

For if a man may not evade his creditors by giving them a cheque, then where is Freedom? Well, they shall pay for it, the bankers! In future I shall write my cheques in verse; there shall be cross-word cheques and cheques in Esperanto, microscopic cheques on the backs of cigarette-cards, and monstrous cheques the size of posters; there shall be cheques on scented note-paper and cheques in invisible ink; they shall be covered with pretty pictures and valuable apophthegms. The Bankers' Clearing House shall engage a special staff for the study of my cheques; they shall labour day and night unravelling my cheques. And no one of my creditors shall ever refuse a cheque of mine, however mad, for I shall produce the *menu* of the Gobble-Gobble Restaurant, duly rubber-stamped, endorsed and cashed, to be a perpetual example and encouragement. Indeed,



Mother. "DO SOUND YOUR 'H,' SYLVIA, WHEN YOU CALL HECTOR."
Sylvia. "OH, MUMMY, WHAT WASTE OF BREATH ON A DOG!"

so bright and charming will they be, the whole world will anxiously look forward to a cheque from me. This, it is true, will be no great change, so far as I am concerned; but it may annoy the bankers. *I* 'll teach them to honour my cheques! A. P. H.

"Councillor —— was under the impression that at a previous meeting the Mayor had pledged himself to bring the daft agreement before the council before anything was done."
Daily Paper.

The printer and the councillor seem to have the same opinion of the document.

THE THOUGHTFUL SPOUSE.

LAST year, my love, I well recall,
When Spring her welcome way was threading,
And you commenced to overhaul
Our carpets, curtains, "sticks" and bedding,
How you confided in those queer
But acquiescent ears of Susan's,
That at this period of the year
"Master was such a nuisance."

My hearing, you must own, is quick;
And when I caught your private sally
I also wondered what the dick-
Ens I was doing in that galley.
"This is," I said, "a female rite
From which, however fitly mated,
Men with a spark of honour might
Well be obliterated."

This year, then, I shall take my cue:
My sanctum you 've already raided,
And, like its household gods, I too
Am feeling just a trifle jaded.
So, should my absence spoil their cup
While you repair the shrine, please tell 'em
That I am elsewhere cleaning up
My dusty cerebellum.

BETTER THAN COUNTING SHEEP.

Now that the Test matches are over, what is the great insomnia brigade going to do in the watches of the night? It has been easy of late; sleeplessness loses half its terrors when in the small hours here (small only numerically; vast in opportunities for regret and prodigious in length) you can imagine for yourself the scene on an Australian ground where shines the antipodal sun.

In the mind's eye, which is the bliss of solitude, we can see it all: the crowd, the great civilized scoring-boards, the kangaroos, the GOVERNOR-GENERAL in his box, the wallabies, Mr. WARWICK ARMSTRONG, the barrackers—and what a noise they make! We can see also every moment of the play. "There's HOBBS," we say, "stealing the last run of the over." "Well hit, SUTCLIFFE!" "WOOLLEY's the boy—wonderful how he finds the way to the boundary between cover and mid-off! He doesn't hit them, he strokes them there." "NOW, PATSY, show them again that all this talk about Test match paralysis is rubbish." "Confound these Australian captains—they're always so astute! Look at the way the field is arranged. If it isn't NOBLE it's ARMSTRONG. If it isn't ARMSTRONG it's COLLINS. MACHIAVELLI stuff all the time." "But where's PELLEW? He was the policeman! I wonder why he isn't playing this season? That yellow head saved hundreds of runs when they were here last." "GREGORY is slamming them in with a vengeance; hardly fair to a little thing like ROY KILNER. Who was the slow bowler who used to lie awake in a cold sweat wondering what he'd do if C. I. THORNTON ever hit a ball straight back to him? Standing up to GREGORY must be like that." "Ah, here's the playboy of the team, here's TATE. Always eager, always full of fun, he'll either hit a six off the first ball or be caught. A six! Good MAURICE. But don't grin so in this strong sun—you'll blind us. Blind the bowlers, blind the fieldsmen and the umpires, all you can, but don't blind us!" "Where is RICHARDSON fielding? He's new; I haven't any line on him. Probably seven feet tall. And KIPPAX. Fancy a cricketer being named KIPPAX! And yet why not? we had a GAUKRODGER once. And PONSFORD, he's new too. Which is he?"

But there is a problem greater far than these and that is the case of Mr. PUNCH. When the critics, last year, were speculating on the chances of this tour, the name of Mr. PUNCH was prominent. He was to be one of the new stalwarts; with KIPPAX and RICHARDSON and PONSFORD he was to bring in the new red corpuscles which the home side needed. Some of the veterans were passing; the mercurial MACARTNEY, for example, was tiring; WARWICK W. himself had grown too big; MACDONALD had stayed behind in England to scatter Lancashire League stumps every Saturday afternoon; and therefore there must be new blood. Enter PONSFORD, enter RICHARDSON, enter KIPPAX, and above all (so we in Bouverie Street felt) enter Mr. PUNCH. But he was not the namesake we were hoping; the selection committee passed him by. It is true that in the drawn match last week he made two runs and took some wickets; in the second innings he got GILLIGAN caught by KIPPAX and CHAPMAN caught by MAJOR, and he himself caught and bowled little FREEMAN; but he has not been the commanding figure that we desired. He was to have supported Australia on his shoulders like a new Atlas, and do us a world of good in the process; and he didn't!



Long-suffering Assistant. "BUT, MADAM, CAN YOU TELL ME THE EXACT WIDTH OF THE ROOM?"

Prospective Bride. "CERTAINLY. IT'S FOUR TIMES MY UMBRELLA, MY FIANCÉ'S GOLF-SHOES AND A FAIRLY SHORT PIECE OF STRING."

Or perhaps Australia is batting and we are in the field. How soothing to see HOBBS again at cover, walking from side to side with his hands behind him and his head down till the ball is delivered, and then poised to spring. PATSY HENDREN running with his arms spread out to save the fours, or alert at second slip. CHAPMAN picking up cannon-balls as though they were mushrooms and returning them with the same movement. WOOLLEY languidly crossing to slip, far larger than life. GILLIGAN pounding up to the wicket and slamming down the ball with the terrific energy of the "Southern Belle" pounding through his home county on the way to Brighton. How clearly one sees them all!

That is how some of us have been weathering the wakeful storms. And then the next morning there is the excitement of buying the evening paper—with its fine edge a little blunted by the poster, which we would miss if we could—and seeing what the harvest of the small hours down under really was.

Thinking gratefully about these alleviations of the night during this winter, what I want to know is, why don't we send a picked team to Australia every year? Every year. If the counties meet each other every year to decide upon the victor, why should not England and Australia meet every year too—the Australians coming here every spring and we going to Australia every autumn? Gentlemen and Players is an annual event, why not Australia and England? Who decided that there should be these long intervals between the visits? The M.C.C., I suppose; but can't the M.C.C. think again? Don't any of the M.C.C. committee have bad nights? Or are the members of the Australian Board of Control responsible? Have they too such easy consciences that they drop off directly they hit the hay? Incredible.

E. V. L.

From a theatre notice:—

"The play was produced by ——, whose circus-like interior left one guessing."
Morning Paper.

The critic should have tried the X-ray.

"During the evening some very pleasant music was discouraged by the —— gramophone."—*South African Paper.*

Here at home we are also familiar with that kind of gramophone.



Young Woman (to her vis-à-vis who has confessed to being an artist). "AH—FELT SURE YOU WERE SOMETHING."

THE PROFESSOR'S PRESENCE OF MIND.

THERE is a widespread popular belief, chiefly due to comic journals and farcical stage representations of professors who wear on their waistcoats tangible evidence of the more brightly-coloured portions of the morning's breakfast, to the effect that the erudite are necessarily absent-minded. I am convinced that this belief is absolutely false, and to prove it so I need only tell you the story of how by sheer presence of mind my friend Professor Denkhart extricated himself from a very awkward predicament.

One morning last week Denkhart awoke much later than usual, jumped straight out of bed and scurried into the bathroom; for, contrary to another wicked legend, professors are not personally unclean. There he had trouble with his safety razor; it bit the strop so violently that the blade (his only one) was jerked out of the holder and shot down the plug-hole of the bath and lodged tantalisingly just out of reach. After a very few minutes' reflection the Professor had a great idea. The obvious way to retrieve the errant blade was to fill the bath with water, withdraw the plug, then to race downstairs to the spout at the outside sink and, using his outstretched fingers as a sieve, to wait till the blade washed down. He did this three times and then discovered the thing lying on the sink grating, where it had probably been deposited whilst he was falling down the stairs for the first time. He grabbed at it joyfully and so vigorously that he knocked it through the bars into the drain below. But he was not daunted by that. He calmly tucked up the sleeves of his pyjama jacket, lifted the grating and, lying full-length on the cold damp stones, patiently sorted over the rotted débris at the bottom of the noisome black waters, but without success.

Had Denkhart been the sort of professor that one reads about, he would probably have gone on delving to this very day; but, after about ten minutes of his nauseating task, his remarkable memory came to his aid. He remembered that, since the first of January, 1925, he had been growing a beard.

From the report of a wedding:—

"The Chancel was tastily decorated with baskets of asparagus."—*West Indian Paper.*

"Tastily" is quite the right word.

"A peculiar point was discussed at the —— District School Management Committee, when the guardian of a child applied for boats and clothing so that it might be able to attend school."—*Scots Paper.*

One boat is usually enough in England, even in the Thames Valley.

PLACES-AS-THEY-OUGHT-TO-BE.

XII.—BOURTON-ON-THE-WATER.

BOURTON-ON-THE-WATER stands knee-deep in the river,
Watching its reflection where the shadow-houses quiver;
And the river down at Bourton is the jolliest you 've seen,
Flashing into silver and dreaming into green.
It babbles over pebbles and slides smoothly down the weir
And deepens into rushy pools, quiet, cool and clear;
And deep beneath the rooted banks the smooth trout lie in hiding
And listen to the willow leaves and watch the river gliding.
The houses stand on arches where the secret river flows
Whispering its mysteries to Bourton as it goes;
And every room in every house is filled with silver gleams
And the ripple of the river echoes greenly in your dreams.
Every baby born in Bourton has the river in his eyes
And hears the river singing in his heart until he dies.

Another Glimpse of the Obvious.

"No one disagreed at the unanimous opinion . . ."—*Daily Paper.*

LETTERS FROM A GARRULOUS AUNT.

II.

Berkeley Court Gardens, W.

MY DEAR NIECE,—You will be pleased to hear that when our Member, Sir Gulliver Gibbs, looked in to see me the other day I mentioned about your having left London. He knows the Bagglethorpes and Mrs. Popton Pram and Sir Nineveh Napper, and has kindly promised to give you introductions, as they are somewhere in your neighbourhood.

Mrs. Popton Pram is a rich American widow with a charming brood of children, nearly all boys; and Sir Nineveh is now quite one of the county families, though between ourselves and to quote a mutual friend, "he sailed to his present position on a flowing tide of beer." If I may say so, he's always in the swim of business, and Clive may find him a useful acquaintance in his farming, for I'm told that fortunes are being carved out of pigs nowadays, which seems strange when you come to think how many Jews there are in England.

Sir Nineveh is, of course, one of us, though his profile looks financial, and I believe he married Louis Cohen's daughter; but his sons have been to Eton, and one even went to Oxford. Unfortunately he was sent down last year, but just in time to secure a very good post with a large oil firm, so did not go back. Wasn't he lucky? His father was quite pleased, having purchased a big block of shares and been allotted a seat on the Board. Everybody says what a clever man he is, and of course Napper's Noted Nutbrown is the ale I always get for the servants' hall. Isn't it wonderful to be able to manage oil as well as beer without getting them mixed? My poor head would never stand the strain, quite apart from breeding racehorses, which he does in his spare time.

The Bagglethorpes are new people, but very rich, and paid a fabulous sum for their country place. Poor Mrs. B. is so stout, and buys her hats in Bond Street. Such wonderful pearls too; but never pays until they threaten proceedings. Isn't it sad? I hear her husband is very annoyed and going bald, as the servants won't stay, and the catering is so difficult, the house being ten miles from the railway and overrun with beetles. He has actually built a small cinema behind the kitchen, and has the wireless laid on, but they won't stop. I expect it's the dole and no work they want.

My maid Pritchard, whose cousin is fourth parlourmaid there, says there are seventeen in the servants' hall, and dreadful quarrels. The poor housekeeper, Mrs. Midget, is frantic and quite helpless. I call it scandalous. But one must expect it, as the Bagglethorpes were keeping a shop in Peckham only a few years ago, if one is to believe what one hears. They made a fortune out of an army contract for tinned lobsters and inventing a new trouser-button for naval engineers.



WE SHALL SOON BE ABLE TO SEE THE PERSON WE ARE TALKING TO ON THE TELEPHONE. SO WILL OTHERS.

(A GENTLEMAN CONVERSING WITH HIS TAILOR).

It's dreadful to think what money can do and what it can't. Knowing it to be the root of all evil, I am always very careful myself, as Providence keeps me rather short, considering the luxuries I need. Still, there is the bright side, my dear, and I never have to borrow money in order to live within my income.

I've just remembered what I was going to write you about when I started. It was to tell Clive that I met Colonel Chutney at the Albemarle yesterday looking so much better. He bought a new farm down in Essex last May and has just had a large litter of Middle Whites — pigs, you know — I forget whether he said it was thirteen or thirty, but every one was pedigree, and he was evidently quite pleased about it. I only hope Clive will be equally successful, though I forget what brand he stocks.

Always your loving Aunt, LULU.

TRAFFIC RHYMES.

II.—THE UNDERGROUND.

THE Underground
Goes round and round,
And also to and fro;
And men in blue
Look after you
And tell you how to go.
They never quite
Direct you right,
Although, of course, they know.

The lift-man's whim
Is being grim;
He is extremely strict;
He fines the folk
Who dare to smoke
When once his gates have clicked;
Nor are his crowd
Ever allowed
To have their pockets picked.

The platform-man
Has got a plan
For dealing with a queue;
He makes men wait
Behind a gate
Until their train is due;
They watch their train
Depart again,
And then he lets them through.

But on the car
Take place by far
The most convulsive scenes;
The car-men gnash
Their teeth and clash
Their double-jointed screens;
And those for whom
There is no room
Are smashed to smithereens.

The Underground
Goes round and round
And makes a lot of fuss;
And men in blue
Make fools of you,
Which is ridiculous.
So that is why
For my part I
Am sitting in a bus.

"The plumbers have finished their part of the contract at the new garage and there now remains only the plumbing to be done."
Australian Paper.

How like the Old Country!

"PIANO.—Here is what we call a sensational bargain. Slightly-used Iron Grand, has never been used, and looks and sounds as well as a split new piano."—*Advt. in Scots Paper.*

What is a split new piano? The one the next-door neighbour "went for" with an axe?







TRAGEDY OF A SCEPTIC.



SHALL I tell you how Algernon Syme
Was sadly cut off in his prime?
If you 'd rather not know
It is silly to go
On reading the rest of the rhyme.

A sceptical fellow was he,
And brave at the game, you 'll agree;
He thought it flagitious
To be superstitious
And disbelieved half he could see.

Thus when he was merely a boy
He walked under ladders with joy
And gave people fidgets
By keeping his digits
As straight as he could, to annoy.

And as he grew older and older
His spirit grew bolder and bolder;
He would spill all the salt
Without easing his fault
By throwing some over his shoulder.



At horses, if pied, he would crane
His neck to behold them again,
And women would swoon
When he looked at the moon,
While the latter was new, through a pane.

'Tis said, and the story is rife
(I think it was told by his wife),
That he slaughtered a cat
On the scullery mat
To prove it had only one life.

His favourite colour was green;
He doted on number thirteen;
And at meals he would vex,
Crossing knives like an ×,
A heresy almost obscene.

In Spring he collected the bloom
Of the may-tree (a challenge to doom),
And he opened umbrellas
Quite often as well as
His wife's parasol, *in a room*.

When boasting or otherwise rash
He said touching timber was "trash,"
And he cast every clout
Long before May was out
To prove the old saw balderdash.



With jeers he would spurn or ignore
All folk or traditional lore,
Till it seemed pretty plain
That he wished to be slain;
And he was: read a line or so more.



One day he, alas! went too far;
His action indeed has no par;
As a final *beau geste*
He ate oysters with zest
In August, which hasn't an "r."

So now, I am sorry to state,
One alludes to poor Alge as "the late";
Which fact goes to show
That we reap as we sow
And can jest once too often with Fate









Small Girl (*starting polite conversation with visitor*). "MUMMY SAYS THAT NONE OF US ARE PERFECT. I BITE MY NAILS. WHAT DO YOU DO—SNIFF?"

ALTER EGO.

["The matter was further complicated by the fact that the liquidator of the vendor company was also secretary of the purchasing company."—*Report of case.*]

As liquidator of Company A
And secretary of B
I thought I 'd found a capital means
To add to my £ *s. d.*
What comes of leading a double life,
Read on and you shall see.

For somebody pointed out one day
That a balance was due to me
As liquidator of Company A
From the secretary of B.;

So I asked myself on the telephone
For the payment of seven pounds three.
But I 'm bound to confess that I thought the tone
Of myself as I answered me
Was not at all what it ought to have been,
So I wrote to myself, "DEAR ME,—

I beg me to pay the little sum due
At the earliest date convenient;
I 've not the least wish myself to sue,
But I 've been to myself too lenient."

Now the terms of this letter roused my ire;
My answer was not polite;
Which, being received, I put on the fire,
And answered myself that night;
And I wrote to myself a few home-truths
From a past that was not too white.

Then I told myself that "I didn't propose
To dabble in personalities—
Though *there were* a few things I could say if I chose
Of *my* character, past, and qualities."

But I went to my lawyers, Linger and Long,
And asked them for satisfaction;
So I had to instruct Messrs. Wrightson and Wrong
To resist my own libel action;
And after a time the case came on,
And it proved an immense attraction.

For to claim five hundred pounds I tried
(With costs to make it higher),
And I went in the box on either side
To prove myself a liar.

The jury found what I said was true;
They added, "They couldn't doubt it;"
But the Judge said, "What is your verdict? You
Can't very well do without it."
But they answered, "He 's spoken on either side,"
And they asked him, "What about it?"

Then the Judge went mad and the jury still
Consider their verdict daily;
The lawyers battle with tongue and quill
And the costs go mounting gaily.

But who will get them from whom is what
Is not very clear to me,
For I 've made it up with myself and got
From myself the seven pounds three;
And now I think ever so much of myself,
As all of my friends can see.



THE BULL-DOG'S DILEMMA.

Dog Stanley. "I SUPPOSE I'M EXPECTED TO TACKLE THIS CREATURE; BUT THERE ARE A LOT OF POINTS ABOUT IT TO BE CONSIDERED."

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Monday, February 23rd.—In the course of a series of inquiries as to the treatment meted out to prisoners in Indian gaols, Mr. SCURR described the punishment of "Kan parade," in which "the prisoner is forced to pull his own ears by passing his hands through his legs, and is then thrashed while in this position." Lord WINTERTON professed to know nothing about it. Perhaps he feared that the House would expect him to give a personal demonstration of this "contortionist act," for which his long and lissom figure is admirably designed.

The New Wembley is to open during the first week in May and to close at the end of October. It is hoped that by the later date, at any rate, the summer will have set in.

The PRIME MINISTER is never tired of reminding the Labour Party that it has had its chance of introducing the Millennium and did not take it. Dissatisfied with his cautious intimation that the question of lowering the pensionable age was being "studied," Mr. NEIL MACLEAN excitedly inquired what the old men between sixty and seventy were to do in the meantime. "I think," said Mr. BALDWIN, "they will do what they did when the last Government were in power."

When the present Government was formed it was sporting of Major TRYON, and argued a real enthusiasm for the cause of the men broke in our wars, to take up once more the thankless job of MINISTER OF PENSIONS. I think certain Members might have more consideration for him instead of badgering him as they do. No doubt it is true, as Mr. BASIL PETO said, that every M.P.'s letter-box is bulging with complaints from men who think they have a grievance and imagine (this from Colonel WATTS-MORGAN) that the Department's regulations have been framed to deprive them of their rights; but I don't think Lord HUGH CECIL can number many such correspondents among his constituents, or that he was justified in his insinuation that the officials of the Pensions Ministry (nine-tenths of whom are ex-service men themselves) were less concerned with getting the pensions finally settled than with keeping their own jobs.

A vote of a million-and-a-quarter for Northern Ireland furnished Mr. SNOWDEN with a peg on which to hang a slashing criticism of the Government of that territory. His suggestion was that Sir JAMES CRAIG, finding himself saddled with a number of unemployed, had drafted them into the Special Constabulary, and then "stuck" the British Exchequer with the cost.

In regard to Ulster, as to most things, Mr. CHURCHILL has a "past." As a rule he does not allow retrospection to affect his utterances; but on this occasion his reply was characterised rather by gingerliness than ginger, and his defence was founded not so much on the merits of this particular transaction as



AN UNDRESS REHEARSAL.
EARL WINTERTON.

upon the truism that we must help the Ulster Government in these trying years in the hope of developing "the great ideal of a united Ireland, loyal to the British Commonwealth of Nations."

Tuesday, February 24th.—The notice that Lord CURZON was going to move the appointment of a Select Committee



Mrs. Micawber (*Sir* LAMING WORTHINGTON-EVANS.) "I NEVER WILL DESERT YOU."

to re-examine the question of the available sites for the Peers War Memorial brought an unusually large attendance to the House of Lords. The fact that the suggestion for a further exploration of the subject came from the KING gave Lord CURZON an opportunity of making a sympathetic reference to HIS MAJESTY'S illness and to the profound satisfaction caused by the news of his steady progress.

Tracing the history of the project for a War Memorial, Lord CURZON said that the proposal to place it where QUEEN VICTORIA'S statue now stood implied no disrespect to the memory of that great Queen, of whom the effigy in question was neither a memorial nor a likeness. But as the correspondence in the newspapers (initiated by Lord BEAUCHAMP) had shown public doubts on the subject it was thought well to set up this new Committee. All he asked was that whatever decision the House now reached should be treated as final and that there should be no repetition of the oscillations and reversals of the past.

Lord BEAUCHAMP apparently detected in these words some latent criticism of his own action, for, describing himself as "a criminal at the bar," he complained that he had received no notice of "the attack which the noble Marquis proposed to make." He seemed quite prepared, however, to justify his action, though perhaps his objection to the removal of the Victorian statue to a "far darker" spot did not quite square with his subsequent complaint that the statue of SIXTUS IV. had been shifted from St. Peter's to a museum where "the light is hard and crude."

Lord LANSDOWNE added a few calming-down words in that wonderful voice which, despite his eighty years, still defies the acoustic difficulties of the Gilded Chamber; Lord HALDANE was understood (though with some difficulty) to say ditto; and the Committee (including the Earl of OXFORD AND ASQUITH) was duly set up.

The House of Commons was relieved to learn that Sir L. WORTHINGTON-EVANS (speaking with *Mrs. Micawber*-like unction) will "never overlook the Territorial Army."

Nor has he neglected the claims of camouflage to a permanent place in our war-equipment. "The study of concealment," he told us, "is part of the normal training of all arms." Even War Ministers, I am credibly informed, sometimes avail themselves of it when answering inconvenient questions.

Mr. BUCHANAN was disturbed by the apparent refusal of the SECRETARY FOR SCOTLAND to accept any responsibility for the Irish prisoners now interned in Scottish prisons at the request of the Government of Northern Ireland. What would be the result, he proceeded to ask, "in the case of death happening to these prisoners and they had a complaint to lodge"—when the House burst into laughter at the "bull."

Nevertheless Mr. BUCHANAN persisted, and had got so far as to obtain from the SPEAKER a ruling that it was "a very important question" and

should be put on the Paper, when Mr. RAMSAY MACDONALD intervened, apparently with the idea of helping his fiery supporter, but, as it turned out, actually to his undoing. For Sir JOHN GILMOUR, realising that his first answer had not been happily worded, now said, in answer to the EX-PREMIER'S question, that of course he was responsible for the health and general management of all the prisoners under his charge. And so Mr. BUCHANAN'S promising little plan to embarrass the Government came to naught.

A debate on the Trade Credit scheme was initiated by Mr. HILTON YOUNG, who approved the system and suggested its extension. So did Mr. WILLIAM GRAHAM, though he thought that shipbuilders got more than their share. The discovery that the financial experts of the two Oppositions were in agreement roused all Mr. HOPKINSON'S combative instincts. As the last of the Individualists "in a House composed of Socialists of three parties" he roundly denounced the whole scheme. To give credit in one direction, he argued, merely contracted it in another.

Other speakers suggested that the facilities now given to home traders should be extended to people in the war-devastated areas on the Continent, but they did not convince the SECRETARY FOR THE TREASURY, who declined to be caught "by the glittering bait of an international credit scheme."

Wednesday, February 25th.—The Lords heard from Lord ARNOLD a good old-fashioned Free Trade speech on the Government's plan for safeguarding industries. Attachment to the Labour party has not changed his faith in this respect—

> KARL MARX may help to grace his measure,
> But COBDEN is his real flame,

as was shown when, in reply to an interjection of Lord BIRKENHEAD, he said that the tariffs set up by foreign countries might injure our traders but injured their own still more.

Lord PEEL, replying for the Government, referred to the debates in the Commons, and suggested that Lord ARNOLD'S views were not generally held by his party; and Lord BEAUCHAMP, while professing that Lord ARNOLD had his entire sympathy, quoted Mr. WHEATLEY'S recent *dictum*: "Free Trade is outrageously anti-Socialist." Lord ARNOLD thereupon retorted that the idea that Liberals always voted straight for Free Trade would not bear investigation.

The House of Commons would, I think, have liked some more definite information than the FOREIGN SECRETARY was able to give it about the Institute of Intellectual Co-operation which the League of Nations has agreed to set up upon the invitation of the French Government. The Institute is to be located in Paris—that will be nice



MR. A. HOPKINSON LASHES HIMSELF TO THE MAST.

for the Intellectual Co-operators and incidentally the local hotel-keepers—but as to the nature of its work, or how it will differ from existing forms of



The Treasury Goldfish (Col. WALTER GUINNESS).
"NOTHING DOING."

Intellectual Co-operation, as exemplified in innumerable Conferences, Mr. CHAMBERLAIN did not explain.

A Private Bill promoted by the City of London Electric Supply Company was chiefly interesting because it split the Treasury Bench. The measure was strongly supported by Colonel MOORE-BRABAZON, but the proposal to give the promoters a monopoly in the County of Essex was too much for the WAR SECRETARY, who represents the ancient borough of Colchester. Declaring that his hon. friend "had made an able speech in support of a horribly bad case," he described the measure as "an abuse of private enterprise," and had the satisfaction of getting it thrown out by 183 votes to 80.

Thursday, February 26th.—Question-time produced nothing of outstanding interest unless it was Sir A. BUTT'S suggestion that the children in the elementary schools should be instructed in "the simple duties of business life," such as the addressing of letters, the use of the telephone and the giving of change. The Duchess of ATHOLL was sure that most teachers "lose no opportunity of giving point to the ordinary instruction in the schools by reference to such operations;" but it would be rash to infer from this reply that during the arithmetic classes the telephone-girls of the future have their attention specially drawn to the importance of wrong numbers.

Nominally, the Air Estimates are only half-a-million up on those of last year; but actually, owing to the curious arrangement mentioned by Sir SAMUEL HOARE, under which the Admiralty makes a grant-in-aid to the Air Ministry, they are nearly two millions more.

For this money we are going to get a considerable increase in our Home Defence Squadrons; though our total aerial strength will still be only a third that of France, "our old friend and ally." With the subtle logic of the East Mr. SAKLATVALA argued that there was no need for us to have any Air Force at all, since we could always rely upon our neighbour to defend us.

To my timid mind much the most serious feature of the Estimates is the subsidy for light aeroplane clubs. Sir SAMUEL HOARE spoke with enthusiasm on the possibilities of these little machines, so small that they can be wheeled through a field-gate and so powerful that they can "remain for quite a long time in the air." I cannot help thinking of the time when the neighbours on either side of my suburban castle own these contraptions, and I shall always be in terror lest they should literally "drop in to tea."

"There cannot be a more interesting conversationalist left in England than was —— with his retrospective memories."
Provincial Paper.

Quite the best kind of memories, we always think.

THE NOT IMPOSSIBLE SKI.

THE art of ski-ing is a simple one. The apparatus consists of the skis (pronounced as in "For she's a jolly good fellow," and best conveyed in French by a long narrow gesture), a pair of sticks or "batons" (for pointing out objects of interest on the run), and a costume embodying the characteristics of a diver, a groundsman at Lord's and a captive balloon. The outer garment should be of distinctive colouring, as it assists in making the wearer visible to the naked eye when in full flight, and may serve as a useful indication to St. Bernard dogs and digging parties.

It is advisable to carry the skis to the door of the hotel before fitting them, as they are inconvenient for walking across the lounge and may present difficulties to the beginner in the negotiation of corners and stairways.

Provided there is an appreciable slope of some six or seven thousand feet from the hotel to the town or forest it is desired to reach, the skis should be placed parallel upon the snow, with the business ends directed upon the objective.

The left foot is then placed upon the left ski and any buckles that can be disentangled should be fastened, due allowance being made for expansion through heat caused by friction in the course of the descent.

The right foot is then similarly secured, and should the left show a tendency to *marcher* (French) it should be freed while the other is adjusted.

The beginner must now assume an easy upright posture, runner and skis forming a pair of inverted T's (the outlines of X, H and V are frequently adopted, but the inverted T form gives more poise), and he will then find himself skimming with ever-increasing velocity over the snow.

At this point it is customary to whirl the batons round the head in acknowledgment of good wishes and farewells. Should the novice discover he has forgotten something (as was frequently the case with the writer), his progress may be arrested by digging the points of the skis firmly into the snow and burying the face and as much of the body as possible to a depth of a few feet. Provided no avalanche has been started one's progress is now arrested, and attention can be attracted by beckoning motions of the skis, which will be found conveniently free.

When this simple manœuvre has been mastered a little time should be devoted to the turns. Of these the most important are the "Norwegian," the "Sweden Borgian," the "Over" and the "Altogether." The necessity for these will be readily appreciated by those who, when travelling at forty or fifty miles an hour, discover a cog-railway or a precipice in the line of flight.

Should the "Norwegian" be decided upon (in time) the method is as follows: The weight of the body is thrown forward (or is it backward?) and the right ski is suddenly withdrawn. The left foot will then describe an arc of unknown radius and a cloud of snow will be thrown up, after which one foot at least will strike out in a direction approximately at right angles to the original.

Occasionally the skis develop a tendency to pass an obstacle on different sides. Should the feet become separated by more than a yard and a half the "Over" turn should be executed. To do this one foot is raised until the ski is parallel with the body. The heel is then plunged sharply into the snow, making a pivot on which the body should swing. In executing this turn the batons are usually discarded, leaving the hands free to assist the braking action of the chin and to defend oneself from a treacherous blow from the free ski.

If the runner when travelling at speed suddenly decides to retrace his steps, the "Altogether" turn is indicated. This is a simple method of using one's impetus as propelling power in



"GOIN' TO 'AVE A LOOK AT THE GEE-GEES AT KEMPTON PARK TO-DAY, SIR?"
"NO. I'M GOING TO WATCH THE SQUIRRELS AT KEW GARDENS."



PERILS OF THE DANCE.

THE TERROR OF THE OXFORD TROUSERS.

the reverse direction. In this exhilarating movement the beginner leaps lightly into the air, at the same time twisting his body in such a manner that he may alight facing the opposite way.

A little difficulty may be experienced in this turn as the right ski frequently becomes lodged in the left-hand trouser pocket, but, if care is taken, one will seldom bury oneself so completely as to be mistaken for a fence or an upturned bobsleigh until the summer thaw.

Although the writer was never entirely successful in performing this feat, he was encouraged to notice that his elbows, face and abdomen usually struck the snow simultaneously, thus justifying to some extent the term "Altogether."

Space will not permit of a description of the jumps, nose-dives and "pancakes" that the writer has performed, but, if the learner will devote his time to the accomplishment of the simpler evolutions here explained, he will form the ground-work on which more ambitious exercises may be built, bringing pleasure to himself and providing a pretty and exciting spectacle for his friends.

THE PLAIN MAN'S VIEW.

RENNIE and WREN
Were remarkable men;
Great in design,
In form and in line,
Sir CHRISTOPHER WREN and plain JOHN RENNIE.

But when there 's a scare
And we 've got to repair
The wear and the tear
Of their fabrics rare,
The matter is left to the experts,
Of whom there are far too many.

The man in the street
Can never compete
In the wordy war
Of technical lore;
In matters of Art he 's "not taking any";
But if piers can be propped
And cracks be stopped
He can't see why
They shouldn't apply
The methods they 've lately adopted
(In dealing with WREN) to RENNIE.

He 's proud of St. Paul's
And its storied walls;
While bridges he thinks
Indispensable links—
Though he knows but little of WREN and RENNIE.

But, whether they 're grouted
Or down-and-outed,
He wants to be sure
Of a permanent cure
And not the recurrent burden
Of paying a pretty penny.

"RANGOON.

Revolutionary loaflets have been received by some newspapers here."—*Indian Paper.*

If any of them reach this office we shall seek an injunction from the Master of the Rolls.

From a menagerie advertisement:—

"Amateur Lion Taming Daily, afternoon and evening. A lady or gentleman will be selected from the audience to enter the Lion's Den. Special Afternoon Feeding at 3 o'clock. Monday and Wednesday."—*Provincial Paper.*

Thanks for the warning.

"Jack scored a fine singlehanded goal after dribbling thirty-five years."—*Provincial Paper.*

Presumably JACK was too exhausted, after his prolonged dribble, to kick the ball. Still we don't think the referee should have allowed him to knock it through with his hand.

A DANGEROUS STRUCTURE.

WHETHER the bathroom will fall downstairs or through the Browns' scullery window remains to be seen. I have done my best to discover, with plumb-line and calipers, the direction of its tendency; but the only result is a loosening of the wash-basin by treading in it.

The crack is in the wall between the door and the window. Gimpson, whom I asked to step across and look at it, said he thought that, if I had the bathroom thoroughly repapered, it would hang together for a time, and that I might leave to posterity the more drastic remedy of closing the bathroom altogether.

On the other hand, Burgis, immediately he saw it, pushed my toothbrush into the rather ugly fissure and looked very grave. He admitted that he did not like the condition of the fabric at all. He was all for telephoning at once for balks of timber with which to shore up the house, using Brown's as a support. But Brown, when I mentioned it to him, strongly objected to having his house pushed over by my bathroom.

Dottram however declared that the outer wall is quite sound, and that the trouble is caused by the rest of the house, together with its semi-detached counterpart, falling away from it. In his opinion it is imperative that, while raising funds to have the defect made good, a wire hawser should be attached to the laburnum-tree by the side entrance and passed round the adjoining house and made fast to the sycamore next the tool-shed.

"To prevent Gloop's house and mine from damaging Hallington's conservatory, I take it," I said.

"Exactly," he replied.

Mollow pooh-poohed the hawser idea. "It is only that the house is settling," he said reassuringly. "At the worst only a few square yards of the outer wall could fall, and I doubt then whether it would take the bath with it. Houses cannot be expected to stand for ever, you know." He added that perhaps it would be as well to take precautions against any undue strain being put on the bathroom floor; and I considered that good enough to warrant me in writing to put off Uncle Albert's visit.

Even then I was not quite happy about it all. So I invited Friber down to give me his opinion.

"The bath," he said, "should be underpinned. The brass taps should be removed for fear of damage. A false ceiling in the kitchen is absolutely necessary to prevent débris falling among the crockery. It is only fair to warn the Browns' butcher-boy to bring his umbrella when calling for orders. I should not do any digging in the garden this spring if I were you; and it would be as well to dismantle the loud-speaker. I suppose, by the way, you have a tube of seccotine in the house? Keep it in your bedroom in case anything should happen in the night. Mind you, if it were my house, I should have the roof jacked up one-ninth of an inch while the outer walls were being taken down and entirely rebuilt. Of course in that event care would have to be taken in the manner in which it was jacked down again. No, grouting is of no use; it is apt to leak into the kitchen and put the gas-stove out of gear."

I have decided to take Gimpson's advice and have the bathroom repapered. I am also having a board—and this is entirely my own idea—put up near the front gate announcing "This House for Sale."



Counsel. "AND I FIND THAT THE ODDS AGAINST THE PROPELLER SHAFT BREAKING AT THAT EXACT MOMENT ARE EIGHTY-THREE MILLIONS TO ONE."
The Judge. "THIS IS A SHIPPING CASE, SIR ROBERT, NOT HORSE-RACING."

KING'S PARADE.

THE kings are gone from King's Parade,
The march of men is no more heard;
The glamour of the cavalcade,
Of Courts bejewelled and bespurred,
That filled awhile the ancient way
With country folk and citizens,
Has died as dies a summer day
Amid the silence of the fens.

But over rose-lit pinnacles
The sunset banners spread and flare,
And softly breaks the sound of bells
On every Cambridge street and square;
And still a dreamer's eyes may see
The pageants passing slowly on
And trumpets herald royalty
Down King's Parade, though kings are gone.

"NO DIVORCE IN IRISH FREE STATE."
Headline in Daily Paper.

Fancy DE VALERA for better for worse!

AT THE PLAY.

"THE GRAND DUCHESS" (GLOBE).

MR. ANTHONY PRINSEP presents, as a promising successor to the deservedly ill-fated *Camilla*, a lively trifle, *The Grand Duchess*, from the French of ALFRED SAVOIR, author of *Bluebeard's Eighth Wife*, tactfully adapted and, to the dismay of the more abandoned among us, only too evidently bowdlerised by Captain HARRY GRAHAM.

In a certain highly expensive Swiss hotel a group of Russian exiles—the *Princess Zelia* (the *Grand Duchess*), a *Prince Paul*, her uncle, who lives principally on caviare, a *Prince Peter*, her unofficial *fiancé*, whose chief sustenance is champagne, and a susceptible lady-in-waiting—have been anxiously watching the *Princess's* jewels disappearing one by one till they are down to the famous "Empress's necklace," of a thousand or so large pearls, which looks as if it also was destined for the spout.



NOBLESSE OBLIGE.

How to live in exile on nothing a year.

Prince Paul . . . . MR. ALFRED DRAYTON.
Prince Peter . . . . MR. ARTHUR WELLESLEY.

True, *Prince Peter* has invented, or thinks he has invented, a new form of business—that is to buy cars on credit and to sell them promptly for cash, omitting the formality of handing over the purchase price to the maker. The *President of the Republic*, who also happens to be the proprietor of the hotel, calls to explain as delicately as may be that this is not so much a new form of business as a very ancient form of fraud, and will he please discontinue it or, alternatively, will he cross over the French border for his next deal, as certain citizens of his Republic—traders and Socialists, united for once—are demanding that something shall be done about it?

It so happens that *Albert*, the entirely incompetent waiter—an astonishingly friendly and irrepressible young man—is the *President's* son and also "of Oxford University," engaged in "learning the business." He falls desperately in love with the *Princess*, and, behaving in a way not usual with members of his union, rouses the Russian colony to frantic regrets for the departed machinery of autocratic discipline—knouts, chains and salt-mines. But secretly you guess that the audacious shafts of the young waiter declares the famous necklace to be no more than an admirable counterfeit. Consternation in the Russian camp; and at the same time mysterious banknotes appear in the wallets of the *Princess* and the vanity bag of the *Grand Duchess*. The infatuated *Albert* is naturally assumed to be a thief and thereby invested with a certain quality of romance.



ALBERT (MR. LAWRENCE ANDERSON) AS VALET-DE-CHAMBRE TO *PRINCESS ZELIA* (MISS MARGARET BANNERMAN) PREPARES FOR A NIGHT'S REST ON THE MAT.

The *Princess* is obviously softening, but before she actually melts the scene changes to a Deauville cabaret, its walls appropriately decorated with apes and parrots, where the exiles are not doing too badly out of overcharging Americans, the resourceful *Prince Peter* having also invented a "system"; he backs only Jewish horses, which, though not faster than others, invariably pass the post first. We wonder why.

Re-enter *Albert*, now a lieutenant in the Serbian Guard regiment and aide-de-camp to the heir to the throne. The *Grand Duchess* having descended to the cabaret and *Albert* ascended to the army, all is now ready for a union which shall not be so much of a misalliance after all. However, for reasons not too clear to me, she rejects *Albert* the lieutenant and only accepts him when he dons the wine-waiter's apron and takes service in the cabaret.

A charmingly absurd little story—musical comedy *sans* music—most capably presented. Miss MARGARET BANNERMAN (*Princess Zelia*) was particularly adroit in letting her interest peep out ever so discreetly from behind her mask of disdain, looking lovely the while; Mr. ALFRED DRAYTON, always competent, presented the sardonic *Prince Paul* with much plausibility; I liked Mr. ARTHUR WELLESLEY's easy assurance as the ingenious and immoral *Peter*. Mr. LAWRENCE ANDERSON had the most obvious chances as *Albert* and made excellent use of them. And the general intelligence and resourcefulness of the cast took the play without jarring over the dangerous points. I don't think, however, that the author's introduction of "The Volga Boat Song" in the cabaret scene, with its moving effect upon the exiles, was a wise or legitimate touch. It seemed to be dragging something almost sacred into a too flippant setting. Perhaps, however, I am a little pernickety.

I couldn't help wondering what exactly M. SAVOIR said when he saw the emasculated adapted version of his play and Captain GRAHAM explained, as no doubt he did, that the English only allow really intriguing jokes on Sundays.

T.



She. "A DANGEROUS WOMAN—WITH A PAST."
He. "WELL, LET HER BURY IT, POOR CREATURE."
She. "SHE CAN'T. IT 'S NOT DEAD YET."

MR. PUNCH'S MUSIC-HALL SONGS.

XI.—THE INTRODUCTION; OR, TROT AWAY, MR. CLAY.

TROT away, Mr. Clay—you are much in the way;
The band, you 'll observe, has begun.
There 's a girl by the wall with no partner at all,
But Miss Fish is provided with one.
There 's another one there who is taken, I swear,
With your muscular beauty and fitness,
But there 's something I wish to explain to Miss Fish,
And we shall not insist on a witness.

Oh, doesn't it strike you
Miss Fish doesn't like you?
Away, Mr. Clay, trot away!
But there 's somebody here
Who is dying to meet you,
She 's rather a dear,
Come along—she won't eat you!
I want you to know,
Miss Amelia Blow.
This way, Mr. Clay!
Miss Blow—Mr. Clay.
So glad to have seen you—Good-day.

Trot away, Mr. Clay—in a general way
I feel you should marry, old man,
But I 'd like to explain, if you 're thinking of Jane,
You had better abandon the plan.
I am bound to report that her temper is short
And her talk is, if anything, terser,
Her face is too fat, and, with this and with that,
I feel you 'd be wasted on her, Sir.

Now why don't you marry
Clarissa or Carrie,
Or Poppy, or Topsy, or May?
I know four or five
Who 'd be only too proud,
And I 'll try to contrive
That you meet the whole crowd.
I want you to meet
Miss Gloria Sweet.
This way, Mr. Clay!
Miss Sweet—Mr. Clay.
So glad to have seen you—Good-day.

Trot away, Mr. Clay—in the usual way
It is rapture to sit at your side.
To-morrow, old man, let us lunch if we can,
Let us go for a bicycle ride.
Believe me or not, I admire you a lot,
And in sunshine, old fellow, or stormy,
We are friends, you and I, but I cannot deny
That just at the moment you bore me.

For there 's something I wish
To explain to Miss Fish,
And I would you were oceans away.
Look, there 's a nice girl!
She is dying to meet you.
A pansy—a pearl!
Come along, she won't eat you!
I don't think you know
The adorable Blow.
This way, Mr. Clay!
Miss Blow—Mr. Clay.
So glad to have seen you—Good-day.

A. P. H.

"So, if you have a feather, either curled or glycerined, and take it from the centre of the crown of your hat, and leave the end of the feather cheering wildly, then carry the father over the crown, across the brim and let it curve towards the cheek, you will have one of the latest Paris models."—*Dublin Paper.*

Wonderful what riotous moments we may pass in Ireland, even when trimming a hat.

"OWD BOB."

AMONGST the many stories of noble dogs from Argus onwards, Gelert the faithful wolfhound is the first dog protagonist who ever moved my heart with the emotions proper to tragedy. He figured in my first poetry reader, so far as I can remember, somewhere between "King Robert of Sicily" and "How the Water Comes Down at Lodore." Romance had long ceased to treat exclusively of the doings of princes and kings when the first working-dog was created by a novelist's hand. It is safe to say that no one who read Mr. ALFRED OLLIVANT'S *Owd Bob* when it first appeared, or afterwards, for it has gone into a popular edition, is ever likely to forget the tale. As a matter of fact, this same popular edition does *Owd Bob* a great injustice, for on the paper jacket of it he appears as a smooth-haired collie; but in reality he was one of those silver-grey dome-shaped dogs which delight the heart still more. It is in this, his true character, that the hero of Kenmuir figures on the screen, along with *Red Wullie* and *Adam M'Adam* and the Cup that is the Blue Ribbon of Wastrel Dale.

A great cry has long gone up that there are no British films, or that, if there are any British films, they are bad ones. It it also stated, I see, that most British films are manufactured in America, and I daresay this is true. It accounts for many things that happen in the parlour of the old farm, in the police court, in the sumptuous residences of the rich and at night-club orgies that on any other supposition would be very difficult to explain. And personally, whenever in a quiet picture of Dorsetshire life I see the heroine saying in a sub-title,

"SHUCKS, KID; QUIT FOOLING. YOU 'RE GETTING TOO FRESH."

I always have a vague suspicion that some Transatlantic hand must have been at work to damage the verisimilitude of the piece.

However this may be, here in *Owd Bob* at the Tivoli we had a film that could only be produced in England, or at least, if it were produced in America, would be such a riotous farce of unreality that Mr. CHARLES CHAPLIN would have to retire from the trade; Cumberland and sheep-dog trials; a whole community aroused to the wildest emotional excitement by the news that a sheep-dog has become a killer of sheep; the worship of a sport that is also a daily livelihood and belongs to the rough mountain country of Great Britain alone.

I said that *Owd Bob* was a dog hero who really stirs the heart. But in the story *Red Wullie*, the Killer, is an even more moving villain. *Satan* of *Paradise Lost* does not compel more sympathy from author and reader alike. In the film it was naturally not possible to reproduce the last great fight where the Sheep-killer is himself slain, after a titanic struggle, by the other dogs; and the screen drama suffers a little all through from being more obviously human and less gloriously canine than the book.

One doubts whether this could have been avoided, for film goers have their limitations which even the best dog actors—and these were magnificent—are obliged to respect. We saw *Red Wullie* defend the door against the Committee who had come to take back the Cup. We saw him leap to *M'Adam's* help time after time when he struggled with his son. We saw his devoted grief when *M'Adam* was struck down, and his horror of remorse and shame at being detected in the moonlight at last over the body of a mangled sheep.

And we saw *Owd Bob* holding up his wounded paw to show why it was he failed to win first place in the trials; we saw him knock *M'Adam* down and prevent him from shooting the *Master of Kenmuir*; we saw him bustling the lambs away from their feeding-bottle when he thought they had had enough; tracking the *Red Killer* over the fells, and finally standing on the table to be toasted by the dalesmen, three times winner of the Cup.

I should have liked longer pictures of the actual trials myself, but it was obvious that the producers were nervous of entrenching on the domain of the so-called topical film. The fell scenes were wonderfully good. The character of old *M'Adam*, *Red Wullie's* drunken and embittered owner—yet so pathetic for all his vices—was excellently well played, and the only fault I found in the production was the pace at which all movements were made. This is, of course, invariable on the British and American screens. But amongst mountain scenery it becomes even more improbable than usual. Cumberland men can go up a fell-side pretty quickly, but they do not habitually walk about their villages at eight miles an hour.

From a hunting report:—

"A sharp gallop was enjoyed from Lyegrove to Old Sodbury, followed by a short run to Acton Turville and the Bath verge, where hounds were killed."—*Local Paper.*

The theory that the huntsman was suffering from an aberration of intellect caused by the perusal of "Another Bad Fox" in last week's issue is not confirmed.

TEAS.

I SING a song; I utter
The song of teas, which is
The song of bread-and-butter,
The song of sandwiches;
Of jam, of kettles boiling
The peerless pot to slake;
The song of dinner-spoiling
Infinities of cake.

With song in every season
I crown these pleasant things,
But claim (yet mean no treason
To Autumn's teas or Spring's)
That crowns are best becomers
To those of chief degree—
To Winter's teas or Summer's;
Try one from each and see?

That 's the fourth hour accruing
To June's post-midday pride,
A time when little 's doing
Along the trout-stream's side;
We 've burnt our necks and noses,
We 've crouched and cast since ten;
Come 'neath the keeper's roses,
We 've earned the teas of men.

And lunch was only snatches,
And supper will be late,
For hardly evening's hatch is
Ere curfew chimes for eight;
So tea shall fill the hollows,
And, fortified and stayed,
We 'll smoke the pipe that follows
Bone-idle in the shade.

And here 's December weather,
Scarce four, yet dusk as soot,
And we 've been out together,
Been fox-hunting a-foot;
We 'll name the varmint followed,
Best of the season's bunch,
We 'll say we saw him holloa'd,
And killed, and missed our lunch.

So to our tea we render
Attentions to admire;
That hot-dish in the fender?
That 's tea-cake (by desire);
That 's honey, you have said it;
'Tis here a certain find,
And, if you like to spread it
On tea-cake, I don't mind.

Best teas, you see, mean plenty
Deserved in sun and air;
Then, shade and *far niente*,
Or fire and easy-chair;
And, if you think I brew them
No worse than some you 've ta'en,
I 'm glad I asked you to them,
And won't you came again?

Le Nom Juste.

At a hunt-supper:—

"During an interval there was a little speech-making. At the invitation of the M.F.H., Mr. G. Gee rose to say a few words."
Local Paper.



"DASH IT, FLO! I BELIEVE IT WAS BIARRITZ THE ROBINSONS SAID WAS SO GAY IN THE WINTER, AND NOT OSTEND AT ALL."



Self-satisfied Tyro (who in spite of disregarding expert advice has caught a "fish"). "I WAS A BIT TOO CUNNING FOR THAT ONE, DUNCAN."

Duncan (gloomily extracting the fly). "AY, THERE'S DAFT IDJITS IN THE WATTER AS WEEL 'S OOT O' IT."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

A CERTAIN amount of malicious pleasure has mingled itself with my profound interest in *The Life and Letters of Anton Tchekhov* (CASSELL). I should like to put this stout closely-printed book, the cream of six Russian volumes of correspondence, into the hands of one of our more ardent Russophiles and watch results. I should like him in particular to note TCHEKHOV's reiterated opinion of the Russian theatre and its patrons. "The public," he says, "always was a flock which needs good shepherds and dogs, and has always gone where the shepherds and dogs drove it . . . However silly it may be, it is still, upon the whole, more sensible, sincere and kind than . . . the actors and playwrights." And I should like him also to appreciate TCHEKHOV's estimate of "the wood-lice and molluscs we call the intellectuals. The drowsy, apathetic, lazily philosophizing, cold intelligentzia, who cannot even invent for themselves a decent design for paper money." This done, I would urge my TCHEKHOV, for quite other reasons, on the general reader. His letters, despite the prudential asterisks of their excellent translators, Mons. S. S. KOTELIANSKY and Mr. PHILIP TOMLINSON, are occasionally coarse in expression, especially when they are most hortatory and idealistic in content. But from their writer's struggling youth, "knocked about like a fish against ice," to his death from consumption in Germany, their candour and vivacity are unquenchable. For beauty it would be hard to beat their account of the old seignorial lodge at Psyol; for horror, their picture of the murderer-convict bound for Saghalien, whose little six-year-old daughter scrambled beside him, holding up his fetters. The methods and ideals of TCHEKHOV's art are discussed over and over again; and the book is reinforced by Madame KNIPPER-TCHEKHOV's account of her husband's last hours.

Oh, would you learn of the wild old days
  Of covered waggons and buffalos?
Then buy *The Thundering Herd*, ZANE GREY's
  New book, for GREY is a man who knows
The trail to Texas, and tells us how
  The herds of buffalo, huge and hairy,
Have gone from the salt-licks, bull and cow,
  Have left the bluffs and the boundless prairie;

And, telling us, tells how a mettled lad,
  Tom Doan, in eighteen seventy-four,
Rode buffalo-hunting, where he had
  Adventures many, and lots of gore,
And much affliction of heart to bear,
  Which for love's true course is beyond a doubt fit.
And *Doan* just doted on *Milly Fayre*,
  The virtuous belle of a hide-thief's outfit.

But don't be frightened—it all comes right;
  Merrily ring their marriage bells
After a glorious Indian fight—
  Scalp-knives, Winchesters, whoops and yells.

But ah! the buffalo great and grim
King of the plains that the Sioux would scout on,
Sadly, sadly I've read of *him*.
And who are the publishers? HODDER AND STOUGHTON.

Not many months ago Mr. HARCOURT KITCHIN (whom some may know better under the alias of "BENNET COPPLESTONE") was recalling to many of us, in the columns of a magazine, our memories of Printing House Square some thirty years ago. Out of those reminiscences he has now constructed a massive but quite fascinating work which he calls, with a dash of sly humour, *Moberly Bell and his Times* (PHILIP ALLAN). I can think of no book more eminently suitable for a young journalist just commencing his assault on the Street of Adventure. It preaches the gospel of audacity all the time. The author narrates with especial gusto the masterly stroke by which he himself carried the outworks of BELL'S citadel, *The Times* office; but I do not know that I can recommend this particular episode to Mr. KITCHIN'S followers for imitation. MOBERLY BELL, like some other autocrats, rather liked his young men to stand up to him and, if necessary, to bite back; but it needed a good deal of nerve to do so. I confess that I feel a kindness for him after reading this book, but, to be quite frank, he was not exactly popular with the younger members of his staff in those old days. Towards the end, about the time of the NORTHCLIFFE intervention, he suddenly became the champion of the Old Guard as against the assaults of the iconoclast. Mr. KITCHIN gives us a full account of the plots and counterplots that led up to the final change of the old and unworkable constitution; but I like best his picture of Printing House Square in the early days of the century, when the printing contract with the brothers WALTER still hung round its neck like an Old Man of the Sea, and the weary Atlas of a manager had to call in the New World to redress his balance-sheet.

There is a fixed belief prevalent to-day among the Tibetans that Sir CHARLES BELL, in this life a distinguished member of the Indian Civil Service, was in his previous earthly incarnation one of their own countrymen, a high lama who prayed on his death-bed that he might be re-born in one of the powerful states of the world, so as to be able to bring help to his former fatherland in the hour of need. In his recently-published *Tibet, Past and Present* (OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS) he gives expression, often I think unconsciously, to so sympathetic an understanding of this incredible country—the country of dust and prayer-wheels—that it may well seem to a population steeped in Buddhist beliefs to be explicable on no other assumption. One still recalls the special thrill aroused in August, 1914, by the news that even the secret people beyond the Himalayas had volunteered troops for active service with the Indian army; but just how such an offer had become possible, after the armed resistance opposed to our Lhasa expedition barely ten years earlier, only now becomes general knowledge. In this volume the successive stages of increasing friendship are traced by the man most closely responsible for something very nearly like a miracle in conciliation. He reserves for a further volume a detailed description of the strange people he knows and likes so well, writing here mainly on questions of history and politics, and more particularly analysing recent Chinese attempts to overthrow Tibetan independence. Among much that is fascinating in his account of the inner life of the national leaders, many of whom he numbers in a circle of intimate personal friendship, the story of his almost brotherly relations with the famous DALAI LAMA himself forms a considerable part of a volume that is in no sense an ordinary book of travel or memoirs, but little less than the definitive unsealing of Tibet.



Eminent post-neo-pre-Georgian Vorticist. "THIS IS MY LATEST. I'VE CALLED IT 'EVENING.'"

Young Thing (doing her best). "REALLY, HOW PERFECTLY LOVELY! WHICH—ER—WHICH DAY OF THE WEEK?"

"Upon those who evade the tyranny of self there falls at once the immense burden of other people's woes." A depressing text? Yes, in itself, perhaps. But see what Miss MARGARET RIVERS LARMINIE makes of it in *Soames Green* (CHATTO AND WINDUS). Her immediate subject is *Mr. Peter Celian*, head of a respected firm of solicitors in a small provincial town and of an exemplary English family established on its outskirts. The family consists of a wife, a son, a daughter and a niece—all, as Soames Green sees it, valid sources of conjugal, paternal and avuncular complacency. Yet when we first meet *Peter*, on his way home to dinner, we find him distinctly worried about the whole quartet. His wife, *Amy*, is not the woman he really loved, a defect on her part which *Peter* rightly sublimates into a perpetual apprehension of his own shortcomings. His son *Roger*, who lost an arm in the War, has shown his dislike of a predatory world by preferring the more discriminating brigandage of a publisher's life to that of a solicitor. Yet this would not have troubled *Peter* if *Roger* had not disclosed an enervating and hopeless passion for his cousin *Lena*. *Lena* has always been her uncle's knottiest problem — a beautiful incalculable minx, keeping the whole family (except the deluded *Roger*) at arm's length, and rendering herself more unhappy than anyone in the process. And now *Phœbe*, his charming and amenable daughter, who ought to marry *Peter's* own junior partner or the local doctor, has betrayed her love (reciprocated, worse luck) for an estimable young neighbour who has a wife (dipsomaniac) already. Six months Miss LARMINIE allows to straighten out these tangles; and, although she leaves one destiny still involved and a corresponding ache in *Peter's* generous heart, I cannot but admire the graceful likelihood and adroit delicacy with which she pursues the greatest happiness of the greatest number.



Amateur Earthquake Enthusiast (receiving a message by his seismograph which informs him of an extensive disturbance in the tropics). "DEAR ME! IT IS STRANGE TO THINK THAT, AS I SIT HERE QUIETLY, THOUSANDS OF UNHAPPY PEOPLE ARE BEING OVERWHELMED WITH DISASTER."

Admirers of *Expectancy* will have been waiting for *Diffidence* (ARROWSMITH), and will find that *Jimmy Vaine* is still Mr. JOHN EYTON'S hero. Let me however at once give the assurance that this novel is complete in itself, though I do think that readers who have read its predecessor will be able more thoroughly to appreciate Mr. EYTON'S art. Here we find *Jimmy*, the man of vision but of few words, married to *Joan*, who was as practical and unimaginative as a pawnbrokeress. India meant everything to *Jimmy;* to the girl who was in name his wife it meant nothing except a place to get away from at the earliest moment. In his boyish blundering way *Jimmy* strove to interest *Joan* in the beauty of the hills, and of the orchards which gave them their livelihood. But orchards to her merely spelt fruit, and fruit spelt money, and money spelt escape from the solitude of the hill-country to the crowded life of England. For so ill-assorted a couple disaster was clearly indicated, but in losing his wife *Jimmy* saved his soul. Mr. EYTON has blinked nothing in his presentation of *Jimmy*, who is shown with all his faults and failings. But I for one love him.

Blackmarston (CONSTABLE) is the name of the Palladian mansion (is it, by the way, quite in order to dismiss the school of Palladio with a small "p"?) inhabited, when Mrs. HICKS BEACH'S story of its fortunes opens, by the elder *Conyers* brother, the younger in the meantime prospering in the shipping world and taking over the numerous mortgages with which Blackmarston is encumbered. In due course his daughter *Mary* becomes mistress of this white elephant, her advent being received by her cousins *Bill* and *Barbara* with a resentment perhaps more excusable than well-bred; but, after casting about among the *Conyers* collaterals for an heir and losing a wholly desirable one in the War, she finds herself in the end impelled to leave the possession of the field, if not the honours of war, to *Bill*, home from Australia with his worthy but "somehow not quite" wife. The decline of the county family is a theme which has attracted more than one contemporary novelist; but the mood of kindly irony in which Mrs. HICKS BEACH approaches it is a pleasant change from the note of depression inevitably suggested by the subject; and she combines with it an almost uncanny knack for hitting off a complete personality in a felicitous phrase. I rather doubt whether the transfer of the Blackmarston property would really hold good in a court of law. But novelists are usually allowed a certain licence in such matters, and it is a good deal more important in the circumstances that Mrs. HICKS BEACH should have accomplished the unusual feat of delineating in *Mary Conyers* a woman of business who is as likeable as she is efficient. Indeed, one heartily joins with her friend *Edith Collett* in wondering why she did not find the obvious way out of the problem of an heir for Blackmarston.

Mr. G. F. BRADBY has amused me so often that it goes against my grain to suggest that he should restrain his sense of the ridiculous. As it stands *The Lady of the Manor* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON) is an amusing entertainment, but the absurdity of one or two characters has been overemphasized. *Mr. Rupert Plover*, the amorous curate, is completely a figure of farce, set up by his author as a target for his shafts of ridicule. I confess to having got a good deal of fun out of this *Plover*, but I feel that he and others like him in this book are too easy game for a novelist of Mr. BRADBY'S skill. On the other hand there is true comedy in the struggle for local supremacy that is carried on by *Mrs. Cherrybank* and *Mrs. Cresson*; and the clash of wills between these two determined women gives Mr. BRADBY ample opportunities for proving himself a master of the difficult art (for a man) of describing the subtleties of the feminine mind.

CHARIVARIA.

TO-DAY is the anniversary of the day last year when it didn't rain at seven o'clock in the evening.

* * *

Taking it all round, the trouble wasn't so much the "head" that GILLIGAN kept calling as the tail in the team itself.

* * *

The acoustics of the House of Lords are said to be so good that very few of the speeches can be heard.

* * *

Printed frocks are to be fashionable this year, it seems. The only fear amongst husbands who have to foot the bills is that their wives will want to bring out special editions.

* * *

"The healer of the sick should always be bright and cheerful," says a writer. A plumber we called in to a case of valvular disease of the pipe had a very soothing tapside manner.

* * *

New J.P.'s in Pembrokeshire include a general labourer, a racehorse trainer and a retired sea captain. One of these recruits to the Bench should have no difficulty in understanding the nature of an oath.

* * *

A Mexican volcano has become active. We understand that each band of revolutionaries is anxious that it should play on the other side.

* * *

As the present feminine figure is a very slim one, we hear with admiration of the self-denial of a Society lady who observed Lent by having hearty meals.

* * *

At a boxing contest in Glasgow one contestant was said to have landed three hundred blows in a single round. This comes of boxers training on type-writers.

* * *

"Ultimately everything comes to an end," says Lord HUGH CECIL. We have seen plays that made us begin to despair of the truth of this.

* * *

Moneylenders are trying to raise a fund in order to defend themselves against the Moneylenders (Amendment) Bill introduced in the House of Commons recently. There is some talk of their holding a flag-day.

* * *

With reference to the experimental explosion of eight tons of powder in Belgium last week it is said that one man near a golf-course mistook the noise for an Indian colonel (cavalry) getting out of a bunker.

* * *

A Turk at Bartin in Asia Minor who has three wives has been presented on the same day with two children by the first wife, three children by the second and two by the third. The next day his friends also presented him with a ready reckoner.

* * *

Mr. T. A. EDISON has stated that there is no necessity to sleep more than four hours a night. So that 's why he invented the gramophone.

* * *

Mr. GRINDELL MATTHEWS has sold his "death ray" invention to America. We understand it is to take the place of boot-leg whisky.

* * *

Amongst the latest arrivals at the Zoo from the West Indies is a colony of ants that carry umbrellas. Somebody must have told them about the weather we have been having.

* * *

A news item informs us that scientists on the Argentine pampas have unearthed five glyptodons and a scelidotherium. We wonder why.



THE NAVY'S REPLY TO THE OXFORD TROUSERS.

Although a cat at Southend has recently swallowed half-a-crown, it 's not every cat that has a silver lining.

* * *

We read of a man who reached his one hundredth birthday in spite of the fact that he plays the piano daily.

* * *

The chief officer of a provincial fire brigade has protested that a fire had been raging ten minutes before the brigade was called. Even the fire is said to have been put out.

* * *

A divorce court jury recently valued two wives at a farthing each. But in some cases even this would savour of profiteering.

* * *

It is hard to see why the Socialist Council at Edmonton have banned Jazz dances, seeing that in them the couples advance sideways and backwards and go round in a circle.

* * *

Sir CHARLES OMAN objects to the picture of KING ALFRED in the Committee Room of the House of Commons because he is wearing tights. Well, the artist could hardly have put him in a chef's apron, could he?

* * *

As we have not yet seen the book, we are unable to confirm the rumour that the villain of Mlle. SUZANNE LENGLEN's novel is a tennis umpire.

* * *

It was a dreamy old lady who, reading about the wide trousers now being worn by Oxford students, said she supposed they were necessary for those taking part in the Oxford and Cambridge Yacht Race.

* * *

The police are not to be equipped with the new wide trousers in case one of these two-seaters runs up a constable's leg.

* * *

The Women's Electrical Association is suggesting that servants should be taught to repair electric bells. But do they seriously think that any servant would do anything to *make* a bell ring?

* * *

The problem of what to do with our grandmothers seems to have been solved. One at Weymouth is intending to swim the Channel this year.

* * *

A man named CÆSAR recently wrote to the Weybridge Council suggesting that they should build a house and let it to him. Upon what meat doth this our CÆSAR feed that he is grown so great?

THIRTY YEARS.

IN an Indian railway-carriage we foregathered, he and I,
On a very hot and suffocating evening of July,
Both heading for some weary place we never wished to see,
And "What did you come East for, eh?" the Bagman said to me.

"*I* landed," said the Bagman, "thirty years ago in June,
On the old *Apollo Bunder* on a Monday afternoon,
With a little tin portmanty and a natty suit of blue,
And a whackin' dream of India and the things that I would do.

"I 'd the programme fixed and ready, weighed and measured, cut and dried,
Such a simple road to fortune—couldn't lose it if I tried;
I had just to catch a Rajah with a kingdom to be made
By the power of British business and the sacred name of trade.

"What with indigo and camphor, what with ivory and spice,
What with sandalwood and cotton, what with rubber, what with rice,
You could see the Rajah shrinkin' and yours truly goin' grand
With a knighthood in the papers and a kingdom in his hand.

"It was coconuts and coffee that was goin' to make me rich—
Or else 'twas oil and diamonds, didn't greatly matter which;
But it ran to such a palace as would knock all Asia flat,
And it ran to rajahs' daughters . . . Lord! it even ran to that.

"And what 's been the reality? Lord love us! what 's it been?
Sellin' trash on poor commission, lyin' low and livin' mean—
Trains and bullock-carts and jatkas and the never-ending trek,
And the rajah and the riches and the rest of it a wreck."

But he looked upon the evening with a sudden slow content
And he said, "That moony youngster never knew what India *meant*—
Like *I* do, havin' seen it; and if I could so arrange
To start them thirty years again, I wouldn't have 'em change."

And *I* said, "Well, that 's India, for we 're all of us the same;
We 're out to make a fortune or we 're out to make a name,
And the most make precious little and the most sing mighty small,
But there 's something about India that rewards us after all.

"When we 've sifted all the sadness there remains a residue,
There 's a gift, a satisfaction I can name no more than you;
And you 'll hear a lot of fellows say it isn't worth the cost."
"Scores and hundreds!" said the Bagman, "but—do *they* know what they 've lost?" H. B.

"PAYING GUEST IN PRIVATE RESIDENCE.

Goog oppotuny, for a snigla refined gentleman. Large room nicely furnished, splendid food. Six windoros facing the sea, quite close to bashing beach."—*Advt. in Brazilian Paper.*

But we cannot imagine a refined gentleman, even if "snigla," caring for such a sight.

"Some doubt has been cast upon the interesting announcement made here some weeks ago that His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales was to be rompoted to Rear-Admiral rank."—*East Anglian Paper.*

We never believed it, and don't now.

STATISTICS WHILE YOU WAIT; OR, THE TESTS DAY BY DAY.

Sydney, April 1st.—The Sixth Test Match was resumed here before some twenty thousand spectators on a perfect wicket. With the English score at 315 for 4 wickets HENDREN (not out 63) and WOOLLEY (not out 35) opened confidently and scored at a brisk pace from the bowling of GREGORY and MAILEY.

WOOLLEY'S feat in scoring four 3's in two overs was cheered to the echo by the crowd in recognition of the fact that he is the first left-hander to accomplish this feat on the Sydney ground in a Test Match. CLEM HILL, it will be remembered, had already achieved this distinction at Melbourne against WARNER'S 1903-04 combination. Shortly afterwards WOOLLEY stepped out to one of MAILEY'S googlies and was smartly stumped. The bowler's analysis at this point was two wickets for 93, which left him with an average of 46·5 for the innings and 43·27 for the series of matches. This was the subject of some good-natured banter by the crowd, and there were cries of "Mind your average, MAILEY!"

After WOOLLEY'S departure the scoring slowed down considerably, and KELLEWAY was cheered for bowling seven consecutive maiden overs, being the first bowler to achieve this performance since TRUMBLE, who brought it off at Adelaide against MACLAREN'S eleven in 1897. KELLEWAY'S feat is the more noteworthy inasmuch as the over has been raised to eight balls since TRUMBLE'S day; and at the tea interval a group of enthusiasts presented him with a set of solid silver curling-stones, suitably inscribed.

With a fine late cut for 4 off RYDER, HENDREN completed his century after being at the wickets for three hours and fifty-three minutes. Although he had taken thirty-seven minutes longer to reach this figure than in compiling 200 against twenty-two of Toowoomba in 1912, the crowd, quick to recognise the different circumstances, greeted his achievement with salvoes of applause. Several women were carried out of the ground in hysterics, but not as many, it is believed, as were removed from the Brisbane ground in 1909, when Billy the Aboriginal did the hat-trick there in a Sheffield Shield match.

It now transpires that in the course of his innings yesterday HOBBS completed the record total of five thousand 4's in first-class cricket. By an oversight this was not noticed at the time, but full amends will be made to-morrow night in the shape of a dinner given by the GOVERNOR-GENERAL to both teams to celebrate the event. Cablegrams of congratulation have been received during the day from Mr. WARNER, the PRIME MINISTER, Dean INGE, Lord HAWKE, the Editor of *Wisden* and PARKIN.

The Immortal Memory.

IT will be exactly a hundred years ago on Sunday, March the 29th, that CHARLES LAMB, returning from his work in Leadenhall Street for the last time, dropped in the letter-box of CRABB ROBINSON, in King's Bench Walk, a note bearing the words, "I have left the d——d India House for ever. Give me great joy." As it happened, not enough great joy followed; but none the less it was one of the most noteworthy escapes from drudgery and routine in all history, and it is fitting that, a century later, it should be commemorated. This commemoration will take the natural form of a dinner, to be eaten in the Inner Temple Hall on Monday evening, March 30th, with one of the best of Elians in the chair—no less than the author of *Obiter Dicta*, the Right Hon. AUGUSTINE BIRRELL, K.C. Tickets are to be obtained at one guinea each from Mr. F. A. DOWNING, 14, South Square, Gray's Inn, W.C.1.



"HERE'S HEALTH UNTO HIS MAJESTY!"

Mr. Punch. "GENTLEMEN, THE KING! NOW, THEN, NEPTUNE, STEADY; AND SOL, GO IT STRONG!"



Proprietor of Hairdressing Establishment. "THIS LADY COMPLAINS THAT YOU HAVE—AH—COMPLETELY BUNGLED HER BINGLE."
[*Bingling*—a term used in ladies' hairdressing when the hair is cut short, not bobbed or shingled.]

THE MAGIC OF THE MOMENT.

As a Londoner of many years' standing and a devotee of conjuring it is odd that it was not till last week that I visited St. George's Hall, the home of mystery. In the last century, when MASKELYNE AND COOK ruled it at the Egyptian Hall, I was an *habitué*; but when they trekked from Piccadilly to upper Regent Street I did not trek too. Did I not visit that mirthful but mystifying sketch, "Will, the Witch, and the Watch," night after night until part at any rate of its secret was mine? And there was a certain impressive trick with an automaton, a dictionary, a dagger and a bag of numbers that I persisted in studying until the supernature of that also dwindled to device. But at St. George's Hall the other day I was thoroughly perplexed and not necessarily because it was the first time that I had seen the new illusions.

Not only does St. George's Hall offer a variety of magic; it offers also a variety of magicians. One might go farther and say a galaxy. But although different in appearance and in methods, they have many points in common. You come away thinking what extraordinary men conjurers are. Lords of creation. They are, to begin with, more or less comely. They dress well. Always in evening dress, it is true, no matter how soon after lunch; but such evening dress! The best cut; the best cloth; the whitest waistcoats and ties; and when they take off their coats to roll up their shirt-sleeves and reveal their emptiness, those shirts are whiter still. And then their ease, their composure. No nervousness, no hesitation for words: rulers of men. And not only fluency but ready wit. It is one of the injustices that has always filled me with wonder and despair, this flow of humour possessed by conjurers. Why should they have the double gift of conjuring and comedy? Conjuring should be enough. If I could conjure, do marvellous things with cards and hats, I should be content to stammer platitudes all my days. But the partial Fates have decreed that, if a man has beautiful subtle hands with which to palm and to force and to deceive the eye, he shall also have an attractive exterior, a good tailor and an aptly waggish tongue. Also an ingratiating irresistible manner, because without that how could he get gentlemen from the audience to join him for sacrifice on the stage?

Among the heroes of the world I place these gentlemen very high. It needs great qualities to leave the safety of their seats and their friends in the auditorium and join, on a raised and very public platform, such a dangerous fellow as the conjurer, who wants these allies as much to provoke laughter as to support his *bona fides*. The V.C. is often given for deeds which, though more splendid and more spectacular, probably need less courage. They are very much alike, these witnesses: a little awkward, a little suspicious, with occasional glances, half of fear, half of pride, towards the friends they left behind them, and with now and then an effort to be funny. That, however, is a cardinal error which the conjurer quickly discourages. Their clothes as a rule are deplorable, especially their overcoats, which they seldom shed. Even without the contrast of the conjurer's *savoir faire* and perfect tailoring they would look provincial. I have never seen one of them fall down the steps from the platform, but I always expect to.

Among the magicians at St. George's Hall the other day were two members of the illustrious MASKELYNE family: Mr. G. CLIVE MASKELYNE, who com-

pletely baffled me with a couple of barrels separated by a solid plate of metal, which, however, put up no opposition to the passing of a lady from one to the other; and Mr. JASPER MASKELYNE, who materialised spirits. Both are confident, capable, *soignés*, with the usual bland readiness and the usual gift of removing gravity. But when it comes to masterful personality The Great HORACE GOLDIN is easily first. His entry is heralded by a convulsion of nature: he emerges from crashing darkness illumined by lightning. Having regained clearness of vision you see that what the elements have thrown up is a short but portly gentleman in evening dress, an out-size NAPOLEON, with quick decisive steps and movements, and an expression suggesting knowledge, power and pity for credulous audiences, blended with a determination to entertain them. For the first part of his entertainment The Great HORACE GOLDIN says nothing; he merely conjures. Better conjuring, or more mystifying, I never saw; and he brings to the reinforcement of his swift and emphatic hands a little army of well-disciplined assistants as alert as himself. The Napoleonic tradition again.

He has a trick with a fishing-rod and line that I have seen no other wizard perform. He casts his empty hook into the front rows of the stalls and catches from the void a wriggling gold-fish every time. These he removes tenderly from the barb and drops into a bowl of water, and you see them gaily swimming. Now how is that done? But his most alarming illusion is "The Great Divide," where before your very eyes a lady is sawn in two. I have seen the trick before, done by another conjurer, but without any of the style and effect which The Great HORACE GOLDIN, its inventor, brings to it. The lady is placed in a long insulated box, with her head and hands protruding from one end and her feet from the other. Two gentlemen from the audience, selected by ballot, attend, one all the time holding her hands and the other her feet. She is then sawn in two by a most diabolical double-handed saw, and the two halves of the box are moved apart so that The Great HORACE GOLDIN may walk through—a truly realistic moment! From the end of one half her feet still stick out; from the end of the other her head and arms.

The two halves of the box are then united again and the lady rises whole and smiling, while the gentlemen return to their places in the audience with a new glamour upon them, rejoining friends who will never again look upon them quite in the same old routine way.

I prefer to think of this trick as magic. I like to feel that The Great HORACE GOLDIN is in league with the Black Arts. But granted that his miracles are the work of ingenious carpentry rather than the devil, another problem uprears its head, and that bears upon the discretion of the confederates. There must be stage-hands and assistants who are in possession of the secret; how is it that they never tell? I have never known a member of this profession and therefore have had no opportunity of trying to corrupt his loyalty; nor, I hope, should I do so, whatever the temptation. But if the invulnerability of the stage-hands is extraordinary, what about that of the ladies? It is notorious that ladies keep secrets with difficulty, and conjurers' ladies must know so much, would enjoy such alluring triumphs if they divulged. The engaging and very *décolletée* lady who is severed by the double-handed saw so completely and with so little disturbance to her charms—is she never tempted to explain the mystery of the cleavage? She might dine out on it for years. By what spell is that errant tongue disciplined and stilled? Perhaps it is in such subjugations that the magicians are at their most magical.

E. V. L.



Rugby Player (to fiancée at half-time). "PHYLLIS, I THINK YOU KNOW JOHNSON?"
Phyllis. "DO I?"

"Terrific seas swept the coast towns again. At Maidstone the flooding is the worst for years."—*Daily Paper.*

We trust the new sea-wall at Canterbury has not been damaged.

From an account of the Cambridge University Sports:—

"220 YARDS LOW HURDLES.—Heat 1: T. C. Livingstone Learmonth, 1. Won by a foot; time 24 4-5 sec. Heat 2: Lord Burghley walked over in 26 sec."—*Daily Paper.*

Mr. LEARMONTH'S time is described as a record for this event at Fenner's; but it appears to Mr. Punch, as an impartial observer, that Lord BURGHLEY'S feat was even more remarkable.

BOY-SONGS.

IX.—KING GEORGE'S GUARD, A.D. 1758.

NINE o'clock—soon time for school
(*Tir-ra-ra*, can you hear the drum?);
Let us go by St. James's Park
And watch the red-coats come;
Let us follow as they swing round,
Let us go by the drilling-ground,
Through the trees, as we 've often been,
As far as to Knightsbridge Green.

After nine—and time for school
(*Wheetle-whee*, do you hear the fife?);
I wish *I* was one of those red-coats tall
That guard KING GEORGE'S life!
That 's what they march to Ken-ington for,
That 's why they stand at the palace door;
Let 's go with them, but not beyond
The bench by the half-way pond.

Quarter-past—how far to school,
Down by the Cock-pit, through Dean's Yard?
Nay, it is worth a swishing or two
To march with KING GEORGE'S guard.
Try to keep in step as we go;
Look how their legs all move in a row,
Spatterdashes all pipe-clayed white
And buttons all gleaming bright!

Half-past nine—too late for school
(*Whew!* what *will* our master say?);
We 've marched all the way to Kensington,
In step for *most* o' the way.
If we had caps all pointed and high,
With a great "G.R." in stitchery,
And long white gaiters and bandoliers,
They 'd think *we* were grenadiers!

Ten o'clock—(to-day in school
None will speak when they call our names);
I 'm glad that KING GEORGE lives at Kensington,
Instead of at St. James';
For it 's two long miles that the Guards must swing
When they go marching to guard the KING
At his house with the clock and the creaking vane;
And we 'll go with them soon again!

D. M. S.

OLYMPIAN HOMES.

NOBODY lives in a home, of course. Very few people have got one. Still, an Ideal Home Exhibition—most attractive idea.

Tottenham Court Road at Olympia.



A FROST.

What *I* don't like about trade exhibitions is the feeling that I've blighted a thousand happy young lives. Salespeople, I mean. Can't help it, of course. I don't look to *you*, do I, like the man who started from home with the fixed idea of buying a refrigerating machine and taking it away in a cab? Yet as soon as I get into a place like Olympia I 'm marked down. Nobody else seems to catch the operator's eye, or else, if they do, they shake it off instantly. I have no luck. Practically speaking, I daren't stop to look at anything. Even if I stride straight down the avenues, not looking right or left, you can almost hear them say, "There goes the refrigerating apparatus wallah." If I stop for a moment the ice-man has me. His eye shines. I look intelligent. I can't help that, can I? "Here," thinks he, "is the man I have been waiting for these many weary hours—the fellow whose one idea in life is to put everything he has in the house on ice and freeze all the moths out of his overcoat." Then just at the critical moment my eye wanders. I switch it on to the wrong button. I play about with one icicle when he is showing me another. He knows I 'm a fraud. His voice goes off into a husky whisper. His heart is broken. Dreams, ambition—everything gone. They have to retire him on half-pay. And all because of my rotten appearance.

Why, I ask myself, do I look like a fellow who makes a pet of ice or revels in separating cream or slicing vegetables by electricity? Why? Human sympathy? Personal magnetism? Natural hypocrisy? Give it up.

Do I want a deep fat-fryer? No.

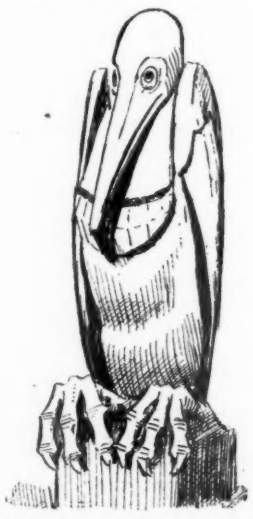
I 'll tell you what—let 's go to the Hamlet of Heart's Desire. Perfectly splendid place . . . Two or three timbered houses, a steel house and a house made of little bits of odds-and-ends. Heather in the village street and a rustic bridge across a stream. Six loud-speakers hanging from the sky. That 's because they haven't got a church, you know.

None of those nasty motor-signs you see in an ordinary unideal hamlet:—

SCHOOL.
TEN MILES AN HOUR.
DRIVE SLOWLY PLEASE.

Only an arrow pointing to THE GRILL ROOM, just before you come to the ideal gardens. We must remember that.

I want to go and look at one of these furnished houses, just for the fun of looking at a furnished house without having to behave politely to the owner. In my opinion, if they 'd done the thing properly, they 'd have shown A Day



"WOULD YOU CARE FOR A CONCRETE STORK AS A GARDEN PET?"

in the Life of a Heart's Desire Hamleteer: Father fishing on the rustic bridge; mother washing dishes by electricity; baby lying in the heather; the vacuum-cleaner cleaning the carpet all by itself; and the deep fat-fryer waiting on the gas-stove till father comes home with the fish. Nothing about rates and income-tax. That 's what I like about this place.

Heavens! an awful thing has happened. I was just admiring the imitation crocodile-skin wall upholstery in one of the ideal dining-rooms in the Hamlet of Heart's Desire when a young man came up to me and said:—

"May I ask if you are thinking of building?" He thought he had spotted me again. I was the one man in London with the thousand-pound-house look in my eye. And now I've made another enemy, and he is sobbing his heart out on an imitation crocodile skin armchair.

Never mind, I've discovered what sort of books they read in the Hamlet of Heart's Desire. I've made a list of them out of one book-case, in an oak-panelled dining-room too:—

A Doctor's Idle Hours.
His Excellency's English Governess.
Modern Painters.
The Dolly Dialogues.
Stars of the Desert.
My Own Story, by the ex-Crown Princess of Saxony.

They 've lots of time for reading on their hands, you see, because of all the labour-saving devices they use.

We 'll go into the ideal gardens now. . . . I like the gardens. I think I want everything here, but I suppose it would be rather a nuisance to take away. Besides, there 's no place to put a garden in our house except on the top of the garage. I see this pamphlet starts with a quotation from BACON: "God Almighty first planted a garden, and indeed it is the purest of human pleasures. It is the greatest refreshment of the spirit of man; without which buildings and palaces are but gross handy-works." Bless you, what did BACON know about a steel house with an electric radiator in every room?

If we stay here any longer someone is certain to come up and insist on our buying one of those fountains. Or else a silver pheasant in a wire cage, with a floor of dead beech-leaves to walk about on. Or would you care for a concrete stork as a garden pet? We can do you a very good line in concrete storks.

Yes, here they come. My magnetism again. As soon as they saw me they said, "There goes a man with a spice of the old Adam in him. He must have a garden, 'without which buildings and palaces are but gross handy-works.' Up, boys, and at him!" . . . Let us run.

I think I am hungry now. I will tell you what we will do. We will buy a deep fat-fryer and a few uncooked rissoles,



IDEAL SIGNS AT OLYMPIA.

and then go to the grill-room and ask them to let us cook a little meal there for ourselves . . . EVOE.

Le Nom Juste Again.

"Mr. Alex. Gossip in the chair, supported by other well-known speakers."
Advt. of Political Meeting.

"I am in favour of stable government, but before you get that you have to have stable minds."—*Mr. RAMSAY MACDONALD quoted in New Zealand Paper.*

In other words, a little horse-sense.

"Bombay, so far as it has any need of a motto, is satisfied enough with the proud title *Urbs Primus in Indis*."—*Indian Paper.*

We fear Bombay is not the only city in India ready to put up with a false concord.

A CASUALTY.

"WELL, Arthur, I don't know another husband who would have done what you have done to-night, staying alone in the house and putting all those kids to bed. How did you manage, dear?"

"Oh, splendidly! You see the thing to do is to tire them out, and then they want to go themselves. So I let them rip till about ten."

"Arthur . . . *ten?*"

"Probably it was rather late for them."

"It is you I am thinking of. You must have been absolutely exhausted."

"No, but *they* were—at least all but one. With the first five I had no trouble."

"The first five! What do you mean? We have only five children."

"Emma! Have we really?"

"Of course, my dear. Really, you are too absent-minded—Arthur, Emma, Mary and the twins."

"The devil! So we have. Then that accounts for it."

"Accounts for what in heaven's name?"

"The sixth making such a fight for it."

"Arthur, you can't mean that you have put Sandy Flynn to bed? Why, he is a visitor—just here for the afternoon. Did no one come for him?"

"Someone did ring, but I was battling with him at the moment and had no time to attend to bells."

"Arthur!"

"I am sorry, my dear, but it had come to be a question of discipline. Although labouring under a misapprehension I was consistent throughout. I had said that the child was to go to bed, and to have weakened would have been educationally immoral. Therefore I obliged him to undress, to bathe and to say his prayers. I conquered him and I tucked him in."

"And is that him howling now?"

"Very likely. He has been doing that intermittently from the first."

"Poor lamb! Really, Arthur, you are quite impossible. What am I to say to Mrs. Flynn? I must telephone to her this moment. Oh, there he is again, sobbing his very heart out. I must rush to him first—you will have to telephone."

"D' YE KEN JOHN PEEL?"

IT was 4.30 A.M. on a mild dark morning and the Grassington Hunt Ball was romping to an uproarious end. The great sweeps of gravel that flank the pillared portico of Tally-Ho Hall (kindly lent for the occasion by Sir Norman Nimmo Rodd, Bart., M.F.H.) were ablaze with head-lights, and the bouncing measure of "John Peel"—the measure of his grey coat and enlivening horn—might have been, and indeed *was*, heard half-way to the kennels. It was surely the finest tune in all the world—so, anyhow, *one* listener, young Tom Topham, second whipper-in to the Grassington, thought.

In about six hours' time Tom, at the age of twenty-four, was to have his chance. And, for he had the stuff in him that artists are made of, Tom, like the fiddler in the ballad, "couldna' sleep for thinking o't;" and so he had risen at four and followed the lights and the music over the deer park and down to the Hall.

You see, Mr. Spratt, the huntsman, was in bed with influenza, and Bill Piggott had got rolled on when Whiteboy fell with him from Leatherby Hillsides yesterday. And 'twas only last evening that Sir Norman and Captain Gale, the secretary, had decided that he, Tom, was to hunt the bitch pack from the lawn meet at the Hall to-day. Two of the helpers could turn hounds to him. "'Tis a case of *must*, Martin," Sir Norman had said to Captain Gale; "*I'm* too fat and old for it, and, after all, the boy's a *born* horseman, the hounds know him and he blows a horn all right. Let's hope there's a scent and they'll hunt themselves; and, anyhow," he added decisively, "there's no one else."

Now Tom, like all real artists, had ambition to excel in his art. It is questionable, of course, if such an ambition is worth the trouble and disappointment it involves, but, if one ever gets beyond the mediocre, it is surely because some such will-o'-the-wisp has provoked you on, has played carrot, in fact, to your donkey. And Tom meant to get *his* carrot all right; he meant to be a mighty huntsman before the lords and gentry. He meant to be spoken of in days to come as men speak of the famous TOM FIRR, or of the much longer dead and partly legendary PEEL, whose swinging and tumultuous gallop was even now being danced out in cheers. And Tom listened and turned home with the tossing and enthusiastic flame of the music in his head, a candle, almost you'd say, lit to a patron saint to implore patronage and good luck in some venture.

And wasn't Lord Scamperdale, M.F.H (great-grandson of the Nimrod of Woodmansterne, who wedded Emily Jawlyford), on a visit to the Hall, and wasn't he to be out this morning? And wasn't his huntsman retiring at the end of this season, and mightn't his Lordship be taken with the masterly manner in which Tom Topham hunted the "merciless ladies" of the Grassington? He might indeed. And Lord Scamperdale's hounds are, as you know, the most celebrated of the old "family" packs, and his huntsman holds a position second to none in the profession.

So Tom went home and shaved and breakfasted, and drew the pack he was taking out. And then he put on his leathers and boots, the latter polished till he could see himself in them, and lastly got into his best pink, and ten minutes to eleven saw him trotting into the stately half-square of rolled gravel and lawn in front of Tally-Ho, the hounds playing about him and his two satellites in attendance. And they all looked as smart as paint, you may be sure. And presently Lord Scamperdale clanked out in his boots and looked at the hounds very closely, and at Tom very closely too. And he said, "Good morning, Topham; got a hunt for us to-day?" And Tom, sweeping off his cap, said, "Hope so, my Lord;" and presently Sir Norman gave the office and they moved off.

But Tom could make nothing of it. His first two draws were blank. Then they had a long jog to Pilton Big Wood. There was a fox there, in fact there were several a-foot, but the hunted one was headed back into cover and hounds chivied him up and down for fifteen minutes before they marked to ground in a rabbit bury. And when they drew again a fallow deer, which must have got out of the park, jumped up just in front of the pack, and Harmony and some of the young hounds broke away at its haunch and had to be stopped; and in stopping them Tom's mare put her foot in a rabbit-hole and came down like a sack of coals. Tom wasn't hurt, but he was a good bit shaken, and his horn got so badly bent as to be absolutely unblowable. Altogether it was a heartbreaking morning for any huntsman.

By two o'clock Tom had got his second horse, a powerful placid chestnut and a favourite mount of Mr. Spratt's. Then he drew White Ladies blank. As Tom called his hounds out of that famous cover his eyes tingled and he had a lump of discouragement in his throat that made calling difficult. When he turned into the middle ride (do you know White Ladies Wood?) a man in a grey coat walked out from among the quiet firs and warm bracken and spoke to him. Tom took him for a gamekeeper, though he looked the horseman all over in his neat-cut coat and breeches. He had a hard, keen, foxy face with a tuft of whisker to it and a shrewd eye that glinted like a Border beck. The hounds seemed interested in him but kept their distance.

"Eh, Maister Topham," said he, and he spoke as a North-country man, "there was a proper owd varmint kennelled in Chilton Spinney no half-an-oor back. Thou 'lt be for there next? And," he went on, "I heeard o' tha' horn, lad, and brought this old 'un o' mine along for thee; it blows a bonny note, I 'll warrant ye. Ay, I 'll be calling back for 't later."

"Thank you kindly," said Tom, and he blew hounds out on it as nicely as nicely. The field was smaller by now and Chilton Spinney wasn't half-a-mile away. Lord Scamperdale was still out.

When they got near the spinney Tom blew a single sweet note and, at the sound of it, a big old fox, long-legged and limber as a wolf, went away like winking.

You don't want me to describe the celebrated White Ladies' run, do you? Yes, it's always called the "White Ladies'" run, though in reality, as I've told you, the fox lay in the little spinney of Chilton near by. But you won't want to hear about it from me; *The Field* had a column and a-half on it at the time, and you can always get a copy of the issue by writing for it. Besides it's an old story now. There was, as everybody knows, ninety minutes of it, mostly over grass, and the point was fifteen miles. Apart from Tom, only two riders saw the end of it. Lord Scamperdale was one of the two, and the respect and friendship his Lordship has for his present huntsman date from that afternoon.

But a small happening, just before Tom handled his fox, may bear repeating. The chestnut horse, who'd been chancing his jumps for the last mile and more, came down all of a heap at a straggling blackthorn leading into the allotments at Ashampsted, where the fox was killed. Tom picked himself up and ran on a-foot, spitting the mud out of his mouth. But somehow in the tumble the lent horn, that had brought such luck with it, was lost. It must have slipped from the breast of Tom's coat as he fell, and, though he looked carefully for it later, he couldn't find it. And mighty put about he was.

However, as things turned out, the loss didn't matter as much as it might have done, for the good-natured North-country man in the grey coat never called for his property after all. As a



Maid. "I'VE BIN TO THE OLD VIC, MISS, AND SEEN SHAKESPEARE'S '*ENERY III.*"
Young Lady. "*HENRY III.*? I KNOW *HENRY IV., V., VI.* AND *VIII.*"
Maid. "WELL, YOU KNOW, MISS, IT'S THE ONE WITH FLAGSTAFF IN IT."

matter of fact he has neither been seen nor heard of since.

Tom Topham is to-day, as perhaps you know, counted as quick and resourceful a huntsman as ever cheered a hound. Yet I have this, as I've often told him, against his readiness, namely, that, though he has all his life considered JOHN PEEL the most famous of men and the song of that name the finest of all songs, yet, when he had the above related excellent opportunity to "ken" his hero (whose patronage in this his opportunity he had, as we know, all unconsciously invoked), he didn't spot him, in spite of the "coat so grey" and all.

I recognised him at once when Tom first told me this story; so did *you* in my re-telling of it, didn't you? But of course you did.

More "Robots."

"The ——, a steel crew steamer."
Daily Paper.

"During the same period ten births were registered, five girls and five females."
Welsh Paper.

In these days, of course, girls will be boys.

TRAFFIC RHYMES.

III.—THE UNDERGROUND ENGINE.

THE Underground engine comes out of a tunnel;
It hasn't a tender, it hasn't a funnel,
It hasn't a stoker, it doesn't need coal,
And the driver looks out of a little glass hole.

"The Duke [of York] shot his first elephant near the camp. Other additions to the bag are war-hog, reedbuck, hartebeest and river-hog."—*Daily Paper.*

Was the war-hog a local profiteer?



Stud-groom to Lad (dismissed on account of his bad riding). "AIN'T YER GONE YET?"
Lad. "I 'M WAITIN' FOR THE 'BUS."
Stud-groom. "THEN FOR 'EVIN'S SAKE GO INSIDE; YE 'LL FALL OFF THE TOP."

THE GOOD TURN.

THERE are one or two things which it is rather difficult to do in London. One of them (as I am told) is to steal the Crown Jewels. Another (as I know from personal experience) is to dispose in any public spot of a newspaper which one has finished reading. Of course, if you happened to be near one of those wire baskets which they scatter about in the Parks, you might get rid of your paper there. Again, you might stop a dust-cart and bribe its high priest to assist you. Or, if you were in the Zoo, you might furtively slip the paper between the bars of the monkey-cage and then disappear in the confusion. But none of these is what you might call a universal or generally convenient solution of the problem.

My trouble always is how to get rid of the thing in any ordinary public place when I 've finished with it, and when there is neither wire-basket nor dustman nor monkey presently (as they say in Scotland) available. It sounds easy enough, but it isn't nearly as easy as it sounds. For example, once when I thought no one was looking, I dropped my paper down an area and walked rapidly away. But I hadn't gone three paces when my sin found me out. "'Ere," came an appalling voice from the depths —"'ere! What the —— d' yer think yer doin', chuckin' yer rubbish down into my —— harea?" So I had to recover my property and retreat with it in as dignified a manner as possible, but acutely conscious that I had committed an offence against society. On another occasion, when I endeavoured to throw my paper over Westminster Bridge, there arose on a sudden a gigantic gale which returned my paper wide open and wrapped it tightly round the head of a passing cart-horse, with astonishing results to the traffic. That time I was within an ace of being arrested and committed upon a number of charges, ranging from Cruelty to Animals to Pollution of Streams and Conduct Calculated to cause a Breach of the Peace.

Perhaps you are beginning to see now that the problem is no ordinary one. But even worse than the people who are terse and rude to me are those who pursue me with mistaken kindness. You must have met the type. I don't know if it 's anything to do with the growth of the Boy Scout movement, but there seem to be such a lot of people about nowadays who are determined to do me a Good Turn—that is whenever I am trying to get rid of my paper. Whenever I drop it or leave it in a train, on a bus, on the pavement, there is almost always someone who detects it in time to prevent my escape. "Hi, guv'nor — dropped yer piper!"; or (*very sweetly*): "Excuse me, Sir, but I think you have left your paper behind." And then I grin foolishly and thank them and go and pick the beastly thing up again. Once I tried to explain that I had finished with the paper, but my benefactor couldn't hear what I said owing to the surrounding din, and in the course of the ensuing altercation I lost my chance of getting out of the train and had to go on to the next station.

In fact it is these good-turn lunatics who are my real trouble, and the other night, coming home on a 'bus, I made a firm resolution that I would in future absolutely ignore them, at whatever cost to their feelings. My first chance came a few minutes later. Beside me on the seat was an old gentleman. To all appearances he was asleep when I got up to leave, so I laid my paper furtively on my seat and nipped away. I hadn't

reached the stairs when the old humbug suddenly woke up and shouted "Hi!" after me, craning his head round. I set my teeth and stumbled down the steps into the road. "Hi!" shouted the old gentleman again, leaning over the side. The conductor got off himself to investigate, and several oncoming passengers turned to stare at me. I walked off rapidly in a cold rage. "Hi!" came the voice insistently, "you've left . . ." But I got round the corner at last and broke into a run. Two or three minutes later I reached home and burst into the hall, panting but triumphant.

"What on earth have you been doing?" asked my wife as she helped me off with my coat.

"I've been asserting my rights," I said. "I have just administered a very well-deserved snub to an interfering old——"

"Where's your umbrella" said my wife, holding out her hand for it.

I came to earth with a bump and groped for it. It wasn't there. I felt in my pockets . . .

My wife fixed me with an accusing eye. "You've *never* gone and left that beautiful new umbrella in the 'bus?"

A mist swam before my eyes, and through the middle of it there came the head of an old gentleman who shouted "Hi!"

* * * * *

I always go to the club to see the evening papers now. There is no difficulty in getting rid of them there. The difficulty is to get hold of them.

PLACES-AS-THEY-OUGHT-TO-BE.

XIII.—HIGHAM FERRERS.

Oh, Higham Ferrers is a town that I have never seen,
But I'm sure that once you've been to it you don't forget you've been;
The cobbled streets are old and still, the houses mellow brick,
With lichened tiles and chimney-pots, and hedges tall and thick,
And gardens where dim blossoms nod and fragrant petals fall
And the yew-tree peacocks rustle and the throaty pigeons call.
There's no one living there by day; but, as the shadows creep,
The quiet streets of Higham Ferrers waken from their sleep;
And barefoot monks and "gay gallants" and bearded Dons from Spain
And cutlassed kerchiefed pirate-chiefs from off the Spanish Main,
They move about the silent streets; and evil plots are hatched,
And you hear the little clicking sound as locked gates are unlatched.
And in the fragrant gardens where flowers sleep dim and cool
Step the dainty ruffled ladies and the gaudy baubled Fool,
And you hear the silken rustle and the tap of tiny heels
As they walk in Higham Ferrers when the misty moonshine steals . . .
Oh, Higham Ferrers is a town that I have never seen,
But some day I shall go to it—and I shan't forget I've been!



Master (to boy he has noticed looking over another's paper). "JONES MINOR, YOU ARE CRIBBING FROM BROWN."

Jones (aggrieved). "NO, SIR, I'M NOT. HE HASN'T WRITTEN ANYTHING YET THAT I DIDN'T KNOW."

"A VANILLA ICE PURGATORY."
Headline in Daily Paper.

Even DANTE never thought of this.

At a musical party:—

"One's eye roved most readily to where Mr. George Bernard Shaw, too disarmingly quiet and gentle, sat listening to the music, apparently through his beard."—*Daily Paper.*

Possibly as a relaxation from talking through his hat.

From a chapel notice:—

"Evening Anthem: 'How lively are the Messengers.'"—*Lincolnshire Paper.*

A tribute, we suppose, to the smartness of the telegraph-boys in the Fen districts.

MY HAT!

I DO hate hats. The last hat that really gave me pleasure was a hat I wore when I was nine, a circular straw with "H.M.S. BLENHEIM" printed in gold letters on a blue ribbon. It had an elastic which fastened under the chin. I looked well in that hat, for I remember saying so.

I must have looked pretty handsome in my tin hat in the late War, for it used to slide away backwards and present itself most suitably as a kind of halo. But I never enjoyed that hat. It had no elastic; and, though I fancy there was a little strap to go under the chin, it was not the same thing.

All the best hats have things to go under the chin. There was my Ordinary Seaman's hat in which I used to "come ashore" from *H.M.S. Crystal Palace* in the autumn of 1914. One used to keep cigarettes and 'bus-tickets in that hat. And kindly strangers on the tops of 'buses, thinking that all the secrets of the Admiralty were at my command, would nudge me in the back and offer me cigars, remarking, "Is that right, Jack? I hear the *Thunderer*'s gone down." And I used to reject the cigar and airily remove a cigarette from the lining of my hat, remarking that so far as I knew no battleships had been sunk at Sydenham that day. I was married in that hat. It had a broad blue ribbon to go under the chin in time of tempest in the fore-top. But I never dared to use it on the top of a 'bus.

I cannot think of any other hat that I have much enjoyed. I wore a solar topee for some time, but it hurt. And there was nothing to go under the chin.

I hate hats. The one clear argument for a University education is that it enables a man to live for weeks without wearing a hat. Which reminds me of the mortar-board or university hat. That was a good hat, for it was never worn, but carried under the arm. But it had nothing under the chin. And one could not wash in it, as one did in the tin hat. Of my top-hat it were a shame even to speak. It disappeared some years ago, and I have no doubt that this very day some needy entertainer is producing rabbits out of it. I can think of no better use for my top-hat. For it had nothing under the chin, neither could one use it as a seat in muddy places, as one used the tin hat. One way and another, there was a great deal to be said for the tin hat.

But if there is one hat that I hate more than another it is the hat that I have worn for the last seven years. It is—or was when it was born—a Homburg hat, an absurd soft felt hat with a valley in the top, which valley becomes a mountain torrent most days in the year. Since then, I believe, these hats have changed their names and become Trilbies in the world at large, and common squash-hats in Imperial Britain. My own Trilby is all squash and no hat. It is a shapeless mass, the main valley having side-slipped into innumerable small ravines over which stand great bluff peaks and irregular promontories.

This is because I will keep taking it off to ladies. And here lies the fundamental defect of the hat. In war-time one wants a hat, no doubt, that will be good for washing in, or sitting on, or keeping cigarettes in. But in the civilised times of peace it cannot be denied that the principal end of a gentleman's hat is to be taken off to ladies. Those are the bright moments in the day of a hat. At all other times it is merely being useful; for no one will pretend that any hat now worn by the male is ornamental, with the possible exceptions of the cricketing-cap or gent's boater.

No, no, the one small glory of the male hat is that it is, or may be, the instrument of gallantry; and in the right removal of the hat, with the courtly flourish and the noble bow, is the last survival of the grand old days when even a man received some assistance in the graceful arts from the things he wore.

And, judged by this grand test, my Trilby lamentably fails. Try as one will, one is constantly meeting women one knows, and I will challenge any man to remove his Trilby convincingly with a courtly flourish. Or, if he can do that, I will challenge him to put it back convincingly. And, if he can do it, I can not. For one thing, it is always raining and the valley is in flood. Suddenly I see the charmer and I hastily clutch at the sodden mass upon my head and remove it. If we pause for conversation the problem then arises—Shall I stand there uncovered in the rain and holding in my hand a thing like a sponge, or shall I replace the sponge upon the head? The former course is not very graceful and the latter is fatal; for, unless replaced with the greatest care, the sponge may arrange itself in every kind of extravagant shape, with valleys, promontories and mountain-ranges at every angle. And no lady likes you to pay too much attention to your hat while she is talking to you about the weather. While if it is replaced it must be again removed when the lady leaves you; and after the second time the hat is a mere bog.

Nor are things much better on a dry day. The more ladies one meets the more like a blanc-mange gone wrong does the hat become, and the more of a fumble the gesture of salute. Yesterday, having just parted with singular lack of dignity from a particularly charming creature, I decided on a change, and I entered a great hat-shop, in which were seventeen immaculate assistants and very many looking-glasses. The assistants looked at the grey blanc-mange upon my head and averted their gaze. I looked about me and saw forty-five young men with forty-five grey blanc-manges on their heads—side-view, back-view, front-view, every-view. I removed my blanc-mange, and forty-five young men did likewise.



Jolly Traveller (having a sandwich lunch). "THIS REMINDS ME OF——"

Attendant. "PARDON ME INTERRUPTING YOU. BUT PLEASE READ THE NOTICE."



"OH, *do* COME AND LOOK AT THIS SWEET ROSE-TREE! IT 'S CUT ITS FIRST BUD."

"Burn this," I said, and I flung the blanc-mange to the ground.

They took it away.

"Now give me a hat."

A man brought me a hat, a round black hard hat.

"What is that?" I said.

"That is a bowler, Sir."

"A bowler?"

"A bowler, Sir."

Some memory stirred in me—bowlers—cab-drivers—racing-men—my private school—surely in some past life I too had worn a bowler?

"Does a bowler suit me?" I said, putting on the hat.

"You have the style of face for it," said the man.

"Can I produce rabbits out of it?"

"Yes, Sir."

"Is there a young lady in the shop?"

"Yes, Sir."

"Bring her to me."

"Miss Filkins, forward, please."

Miss Filkins was very beautiful. I removed the bowler. It was firm and solid and easily prehensible. And forty-five young men removed it with an elegant and noble bow. Miss Filkins grinned.

"Thank you, Miss Filkins," I said. "Do I look well in a bowler?"

"You have the style of face for it, Sir," she said.

"Thank you. I will buy the bowler."

"Yes, Sir. They are very much worn."

"Oh?" I said, disappointed, for I saw myself already the pioneer of a New Movement. A return to solidity and hard sense in hats as in politics—an end to the soft and namby-pamby post-bellum or Trilby period. "Back to the bowler!" One might almost have a song with that refrain. True, it had nothing to go under the chin; true, it seemed to perch a little oddly on the top; but how gloriously it came off! I took it off once more most nobly to Miss Filkins, and marched out of the shop, feeling a man again.

In the street for the first time I took notice of the hats of other men. And I was a little damped to see that bowlers were worn by a great number of men, and those men of the most loathsome description. Somebody seemed to have started my movement already. However, in principle, I knew I was right. It remained for me to bring back the bowler to the cultured classes. I marched on happily, hoping to meet a lady.

And in Bond Street I met three ladies of my acquaintance together. Three! And all ravishing. There was no fumbling now. Smart as a sergeant-major, courtly as a cavalier, I whisked that bowler from the head. And doubtless had they seen me remove the bowler they would have loved it. But they saw me first. They saw the bowler in repose. And with one accord they were consumed with inextinguishable laughter. . . .

I flung the bowler under a passing omnibus. Well, what I mean to say is, what *is* a man to wear? A. P. H.

"Sir Arthur Keith, F.R.S., has during the past weeks been examining one of the skulls and skeletons found at Roseacre, Shepperton, and has come to the conclusion that they are of late Saxon date, and at least two thousand years old. He is of the opinion that they are the earliest remains of Christians that have as yet been found in this country."—*Local Paper.*

B.C. 75! Very early Christians indeed.

"'Will you please send me ½ ton North Country Coal at 41/6 a ton on Friday or Saturday to Mr. ——, ——, Portman Road, Ipswich. The last ½ ton delivered gave great satisfaction.' Original of the above uninspired letter may be seen on request."

Why "uninspired"? It seems to us a superb little thing.



Mother (welcoming husband who has just returned from six months' travelling). "WELL, DEAR, IS IT NICE BEING HOME AGAIN?" *Small Daughter.* "STEADY, MUM, DON'T GET SLOPPY OVER HIM."

THE DARE-DEVIL.

[Lord DUNEDIN, both at the time of his conviction in the police-court and subsequently in a letter to *The Times*, has confessed to travelling on the Brighton road at a speed of fifteen miles an hour where the local speed-limit was ten.]

OH, fie on the proud Lord DUNEDIN
Who drave in the pomp of his power
At a pace, he admits, well exceedin'
The limit of ten miles an hour.

Overtaking the gig of a farmer,
Indulging the speed of his toy,
Upholstered in leather and armour,
He raced with a bicycling boy!

Fear went through the township of Sutton;
"Comes one," said a man to his mate,
"Who is eating the miles like a glutton,
Who rides at a hurricane's rate.

Oh, never the highroad to Brighton,
Oh, never the highroad to Bath
Saw terror so deadly to frighten
The timorous poult from his path!"

So once at his capital's entry,
When JORAM was sick and in pain,
Looked forth from the watch-tower a sentry:
The dust-cloud was high on the plain.

He knew not the evil contriving
That darkened the face of the sun,
But he knew the impetuous driving
Of NIMSHI'S redoubtable son.

Oh, well did the gallant policeman
(Far better than JORAM'S dragoon,
Who cried to the car, "Is it peace, man?"
And turned like a white-livered loon,

As fiercer and faster and louder
The noise of the chariot's wheel,
And JEZEBEL put on her powder
And died on the stones of Jezreel)—

Oh, well did the sergeant of Sutton,
Who noted the townsmen's distress,
And stayed his stop-watch with a button
And took Lord DUNEDIN'S address!

"Endorsements are writ on the licence
Of all men, whoe'er they may be,
Who thunder like walloping bisons
Through the village of Sutton," said he.

Oh, fie on the proud Lord DUNEDIN
Who said in his arrogant heart,
"I will drive at a pace far exceedin'
The pace of a governess-cart!"

Whenever Great Britain empanels
A jury or barristers dine,
The tale shall come forth from the annals
Of that immemorial fine.

And chauffeur to chauffeur shall hymn it,
And count it of stories the best
That a law lord exceeded the limit
In travelling through Sutton the blest.

It shall still be a legend to dream on
The fight of the Sutton Control
With that desperate motoring demon
Who fairly outdistanced the mole.

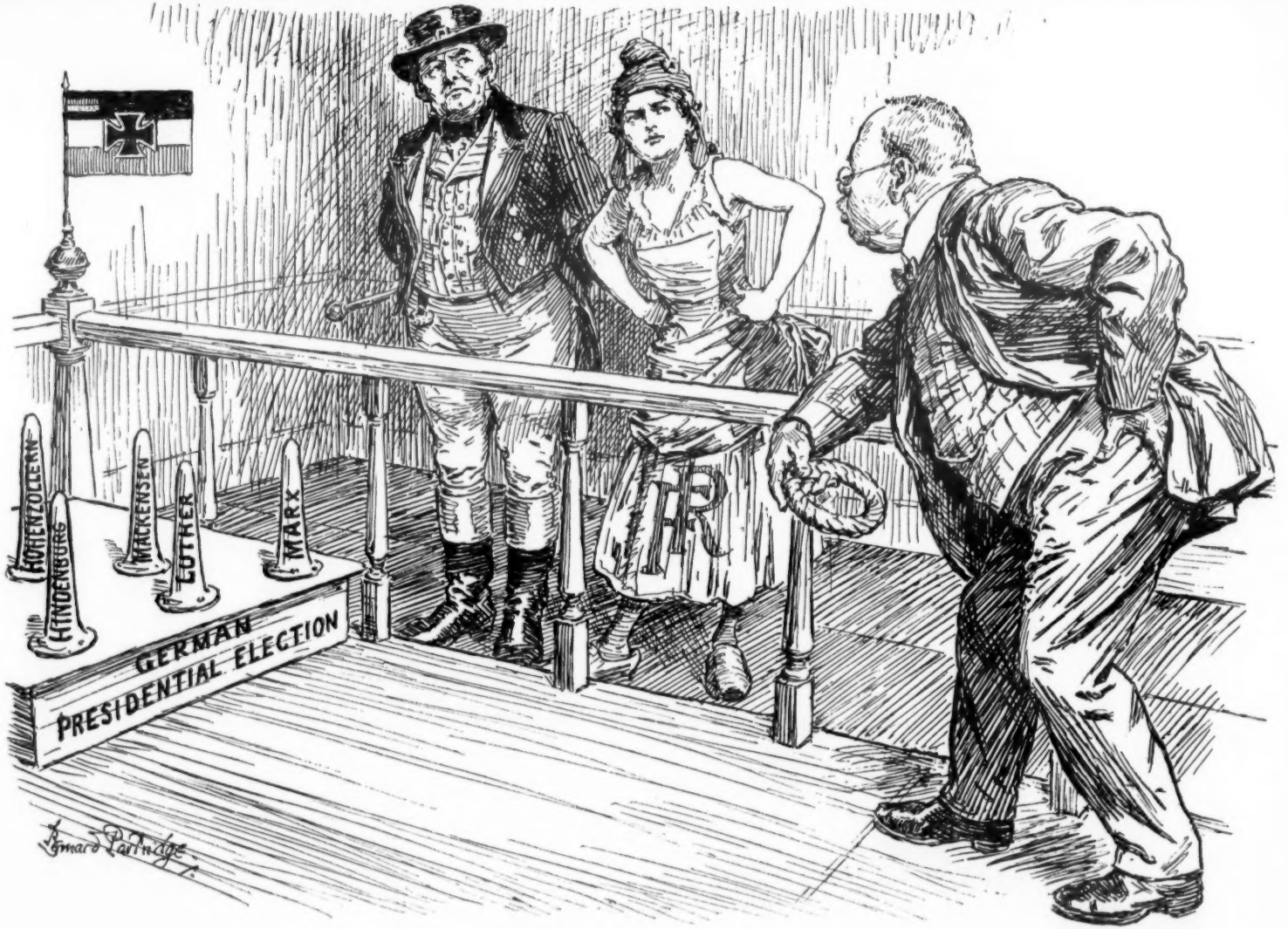
And the rest of his acts, whether rasher
Or milder, and all that he did
Shall be told in the volume of Jasher
And none of the least shall be hid.

EVOE.

"Good Gents' Hand, with knowledge of Ladies', requires situation."
Advt. in Provincial Paper.

This sounds more like palmistry than hair-dressing.

PUNCH, OR THE LONDON CHARIVARI.—MARCH 11, 1925.



THE HAZARD OF THE CAST.

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Monday, March 2nd.—My thanks are due to several correspondents who have written to point out that I was wrong, a fortnight ago, in suggesting that it was Mr. GLADSTONE who aroused the laughter of the House by alluding to Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL as "the



The EARL OF OXFORD AND ASQUITH. "I will take advantage of the freer atmosphere which I now breathe to make one or two prefatory observations."

Member for Woodcock." As recorded by my predecessor at the time (January 1881), it was Mr. JACOB BRIGHT who made this pleasant blunder.

Would that there had been some JACOB BRIGHT in the House this afternoon to lighten the proceedings with a stroke of unpremeditated humour!

Sir W. DAVISON asked a question about the "miniature lighthouses with blinking red lights" in front of Buckingham Palace, and sought to know why under the late Labour Administration they "blinked green," whereas under the present Unionist *régime* they "blinked red." "To show their blinking impartiality" was the reply that must have sprung to the lips of the UNDER-SECRETARY FOR THE HOME OFFICE; but to my sorrow he restrained himself from uttering it.

The Trade Facilities Bill was read a second time after much varied criticism. Colonel WEDGWOOD, as a Socialist, approved of the State going into trade, always provided it was likely to be a success and did not involve financing "the banks' cast-offs." Mr. GRENFELL, as a banker, objected that the credit of the State was being used to start new people in competition with older concerns. Mr. RUNCIMAN, as a shipowner, thought it was a mistake to encourage shipbuilders to increase the supply of tonnage, which already much exceeded the demand. Even the SECRETARY OF THE TREASURY did not seem much enamoured of the Bill, which he assured the House was only a temporary measure while unemployment lasted.

Tuesday, March 3rd.—The prospect of a speech on foreign affairs by the Earl of OXFORD filled the Upper House, I won't say to overflowing, but to comfortable repletion. If the new Peer looked a little anxious as he fingered his notes I don't wonder. Beside him and behind him were many noble Lords who owed their peerages to his recommendation; and who are so critical as one's friends? In the gallery opposite were many charming ladies, including his own Countess; and above him sat the FRENCH AMBASSADOR, keenly watchful, and another diplomat, presumably from Eastern Europe, who carried a formidable-looking dagger.

There was, however, nearly an hour's delay before Lord OXFORD got his chance. And by that time he was completely at his ease. Had he not listened to Lord BANBURY moving the rejection of the War Charges (Validity) Bill on high constitutional grounds? "Why," he must have said to himself, "it is just like the old place, after all."

And comforted by that reflection he advanced to the box (how nice to stand at a box again!) and without a tremor and with only a single slip (once he said "Sir" for "My Lords") delivered an excellent speech, nearly every word of which could be heard in the Press Gallery (no small achievement this).

If he said nothing particularly momentous, that was due to the admirable discretion on which Lord CURZON afterwards complimented him. And there was only one touch of the sly humour which used to lighten his speeches "in another place." He feared lest the Ambassadors' Conference should turn out to be "an instrument not for accelerating but for procrastinating decision." This from "Wait and See" seemed particularly good.

The PRESIDENT OF THE BOARD OF TRADE was rather short with the hecklers who put their daily conundrums about the Safeguarding of Industries. Mr. LEES-SMITH, who suggested that the Minister should "lay down" a standard of profitable manufacture, was curtly informed that "all reasonable men understand the difference between profit and loss." I am glad to have official support for my opinion that the assessor of my income-tax is not a reasonable man.

Anxious, perhaps, to assure opponents of the Political Levy Bill that he is not acting for the capitalists, Mr. MACQUISTEN made an unexpected appearance as a champion of the small 'bus-owners as against the big "combine." I fear, however, that the trade unionists will reply that Mr. MACQUISTEN is, as they have long suspected, a friend of "pirates."

One the best maiden speeches of the Session was made by Mr. GEOFFREY PETO on a motion condemning revolutionary propaganda. With the true fighter's instinct he selected the most redoubtable of his foes for special attack, and, after abundant quotation from Mr. WHEATLEY'S speeches, accused him of inciting others to violence which he dared not indulge in himself: "The right hon. gentleman's class in class-warfare is first-class."

Stirred, perhaps, out of his usual caution by this and other taunts—and not unwilling, may be, to *embêter* his nominal leader—Mr. WHEATLEY let



"ALAS, MY POOR BILL!"
MR. MACQUISTEN.

himself go more bitterly than he has yet done in the House of Commons, and, declaring that no one who supported the war with Germany had a right to object to violence, summed up his objection to the motion in these words: "You have got millions of our people down in the gutter, and you want to make it illegal for them to squeal."

Wednesday, March 4th.—"Sing a song of Singapore" was the order of the day in the Upper House. Lord WIMBORNE, who began it, made a comprehensive attack on the proposed new naval base. It would cost a lot of money, take a long time to complete, and would be useless when completed. Moreover the idea had given offence in Japan.

Mention of Japan brought the Earl of BALFOUR to his feet. With unusual self-assertion he claimed an unrivalled knowledge of Japanese opinion on this subject, for he had not only been on the most cordial terms with the Japanese statesmen at Washington, but had been in frequent correspondence with them since, and never had he received a hint of any jealousy regarding the construction of the Singapore base.

It would have been convenient for the Government if the matter had been left there. But Lord HALDANE persisted in questioning the value of the undertaking; personally he saw no such grave risks as would justify it.

It was up to Lord CURZON therefore to make Lord HALDANE's flesh creep, if he could; and he drew a highly-coloured picture of what would happen in case of a war in the Far East if the Singapore project were abandoned. The whole of our possessions would go, our trade routes would be destroyed and our Dominions would be exposed to famine. It seemed rather an anti-climax when he proceeded to say that on the construction of this vital bulwark of Empire the Government proposed to spend during the next three years—and a great deal may happen in three years—something less than eight hundred thousand pounds.

The Bank-rate is not exactly an exhilarating subject, but it led to some amusing foil-play between the late Chancellor of the Exchequer and his successor; Mr. SNOWDEN endeavouring to fix the responsibility for the impending rise on the Government, and Mr. CHURCHILL, while admitting that a rise was "generally anticipated" and that the Treasury was "naturally in close touch with the Bank," nevertheless stoutly maintaining that the responsibility rested solely with the directors—as no doubt Mr. SNOWDEN himself would have done had the positions been reversed.

The evening was taken up with an attack by Mr. LANSBURY on the Food Commission and its Chairman. The many distinguished posts held by Sir A. GEDDES since his entry into public life prompted the sally that he was "Jack of all trades and master of none." More serious was the accusation that the Chairman had been too tender with the profiteers. The strongest point in the official defence of the Commission made by Sir P. CUNLIFFE-LISTER was that it would hatch an egg—*i.e.* issue a report—in time for Easter.



AN ELDER STATESMAN.
THE EARL OF BALFOUR.

Thursday, March 5th.—Lord NEWTON not only obtained a Second Reading for his hardy annual, the Advertisements Regulation Bill—he has done that before—but also secured from the Government a provisional undertaking



THE "OLD LADY" PUTS UP HER PRICE.

Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL. "IT IS NOT THE PRACTICE FOR THE TREASURY TO BE FORMALLY CONSULTED IN THIS MATTER."

that they would look after it in another place.

Ireland was always an adept in "making the poor face" when dealing with the British Treasury. According to Lord DANESFORT a large sum is still due from the Free State in regard to the mere expenses of transfer, while of the promised Irish contributions towards the cost of pensions and the National Debt not a cent has been received. Lord CLARENDON admitted most of the facts, and said that the Government did not consider this an appropriate time to press the Free State. A final settlement would take place "in due course"—a vague phrase which the Irish will probably translate as "on Tib's Eve."

What promised to be an illuminating debate on foreign affairs was opened by Mr. FISHER in a weighty speech, tending perhaps a little to the German rather than to the French side of current controversies. Mr. AUSTEN CHAMBERLAIN was proceeding to answer him point by point when Mr. KIRKWOOD, who seems to be constitutionally unable to listen for more than ten minutes to anyone else talking, butted in with a series of irrelevant interruptions.

At last Mr. HOPE, who does not suffer fools quite so gladly—or, at any rate, so patiently—as Mr. WHITLEY, ordered the offender out of the House.

On his refusal to go, the SPEAKER was summoned, and the process of "naming" and suspension inevitably followed. Still Mr. KIRKWOOD sat tight; and a further scene was only avoided by Mr. RAMSAY MACDONALD, who had already tried unsuccessfully to make excuses for his erring follower, marching his entire party out of the House. The whole incident seems to have been foreseen by the poet CAMPBELL:—

HOPE, for a season, bade the loon farewell,
And RAMSAY shrieked as DAVID KIRKWOOD fell.

Friday, March 6th.—The PRIME MINISTER this afternoon killed more than Mr. MACQUISTEN's Trade Union Levy Bill. He also destroyed the legendary Mr. BALDWIN of the Opposition cartoons, the rather stupid-looking man who cares for nothing but his pipe and his pigs. It was not a "clever" speech; it contained no epigrams glossy with midnight oil; but it was an intensely human speech, from the opening passages describing his experience in his father's works (where he knew all the men personally and could discuss with them even their troubles with their wives), down to the end, when he declared that suspicion was the poison preventing peace at home as well as abroad, and that, though the Government believed in the justice of the Bill and had the strength to carry it, they deliberately refused to provoke a quarrel with the trade unions. "We are not going to fire the first shot." The whole House applauded, and the Government's Amendment was passed by 325 votes to 153.



Wife of victim of accident. "LOOK, ALFRED. ISN'T IT JOLLY? YOU 'VE GOT YOUR PHOTO IN THE PAPER!"

THE IDEAL ZOO.

[A new experimental monkey-house is being built at the Zoological Gardens, and a writer in *The Manchester Guardian*, who incidentally alludes to the "highly strung gorilla," is authorized to state that "each den in the new house will have free access to an outdoor cage by way of a sheltered veranda. The inner dens and the veranda will have warmed shelves, on which the monkeys will sit when they are cold, and there will also be radiant heat in the inner part, so that they can run in and warm themselves if they wish."]

THE monkey houses of the recent past
Make the humane observer stand aghast
At the distress their denizens endured
In close confinement constantly immured.
They had, I think, a fair supply of K**t**g,
And nuts, but no variety of eating;
No radiant heat to warm their chilly nether
Extremities in frost and wintry weather,
No cool veranda-shelters to allay
The onset of the dogstar's fiery ray.
No wonder then they raised a chattering chorus
And used to play fantastic tricks before us,
Ere CHALMERS MITCHELL'S kindly innovations
Brought ease and comfort to our "poor relations;"

For now, when learned prelates and divines,
Advancing boldly on Darwinian lines,
Admit they find no logical escape
From owning as our ancestor the ape,
And, in reproof of DIZZY'S famous gibe,
Link up the Simian and angelic tribe,
'Tis only right the former, as their due,
Should be humanely treated at the Zoo,
And housed not merely in a manner scenic
But also generously hygienic.

Already visions float before my eyes—
Not merely prompted by a wild surmise—
Of pleasures planned to soothe the gentle Jocko
In his expatriation from Morocco;
Of ices, strawberry and eke vanilla,
To tempt the grim but "highly-strung" gorilla;
With choice of fragrant matutinal teas
(China or India) for the chimpanzees;
Of tables, damask-spread, with silver spoons
And forks and napkins for the blue baboons.

But while the Simians claim our chiefest care
In fit provision for their health and fare,
We may likewise indulge the pious hope
Of bringing other breeds within the scope
Of this enlightened movement to assuage
The *gêne* of life spent mostly in a cage—
Of having chamber music, mild and mellow,
Devised to charm the cobra de capello;
Of making sure that gnus and armadillos
Shall sleep on eiderdown and satin pillows;
With Kindergartens for the loon and lory,
Conducted in the mode of MONTESSORI,
While hippopotami and elephants
Disport themselves in spacious Oxford pants.
In fine, there dawns upon the mental view
The vision of a Paradisal Zoo,
Where beasts and birds and fishes, reconciled
By treatment both magnanimous and mild,
Will never hear the calling of the wild,
But cheerfully and gladly acquiesce
In leading lives of perfect Mappiness.

"—— was in the usual Eastern style executed in an unusual and most effective grey-green colour."—*Local Paper.*

Just the colour we should go if we were about to be executed in the Eastern or any other style.

NEW YORK CITY: A GUIDE FOR SETTLERS.

IV.—ENTERING: WHAT TO SAY, DO, THINK, ETC.

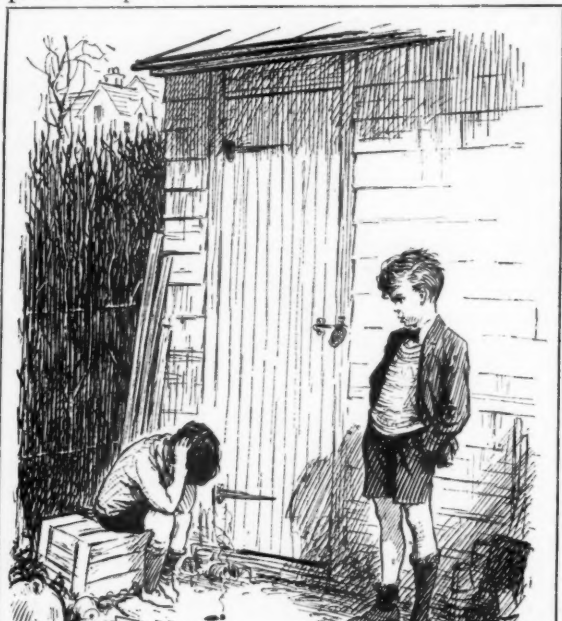
FROM the moment the migrating Englishman sights land off Long Island until he has given up trying to decide whether the red-hot iron pipes coiled in the corner of his room in the best hotel are for cooking or simply a relic of Indian torture, questions will constantly arise which will tax his ingenuity. Let me outline in general the course his ingenuity should take in order to produce what is expected of it.

HOW TO BE INTERVIEWED.

The first problem to confront his ingenuity will be the examination of the newspaper reporters. There is no need for him to become alarmed about this; the examination is not difficult if it is anticipated. It consists simply of saying what he thinks of (1) New York, (2) "jazz" and (3) American women. (There may possibly be a fourth question about Prohibition, but people aren't interested in that any more, and he would do well to ignore it.) One of the interesting features of this examination is that it is given before the Englishman has had experience of anything American except the territorial waters; it is thus really a test of the Englishman's imagination, his tact and his ability to say bright things. The examination is likely to prove trying if, as is probably the case, he has never thought about any of the points; so let him have some tactful opinion on his tongue, preferably couched in an epigram or paradox. G. K. C. has of course done this sort of thing so well that the reporters are spoiled, and many Englishmen are afraid now to commit themselves to any opinion.

The plan of saying nothing is good if handled with discretion. Don't let it be suspected that you have no opinion; use the expression of your face in such a way as to make it perfectly obvious that you have your views on these matters but are not yet ready to make a statement. The reporters will respect your silence, as they have often before been refused by lecturers coming in to distribute just exactly that information at $3.30 a listener. If you don't mind being taken for a lecturer look wise and keep your mouth shut. You will be tempted to say something about the skyline of lower New York, but it has already been said, so keep quiet.

A very good plan is to run up on deck, throw one arm over the gunwale of a life-boat and say something about "Columbia and the gem of the ocean;" by this time they will have photographed you and noted your statement, and you may go below. It is wisest to get the photograph and examination business over as soon as possible in order to have enough time to attend to the matter of baggage, which is even more important.



Superior Boy (finding brother very sick after smoking a stolen cigar). "GOOD HEAVENS, MAN, WHAT CAN YOU EXPECT? YOU 'VE BEEN AND *SMOKED IT WITH THE BAND ON!*"

ADVICE ABOUT THE CUSTOMS.

There are two courses open to the Englishman at this point, taking it for granted that he has been as foolish as most other Englishmen and come over with baggage.

One course is to remove from his trunk such things as toilet articles and ties and handkerchiefs and as much other simple clothing as he can carry in his coat-pockets. Having done this, let him call a steward and have him throw the trunk and his other property into the lower bay. (Tip: 25c.) This probably sounds like a rather drastic procedure; but I advise it on the supposition that the Englishman is no richer than the average American, and is therefore looking for the best and cheapest way of entering the country. I advocate throwing the entire outfit away, because he can buy a new trunk-load in New York easier and with less expenditure than he can get his ancestral trunk through the Customs.

A better way however is this. Let the Englishman have his family come to America one at a time. The first to come will be accompanied by the trunk, containing mostly seagoing togs and a few handkerchiefs. When his ship comes up the North River and he catches sight of the Customs officials licking their chops on the pier, let him follow his inclination and cease to recognise his trunk; being asked what he can contribute towards lightening the taxes of the American people, he will say that he is a poor man with no baggage at all. It will then be supposed that the trunk got on board the ship through mistake, and, having no one to claim it, it will be returned to England and will be available for the next member of the family on the voyage. The last one over will throw it into the bay, as I have described above.

Of course it is likely to happen that a trunk has been in the family for so long that to throw it away would be sacrilege. If the Englishman cannot by any amount of logic bring himself to discard it, he may rely on the Customs officials giving him a fair opportunity to buy it back again—that is, they will give him the first option on it in the sale. For, as he probably knows, his property upon his landing becomes the property of the Customs officials; they doubtless won't have any use for some of the more personal articles and will give them back with only a small charge to cover the cost of having examined them. The rest of it, as I say, he will have first option on. The prices will not be exorbitant, and he will be able to buy back most of his goods at the price he would be charged for second-hand articles anywhere else in America—though everything is high in America.

The rules for swift re-purchase are simple: Be courteous and gracious to the officials and don't complain. You may trust them; whatever they take they will give you a receipt for. When they give you a receipt, it means that you cannot buy the article back at any



Beatrice. "IS MY HAT ON STRAIGHT?"
Benedict. "NO, DARLING."
Beatrice. "THAT'S ALL RIGHT, THEN."

price—just then, at any rate, though you will probably be able to get back several bottles of it later if you go about the matter in the proper way.

The suit of clothes you wear they won't charge you for at all if it isn't made unnecessarily full; they don't like you to use too much cloth in a suit for the obvious reason that, once in the country, you might have the suit remade on narrower lines and sell the cloth thus saved at a price that would put the native woollen mills in bankruptcy. In addition to the suit they won't charge you for a few toilet articles if you can prove that they are for your own consumption. But if you have grown a beard during the voyage don't try to smuggle in a razor, and so forth.

Personally I should throw everything overboard except a pair of handkerchiefs and a toothbrush. If you have no baggage I see no reason why you should not be able to get through the Customs the same day on which you land.

HOW TO CHOOSE YOUR HOTEL.

In deciding on an hotel I think it would be a good idea for the Englishman to select one near a railroad station. Many people consider New York to be an acquired taste, and, if the Englishman finds it difficult to acquire, he may thus readily take a train out of town for a week or two and recuperate. If he selects an hotel not near a railroad station it may take him the better part of a couple of hours to make the trip in a taxi-cab to the train, owing to the denseness of the traffic, and, as his nerves will have already been frazzled by the rush of New York life, this enforced languor will more than likely kill him.

If he can find an hotel which is not entertaining a Convention of some sort he will probably be able to get a bed. His first impulse will be to get into bed and remain in bed. This is a good impulse and should be followed. He needs to be in excellent physical condition to deal with the further problems of the Great City which will confront him on the morrow.

U. S. A.

From a tale of adventure:—

"There on the rugged surf-slashed shore the castaways discovered a grim object, a giblet pointing to a gloomy sky."—*Provincial Paper.*

In search perhaps of its kindred, the Northern Lights.

"A Comfortable Home for Chronic, Convalescent and Aged Gentlefolks."
Advt. in Daily Paper.

"Chronic" gentlefolk, we suppose, are the opposite of the "temporary gentlemen" we used to hear about during the War.

MUSA TRIPECTORA.

[Mr. J. STUART, in a letter to *The Times* of March 5th on the "toughness of poets," relates some remarkable anecdotes of the Zulu heralds and laureates, especially of MAGOLWANA, who in common with others of that calling was "said to have owed his amazing memory to habitually consuming tripe."]

THE Zulu poets, so we read,
A tough and most tenacious breed,
On tripe habitually feed,
Mixed with the usual mealie.
Bards of sophisticated type
Inclined to rot before they 're ripe
Are never seen consuming tripe,
But they produce it freely.

"BRICKPLAYERS WANTED.—Apply Foreman, C.W.S. Building Dept."
Advt. in Manchester Paper.

"Brickplayers," the right word.

"100 Pairs of Ladies' Shoes, a collection of Oddments. Less than Half-Price. per yard 7/11."—*Advt. in Scots Paper.*

We have always been told that Scots ladies had exceptional understandings.

There was a great Mayor of Hereford,
Be-chained and be-collared and very furred;
The Sheriff declared
That his own robes compared
With the best of the Mayor's; but the Sheriff erred.

AT THE PLAY.

"THE RIVALS" (LYRIC, HAMMERSMITH).

THE directors of the Lyric, pursuing their masterly financial policy of employing only dead authors who claim



THE PUPPY'S ORDEAL.

Sir Anthony Absolute . . MR. NORMAN V. NORMAN.
Captain Absolute . . . . MR. DOUGLAS BURBIDGE.

no royalties, now present us with *The Rivals* of R. B. SHERIDAN, Esquire, in the mock eighteenth-century mood which they have patented.

There are many lapses from tradition, some conscious, others possibly accidental. The most deliberate is the new *Mrs. Malaprop*, designed by Mr. NIGEL PLAYFAIR, "with the help of Miss DOROTHY GREEN," as "one who might surprise and amuse but not completely bewilder the set in which she moved"—an arch and comely gentlewoman. I am not so sure that the experiment was successful. Miss GREEN, looking (naturally) so handsome and distinguished—anything but an "old weather-beaten she-dragon"—was obviously incapable of emitting the string of absurdities allotted to her; while her friends, bound to take so distinguished a person seriously, listened to them with very few traces of either surprise or amusement. Surely *Mrs. Malaprop* is a figure of fun or she is nothing, and this incongruity between body and mind seems to me to destroy much of the humour of the situation. I confess that, anyway, when you have heard a few of these verbal twists and given full credit for the originality of the idea, the more far-fetched of them become a little tiresome. Broad comedy can ride off with them; fantastic comedy presented by a beautiful woman can't.

And perhaps Miss ISABEL JEANS's *Lydia* was a shade too sprightly and minx-like for that incurable romantic. I liked better the feeling of the *Julia* of Miss BEATRIX THOMSON, though she seemed to have the air less of an eighteenth-century than an early-Victorian maid. Both ladies were exquisitely decorative.

Jack Absolute (Mr. DOUGLAS BURBIDGE) also, it seemed to me, might well have been a little more dashing, something more of a "dog," a little less unlike his explosive father; withal more cynical and resourceful. His embarrassments would, I am confident, have never reduced him to stockishness.

Mr. CLAUDE RAINS as *Faulkland* seemed to me quite admirable. *Faulkland* can be an unholy bore, but the mock-heroic burlesque, with a dash of real feeling running through it, which this clever actor brought to the part was in itself very engaging and fitted into Mr. PLAYFAIR'S rather self-conscious design; while his elocution was, as always, a delight.

Mr. NORMAN'S *Sir Anthony* pleased me vastly. You really liked the old fellow for all his unreasonableness and tyranny—as you were meant to like him. His ebullitions of gouty wrath were well managed, and he had an air



"A LONG SHOT, SIR LUCIUS, IF YOU LOVE ME."

Sir Lucius O'Trigger . MR. GUY LEFEUVRE.
Acres . . . . . MR. NIGEL PLAYFAIR.

of fitting into his environment which is the result of a technique not readily acquired, but when acquired looking easy enough to miss its merited reward.

Mr. NIGEL PLAYFAIR may always be counted on for an amusing exercise in the mannered comic vein. His *Bob Acres*, full of appropriate oaths, remains a decent fellow for all his poltroonery, a fellow that *Jack* could like and even *Sir Lucius* forgive.

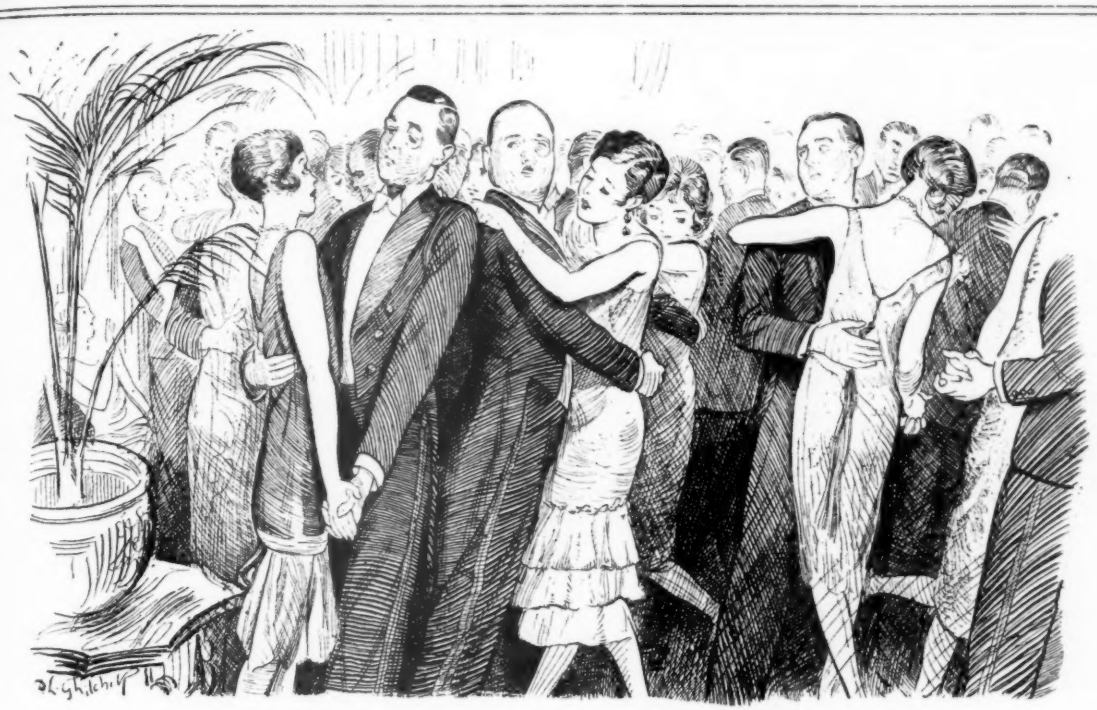
Mr. GUY LEFEUVRE'S blandly blood-thirsty and airily gallant *Sir Lucius* was a very pleasant performance; the brogue adequately rich but not travestied, and a charmingly mellow voice for speech and snatches of song.

The servants were beyond reproach. Mr. SCOTT RUSSELL as the rustic *Thomas* had too little to do and say for our pleasure; Mr. MILES MALLESON'S *David*—convincingly Hogarthian portrait as to make-up—built up the character with a hun-



BATH ROBES—CIRCA 1770.

Mrs. Malaprop . . . . . MISS DOROTHY GREEN.
Lydia Languish . . . . . MISS ISABEL JEANS.
Julia . . . . . MISS BEATRIX THOMSON.



First hemmed-in Dancer. "THIS RAG'S IN AID OF SOMETHIN' OR OTHER, ISN'T IT?"
Second Ditto. "YES—THE MOVEMENT TO ABOLISH OVERCROWDING IN THE SLUMS."

dred skilled touches; Mr. GEOFFREY WINCOTT cleverly gave point to the foppish coxcomb *Fag*, and Miss ANGELA BADDELEY was excellent as the designing *Lucy*, speaking her "sweet simplicity" speech in particular with great address.

I rather wondered that the epilogue was given in presence of the players, all compelled to stand by awkwardly with painfully frozen faces. Miss ISABEL JEANS's attractive elocution would have been better served from the more orthodox isolated position in front of the curtain.

Of the decorations by Mr. NORMAN WILKINSON ("of Four Oaks," to distinguish him from the other NORMAN WILKINSON of none) I liked best the opening scene of the Parade, which was admirable in feeling, colour and detail. The interiors seemed less happy. But the dresses, especially those of the three principal ladies, were entirely in the right mood, billowing brilliant fantasies of silk, charmingly carried out by Mrs. LOVAT FRASER. The three Misses CHAPLIN attempted vainly (with harpsichord, viola d'Amore and viola da Gamba) to cope with the entr'acte conversation. They might as well have brought their combs.

Mr. PLAYFAIR may rest assured that he has pleased his patrons. A jolly evening. T.

MR. PUNCH'S MUSIC-HALL SONGS.

XII.—DRINKING SONG (NEW STYLE).

COME, let us fill the flowing bowl
And let who can be jolly;
Though poets think it fine to drink
We know that it is folly.
Their Bacchus let them call divine,
But we 'll with reason revel,
Confessing while we swill the wine
That Bacchus is the devil.
Fill the cup—there's no excuse,
For wine's the devil, wine's the deuce!
Fill, but let me give you warning,
You'll be sorry in the morning.
Wine's a poison, wine's a bane;
Here's good health—and fill again!

'Tis Bacchus wrecks the poor man's life
With base unwholesome cravings;
By Bacchus led he stabs his wife
And spends the woman's savings.
His children's bread he sells for ale,
Then, flushed with this enjoyment,
He cuts his throat and goes to jail,
Thus losing his employment.
Then fill the cup, etc.

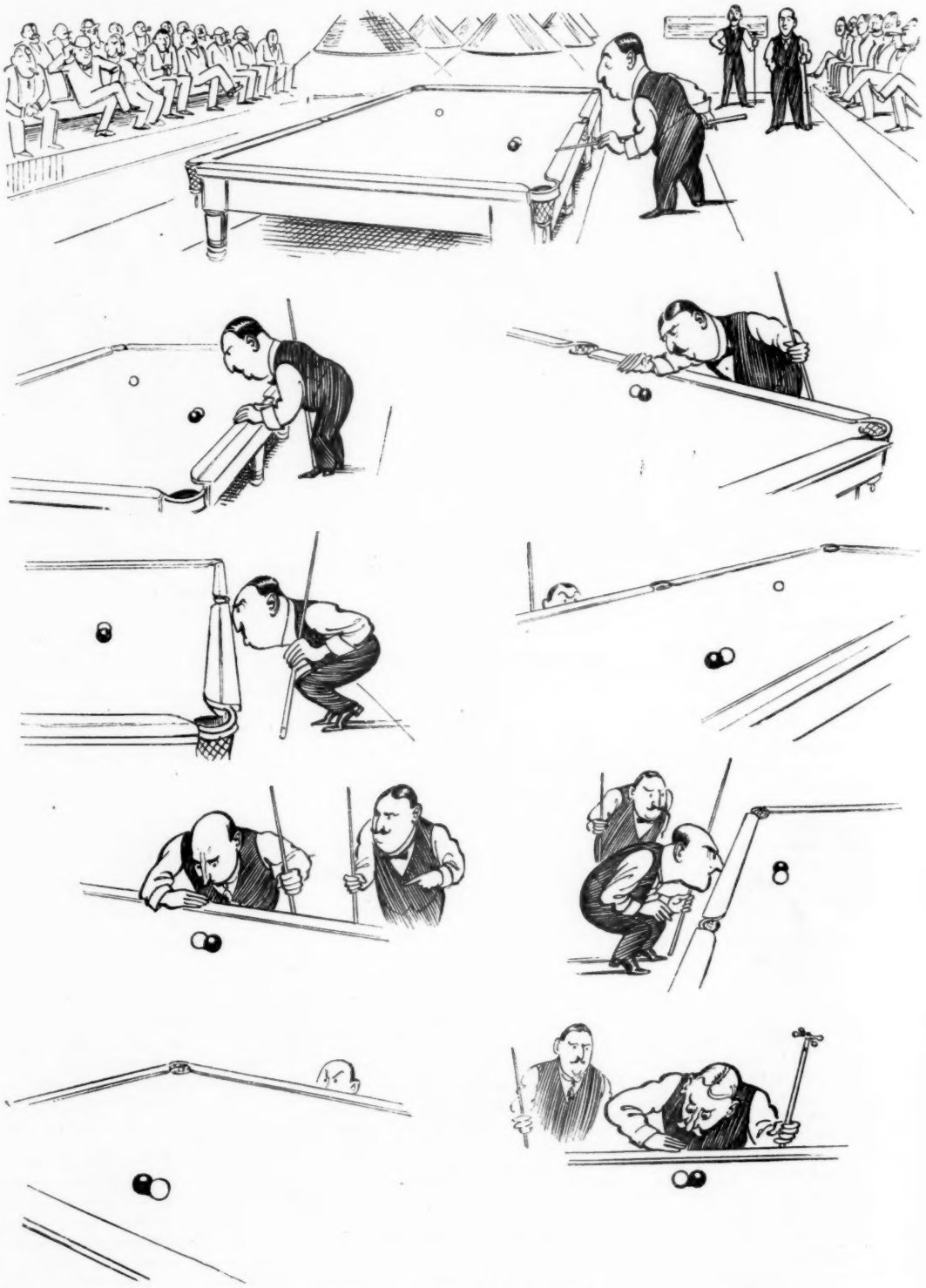
The rich as well, 'tis shame to tell,
When Bacchus blows up breezy,
Play cards and curse and, what is worse,
Make love a lot too easy,
And many a Viscount seeks his cot
Unconscious in his carriage,
Without his hat and, like as not,
Entangled in a marriage.
Then fill the cup, etc.

In fact, with rich and poor the same,
When horrid fates attack us,
Whatever else may be to blame
The chances are it 's Bacchus;
He rots the liver, saps the soul,
Makes fortunes run like rivers,
But come, let 's fill the flowing bowl,
For life is more than livers!
Then fill the cup, etc.

Then, poets, cease to praise the god,
And, preachers, cease to strike him,
For, foul or fair, we don't much care,
We only know we like him;
The more we drink the more we die,
But why this wordy strife, Sir?
That wine 's a curse we don't deny,
But so is most of life, Sir.
Then fill the cup, there's no excuse,
For wine's the devil, wine's the deuce!
Fill, but let me give you warning,
You'll be sorry in the morning.
Wine's a poison, wine's a bane;
Here's good health—and fill again!

A. P. H.

"If a child wants to do naughty things, teach it how to do them."—*Provincial Paper.*
But surely the American "crook films" do this already.



WERE THEY TOUCHING?



WERE THEY TOUCHING?



Garrulous Lady (to chance acquaintance on Channel crossing). "I HOPE YOU DON'T MIND MY TALKING, BUT MY DOCTOR TOLD ME THAT BRIGHT CONVERSATION IS THE BEST THING TO PREVENT SEA-SICKNESS."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

IN *The Spanish Farm*, you remember, the War was an accessory. The story was *Madeleine's* story, the story of a farmer's daughter of the Pas de Calais with one French lover and one English one. The French lover was taken from her by the War; and but for the War she would never have looked at the English lover, or he at her. But the book was not primarily a chronicle, and the description, "highly humanised history," which Mr. GALSWORTHY bestowed on it, might more aptly, I feel, be applied to its successor. *Sixty-Four, Ninety-Four* (CHATTO AND WINDUS) deals with the War first, and the fortunes of *Madeleine*, *D'Archeville*, *Skene* and the rest afterwards. It is a less harmonious book than its forerunner, but I think a greater one. Its end is quite simply and rightly informative. Through the eyes of *Skene*, a type of that English professional class whose upbringing is "the most 'gentle' in the world," we see phases of the whole War, from its initiation as a Crusade to its end as "a cosmic stupidity." As a type *Skene* is drawn with beautiful precision, and the same may be said of each of his English fellow-officers. But there are stray characters less conscientiously and I should imagine less compositely built up, who enjoy more vitality: *Dakers*, the old Canadian "Clearance Officer," his nephews *Andy* and *Sam*, his servant the philologist *Burnside*, and that admirable uncle of *Skene's*, the diocesan architect of an English cathedral town, whose *envoi* is, "I shall want you when we get busy with the memorials." In avoiding "official, personal or imaginative bias," Mr. RALPH HALE MOTTRAM has deprived himself of a conventional standpoint, communicable passion and such lyric possibilities as his subject affords. The first piece of self-denial is an unqualified gain, the possible effect of the second it would be impertinent to gauge. As for the third, it is luckily less complete than the other two, and its casual contraventions provide the happiest auguries for Mr. MOTTRAM'S future as a novelist.

In *The Challenge of Asia* (MURRAY) a retired Indian Civil Servant, Mr. STANLEY RICE, has endeavoured to determine the causes of the ferment now working in the principal countries of Asia—India, China and Japan. To deal with this complex question in a book which can be read almost at a sitting was surely no easy task, especially for one who so persistently refuses to generalise and who recognises that each of the three countries mentioned has its own peculiar problems. Mr. RICE is neither a scaremonger nor a politician. Those who resent the idea that St. Paul's is not actually tottering will be disappointed to find that, in Mr. RICE'S view, the Yellow peril of their dreams is unlikely to materialise within the lifetime of anyone now living. The

book may also disappoint those others who think it a waste of time to expose a danger unless you can make some political party responsible for it. Mr. RICE clearly shows that the present unrest has been steadily developing since the Russo-Japanese War, which exploded once and for all the legend of European invincibility. The "challenge of Asia" is the demand of the Asiatic to be regarded as the white man's equal, and to sit side by side with him in the councils of the world. I could wish that Mr. RICE had added another chapter to his admirable survey, explaining by what modifications of our Imperial and foreign policy this challenge should in his opinion be met. But he would no doubt say that his intention was merely to present the public with a lucid and impartial reading of the facts. It was a task well worth doing, and it could hardly have been better done than in this thoughtful and thought-provoking book.

In *Ransom* (CONSTABLE) Mr. ANTHONY RICHARDSON, like the mediæval magician's apprentice, raises a very competent devil, but fails to keep him adequately employed. *James Brockenholt* ("*Black Brockenholt*") is, on his own reiterated admission, essentially a satanic character. As a mere lad he is expelled from Malton College for kissing a local tobacconist's young lady, and goes forth into the world vowing vengeance. By eight-and-thirty he is "*Lingfield's Ltd.*," the opulent and ruthless head of a great motor combine, and has offered his old school fifteen thousand pounds to build a sanatorium. The offer being accepted, *James* comes down in the capacity of benefactor, "a sneer twisted across his mouth like a painted grin," accompanied by *Miss Sophie Wontner*, the accomplished and professional successor of the tobacconist's young lady, and *Mr. Carlo Maude*, also her admirer, head of an opposition motor business. The picture of the school staff (which has, of course, jumped at the money without troubling to ascertain whether or no it proceeded from a contrite heart) endeavouring to cope with this impossible trio is a distinctly ironic one; and so far, I feel, Mr. RICHARDSON has justified his enterprise. But then *James* marries a music-master's golden-haired daughter and refuses to allow her to have a family; while *Sophie* tries to make mischief between man and wife, and *Carlo* takes a similarly disruptive line over the motor business. At last (Mr. RICHARDSON being obviously at his wits' end) the wife is allowed a son, whose death, soon after his promotion to knickerbockers, is the direct result of his father's selfishness. I never knew a child enter or leave this world to a more lavish accompaniment of chloroform; and this may have put me off my appetite for the rest of the story. The best that I can say of it is that its characters all have the galvanic life of their kind; and *Sophie*, who can be both humorous and human, has something over and above it.



"WELL, I MUST SAY IT 'S NOT MY IDEA OF AN IRISH TERRIER."
"P'R'APS NOT, MA'AM, BUT YOU MUST REMEMBER 'OW THINGS 'AS CHANGED OVER THERE SINCE THEY 'AD THIS 'ERE FREE STATE."

There has been no lack lately of little books, and indeed big books as well, instructing the novice how to write. In *Pen and Ink* (DENT) Mr. GUY N. POCOCK has put together twelve chapters on the writing of prose which really may have their use to a would-be writer. He lays stress, first of all, on the importance of accurate observation, and of acquiring the habit of thinking clearly in words instead of in a series of blurred pictures: as examples of this he annexes two passages of some length from *Robinson Crusoe* and ANSON'S *Voyage Round the World*. Then, a little later, we have a chapter on the art of description, with an excerpt from MACAULAY (on BURKE and India), and three illustrations from *Adam Bede*, *Bleak House* and *Nicholas Nickleby*. To the chapter dealing with the short story the author appends an example of his own—not, as he modestly explains, because he imagines it possesses any great intrinsic merit, but because he is in the best possible position to

explain how it was constructed. About one dictum in this section I am rather doubtful. "Story writing," Mr. POCOCK takes occasion to say, "even if you do not publish, is excellent practice, and much more amusing than bridge." I am inclined to think sometimes that there are quite enough story-writers in the world, whereas bridge-players are often undiscoverable in the club about half-past five in the afternoon when one more is wanted to make up a four. However, generally speaking, I can commend this little book. The ten studies of contemporary writers with which the author concludes are quite good and should stimulate the earnest student.

The Mystery of the Evil Eye (HUTCHINSON) can be described justly in no other terms than as a rattling good detective yarn. All those tenets which the purer disciples and followers of the faith hold most dear have been duly observed by Mr. ANTHONY WYNNE. If he errs at all it is in lending a little too much emphasis to the personality of the heroine. Some of the sternest of us believe that it is wrong to give her the least trace of flesh and blood, lest the mind should be distracted from science by the intrusion of profitless romance. But the rest is very good. That starry illusion, that the police are willing to sustain a charge of murder on the barest circumstantial evidence against a rich young man with a blameless life and clear-cut handsome features, is ably maintained. There is a detective who, if not an all-round specialist in every branch of knowledge, from cigarette-ends to Egyptology, like *Sherlock Holmes*, is a medical expert with a real mind for clues and a real knowledge of medical apparatus and lethal weapons alike. There is thrill, there is suspense. There is superadded a motor-car chase worthy of the most sensational film. And, if it does not cross the mind of the barrister who prosecutes (vindictively) for the Crown, or the great "hanging" judge who most unfairly sums up the evidence, that they are inviting Nemesis by pursuing the case so bitterly against a defendant who is not only conducting his own case but whose fine features a ray of sunlight coming into the gloom of the court suddenly illuminates, what would you? There is many and many such a judge, and many and many such a barrister walking about in paroxysms of lifelong remorse amongst the quadrangles of the Inner Temple of Romance.



Wife (who has been reading the papers, to departing husband). "NOW, MIND WHAT I SAY, BILL. YOU JUST STICK TO PLAIN BURGLIN'. NONE O' THIS 'ERE KISSIN' BUSINESS."

Vincent Paroli, the principal figure of *The Wolf Man* (THORNTON BUTTERWORTH), had just been married for the second time when Mr. ALFRED MACHARD introduces him. An hilarious wedding-feast was in progress, "sixty-one bottles of wine and half a bottle of water were emptied." But *Vincent*, unknown to the guests, had a past. He was an ex-convict who had escaped from prison, and in five days he would, by the laws of France, be free from being re-arrested. For years he had lived an industrious and respectable life; no wonder that he thought the police would never trouble him again. And then, on this his second wedding-day, he discovered that he was in grave danger of arrest, and, taking his young son with him, he succeeded in making a temporary escape from the net which was being spread around him. An exciting hunt through the underworld of Paris followed. I should have attended it with greater zest if I had been capable of believing in *Vincent's* guilt. And in the end my firm and troublesome conviction that he had never committed a crime was fully justified.

In his collection of ten stories, *The Cook and the Captain Bold* (HEINEMANN), Mr. ARTHUR MASON tells of the captains and crews of the less prosperous section of the American merchant service. He deals with the miserly master owning his one crank schooner, which is all his living; relates the deeds of the master's wife, who is fit to crack on with the best and who would rather run the ship right under than be outsailed by a rival trader; describes how a captain won back their pay from his men by judicious gambling; and delineates the bucko mate and the inhuman brutalities he practised upon a sullen but submissive crew. Discipline, as it is understood in the British mercantile marine, does not seem to be regarded in American ships. Nor is it surprising that American citizens do not care much about the sea; and the less they use it, perhaps, the better for all parties concerned. Nevertheless the hardened shellback cannot stay on shore. I like the quaint episode of the attempt on the part of two seamen to settle in the Australian bush. Unnerved by a night of storm, neither would confess his longing to be safely afloat again. But one betrayed his feelings when he silently began to drop stones down the well in order to console himself with the sound of splashing water. Then by tacit consent the two farmers packed their gear on their one horse, towed the animal to the coast and presently found themselves signing on in their old ship.

A new novel by Mr. A. P. HERBERT ("A. P. H."), entitled *The Old Flame*, has just been published by Messrs. METHUEN.

"GROTESQUE SPELLING.

The leters as a rule showed a total ignaronce of grammar, the spelling was grotesque, and the writing as a rule was indescribably bad. In ordinary every-dy work the sme wnt of eduction ws forced on one's notice."—*Letter in Daily Paper.*

The writer is evidently an authority.

"The solitary moorland inn of Chequers at Slape Stones, in the Hambledon Hills, has just lost its landlord, but the turf fire on its open hearth is still kept burning, as it has been since it was kindled under Queen Anne."—*Morning Paper.*

So now we know why QUEEN ANNE died.

CHARIVARIA.

IT is felt that if we have any sun this spring we should call it summer and be on the safe side this year.

* * *

A Swedish astronomer predicts that the world will come to an end almost at once. But that of course is impossible before the Spring Sales are over.

* * *

It is proposed to provide the House of Lords with loud-speakers. Another suggestion is the installation of silencers in the House of Commons.

* * *

According to Sir PATRICK HASTINGS, K.C., the younger members of the Labour Party are beginning to think for themselves. It is doubtful if this meets with the approval of the older members.

* * *

According to the Trades Union deputation the Russian Government is based on a system of State Socialism that has the active support of a majority of workers. They came to this conclusion after Mr. HERBERT SMITH had had his gold watch stolen by a pickpocket.

* * *

"The Parliamentary orator is the most powerful factor in public life," says a writer. The SPEAKER however is of the opinion that it 's all his eye.

* * *

There is a story circulating in London that a man entered a public library and consulted a dictionary for the purpose of ascertaining the meaning of a word entirely unconnected with any newspaper puzzle.

* * *

Women are the most important persons in the world, says Sir WILLIAM ARBUTHNOT LANE. This is a striking confirmation of the opinion already held by the fair sex.

* * *

Part of St. Paul's, including the organ, is to be closed. We are relieved to learn however that there is no intention of shutting up the DEAN.

* * *

"I am not on speaking terms with my wife," a man told a London magistrate the other day. Many husbands are merely on listening terms with their wives.

* * *

According to a Sunday paper there are fifty thousand poets in this country. We gather from our correspondence that most of them are still at large.

A hen in North London has laid several perfectly round eggs. We understand that her gratified owner is having them boiled hard and gilded to sell to pawnbrokers in quarter-dozens.

* * *

CHARLIE CHAPLIN played a 'cello at a recent concert in America. It is said that the noises emanating from the instrument were not any more comic than those produced by anybody else.

* * *

A music-hall comedian has written a murder mystery story. We understand that the description of how a dramatic critic is found dead in his stall choked by a chestnut is a tense piece of prose.

* * *

Great Britain recently won a roller-skating championship. We shine more at these sedentary sports.

* * *

A plant exhibited at the Royal Horticultural Society's show emits a perfume that pervades the air for a radius of a hundred yards. It is said that the fish-and-chip trade are hoping to secure an injunction on the grounds of redundancy.

* * *

A Hornsey man has promised the magistrates not to strike his landlord again. During Lent of course every man should deny himself some little pleasure.

* * *

A football match between teams of men and women has led to the marriage of a couple at Barrow. This once again revives the controversy on the risks run by football players.

* * *

A man who has been sent to prison twenty-seven times has been arrested for stealing a parrot. When caught, it is alleged, he was trying to teach the bird to say, "Not Guilty, my Lord."

* * *

According to a well-known dealer the British people are drinking more coffee. We wonder if they know it.

* * *

A jazz band last week played for two hours to the inmates of an Edinburgh gaol. This is a nasty set-back for the M.P. who last week in the House of Commons advocated brighter prisons.

* * *

Answers says that 5,752 wild animals were killed in Burma last year. Can it be that at last there are 'buses running from the Bank to Mandalay?

* * *

Mr. ROCKEFELLER has given a million dollars to promote education in art. Probably he wants to stimulate the demand for standard oil painting.

* * *

Judging by some of the many anti-war plays now being produced, the greatest argument against another war is that it also will produce a number of anti-war plays.

* * *

After seeing a close-up on the screen, and hearing that Miss GLORIA SWANSON, the film actress, is receiving a salary of four pounds a second, we know the real meaning of "The Twelve-Pound Look."

* * *

A play in Florence has no female character. We have plays with females, but too often they haven't any character either.

* * *

Mr. H. A. L. FISHER says that motoring will lighten the work of school teachers. It will probably reduce the number of pupils, if nothing else.

* * *

We note that the cheapest place in the British Empire is St. Helena. Prospective NAPOLEONS should bear this in mind.



THE NEW TRUTH
(as used in the Law Courts).
Father. "DID YOU DO THAT?"
Son. "I DON'T REMEMBER."

WHEN KNIGHTS ARE BOLD.

Sir Henry (to *Sir Thomas*). I suggest to you that when you suggested that the suggestion of a separate dog allowance was made by the plaintiff at the interview on October 23rd, that was a suggestion which was unfounded except on the hypothesis that the suggestion of the defendant was hypothetical.

Sir Thomas (*warmly*). It is a lie.

Sir John. I object.

Sir Henry. I put it to you that it was categorical.

Sir Thomas. Nothing of the sort.

Sir Henry (*hotly*). That is not an answer to my question, and you know it.

Sir John. I object.

Sir Thomas. I resent the *innuendo.*

Sir Henry. Will you give me an answer to my question as to whether a thing may not be scandalous on the hypothesis that it is categorical or not?

Sir John. I object.

Sir Thomas (*warmly*). The question is bilge.

Sir Henry. Is that your mentality, Sir Thomas?

Sir Thomas (*heatedly*). Will you kindly leave my mentality alone, Sir Henry?

The Judge. Sir Thomas, you must not speak to learned counsel like that. They are sensitive.

Sir Henry. Is it true to say that you have committed alimony?

Sir John rising to his feet, a heated altercation took place at the bar between the two learned counsel, who stood and hissed at each other for some time, while Sir Thomas repeatedly snapped his fingers at Sir Henry.

The Judge. Without anticipating anything I may have to say at a later stage and subject to anything which may be disclosed in evidence next year, and bearing in mind the relations of the parties, and without prejudice to the issue of forgery, and *prima facie*, and *statu quo*, and not forgetting the Boat Race, I think it right to say that so far as I understand the law (and of course I am a mere child in Sir Henry's hands), I shall at a suitable moment be prepared to say that the question is relevant and should be answered, subject to the consideration that this sentence has continued for so long that I have now forgotten what the question was, and it may be arguable that the law has altered in the meantime.

Sir John. I am very much obliged, milord.

Sir Henry. Have you, *in fact*, committed alimony?

Sir Thomas. Never.

Sir Henry. Do you shingle your hair?

Sir John. I object.

Sir Thomas. No.

Sir Henry. I suggest to you that you are a persistent shingler.

Sir Thomas. No.

Sir Henry. Would it surprise you to learn that this letter which you wrote on the 23rd June is in your own handwriting?

Sir John. I object.

Sir Thomas. No.

Sir Henry. Do you smoke in the bath?

Sir Thomas. Certainly.

Sir Henry. Did you stay at the Grand Hotel, Palermo, in September, 1911, with a woman purporting to be your wife?

Sir Thomas. Yes.

Sir Henry. Was she your wife?

Sir Thomas. Yes.

Sir Henry. Then do you still tell the jury that you are not a shingler?

Sir Thomas. Yes.

Sir Henry. I put it to you that you are a shingler.

Sir Thomas. No.

Sir Henry. I suggest you shingled last May.

Sir Thomas. No.

Sir Henry. I put it to you that you did shingle.

Sir Thomas (*yawning*). All right. Have it your own way.

Sir Henry. And you have committed alimony?

Sir Thomas. No.

Sir Henry. Why not?

Sir Thomas. I beg your pardon?

Sir Henry (*sternly*). Answer the question.

Sir John. I object.

The excitement in court was intense as Sir Henry with a dramatic gesture cuffed Sir John over the ear.

Sir Henry. I suggest that you are a bigamist.

Sir Thomas. I resent the *innuendo.*

Sir Henry (*thumping the desk dramatically*). I put it to you that the suggestion I have put to you is consistent with the hypothesis that the answers you have given are easily distinguishable from the true facts?

Sir Thomas. It is a lie.

Sir Henry. At Palermo, in September, there would be good sea-bathing?

Sir Thomas. Yes.

Sir Henry. Would it be fair to say that you bathed at Palermo?

Sir Thomas. Yes.

Sir Henry. In company with this woman who accompanied you?

Sir Thomas. Yes.

Sir Henry. Mixed bathing?

Sir Thomas. Yes.

Sir Henry. Of course I don't suggest there is anything wrong in mixed bathing.

Sir Thomas. Then why the pink rat did you refer to it?

Sir Henry (*with great sorrow and indignation*). Milord, I claim the protection of the Court.

The Judge. Sir Thomas, I am here to protect learned counsel and I will not have them insulted. It is little I am allowed to do in these proceedings, but at least I can do that. Sir Henry is paid a great deal of money for cross-examining you, and the longer he cross-examines you the longer the case will continue and the more Sir Henry will be paid. It is therefore very selfish of you to take the bread out of his mouth by objecting to his little excursions into fancy. Moreover, you must remember that he has been a barrister all his days and has never for a moment lived real life. He has the mind of a child and has not the least idea how people really behave. He gets his ideas from French plays and shilling shockers, and you must admit that he is very entertaining. So please answer his questions kindly and don't upset him.

Sir Henry. Thank you, milord. Do you still say, Sir Thomas, that you have not committed alimony?

Sir Thomas. I dare say, old boy.

Sir Henry. In fact, you stand in that box a confessed burglar, bankrupt, bigamist, philanderer, consumptive, vegetarian, embezzler and pirate?

Sir Thomas. As you will, Sir Henry. I want my lunch.

Sir John (*rising*). I object.

Sir Henry, taking from his pocket a rotten egg, flung it dramatically at Sir Thomas. Sir John, with a dramatic movement, placed his thumb to his nose and dramatically extended the fingers. The Court adjourned.

A. P. H.

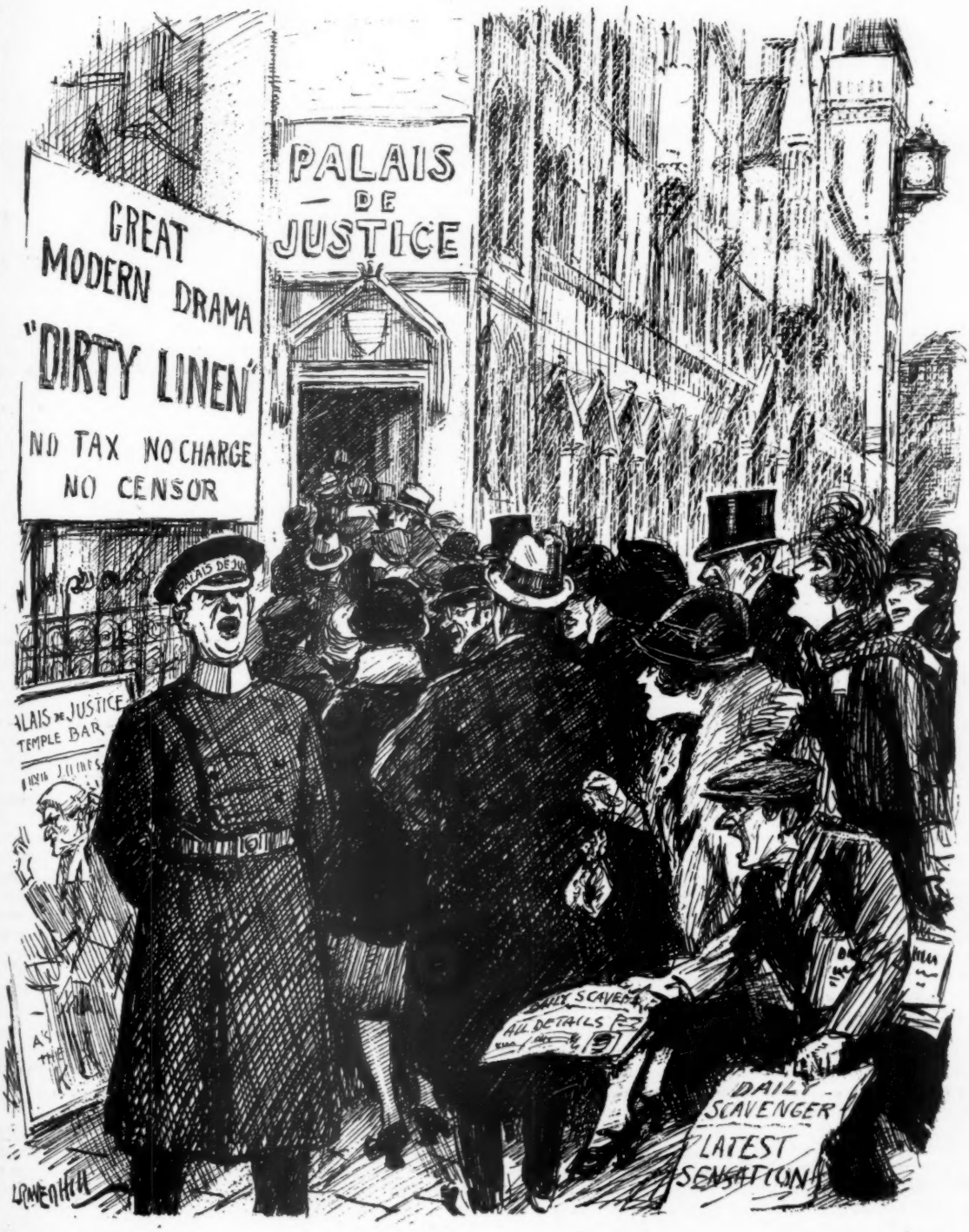
THE SASSENACH CABINET.

[With the solitary exception of Sir JOHN GILMOUR, Secretary for Scotland, there are no Scots in Mr. BALDWIN's Cabinet.]

AULD Scotia noo feels hauden doon,
There 's greetin' sair in shire and toun;
Sin' STANLEY beat the Moray loon
Things hae gaen wrang;
Puir BALDWIN's reign can be nae boon
Wi' sic a thrang.

O' Sassenachs his Cabinet 's fu'—
A queer Churchillian motley crew—
Aiblins he yet may live tae rue
He waled this lot;
It canna be that Scotland's due
Is but ae Scot.

STANLEY I 'd ask—as honest chap—
Tae kin'ly look upo' the map;
He 'll note that Scotland 's still at tap,
Despite his sway;
If brains are wantit, well—*verb. sap.*—
I 've said my say.



JUSTICE PROFANED; OR, WHAT WE ARE COMING TO.



Husband. "I 'M SO ANNOYED ABOUT IT THAT I 'VE A GOOD MIND TO THROW MYSELF OFF WATERLOO BRIDGE."
Wife. "YES—THE NEW ONE OR THE OLD ONE?"

LETTERS FROM A GARRULOUS AUNT.

III.

Berkeley Court Gardens, W.

MY DEAR NIECE,—Did I tell you in my last that I missed the Private View at Princes', as I was waiting for my new hat to go with my furs just out of cold storage? The shops are so stupid and never attend to anyone nowadays. I don't wonder so many women are down with kleptomania and get into the evening papers, though I 'm very careful myself, "self-help being no recommendation." I worked it on a sampler when I was a little girl, with my name in blue silk, "Lucinda Tozer," and a verse of poetry which ran like this:—

"Seek not to toy with Cupid's bow,
Nor of his quiver deign to borrow;
Be wise to-day; you never know
How foolish you may be to-morrow."

So sweet, isn't it? It 's a great pity we don't do these things now. But of course it 's the War, and a new world. Nothing is quite the same or where it was before, as the Archdeacon said the other day. Don't you agree? And the sampler was framed; but Pritchard says it 's been put away, and I can't find it. Isn't it annoying? I wanted you to have it to hang over the wash-stand or in the morning-room.

So you have bought a new horse. Do be careful, my dear. A hunter, I think you said; and they eat so much and are more expensive to keep than a small car, so Burrows tells me, with all the harness and the grooming every day. Have you got a good man to look after it, and shall you keep it in a stable? I suppose so; but I never liked them, as they smell so, and the carriage was always being washed outside with a hose-pipe. One gets wet so unexpectedly if too near, so I always got Burrows to telephone down to the coachman, being much safer.

I dare say it is true, as you say, the horse is a noble creature and the friend of man, but I always preferred dogs, as they are more domestic and sit up to beg. However, the car is much easier for getting about, and stops anywhere, as Curtis always drives carefully. I forget how many miles he told me we did last year, and only one fatal accident. Happily not expensive, as it was a sheep. Curtis said it would have died anyhow as it had mouth-and-foot disease, so we had the car thoroughly disinfected for Trixy's sake. He is such a dear. I 'm sorry to say he growled at Mrs. Hollibanks' legs when she called last Wednesday, not being my At Home day. White silk stockings, you know; and she would sit in the low chair, most unsuitable to the present fashion. I nearly blushed myself, and of course Trixy barked, as she had come to ask for a subscription to "The Plumbers' Home of Rest." Poor fellows, I hear they work so hard, though I have never noticed it, and the assistant always has to go back to fetch something.

Have you called on the Nappers yet, or Mrs. Bagglethorpe? I hope so. Sir Nineveh was in town last week on business, and turned up at the Duckley-Smythes' reception. Madame Prunelli was singing, from the Albert Hall, you know, and he would talk all the time. Bad form, I thought. And you never saw such trousers; and one of his spats not properly fastened; but I 'm told all the same that he has bought the Piccadilly Tube, and will put up a refreshment-room at every station. Isn't it wonderful? though of course I never travel myself in tubes, and intend to keep above ground as long as Providence permits.

Your loving Aunt, LULU.

P.S.—I 've forgotten to thank you for those lovely birds—grouse, I think, and they tasted of the moor, and reminded me so much of your dear Uncle.

"'My one invariable practice with these [anonymous] letters is to put them in the fire unopened,' said Lord Hewart."—*Daily Paper.*

But how clever of him to know that they are anonymous!

MR. PUNCH'S MUSIC-HALL SONGS.

XIII.—SAVE THE TIGER!

WHEN Lady Jane refused to be
The wife of Viscount Fiddledee
He rose abruptly from his knee
And said, "Excuse this bungle—
I think I will not stay to dine,
There is a train at half-past-nine;
To-morrow by the fastest line
I'm leaving for the jungle.

"Ho, varlet, run and pack my gun,
My passport pray discover;
I mean to shoot some savage brute
To show how much I love her.
Far off in India's poisoned swamps
Some unsuspecting tiger romps,
Condemned to die,
And you know why—
'Cos you won't marry me.
Oh, ain't you got no heart, my gal?
Think of that dumb animal.
Save that tiger,
Poor dumb tiger,
Save that tiger—marry me!

"I'll hunt him down on shiny nights
With cunning telescopic sights,
And, if the creature turns and bites,
As is his cruel fashion,
I'll lie content and let him chew,
A-thinking all the time of you;
For what's the worst that he can do
Compared with Hopeless Passion?

"Ho, varlet, run and pack my gun,
My lovely one rejects me.
I kind of ache to shoot a snake,
For that's how it affects me.
With battle-axe and blunderbuss
I'll hip the hippopotamus;
Some buffalo
Has got to go
Because you won't be mine.
Heartless one, I'm better dead,
But think of the dumb quadruped;
Save that python,
Save that hippo,
Save that buffalo—be mine!"

The Lady Jane began to cry;
The thought of hippopotami
Unnaturally doomed to die
Had stirred her woman's pity.
She married him. And till this day,
Whenever he would have his way,
He only has to sing or say
This moving little ditty:—

"Ho, pack my gun, you naughty one!
Although I love you madly
I'm off to shoot some savage brute,
You do behave so badly.
I'd like to beat you, but you'd laugh;
I'll take it out of some giraffe,
Some buffalo
Has got to go
Because you won't be good.
Ain't you got no heart, dear wife?
You can't approve of taking life—
Then save that tiger,
Poor dumb tiger,
Save that buffalo—be good!"

A. P. H.



Householder. "ER—BEFORE COMMENCING OPERATIONS I THINK YOU OUGHT TO KNOW I 'VE JUST PAID MY FIRST INSTALMENT OF INCOME-TAX."
Tender-hearted Burglar. "'AVE YOU, THOUGH? WELL, IN THAT CASE WE 'LL CALL IT OFF."

"Our Musical Society gave us a good concert on Feb. 20th, and somewhat surprised us at the progress it had made. We hope for better things to come."—*Parish Magazine.*

This might perhaps have been more tactfully worded.

"Never again did such a monster as Henry VIII. with his six wives sit on the English throne."—*Sunday Paper.*

And a good thing too, or it might have collapsed under the strain.

"THE LAST TEST MATCH.—Can any reader inform me where I can get a recitation entitled 'The Last Test Match,' by Freeman?"
Weekly Journal's Correspondence Column.

We cannot give the information required, but suggest that C. V. GRIMMETT may be able to supply it.

MARCHING SONG.

WARM within the sleepy earth
There 's a spark a-smoulder;
Chestnut buds are getting girth,
Blackbird's bill 's got golder;
So, though waiting woods be bare,
So, though clouds have snow to spare,
Things are *bound* to happen ere
We be greatly older,
Very greatly older.

Jack hares on the fallows brown
Run their random revels,
Playing boxer, playing clown
O'er the windy levels;
Tumbling peewits make a mock,
Partridge cock fights partridge cock,
Wiring in like one o'clock,
Or like little devils,
Little jumping devils.

Winter 's on his lastest legs;
Just as a reminder
Thrush has laid two freckled eggs,
Sun 's a-getting kinder;
March he makes a showman's din—
"Just a-goin' to begin,
April's soon y-cumen in,
May, she 's cluss behind her,
Y-cumen cluss behind her!"

In the coppice pipes our faun,
Goat-hooves click and trample;
Bards sing Spring, and, though you yawn,
Our excuse is ample,
For the greens more daisies don
Daily, and, by Helicon,
SHAKESPEARE'S self, the Avon's Swan,
SHAKESPEARE'S self and SOLOMON
Set us the example,
Lend us their example.

The March Bather.

"One girl started bathing at Southbourne on Sunday morning and she was out again yesterday morning."—*Local Paper.*

Went in, no doubt, like a lion and came out like a lamb.

"There is no doubt that it is comparatively common for a tiger, particularly a tigress with clubs, to become a man-eater."
Canadian Paper.

It looks as if the old-fashioned clubs, which refused to admit females, were the safest after all.

THE STATE OF FILMLAND.

X.—SPORT.

IT is, I suppose, only natural in a country in which truth and virtue persistently prevail that the inhabitants are rarely to be seen playing golf. In any case the highly compressed nature of Filmland conversation offers so little scope for golf talk that even the most unpleasantly sinful people find little in the game to attract them.

I fancy, however, that, when the possibilities of the niblick as a joyously savage instrument of Fate and the opportunities open to a wrongful heir disguised as a caddie become more generally recognised, Filmlanders will have quite a lot of use for golf. They get up shooting parties in order to give certain guests the chance of "accidentally" potting one another in settlement of old scores, so why not golf?

Similarly the Filmlander has at present no desire, and as little opportunity, to tell fish stories. When he goes fishing it is from a stern sense of duty. Either he is seeking nourishment for his little invalid daughter away back in the log-cabin or else he is expecting his future bride to come floating by in a derelict punt and feels he ought to have an excuse for being there in time to save her from getting her hair wet. He only takes real pleasure in the sport when he can indulge in a comic fishing contest and push fat people off the pier.

An easy first in the Filmlander's category of popular sport is horse-racing. One can understand this because there is never a dull moment in a Filmland racing fixture, and they always have a fine day for it. The favourite never fails to arouse keen interest. This is because no one knows until the bell rings whether the favourite will be running, or, if running, who will ride him.

The Filmland racehorse is neither surprised nor discomposed when at the last moment his jockey is found to be missing. He knows that in thirty seconds the owner's daughter or *fiancée*, who is clasping and unclasping her hands in the front row of the grand stand, will have changed her clothes, leapt on his back and be breathing in his ear some such slogan as

"WHATEVER HAPPENS, BANDYLEGS, WE MUST WIN THE RACE."



"OR HE IS EXPECTING HIS FUTURE BRIDE TO COME FLOATING BY IN A DERELICT PUNT AND FEELS HE OUGHT TO HAVE AN EXCUSE FOR BEING THERE."

The vivid scene does credit to a community that takes real delight in the sport of kings. The judges, the rival owners, the fat bookies, the trainers, and all their friends and relations, are shaking their fists at one another in a frenzy of excitement. The favourite alone remains calm and slightly bored.

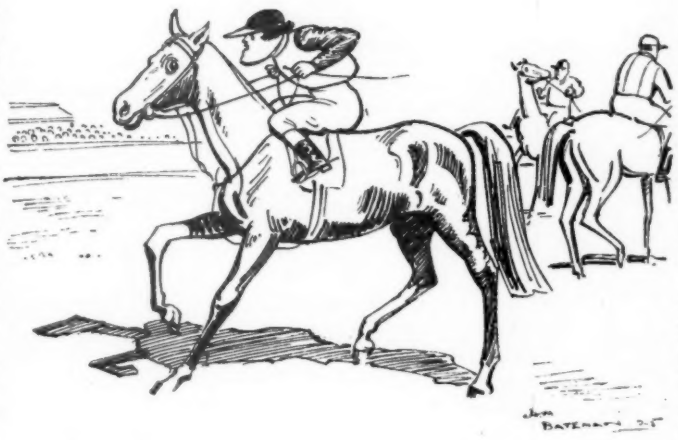
"That 's all right," he seems to say. "Think I don't know the rules? I 'm not hired out for a funeral, am I? What d' you suppose I kicked that dope-merchant on the head for? You sit tight and don't work your mouth about so much; you 'll bite my ear off."

Maybe it is the owner's prodigal son or the trainer's baby-girl who takes the place of the doped jockey. It is all one to the favourite.

"Don't you fellows crowd me," he says to the other horses. "You run behind, like good little boys. You can see from what 's wobbling about on my back that this race is the 'Love and Virtue Triumphant Stakes,' and I 'm scheduled for top place in the Stop Press news."

The other horses give him a pleasant run for his money, but they never dream of pushing past him at the winning-post. I am sure that, if he happened to cross his legs and fall down, they would all take care to fall over him and give him plenty of time to get away again. Horse-racing in Filmland is a thoroughly sporting business.

A Filmland boxing-match is equally thrilling in its way. One of the combatants is a very handsome young man; the other is a product of one of Nature's off-days. You can quite safely put all your money on the handsome young man. The life of a Filmland boxer is enough to give an ordinary world's champion cold shudders. Not only does he have actually to fight, but he has to fight hard. There is nothing of the one-round-and-go-to-sleep business about a Filmland fight. In addition the boxer—if he happens to be the good-looking one—has a lot of other strenuous work to do on the day of the contest. He cannot sit at home and tell newspaper reporters "Why I Think I Shall Win." He simply hasn't the time for this or any other sedentary recreation. He has to knock-out the best part of a gang of about thirty hired kidnappers, force his way out of an empty house, finishing off the remainder of the gang in the process, steal a motor-car, or else run a dozen miles or so to catch an express train and deal drastically with anybody else that tries to stop him. Yet he generally has enough energy left to enable him to leap with the resilient agility of a Russian dancer into the ring as though he had just motored round after a good day's rest.



"WHATEVER HAPPENS, BANDY-LEGS, WE MUST WIN THIS RACE."

The handsome young Filmland sportsman and athlete does not much care for cricket and football and such like pastimes; presumably they do not offer sufficient personal risk. The dopers and kidnappers and other powers of evil would be hard put to it to make things unpleasant for an entire team of eleven or fifteen handsome athletes. So, luckily for the rest of the sporting world, the invincible young Filmland athlete takes no interest in "ashes" and challenge cups and so forth.

There is one place however where the handsome young Filmland sportsman comes a nasty cropper, and that is the gaming-table. However bright and animated the scene, the face of the young gambler after a few minutes' play registers doubt, fear, despair, terror and chest-heaving remorse; not all at once, but very nearly; and soon there is nothing for him to do but slink away and clasp his bowed head in the privacy of his hotel bedroom. Then he bares his strong young arm and looks at his knobbly muscles and in a flash realises that he has only to use them to win through to fame and fortune.



"HE HAS TO FORCE HIS WAY OUT OF AN EMPTY HOUSE."

Our Helpful Press.

"I have no hesitation in recommending Spanish, for it is the official tongue of nearly a score of self-governing countries. Brazil, alone, has an area of over three million square miles."—*Provincial Paper.*

All the same we shouldn't like to try speaking Spanish in Brazil.

THE TWENTY-FIRST OF MARCH.

IT seemed quite an ordinary day. Grey and rather windy; yet the little bit of straw and old 'bus tickets were dancing in the gutters and the street flowers were shouting at the passers-by and laughing at each other. Even the frumpish old trams at the end of Vauxhall Bridge Road winked at the flowers, and the 'buses tried to squeeze closer to the pavement to talk to them. The policeman at the corner doubled himself in half to play with an elderly cat that was pretending to be a kitten, and the clock above Victoria Station felt his heart beating several degrees faster as he looked at the daffodils in the flower-women's baskets. People hurrying to catch their trains glanced up at him and began to run. The postman wondered why his sack felt so light, for he had a great many parcels. He did not know that there were little bits of Spring in the parcels—funny tight bunches of primroses and violets coming up to London to seek adventures. He might have heard them talking to each other and singing, but he did not, even though he had very large ears, for they were not the right kind of ear.

It was really a very special day; the flowers knew all about it, only the stupid humans had forgotten the date and did not know why they felt young and pleased.

The little god of Spring felt angry because they were so stupid. He had only just come back after being away a whole year, and yet they did not know why they felt pleased.

He went away and blew till it snowed. Everyone went about huddled in fur coats, and sniffed and sneezed. Then Spring laughed at them and came back.

From a florist's advertisement:—

"NOTICE.—To anyone buying a Plant I will give the earth."—*Welsh Paper.*

This applies, of course, only to the first customer.

MARCHING SONG.

WARM within the sleepy earth
There 's a spark a-smoulder;
Chestnut buds are getting girth,
Blackbird's bill 's got golder;
So, though waiting woods be bare,
So, though clouds have snow to spare,
Things are *bound* to happen ere
We be greatly older,
Very greatly older.

Jack hares on the fallows brown
Run their random revels,
Playing boxer, playing clown
O'er the windy levels;
Tumbling peewits make a mock,
Partridge cock fights partridge cock,
Wiring in like one o'clock,
Or like little devils,
Little jumping devils.

Winter 's on his lastest legs;
Just as a reminder
Thrush has laid two freckled eggs,
Sun 's a-getting kinder;
March he makes a showman's din—
"Just a-goin' to begin,
April 's soon y-cumen in,
May, she 's cluss behind her,
Y-cumen cluss behind her!"

In the coppice pipes our faun,
Goat-hooves click and trample;
Bards sing Spring, and, though you yawn,
Our excuse is ample,
For the greens more daisies don
Daily, and, by Helicon,
SHAKESPEARE'S self, the Avon's Swan,
SHAKESPEARE'S self and SOLOMON
Set us the example,
Lend us their example.

The March Bather.

"One girl started bathing at Southbourne on Sunday morning and she was out again yesterday morning."—*Local Paper.*

Went in, no doubt, like a lion and came out like a lamb.

"There is no doubt that it is comparatively common for a tiger, particularly a tigress with clubs, to become a man-eater."
Canadian Paper.

It looks as if the old-fashioned clubs, which refused to admit females, were the safest after all.

THE STATE OF FILMLAND.

X.—SPORT.

IT is, I suppose, only natural in a country in which truth and virtue persistently prevail that the inhabitants are rarely to be seen playing golf. In any case the highly compressed nature of Filmland conversation offers so little scope for golf talk that even the most unpleasantly sinful people find little in the game to attract them.

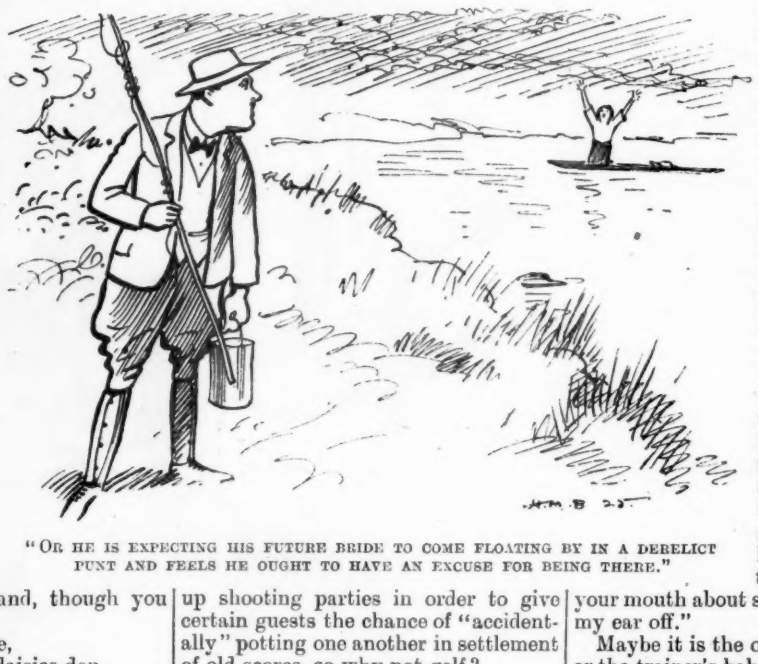
I fancy, however, that, when the possibilities of the niblick as a joyously savage instrument of Fate and the opportunities open to a wrongful heir disguised as a caddie become more generally recognised, Filmlanders will have quite a lot of use for golf. They get up shooting parties in order to give certain guests the chance of "accidentally" potting one another in settlement of old scores, so why not golf?

Similarly the Filmlander has at present no desire, and as little opportunity, to tell fish stories. When he goes fishing it is from a stern sense of duty. Either he is seeking nourishment for his little invalid daughter away back in the log-cabin or else he is expecting his future bride to come floating by in a derelict punt and feels he ought to have an excuse for being there in time to save her from getting her hair wet. He only takes real pleasure in the sport when he can indulge in a comic fishing contest and push fat people off the pier.

An easy first in the Filmlander's category of popular sport is horse-racing. One can understand this because there is never a dull moment in a Filmland racing fixture, and they always have a fine day for it. The favourite never fails to arouse keen interest. This is because no one knows until the bell rings whether the favourite will be running, or, if running, who will ride him.

The Filmland racehorse is neither surprised nor discomposed when at the last moment his jockey is found to be missing. He knows that in thirty seconds the owner's daughter or *fiancée*, who is clasping and unclasping her hands in the front row of the grand stand, will have changed her clothes, leapt on his back and be breathing in his ear some such slogan as

"WHATEVER HAPPENS, BANDYLEGS, WE MUST WIN THE RACE."



"OR HE IS EXPECTING HIS FUTURE BRIDE TO COME FLOATING BY IN A DERELICT PUNT AND FEELS HE OUGHT TO HAVE AN EXCUSE FOR BEING THERE."

The vivid scene does credit to a community that takes real delight in the sport of kings. The judges, the rival owners, the fat bookies, the trainers, and all their friends and relations, are shaking their fists at one another in a frenzy of excitement. The favourite alone remains calm and slightly bored.

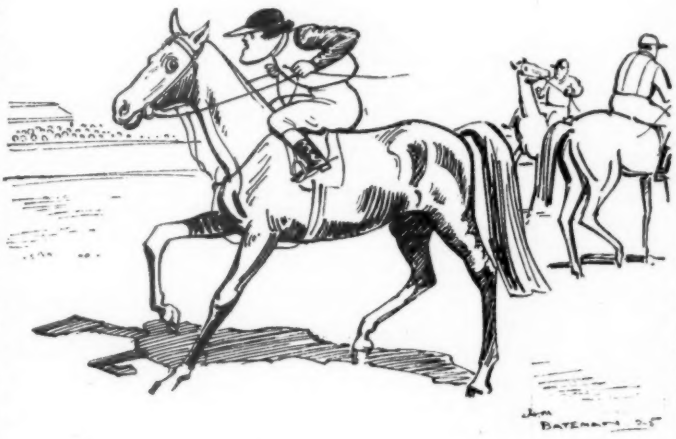
"That 's all right," he seems to say. "Think I don't know the rules? I'm not hired out for a funeral, am I? What d'you suppose I kicked that dope-merchant on the head for? You sit tight and don't work your mouth about so much; you 'll bite my ear off."

Maybe it is the owner's prodigal son or the trainer's baby-girl who takes the place of the doped jockey. It is all one to the favourite.

"Don't you fellows crowd me," he says to the other horses. "You run behind, like good little boys. You can see from what 's wobbling about on my back that this race is the 'Love and Virtue Triumphant Stakes,' and I'm scheduled for top place in the Stop Press news."

The other horses give him a pleasant run for his money, but they never dream of pushing past him at the winning-post. I am sure that, if he happened to cross his legs and fall down, they would all take care to fall over him and give him plenty of time to get away again. Horse-racing in Filmland is a thoroughly sporting business.

A Filmland boxing-match is equally thrilling in its way. One of the combatants is a very handsome young man; the other is a product of one of Nature's off-days. You can quite safely put all your money on the handsome young man. The life of a Filmland boxer is enough to give an ordinary world's champion cold shudders. Not only does he have actually to fight, but he has to fight hard. There is nothing of the one-round-and-go-to-sleep business about a Filmland fight. In addition the boxer—if he happens to be the good-looking one—has a lot of other strenuous work to do on the day of the contest. He cannot sit at home and tell newspaper reporters "Why I Think I Shall Win." He simply hasn't the time for this or any other sedentary recreation. He has to knock-out the best part of a gang of about thirty hired kidnappers, force his way out of an empty house, finishing off the remainder of the gang in the process, steal a motor-car, or else run a dozen miles or so to catch an express train and deal drastically with anybody else that tries to stop him. Yet he generally has enough energy left to enable him to leap with the resilient agility of a Russian dancer into the ring as though he had just motored round after a good day's rest.



"WHATEVER HAPPENS, BANDY-LEGS, WE MUST WIN THIS RACE."

The handsome young Filmland sportsman and athlete does not much care for cricket and football and such like pastimes; presumably they do not offer sufficient personal risk. The dopers and kidnappers and other powers of evil would be hard put to it to make things unpleasant for an entire team of eleven or fifteen handsome athletes. So, luckily for the rest of the sporting world, the invincible young Filmland athlete takes no interest in "ashes" and challenge cups and so forth.

There is one place however where the handsome young Filmland sportsman comes a nasty cropper, and that is the gaming-table. However bright and animated the scene, the face of the young gambler after a few minutes' play registers doubt, fear, despair, terror and chest-heaving remorse; not all at once, but very nearly; and soon there is nothing for him to do but slink away and clasp his bowed head in the privacy of his hotel bedroom. Then he bares his strong young arm and looks at his knobbly muscles and in a flash realises that he has only to use them to win through to fame and fortune.



"HE HAS TO FORCE HIS WAY OUT OF AN EMPTY HOUSE."

Our Helpful Press.

"I have no hesitation in recommending Spanish, for it is the official tongue of nearly a score of self-governing countries. Brazil, alone, has an area of over three million square miles."—*Provincial Paper.*

All the same we shouldn't like to try speaking Spanish in Brazil.

THE TWENTY-FIRST OF MARCH.

IT seemed quite an ordinary day. Grey and rather windy; yet the little bit of straw and old 'bus tickets were dancing in the gutters and the street flowers were shouting at the passers-by and laughing at each other. Even the frumpish old trams at the end of Vauxhall Bridge Road winked at the flowers, and the 'buses tried to squeeze closer to the pavement to talk to them. The policeman at the corner doubled himself in half to play with an elderly cat that was pretending to be a kitten, and the clock above Victoria Station felt his heart beating several degrees faster as he looked at the daffodils in the flower-women's baskets. People hurrying to catch their trains glanced up at him and began to run. The postman wondered why his sack felt so light, for he had a great many parcels. He did not know that there were little bits of Spring in the parcels—funny tight bunches of primroses and violets coming up to London to seek adventures. He might have heard them talking to each other and singing, but he did not, even though he had very large ears, for they were not the right kind of ear.

It was really a very special day; the flowers knew all about it, only the stupid humans had forgotten the date and did not know why they felt young and pleased.

The little god of Spring felt angry because they were so stupid. He had only just come back after being away a whole year, and yet they did not know why they felt pleased.

He went away and blew till it snowed. Everyone went about huddled in fur coats, and sniffed and sneezed. Then Spring laughed at them and came back.

From a florist's advertisement:—

"NOTICE.—To anyone buying a Plant I will give the earth."—*Welsh Paper.*

This applies, of course, only to the first customer.

RHYMES OF THE R.A.F.

XVI.—THE CHIEF ACCOUNTANT.

THE Chief Accountant spends his day
Computing people's monthly pay,
And his exactitude is such
That no one ever gets too much.
At school he proved extremely quick
In learning his arithmetic;
When barely three they found him able
To spout aloud his twice-times table:
Aged five this youthful prodigy
Was master of the rule of three
And loved to help his older pals
Who could not do their decimals;
At nine he knew far more of "logs."
Than did his learned pedagogues,
And often, I have heard it said,
His tutors stroked his curly head,
Observing in their pride and joy,
"He *is* a clever little boy,
And surely it is Nature's plan
To make of him a famous man."
They guessed aright; he has in truth
Fulfilled the promise of his youth.

Around his office lie outspread
Fat ledgers bound in black and red,
And o'er them bends a zealous band
Of young accountants, pen in hand,
Who murmur as they multiply
The slogan "Figures cannot lie:"
And in their midst, supreme, august,
Their Chief, whom they admire and trust,
Sits at his desk, where one may spot
The fattest ledger of the lot.

If ever you should seek him out
To intimate a certain doubt
Respecting the exact amount
That 's credited to your account,
Instead of getting in a stew
He rubs his hands and smiles at you,
Proceeding firmly to explain
In tones unruffled and urbane
That Chief Accountants cannot make
The smallest error or mistake.
But if you lack conviction still
He quickly snatches up a quill
And works a complicated sum
Which leaves you so bemused and dumb
That, when he asks if that is right,
You can but blink and mutter "Quite."

This strong man from the Treasury
Who juggles with our £ *s. d.*
Grows jocund when the seasons bring
The swift return of welcomed Spring,
And greets, as April days draw near,
The end of the financial year.
With secret joy he issues swarms
Of ominous official forms
That bear the legend "Income Tax";
We find them in our letter racks;
And every year it happens thus
That Spring's delights are marred for us;
But his false heart with pleasure fills
And dances with the daffodils.

SUNDAY CONCERTS.

THE QUEBECHSTEINBERT HALL.

POPULAR CLASSICAL CONCERT.

Programme.

March . . "Plump and Circumference." } *Bulger*

Conductor: OTTO ROSEN.

Aria . . . . "O Carne del mio Cuor" } *Émile Coupon*

Mme. CANTAGALLI
(The World-renowned Colourless Soprano)

Descriptive Piece } "Fun in a Mouse-Trap" . . *O. Löhr*

Pianist: JOHN SMITH
(First hearing in England)

Fantasia . "Death of Madame De Brinvilliers." *De la Morgue*

Patrol . . "Shinbane of Maconochie." *Finckelmann*

Band of the First Royal Kitchen Rangers.
(*Hon. Conductor:* Captain DERBY DAMPIER, E.G., P.S., N.B., N.B.G.)

Synopsis.

FUN IN A MOUSE-TRAP.

Such journals as *The Liverpool Virus* have described this piece as "a little gem of whimsical humour." (*a*) Mice in the cupboard. (*b*) The trap is baited. (*c*) Midnight sounds. (*d*) The postman delivers a letter. (*e*) The mice play round the cuckoo-clock. (*f*) Father Mouse approaches the trap; the others squeak with excitement and alarm. (*g*) The tempting cheese lures him in. (*h*) SNAP!

DEATH OF MADAME DE BRINVILLIERS.

This work is one of the earliest of De la Morgue's and won the Grand Prix at Auteuil in 1712. It is an elaborate theme illustrating episodes in the life of Brinvilliers, poisoner and *mauvais chapeau*, and her death by torture. The first movement opens on a note of almost devilish triumph, with counterpoint for the horns. We are shown the splendours of the Versailles balls in the cumulative syncopation of the saxophones. The sudden daringly crude note from the trombone suggests De Brinvilliers' first encounter with her final lover. This passage is bandied about the whole orchestra. The bar closes on ten solemn strokes. The almost incongruous effect of organ, side- and trap-drums with which the second movement opens conveys a hint of maddening suspense. The fate of De Brinvilliers is in the balance. The argument is sharply broken by a crash from the kettledrums. This is considered the finest of the cycle and is scored in a masterly style as each instrument in turn joins in the magnificent *peccadillo sostenuto* (*non oggi ma sempre domani*). The third movement opens and closes with drums alone.

It is said that when LOUIS XIV. first heard it he turned to De Stiqlebât and exclaimed, "*Poum! que c'est chic. J'ai envie de regarder tous ces coquins qui ne travaillent point*" (Pom, it is fashionable. I am envious to look at all these gentlemen who do no work).

The final movement is unrelieved gloom. We hear the roaring of the vengeful mob (cornucopias); gradually the theme composes and in the pizzicato of the violas the steady drip of the terrible torture is arpeggio'd to an unmistakable conclusion. The Fantasia ends upon a note of climacteric jubilation with reasoned work for the oboes, while the triangles, descending a minor third, come in an easy first.

O CARNE DEL MIO CUOR'.

This is the traditional melody of the devastated cooks in the famine areas of Notizia-Settimanale in the Lombar regions. The fine translation by Mullet Grey is appended, together with the original Italian:—

Alas, fled even is my meat!
In this dark time
I 'm at the butcher's feet.
What for?
'Tis war.
I seek it ever
And day by day
And find it never
And so away.
For meat I try,
I ask in sorrow,
Perchance to-morrow?
I am young to die.

* * * * *

Ahimè il mio carne è partito!
Ahimè, son' sempre al macellaio!
Nella questa vita nera
Vado affamata.
C'è la guerra.
Si si.
E cerco sempre
E ogni giorno
E trovo mai;
Ebben'—ritorno.
Addio mio carne
Addio la felicità
Forse domani?
Voglio la mia vita.

(*The Piano used at this Concert is an Overstrung Boudoir Lipp.*)

SIR LANDON RONALD: "Your Lipp has salved the whole question of applied cosmetiques."

SIR EDWARD ELGAR: "There is a whole forest of timbre in your piano."

M. GOOSSENS: "The terrible draughts at the Royal College of Music can be quite obviated by placing your piano even lightly against the door."

From a broadcasting programme:—

"Prof. ——, 'Psychology—How Public Opinion is Formed' (from Manchester)."
Manchester Paper.

Of course, "what Manchester thinks to-day, England——"



Park-keeper. "NOW THEN, WHAT 'S THE MATTER HERE?"
Boy. "'OW WOULD YOU LIKE TO BE CALLED A 'RUDDY SHELDRAKE'?"

THE PANACEA.

(*after all, one must think about something while hanging on one's strap.*)

WHEN the train stops in the tunnel
Pour some NONO down the funnel.

When you miss your usual train
NONO brings it back again.

Nipping NONO reinforces
Counsel in the best divorces.

NONO with its steaming vapours
Purifies the evening papers.

NONO is the stuff that rouses
Statesmen to the need of houses.

When the cost of foodstuffs waxes
NONO pays your income-taxes.

NONO is the stuff to guzzle
While you do your cross-word puzzle.

When the N.U.R. is striking,
NONO bucks you up for biking.

NONO is the best solution
To preserve the Constitution.

When you tumble off your strap
NONO finds the nicest lap.

Taking NONO for your dinner
Puts you on to-morrow's winner.

NONO causes constant laughter
Both in this life and hereafter.

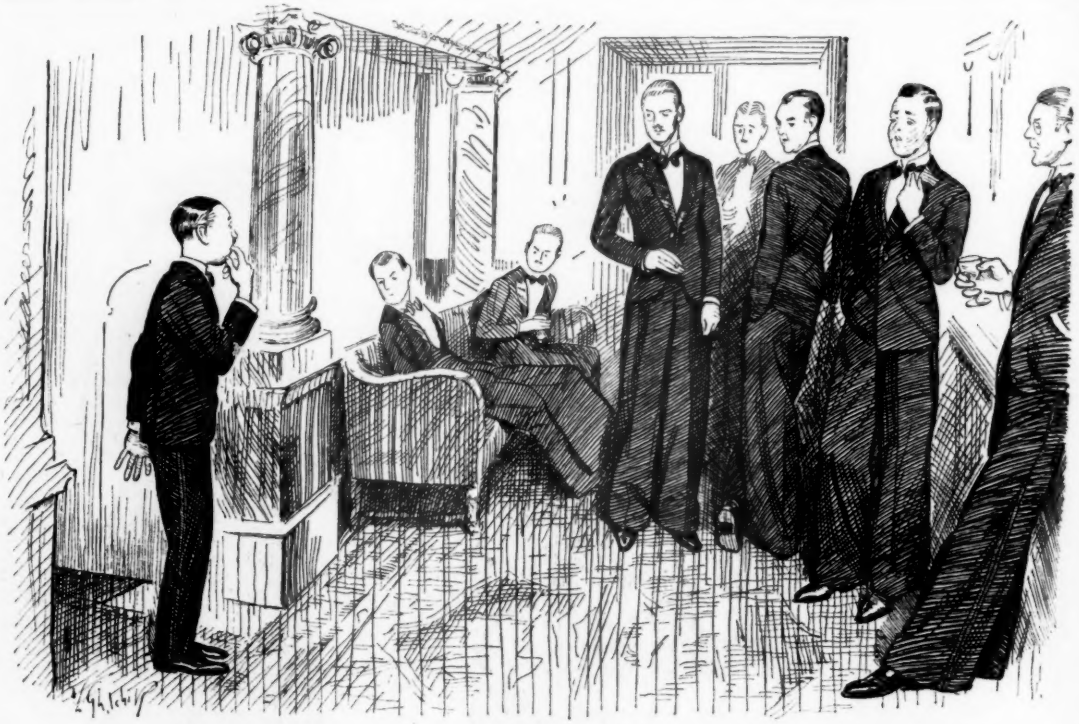
"LONDON'S BRIGHT CHILDREN.

1 YEAR-OLD BOYS WHO MATRICULATED."
Headlines in Daily Paper.

Bright, indeed.

"Mr. Hedges Butler, who has just returned to London from the Sahara, told to-day how, after a five-mile-an-hour journey across the desert on a canal, he achieved the perfect contrast by flying from Morocco to England."
Evening Paper.

But we wish he had told us more about the Sahara canal. It is the first we have heard of it.



OUR SOCIAL OUTCASTS: THE MAN IN LAST SEASON'S TROUSERS.

THE BIOGRAPHER: NEW STYLE.

IT is now some months since the literary weeklies published in their correspondence columns an appeal from W. W. Street that readers possessing letters or diaries relating to Cyrus Cadgewell would kindly assist him in the preparation of his forthcoming study of the great man by lending them to him.

I was interested naturally, for young Street is my nephew—just down from Oxford, and as bright a blade as ever wore a jazz pull-over or composed *vers libres* on a portable typewriter—and when I met him yesterday I asked how the book was progressing.

"Oh, that," he said. "I made a good start with it. I got hold of some topping stuff that pretty well proved all that has ever been said about his bad temper and meanness. There was a note in his most characteristic manner, the tail end of an acrimonious correspondence with a bishop over an umbrella which Cadgewell said was not his. Cadgewell's was covered with a silk mixture, and the bishop's was cotton with a very inferior frame. I devoted a chapter to the umbrella, with a heading from his poem about giving with a glad heart. He wrote some pretty decent lyrics, but his blank verse was slush."

"My dear Walter," I said, "whatever induced you to write about him if you feel like that?"

"My dear uncle," said he, "haven't you yet realised that nowadays a biographer has to start, like *Mrs. Malaprop*, with a little aversion if he is to compete with the sheik stuff in the way of sales? Fulsome adulation is out-of-date. Publishers won't touch biographies if there aren't at least three damaging admissions in each chapter, and to ensure a library success there ought to be a lot more than that. *Suaviter in modo*, of course: the slightly ironic reflections of a philosopher contemplating a deceased worm on the garden path. It is really quite easy, and especially if your subject lived in the nineteenth century, which was, of course, the most absurd of all the ages."

"I wonder why?" I said mildly.

Walter waved his hand. "Need you ask? Crinolines, bustles, elastic-sided boots, tartan trousers——"

"Yes; there's nothing so funny about our clothes now," I murmured, trying not to look at his jumper.

"I was getting on," pursued Walter, "being really quite amusing at the expense of the old fraud. I foresaw that the adjective 'brilliant' would occur in most of my reviews and 'indiscreet' in some, and I was feeling very bucked when I had a bit of rotten luck."

"What was that?" I inquired.

He sighed. "I found out something in his favour—something that accounted for his occasional irritability, his petty economies. I began to like him. It was fatal. Automatically I ceased to be sprightly. My style lost its verve, my stories their point. I struggled on through two more chapters, but when I read them over I found they were duds. I was becoming reticent. 'Reticence' and 'royalties' both begin with an 'r' but they don't go together. So I chucked it."

"What was it you found out?" I asked.

"It doesn't matter," he said impatiently, "but I couldn't go on guying the old ass. So that's that."

He nearly blushed, and I could see he was honestly ashamed of his weakness, so I forebore to press him, and am left wondering what Victorian virtue of his intended victim can have touched his Georgian heart.

"Men electors are urged to vote going to business and coming back at noon."
Election Polling Card.

This is much less crude than the old "Vote Early and Often!"

THE MAN OF MANY QUOTATIONS.

WE were sitting in the smoking-room enjoying one of the varied talks which are a delightful feature of our old-fashioned club when the new member came in with a stranger as his guest. This stranger had a very large bald head and wore a pair of horn-rimmed spectacles. He was shabbily dressed. He sat himself down in a central position, crossed his hands over his knees and gazed at us through his big spectacles.

The Very Reverend Dean happened to be making some judicious observations on the wider and better education of the masses when the stranger broke in with:—

"'In much wisdom is much grief, and he that increaseth knowledge increaseth sorrow.'"

"But, my dear Sir," said the surprised Dean, "my text is——"

"'No more! The text is foolish,'" retorted the stranger in a parrot-like voice; and the Dean held his peace. Presently our Member of Parliament took up the parable with some observations relative to class hatreds. He was talking of action and reaction when the stranger again interrupted with:—

"'In science action and reaction counterbalance one another; the anvil hits as hard as the hammer.'"

"Hey, what?" queried the astonished M.P. Then, trying to resume the thread of his argument, he continued: "We politicians——"

"'Brittle of honour and greedy of gain,'" chirped the stranger. Our M.P. then left the room, accompanied by the Dean.

After a pause an eminent explorer essayed to tell us about new discoveries, but in about three minutes the stranger, gazing hard at the ceiling, recited in a loud voice:—

"'We thank with brief thanksgiving
Whatever gods may be
That even the weariest river
Winds somewhere safe to sea.'"

Whereupon the eminent explorer dried up.

Our wealthiest member, who rents a beautiful stretch of the Wye, next began to tell us of an exciting struggle with an eighteen-pound salmon, but he had barely hooked his fish when the stranger brought him up all standing with this quotation:—

"'The only time a fisherman tells the truth is when he calls another one a liar.'"

Our wealthy member fell back in his chair with a face flushed with anger. On this our man-about-town, who rejoiced at the discomfiture of his predecessors because he thought it gave him a chance he seldom got, rushed in with a story about Lady Angela Appleblossom, who was talking of leaving the stage for the "movies" because there was more money in it. "I told her plainly it 's all nonsense. I explained to her quite clearly——"

"'O daughter of the Devil! O commodity on which money is lost! O thou especially not wanted!'" ejaculated the stranger.

Our man-about-town was simply furious. He shouted, "Do you know that Lady Angela is my cousin?"

"'The beauty of a woman is her virtue; but where shall we find a virtuous woman?'" answered the stranger.

"Sir! You insult me and my family," bellowed the man-about-town.

"'O thou brother of a naughty sister!'" observed the stranger with a prolonged chuckle. This was too much. The secretary invited the new member to take his friend away, and the stranger was shown the door. As he left our portals our wealthiest member threw up the window and tipped a flower-pot over the sill so dexterously that it fell exactly on the crown of the stranger's venerable top-hat. The stranger looked odder than ever with his battered hat crushed well down to his ears. He walked a few paces, and literally staggered into the arms of the policeman on duty at the corner.

"Hullo! What 's up?" quoth the surprised constable.

"'The croaking raven doth bellow for revenge,'" replied the stranger.

"So *that* 's it!" said the constable. "You 'd better come along with me."

And that was the last we saw of the stranger with a memory for quotations.



Little Girl (*doing French homework*). "I WISH I 'D BEEN BORN A FRENCH GIRL, THEN I SHOULDN'T HAVE TO LEARN ALL THIS STUFF."
Brother. "BUT THEN YOU 'D HAVE TO LEARN ENGLISH."
Little Girl. "SILLY! I KNOW THAT ALREADY."

ON WITH THE TROT.

[A leader-writer in *The Manchester Guardian* comments on the "forlorn revolt" of those critics who dislike "fox-trots and the graver waltz movements of to-day," and compares their methods with those of KING CANUTE on the seashore. These movements, he declares, are in fact "modern folk dances in the real sense of the word; enormous numbers of people dance them and dance them more and more often . . . The old waltz is as doomed as the coranto or galliard is dead . . . The dancing public remains obstinately faithful to fox-trot variations."]

TALK to me not of the ancient dancers,
Never forsaking the rotary way;
Ready to romp in the "Kitchen Lancers,"
Giddily whirling and always gay—
Maidens with flushed and radiant faces,
Childishly happy however hot,
Innocent of the lip-stick's graces,
Ignorant of the vulpine trot.

Dead as the jokes in last year's panto;
Dead as the days when knights were bold;
Dead as the galliard or coranto;
Dead as QUEEN ANNE is the waltz of old.
Vainly the lure of the "Invitation"
(WEBER), the lilt of the *Fledermaus*
Falls on the ears of a generation
Deaf to the spells of the elder STRAUSS.

Lancashire, home of light and learning,
Always a day ahead of the fair,
Bids us have done with futile yearning
After the measures and modes that were;
Bids us, whatever we feel, be wary, at
Every turn, of the deadly risks
Run in defying a proletariat
Wedded for ever to fox-trot frisks.

Easier were it to lay a ban on
"Listening in," to tax free-verse,
Substitute bows and arrows for cannon
Or ask the Irish to give up Erse;
Easier were it to stay the ocean
Armed with *Mrs. Partington's* mop,
Easier far than to make the motion,
Slither and slide of the fox-trot stop.

Gone is the glory of great BELSHAZZAR,
But no finger shall write on the wall
Words to warn the obstinate Jazzer—
Presage of his impending fall.
He is safe; for our modern measures
Spring from the "folk" and their agile heels,
Destined to give us endless pleasures,
Heightened by saxophonic squeals.

POETS IN REVOLT.

A MEETING of poets was held on Sunday last under the chairmanship of Mr. EDWARD MARSH to protest against a recent article in *The Times*.

The CHAIRMAN said that a *Times*' leader on Miss AMY LOWELL's new Life of KEATS had developed the alarming thesis that poets are tough. Indeed, the article was entitled "The Toughness of Poets." In his capacity as a rounder-up and exhibitor of contemporary singers—a bard-herd, so to speak—he had convened the present gathering, to collect the views of poets on this startling proposition. What he wished to ascertain, with an eye to his future demeanour, was, Did poets want to be thought of as fragile, intangible, sensitive creatures who lived on honeydew and hung to life by a gossamer thread, or would they like to take on the new husky brawny characteristics which *The Times*' writer so gloatingly emphasised? For an anthologist working for the future this was an important point.

Dr. BRIDGES said that he had no objection to being complimented on his longevity. In fact he liked it, and was delighted to receive a musical gift from his friends on his eightieth birthday. He was still busy in preparing his thanks for that present. But "tough," he had to admit, was an uncompromising word. Even if he had not, on being appointed Laureate, naturally retired from writing poetry, he should hesitate to use "tough" in a lyric or ode. (Cheers.) It was unmelodious and the rhymes to it were few and trite. Moreover, no Frenchman knew how to pronounce it.

Mr. W. B. YEATS said that he hoped that the charge of toughness would never be brought against him. He did not mind being sufficiently wiry to withstand the inroads of an English meal or an English summer, but he should hate to be called tough. Poets should look like poets.

Mr. ALDOUS HUXLEY agreed.

Mr. CHESTERTON said that he could not agree with the last speakers. The essence of being a poet was to look like something else. The less you resembled the popular concept of a poet the better poetry would you write. If he himself believed that anyone meeting him in the street thought of him as a poet, he would join the police force. And why not? Some of the best poets had been called by the generic name of the constabulary, such as BURNS and BROWNING, BRIDGES and NICHOLS. Poets should do their good by stealth and have as little truck with *The Times* as possible. The thing to guard against was not the toughness of poets but the stuffiness of poets. (Cheers.)

Mr. JOE BECKETT said that it might interest the company to hear that during the past fortnight he had been besieged by young men and a few old ones eager to learn boxing, and on making inquiries he discovered that they had been stimulated by *The Times*' article, their idea being that a few lessons in the noble art of self-defence might improve their poetical style or even create same. (Sensation.)

Father KNOX said that *The Times* in its generalisation perhaps went too far. Some poets might be tough, but not necessarily all. ARTHUR HUGH CLOUGH, for example—no one choosing that apostle of dubiety as the subject of a Limerick could avoid the question, Was he tough, or was he not tough?

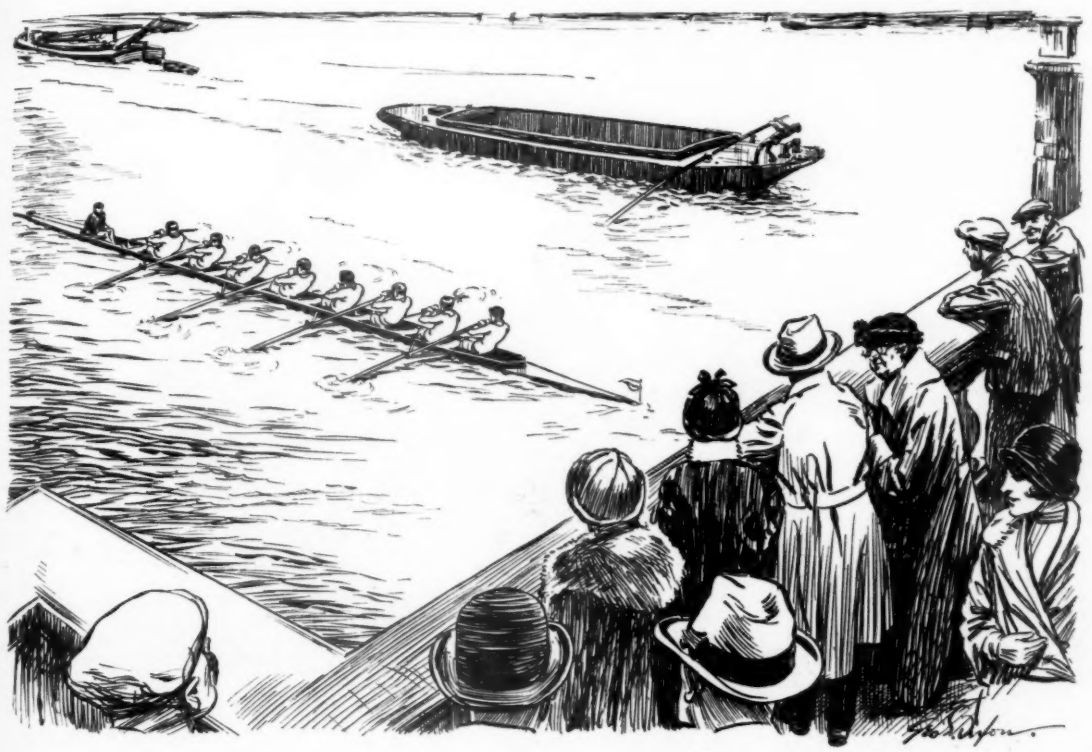
There once was a poet named CLOUGH.

Such an opening line as that almost inevitably led at any rate to a consideration of *The Times*' critic's axiom.

Mr. BERNARD SHAW said that he did not pose as a poet, although if he had a little spare time he could write better poetry than anyone dead or alive—("Oh! oh!")—but he considered that that did not deprive him of the British citizen's right to criticise *The Times*. "Tough" was a word applicable not to traffickers in metre but to meat. Never having eaten meat he could not adopt such a passionate attitude as the carnivores who were present might do, but he protested against a word that



Wife (helping husband out of his "pull-over"). "LOOK, DEAR—QUICK! THE DUFFLES IN THEIR TWO-SEATER. OH, DON'T MISS THIS!"



Chivalrous old Lady (watching Boat-race practice). "Well, if that 's what you call a boat-race, John, I think it 's distinctly unfair."

belonged to the shambles being used of Shelley and Keats, or even of his friend Mr. W. H. Davies.

Mr. W. H. Davies said that while thanking Mr. Shaw for again championing him, he personally would like to be called tough—even better, super-tough.

Mr. A. E. Housman said that he also did not share the view of Mr. Shaw. He liked the word tough, and he liked it even more as a substantive than an adjective. He had serious thoughts of calling his next book *A Ludlow Tough*, the lyrical biography of a fellow-countryman who, in the accepted Shropshire manner, advanced logically from the cradle to the gallows. (Loud applause.)

A gentleman in a mask who then rose said that he was the writer of the article in question—(Sensation)—but, as there was an irrefragable rule at Printing House Square that the identity of writers in *The Times* should never be disclosed, he was forced to come before them in that disguise. He wished to say that he stood by every word that he had uttered. Poets *were* tough. Further investigations had only added proof to his contention. He had found that Pope, so far from being deformed and small, was a Colossus famous at Twickenham for putting the weight. (Cheers.) Chatterton did not commit suicide; his death was due to an excessive meal of beef and beer with a prize-fighting friend. Many of the strongest and most capable athletes to-day were strong and capable because they were the descendants of poets. Tate, the famous English bowler, was a great-great-great-grandson of Nahum Tate, who rhymed the Psalms. (Cheers.) Collins, the Australian captain, was in the direct line from William Collins of the Odes, and there was little doubt that if Hobbes, the author of *Leviathan*, had written poetry too and had not an E to spare, our own Jack Hobbs would be his descendant. (Loud applause.) The Hon. Lionel, our captain in the recent South African test matches, was a grandson of Tennyson, and Taylor, the South African captain, came straight from the "Water Poet" of the seventeenth century. Turning to other sports, the speaker said that Bombardier Wells's great-grandfather wrote an epic poem entitled *Joseph and His Brethren*, of which Swinburne (that great swimmer) thought highly; Johnson, the Sheffield United forward, claims the author of *The Vanity of Human Wishes* as a collateral ancestor; Green, who scored the last deciding try for the Army in the match with the Navy the other day, is the great-great-great-grandson of the author of *The Spleen*; while Campbell, the Oxford stroke this year, is descended from the author of "Ye Mariners of England," and believes that that is why he has taken to rowing. (Renewed cheers.)

Sir Claude Champion de Crespigny said that he regretted the tendency of modern poets to dress normally. He liked to know where he was when he met a man, and the old long hair and big hats and open shirts and velvet coats and knee-breeches used to be very useful. When he saw them coming he could take cover. But nowadays, with poets turning out in hunting kit and plus-fours, life had become too difficult for honest men. He deplored the influence of *The Times*' article. (Uproar.)

Jones minor said that *The Times* was perfectly right. Poets were jolly tough—far too tough for him. What he liked was good honest prose that led somewhere, such as E. Phillips Oppenheim's and P. G. Wodehouse's. (At this point the Chairman fainted and the meeting broke up.) E. V. L.



Auntie (on the subject of matrimony). "WHAT'S WRONG WITH YOU GIRLS NOWADAYS IS THAT THERE'S TOO MUCH CAMARADERIE AND NOT ENOUGH COQUETRY."

"SHINGLE, BINGLE AND BOB."

(*Air*: "*Wynken, Blynken and Nod.*")

Shingle, Bingle and Bob one day
Came sailing across the sea;
Sent on an urgent errand were they
By the King of Fiddledeedee.
The King had wept and the King had said
(Swearing a terrible swear),
"I *cannot* sleep on this nubbly bed,
But nobody seems to care.
Fetch me a mattress of human hair,
Shingle,
Bingle
And Bob."

The maids of Alba's Isle were fair,
Fair as a maid could be;
They prided themselves on their flowing hair . . .
Hither, then, came the three.
Now Shingle was short and Bob was long,
And Bingle between the two,
But all were bold and handsome and strong
And knew what they had to do.
So the maidens fair they began to woo,
Did Shingle,
Bingle
And Bob.

A whisper soft in a shell-like ear,
A luring languishing sigh,
Flattery there and an ogle here
Wherever the three went by.
Oh, what a universal throb
Fluttered each maiden breast!
Some loved Shingle and some loved Bob
And others loved Bingle best.
So merrily sped the mischievous quest
Of Shingle,
Bingle
And Bob.

The mischievous three were bold and brave,
But never a single kiss
And never a favour did they crave—
Nothing, but only this:
"Give me one of your curls of gold
(Or black, if it meets the case);
One or, if I may be so bold,
Perhaps you can spare a brace."
Oh! free of speech and brazen of face
Were Shingle,
Bingle
And Bob.

Then all of the scissors in Alba's Isle
Gave a simultaneous click,
For the ladies, in haste to secure a smile,
Cut off their tresses thick.
Sacks and sacks of the gleaming hair
Gathered the graceless three,
Then, waving good-bye to the maidens fair,
Set sail for Fiddledeedee.
Now the King sleeps well and appeased is he . . .
But the maids go shorn for love of the three—
Shingle,
Bingle
And Bob.

How to Brighten Parliament.

"The Home Secretary, Sir W. Joynson-Hicks, has promised to receive a deputation on the subject of legalising boxing on Tuesday afternoon in his room at the House of Commons."—*Provincial Paper.*

But why restrict the entertainment to Tuesday afternoon and the HOME SECRETARY'S room?

From a Parliamentary report:—

"Lord Hugh Cecil thought what was wanted was a stabilised pension. Then the matter should be brought to an end and the Pensions Ministry abolished. The irrigation at the present state of things all over the country was very great."—*Scots Paper.*

Did his lordship mean to imply that the Ministry is a "wash-out"?



THE PRACTICAL VISIONARY.

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Monday, March 9th.—Few things are more curious to the old Parliamentarian than the almost complete disappearance of Ireland from the debates. For close on half-a-century, it is hardly an exaggeration to say, the figure of Erin dominated the Palace of Westminster, and the wail of her lamentations drowned all other noises there. But now—

> "Oh, no, we never mention her; her name is never heard."

She is not even to be represented at Wembley, if Mr. SAMUEL "speaking from memory," is to be trusted. It seems a pity, for there is plenty of Irish produce to be brought to the notice of British buyers. Eggs, for example: in 1923 more than twenty million "long hundreds" were imported into this country. Of this enormous number Denmark sent nearly seven millions and the Free State, with almost exactly the same population, barely half the quantity. Let the Irish hen look to it.

THE LEADER OF THE OPPOSITION, having tabled a motion inviting the House to declare that the CHAIRMAN OF COMMITTEES had "acted with undue haste and impatience" last Thursday, and that therefore the "naming" of Mr. KIRKWOOD was "unwarranted," asked what was to be done about it. The PRIME MINISTER thereupon read a long letter from Mr. HOPE, explaining the reasons for his action and incidentally acquitting Mr. KIRKWOOD of "premeditation." Mr. BALDWIN endorsed the acquittal, and Mr. MACDONALD (obviously relieved at finding a way out of the awkward situation into which he had been thrust by his impetuous follower) therefore intimated that, if Mr. KIRKWOOD's suspension were promptly terminated, he should be willing to withdraw his motion.

The evening was taken up with a debate on unemployment, *à propos* of a circular issued by the Labour Ministry limiting unemployment benefit to persons who had made a reasonable (and by no means large) contribution to the Insurance Fund. Mr. HAYDAY (who has his quiver full) superfluously denounced the idea of "waging war against a man through his children," and Mr. BARKER described the circular as "one of the most infamous documents ever issued by any Government." Mr. BETTERTON thereupon mildly explained that the Minister was not "an automatic dispenser of compassionate grants," but a trustee for the whole body of insured persons, and that the impugned circular only carried to its logical conclusion the Act passed by the late Government.

A characteristic speech was made by Mr. LANSBURY, who at one moment inveighed against the arbitrary division of the unemployed into "deserving" and "undeserving," at the next pointed out quite truly that there were plenty of "well-to-do" loafers, and a little later loudly declared that he would not give a farthing to any man who refused work under decent conditions, and would "compel" all the youthful unemployed to go into settlements and work on the land at good wages.

The debate was wound up by Sir ARTHUR STEEL-MAITLAND, who, after chaffing the late MINISTER OF LABOUR for "having forgotten his" (Mr. SHAW's) "past," showed a vivid memory for his own: he had slept in common lodging-houses and knew the inside of the casual ward.

Tuesday, March 10th.—Lord HALDANE, in asking who would lead the House of Lords during the illness of Lord CURZON, said, "We feel a deep attachment to the noble Marquess and greatly regret the misfortune that has befallen him." Lord SALISBURY acknowledged the tribute to his "intimate colleague and old friend," and said that he would do his best to replace him as long as it was necessary, and hoped that it would not be very long. The House then proceeded (a good omen, let us hope) to discuss the Therapeutic Substances Bill.

Considering that there was rather a small attendance (the PRINCE'S *levée* perhaps accounting for this) Question-time in the House of Commons was unusually lively. The WAR SECRETARY was responsible for the first bright interval. In reply to an inquiry about the Government nitrogen factory he admitted that it had been sold to Messrs. BRUNNER, MOND & Co. ("Ah!" groaned the Opposition, nosing a scandal.) It would be contrary to the public interest to disclose the terms of the sale. (Another and a louder "Ah!") But as all this happened in 1920, he must ask for notice of any further questions. (Collapse of Opposition.)

Mr. MACKENZIE LIVINGSTONE has developed a curiously explosive style of interrogation. On hearing, in reply to his daily question about a certain Scottish pier which the owner has closed, that the SECRETARY FOR SCOTLAND had "nothing to add," he began very quietly, "May I ask whether the right hon. gentleman is not willing to"—a pause, and then in stentorian tones—"ROUSE HIMSELF?"

Mr. MAXTON looks more like a crushed tragedian than a humourist. But he was in distinctly bright vein this afternoon. I confess that the true inwardness of his inquiry as to whether the tubercle-free dairy herds in Scotland were situated mainly in the west or the east of that kingdom, escaped me: but I am sure from the demeanour of his colleagues that it was a really subtle joke.

And even I could follow the irony of his *addendum* to a question about the duty on imported cigars: "Is the right hon. gentleman aware that this is a matter that is agitating the agricultural workers in the South of Scotland very much?"

I fancy however that his most brilliant stroke of humour was, as so often happens, unintentional. It arose on the PRIME MINISTER'S motion to terminate the suspension of Mr. KIRKWOOD. There was evidently an arrangement between the two Front Benches



THE CRUSHED TRAGEDIAN ESSAYS A COMIC "TURN."
MR. MAXTON AND HIS MASCOT (MR. KIRKWOOD).

that nothing should be said on the merits of the case; and Mr. BALDWIN tactfully diverted Members' attention to the absurd condition in which the Standing Order about suspension was left in 1902. Mr. MACDONALD expressed his willingness to co-operate in removing the absurdity, and all seemed over.



THE DUEL.

Secutor . . . . . MR. N. CHAMBERLAIN.
Retiarius . . . . . MR. WHEATLEY.

Fortunately or unfortunately, Mr. HERBERT WILLIAMS, a young Member, and Colonel GRETTON, an old one, thought it necessary to improve the occasion with some unexceptionable but otiose observations on the importance of preserving order and supporting the Chair. This gave Mr. MAXTON his chance. He claimed that he and his fellow-Clydesiders had only consented to the withdrawal of Mr. MACDONALD'S motion of censure because they wanted Mr. KIRKWOOD back in the House "to render the very great services which he does render." I am told that Mr. KIRKWOOD in private life is a very nice fellow; but until Mr. MAXTON said so I had no idea that he was an ideal member of a deliberative assembly.

Wednesday, March 11th.—Although the Duke of SUTHERLAND is no longer a member of the Air Ministry he still takes a keen and indeed critical interest in our aerial defences, which he regards as quite inadequate. Failing a large increase or general disarmament or a pact by which France should guard us in the air in return for our protection at sea, the prospect seemed to him o'ercharged with gloom. In the next war the Government might even be forced into a humiliating peace by the pressure of a bomb-dreading population. In the late War, if I remember rightly, WILLIAM HOHENZOLLERN entertained the same idea; but he forgot the "Tubes," and Londoners sank superior to the menace.

At this date it does not seem to matter much whether the execution of MONTROSE at Edinburgh in 1650 took place in the Grassmarket or the High Street. But Sir S. CHAPMAN was worried because the fresco at the House represents the scene as having taken place in the Street, while the inscription affixed to it says it was in the Market. He did not get much sympathy from the Minister to whom he addressed his complaint, but may be comforted by the reflection that the discrepancy typifies the happy spirit of compromise always hovering over Westminster.

Apart from the importance of Rent Control, a debate on the subject is always welcome because it means a duel between two of the most accomplished gladiators in the Commons. Their ultimate aim is no doubt the same—the provision of more homes for the people—but their avenues of approach are widely apart. Mr. N. CHAMBERLAIN desires to restore "Free Trade in Houses," while Mr. WHEATLEY is a sincere believer in State action and "Protection for Tenants." Their methods of attack also are very different. The MINISTER OF HEALTH reminds one of the *secutor* with his vigorous sword-blows; while his predecessor in office rather resembles the *retiarius*, and endeavours to entangle his opponent in a web of sophistry—as, for example, his ingenious theory that the rise in the Bank rate was a device of the Government to make the poor pay more for their houses.

A discussion on treaty-making concluded the day's entertainment. Mr. TREVELYAN said that the Labour Party had ceased to believe in the hatching of peace in secret, and demanded that Parliament should be informed of each stage in the negotiations. But Mr. MCNEILL asserted that Parliament was already possessed of all the control that it could reasonably exercise. It could always destroy the chickens when hatched; but, if it insisted on interfering with the process of incubation, it would only addle the eggs.

Thursday, March 12th.—The Advertisements Regulation Bill passed through Committee in the Lords with only one Amendment. There might have been others, but Lord DE LA WARR, who sought to move them, was informed that he might imperil the passage of the Bill "in another place," and thereupon made spirited protest against this infringement of their lordships' rights. It seemed to him that the control of public affairs was being transferred to the Bill-Posters' Association. After this an *addendum* to the familiar warning in our public places seems to be required:—

BILL-STICKERS BEWARE!
EARL DE LA WARR IS ON YOUR TRACK.

In the Commons Mr. HAYES asked the HOME SECRETARY why there was such delay in supplying black winter gloves to the Metropolitan Police. The House sat up in expectation of a facetious reply, for, if a policeman's feet are a legitimate subject for humour, why not a policeman's hands? But Sir WILLIAM JOYNSON HICKS, resisting the temptation, contented himself with assuring his questioner that he had "been breathing fire and slaughter among the contractors," and that the issue would be complete in the course of a month. It is good to know that our friend Robert will, at any rate, have his winter gloves in time for the coming summer.

In reply to Captain WEDGWOOD BENN Mr. CHURCHILL said that, in discussing the debt-question with the French Government, he had not mentioned the expenditure on the French Air Force.



THE BROODY HEN.
MR. RONALD MCNEILL.

His example of reticence was generally followed when the Air Vote came under discussion; and pretty nearly every aspect of aviation was discussed except that which dominates the whole situation. Sir PHILIP SASSOON made a promising début as Under-Secretary



Villager on left (*referring to new memorial stone*). "PRETTY, AIN'T IT?"
Other Villager (*an incurable pessimist*). "AH, SO 'TIS. BUT YOU MARK MY WORDS, MR. JUBBINS: THE FIRST EARTHQUAKE AS HAPPENS ALONG, *DOWN SHE COMES!*"

for Air, and was responsible for one admirable phrase. Mr. MAXTON had asked if the helicopter had produced any results worth having, and Sir PHILIP replied that it had made "definite limited strides." That would make a good "slogan" for this Conservative-Progressive Administration.

PROMOTION.

["Tiny bung. for Sale" is the way a recent house advertisement starts.]

WHEN first we bought our bungalow,
Ses I to Jane, I ses,
"Myself I never wish to know
A more attractive res."

Constructed on a smallish plan
It seemed a perfect gem,
Until the day when we began
To pine for bigger prem.

And so unwept (but not unsung)
'Twill pass from our control;
We mean to quit our tiny bung.
And seek a better hole.

"Wanted, Mother's Help: 1 baby: age 20."
Advt. in Local Paper.

Mother had better be careful or the "help" will marry the baby.

A NOTE ON SIR AGRAVAINE.

SOME weeks ago I put the knight Sir Agravaine into a cross-word puzzle. I doubt whether he has ever held such a distinguished position before. He has certainly not been the cause of so much bitter dispute in this country since the day when he impeached Queen Guinevere at King Arthur's Court. Perhaps we ought to know a little more about the man.

I defined him as "the third tall child of Lot and Belisant." TENNYSON, who does not mention him, defines his brother, Sir Gareth, as "the last tall son of Lot and Belisant." Sir THOMAS MALORY, on whom we have to rely for the details of Sir Agravaine's life, says that King Lot's wife was Morgause. Sometimes he describes her as Mawgawse. Sir THOMAS MALORY could never have made cross-word puzzles. His spelling was not good enough. I don't know where TENNYSON got Queen Belisant from; possibly from GEOFFREY OF MONMOUTH. GEOFFREY OF MONMOUTH, according to a contemporary, who should not have talked of a fellow-clergyman in that tone, "lied saucily and shamelessly." Perhaps he deceived Lord TENNYSON with a lie about Belisant.

In any case, King Lot and his wife had five sons—if we may trust Sir THOMAS MALORY—of whom the eldest was certainly Gawaine, and the two youngest certainly Gareth and Modred. Gaheris and Agravaine came in between. Whether Sir Agravaine was older than Sir Gaheris must always remain, I fear, a moot-point until the records of the Kingdom of Orkney are properly searched. Gaheris for a long time acted as a squire to Gawaine, and on one occasion, when Gawaine smote off a lady's head—by misadventure—

"Alas!" said Gaheris, "that is foul and shamefully done! That shame shall never from you."

From which it may be argued that he was young and impressionable, for accidents are bound to occur. Sir Agravaine, whether younger than Sir Gaheris or not, never seemed to be impressed by deaths. He was a soured and melancholy man. On the other hand he married Dame Laurel, who was a niece of Gaheris's wife, Linet. This is what makes me think he was younger

than Gaheris. Gaheris took the wealthy aunt and handed his younger brother the impecunious niece. There was never a knight, I think, who was so consistently defeated in every kind of tourney and joust as Sir Agravaine, and that without even putting up a decent kind of fight. He never rode his horse at a great wallop at anybody, nor carved cantels out of their shields, or smote them so their heads were all to-brast. No tracing and traversing, no feutring and foining for him. He never during a single duel waxed strong from nine o'clock in the morning till mid-day, or felt his powers beginning to wane during the afternoon. He never lasted anything like so long. It was a favourite exercise of Lamorak, Tristram and Lancelot to unhorse him, a mere name, in the middle of two other knights.

He was not present when Sir Gaheris killed Morgause, his mother, taking her by the hair and striking off her head because she was indulging in an amour with Sir Lamorak. It was unlike Agravaine not to have been there. I should have expected him to be there, egging Sir Gaheris on. Sir Gawaine was angry that his mother had been killed, but it is not even stated whether Sir Agravaine was pleased or annoyed. He joined in the subsequent murder of Sir Lamorak and other persons, but his main preoccupation seems to have been to talk openly about the relations between Sir Lancelot and Queen Guinevere,

"For he was ever open-mouthed."

Possibly it was this facial characteristic that made him such an easy target in the tournaments. I am beginning to see him already as the hero of a modern play. If I ever write a play it shall be about Sir Agravaine.

Almost the only pleasant scene in which he figures is that when Queen Guinevere "called unto her knights of the Table Round, and she gave them warning that early upon the morrow she would ride on maying into woods and fields beside Westminster." Sir Agravaine was there. On that occasion he must have been well horsed and clothed in green, either silk or cloth, and been all bedashed with herbs, mosses and flowers in the best manner and the freshest. Afterwards, when Sir Meliagrance attacked the party with an eight-score men well harnessed, Sir Agravaine helped to defend the maying ladies and had his usual luck. He was smitten to the earth with a grimly wound.

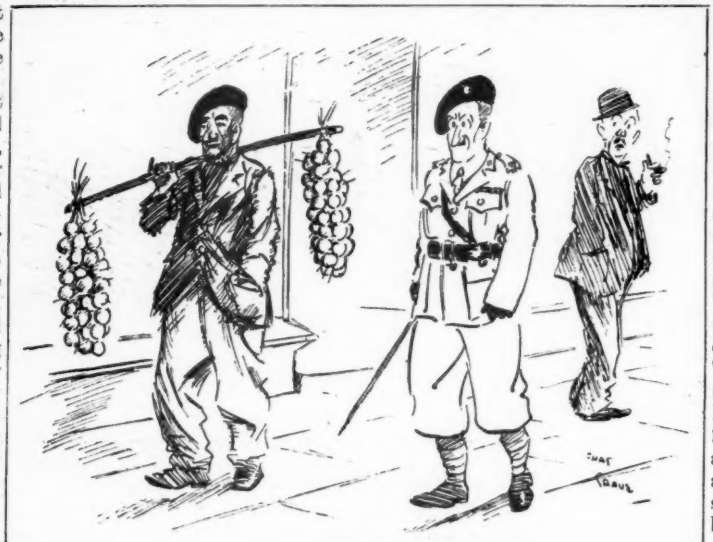
From that field he was carried with the rest of Queen Guinevere's wounded knights, some sitting, some overthwart their horses, that it was a pity to behold them, to the castle of Sir Meliagrance. The Queen insisted upon having all the knights, together with her ladies, in her own chamber, partly for fear of Sir Meliagrance and partly that she might tend their hurts. In the middle of the night Sir Lancelot arrived at the castle in haste. He reached it in a wood-cutter's chariot, because his horse, which he had previously swum over the Thames from Westminster to Lambeth, was wounded, having more than forty arrows broad and rough shot into him from a bushment and being also disembowelled. These things take the spirit out of a horse. Sir Lancelot brast the iron bars of the window clean out of the stone walls with his hands; but unfortunately one of the iron bars cut the brawn of his hands throughout to the bone, which caused the blood to flow from them very considerably in the Queen's room and aroused the suspicions of Sir Meliagrance. I think this is the incident rather inadequately treated by WILLIAM MORRIS in *The Defence of Queen Guinevere*.

Sir Agravaine, who, as I say, was in the room, must have been very badly wounded or he would certainly have noticed this incident and brought it up afterwards when dramatically, in the twentieth book, he blew the gaff to the King.

It was then the month of May, when everything flourisheth and burgeoneth, and Agravaine's revelations were not well received. Sir Gawaine refused to have anything to do with them, and Arthur himself was annoyed. However, he consented to let a trap be laid for the Queen. Agravaine naturally formed part of the trap. There must have been a strain of dogged pertinacity about the man. He must have guessed that he would get what was coming to him, and get it he did. Sir Lancelot set all open the chamber door, and mightily and knightly he strode in amongst them, and anon at the first buffet he slew Sir Agravaine. One buffet, you will observe.

But mark this. Nowhere can I find that Sir Agravaine himself transgressed what I may call the Tennysonian code of morals. He married Dame Laurel, as I said, and it is my belief that he made a good husband and a good father. Sir THOMAS MALORY says nothing against his domestic life, and Sir THOMAS MALORY was no reticent biographer. He was a LYTTON STRACHEY rather than a SIDNEY LEE. Through all the miserable passages of his career, borne over the crupper or pulled flatling to the ground, his helm rashed off and himself rustled to the earth, Agravaine, I think, kept before him this high standard of family life, and the thing that he hated most was the conduct of Queen Guinevere. It seems a pity that he was not able to see her brought out to be burnt in her shift at Carlisle. He would certainly have been killed then, as Gareth and Gaheris his brothers were killed by Sir Lancelot, who thrang hither and thither and smote through their brain-pans; but he would have felt, I think, with the last flash in his brain-pan that his life had not been lived in vain. As it was, he had few consolations. For he could not know that I was going to put him into a cross-word puzzle.

EVOE.



THE ROYAL TANK CORPS UNIFORM.
ANOTHER UNFORTUNATE JUXTAPOSITION.

"For Sale, 8 R.I.R. Pullets, hatched April, 1914."—*Advt. in Local Paper.*

Almost entitled by now, we should think, to be described as "hens."



THE POINT-TO-POINT SEASON.

Yokel (to persevering sportsman who, in spite of several falls, is doggedly completing the course). "'URRY UP, MISTER, OR THE NEXT RACE 'LL BE CATCHIN' YOU UP."

THE NEW SUIT.

DRUMLY STREET is a little cul-de-sac of rickety tenements in the East End of Glasgow. In a single-apartment house at the top of Drumly Street live Jimsy and his sister, Mary Ann.

On the morning of his sixth birthday Jimsy stood waving good-bye to Mary Ann as she set off with her fruit-barrow. "Mary Ann," he called anxiously, "you 'll be sure to be back in time to help me on wi' my new suit."

"I 'll be back at four o'clock sharp," replied Mary Ann.

Then Jimsy sat down on a doorstep and clasped his hands in front of him.

Down the street came a little bow-legged wisp of a man, apparently in a great hurry. As he passed Jimsy he called out, "Whit time is it to be here?"

"I'm waitin' for Maclachlan to tell me," replied Jimsy. "I think it 's to be aboot four o'clock. Are ye comin' to see me wi' it on, Leery?"

"I 'll be there," cried Leery, the lamplighter, over his shoulder.

The clock on an adjacent church steeple struck the hour. Jimsy gazed expectantly along the street. Presently he gave a little wriggle of delight as the ponderous figure of Constable Alister Maclachlan swung round the corner.

"The ferry best of congratulations, Chimsy," said Maclachlan solemnly.

"The same to you, and many of them," replied Jimsy, glibly repeating the phrase Mary Ann had taught him. Then, eagerly, "Did ye see aboot the troosers?"

"It iss all arranged," said Maclachlan. "There iss to be two pockets in the trousers, and——"

"But ye were to ask the man if I could get long troosers?"

"Well, you see, it appears that long trousers iss not the fashion nowadays for wee boys. And if you want to be a real chentleman, Chimsy, you must be in the fashion."

"And whit aboot the buttons?"

"Brass buttons, Chimsy."

"Brass buttons!"

"Yess, Chimsy, brass buttons. And Mr. Moses Raikey, the tailor, iss throwing in a fine pair of blue braces for keeping the trousers up."

"Blue braces!" gasped the awe-stricken Jimsy.

"I am to be off duty at half-past two," continued Maclachlan, "and I will be along with your new suit chust ass soon after four o'clock ass I can get. Er—iss Mary Ann to be back in time?"

"Hoo many brass buttons will I have?"

"You will haf all the brass buttons you need," said Maclachlan a trifle impatiently. "Now, tell me, Chimsy, did you and Mary Ann haf any talk again last night about the wee hoose at the back of Ben Lomond?"

"I asked her if she was goin'."

"I see. And what did she say?"

"She laughed."

"Chust so," commented Maclachlan, looking very thoughtful. "But when you haf got your new suit," he went on after a pause, "it will be different. Now, what wass it I told you you wass to say?"

"I 've to say," replied Jimsy slowly —"I 've to say, 'Noo that I 've got my new suit, Mary Ann, I want to go and stay wi' you and Maclachlan in the wee hoose at the back o' Ben Lomond.'"

"Ferry good," said Maclachlan approvingly.

"Will there be any other wee boys wi' brass buttons at the back o' Ben Lomond?"

"You will be the only one with brass buttons on the whole countryside. You

see, Mary Ann iss holding back because she says you don't want to go. But chust you think of the high jinks you will haf, Chimsy, when me and Mary Ann iss married and you are running about with your new suit among the cows and the hens."

"Maybe the hens 'll chase me when they see my blue braces."

"There iss neffer a hen will try to touch you," Maclachlan reassured him emphatically. "Now don't forget what you haf to say."

With this parting injunction the constable strode off, leaving the little dreamer on the doorstep murmuring ecstatically, "Blue braces! an' brass buttons!"

* * * * *

About five o'clock that night Constable Maclachlan and Leery, the lamp-lighter, stood at the entrance to the little passage that gives access to the single-apartment house of Jimsy and Mary Ann.

"They 're surely takin' a long time," Leery ventured to remark.

"Maybe the buttons iss a bit stiff," suggested Maclachlan, twisting his moustache nervously.

"He was terrible excited, the wee chap," chuckled Leery. "I mind last Glesca Fair, when I bought my new tartan socks, I could hardly keep mysel' from runnin' a' the road hame wi' them. An' then, after——"

"I don't see what your socks hass got to do with it," interrupted Maclachlan severely. "And, besides, you haf really no business to be here at all."

Leery hastily retreated a few steps.

A moment later Mary Ann appeared.

"He 's comin'," she whispered. "He was wantin' to wear his blue braces ootside his jacket," she added, giggling.

"Does it fit?" whispered Maclachlan.

"It 's a fair dandy," intimated Mary Ann.

"Is he pleased wi' it?" queried Leery, peeping eagerly over Maclachlan's shoulder.

"He 'll no say a word."

Light footsteps sounded in the passage. Slowly Jimsy came forth and stood with bent head, thoughtfully surveying the splendour of his new suit.

"Well, haf you any complaints, Chimsy?" inquired Maclachlan, attempting a joke.

"I think it 's the troosers," mumbled Jimsy, without looking up. "Are they no awful short and tight?"

"That iss the fashion," explained Maclachlan hurriedly. "Short tight trousers iss all the fashion, Chimsy."

"Are ye no goin' to thank Maclachlan and tell him ye 're glad ye 've got yer new suit?" asked Mary Ann.

"I 'm no nearly as glad as I thought I was goin' to be," replied Jimsy, looking up at her earnestly.

"That 's just what I thought," cried Leery triumphantly. "It was the same wi' me when I put on my new tartan socks."

"You get to blazes out of this," said Maclachlan, turning on him fiercely.

Leery bolted like a frightened rabbit. And while the stern eyes of Maclachlan were fixed on his retreating figure Mary Ann took Jimsy into her arms and whispered anxiously, "Whit 's wrong, Jimsy? Ye 're no goin' to greet, are ye?"

"I was wantin' to be far, far gladder," whimpered Jimsy.

"That iss a good riddance, anyhow," muttered Maclachlan as he watched Leery scurrying round the corner. "There will be no need for us to mix with common company of that kind," he announced, "when we—after this. Now, Chimsy, chust you be a good boy and tell Mary Ann where it wass you wass wanting to go."

"I want to go to my bed," wailed Jimsy, clinging desperately to Mary Ann.

"Your bed?" echoed Maclachlan.

"Don't go to Maclachlan's wee hoose, Mary Ann," sobbed Jimsy. "It 'll no be the same. Nothing 's no the same when ye 've got it."

"My lamb!" exclaimed Mary Ann, and sped up the passage with her burden.

"God bless me!" ejaculated the astounded constable.

In his loneliness and misery he stood for a while gazing woefully in the direction of the back of Ben Lomond. Finally he turned and, muttering, "Now I will haf to start the whole business over again," took his doleful way down Drumly Street.



Dauber. "WHAT A MARVELLOUS SUNSET!"
Wife. "YES; BUT WOULD IT SELL?"

WIND-TREES.

[The Casuarina, called by many natives in South India the *Gali-Maram*, the Wind-Tree: it is like a little fir, and any wind sings in it.]

I THAT was born in Moray,
I miss the winds in Spring,
The roaring winds that hurry,
The wandering winds that sing;
I miss their coronach down the glen,
Their quickstep on the hill,
And the little winds that comfort men
When the great winds are still.

But most I miss the singing
Of a wind in Highland fir—
Cathedral belfries ringing
And the ocean deeps astir;
Heard on a blue day up on Dee,
Or a grey day down on Forth,
In tone and metre and time and key
The slogan of the North.

The winds by the Equator
They either kiss or kill,
Play termagant or traitor,
Make love or death at will;
And the tropic trees they crash and croon,
Rustle and hiss and woo—
But never they sing me a Highland tune
As the fir-trees used to do.

Wherefore, by Heaven's bounties
The casuarinas stand
To conjure Highland counties
Into the Hindoo land;
That a Northern Scot may sit and hear
On the hottest stillest day,
Kind and contenting, cool and clear,
The wind that blows on Spey.

Instead of the curlews crying
The kites hang in the sky,
Instead of the rain-wrack flying
The dry red dust goes by;
But the step of the pibroch sounds above
And the beat of a lilt I know
That the fir-trees sang in a land I love
Long years, long years ago. H. B.



PRETTY RINGTIME.

My Mummie says that after dark
The fairies dance in Regent's Park,
  Each like a tiny star;
It 's round their fav'rite trees they dance,
And Mummie, at a single glance,
  Can tell you which they are.

There 's one beside the ducks, and one
Where Mister Squirrel has such fun,
  And Mummie *knew* we 'd found them,
Because where fairies dance by night
The trees are now a lovely sight,
  With crocuses all round them.

AT THE PLAY.

"ANYHOUSE" (AMBASSADORS).

Anyhouse, I take it, is a really serious play. Serious almost to the point of lunacy. It offers a cross-section of a day in the life of a British middle-class family. A sort of *Everyman* up-to-date, weighted with grave or grave-seeming ideas about love, candour, social injustice, snobbishness, charity, religion—Anyoldthing in any old order.

Maidie Blaize, daughter of a wholesaler in ladies' underwear, might have been forgiven for not forecasting the drift of this "Day in the life of a simple inner-suburban." Her unloved *fiancé*, with the cruel thin lips, was coming to dinner; that was a bore, and that she knew. But that her father should declare himself on the point of ruin; that the cook should declare *Lizzie*, the house-parlour-maid, on the point of having an infant; that her long-lost uncle, who had been for some days secretly cleaning the boots and wooing the kitchenmaid, should declare himself to the family in the get-up of a tramp, though in fact owner of a prosperous ranch in Rhodesia; that she herself should explain to a full drawing-room how in the War something had happened with an officer; that a demented Bolshevist should arrive with the coffee and, having incidentally shot the expectant mother and with only five cartridges left, should make an offer for five volunteers for death, of which she found herself nobly being the first and only; that her thin-lipped rejected suitor should be so startled by the distressing death of *Lizzie* on the sofa, or so grateful for his own escape, that he promises to see the futile merchant through his money difficulties—all this might reasonably have seemed beyond the normal expectation of life for an inner-suburban. That nothing should be lacking to the general impression of complete inconsequence her grandfather was all this while conducting in a laboratory upstairs frantic experiments in heterogenesis.

To add to all this confusion the Ambassadors' "Scenic Studio" suddenly went gaga. A drop-curtain in the sham-primitive technique which it is so confoundedly easy to assume displayed a crooked crescent, red devils with tridents sprawling, and white and yellow angels with harps hovering, over the houses, before each phase of the play; and, by a charmingly simple lighting device, indicated the particular room in which the action of the forthcoming scene was to take place ("*How* clever!" said the voluble ladies beside me. But even their enthusiasm waned as the evening wore on, till, when the poor young victim of the Bolshevik automatic staggered in to disclose a wound bleeding more freely than any stage wound in my experience, they frankly voted the whole business disgusting).

The first scene was the ordinary realistic exterior, with real area railings, real bell and real milk-cart, by disinterested "courtesy of the Express Dairy Co."; the second, the dining-room, was a crudely daubed backcloth, with every line crooked that should have been straight, with the squalidest of lodging-house furniture (this was, by the way, the dining-room of a warrich man bent on keeping up appearances); the attic was a melodramatically lighted inset in the ultra-realistic manner; the drawing-room, with the lines all rigidly straight, had a detached fireplace leaning against a green curtain, as if Mr. GORDON CRAIG had suddenly gone out of his wits experimenting with his movable screens. Wonderful!

In spite of all this Miss OLIVE SLOANE gave a quite charming little picture of the erring *Lizzie*; Miss DORIS SCOTT was attractive as the little Irish kitchenmaid, and Miss LAURA SMITHSON made *Cook* a homely sympathetic old dear. The servants indeed were less hampered by the fundamental absurdities of the situation. Miss DORA GREGORY put a great deal more talent into her study of the fantastically unattractive *Mrs. Blaize* than the setting deserved; Miss MARGARET SCUDAMORE made great play with a series of amusingly naughty lines dealt to her as the sister of the impending bankrupt, who was impersonated by Mr. FEWLASS LLEWELLYN with his customary if rather routine-like competence. Miss HILDA MOORE came superbly to life once or twice, but otherwise was blanketed by her part. Mr. TOM NESBITT did what he could with the unlikely philosophic uncle.

I suppose there was just, if only just, sufficient coherence in this affair to prevent it being re-labelled and produced as a propaganda play for would-be reformers of the lunacy law—*Anyasylum*.

T.

"THE PILGRIM'S PROGRESS"
(COVENT GARDEN).

For the fourth time within six months the British Broadcasting Company has taken our idle Opera House, musically speaking, off the dole. On this occasion the provinces were called in to help, a wise move, and the Wolverhampton Musical Society, assisted by the Birmingham Symphony Orchestra, filled the bill. Those who know their Covent Garden will not be surprised to learn that this imposing collection of enthusiastic Midlanders was grouped together in the dreary "set" that has been used, I think, for as long as anyone can remember for the Third Act of *Traviata*. It is no small tribute to their skill to say that they lived it down.

This "Musical Miracle Play," based on the story of *The Pilgrim's Progress*, is the work of Dr. EDGAR STILLMAN KELLEY, an American composer of importance. Planned on an ambitious scale, it is in effect a dramatic oratorio of considerable power, and in places of remarkable beauty. I liked best the bustling frolics of the section representing "Vanity Fair" and "He that is Down needs Fear no Fall," a lovely lyric written by BUNYAN himself and turned by Dr. KELLEY into a song of rare purity.

The chorus, except for a tendency to sing flat in the quieter passages, was admirable and the orchestra efficient. The soloists were all good, particularly Mr. JOHN COATES and Mr. JOSEPH FARRINGTON. Miss URSULA GREVILLE sang with great charm and intelligence, but her voice is hardly strong enough for Covent Garden. Mr. JOSEPH LEWIS conducted with immense energy. The performance, the first in this country, was received with enthusiasm, and the composer, a genial figure, who was present in a box, beamed happily down at us. An interesting evening, not at all spoilt by an over-zealous attendant who thought it necessary to lock me in my box.

E.

TRAFFIC RHYMES.

IV.—THE HORSE.

WHEN WATT was watching the kettle boil
In seventeen sixty-five,
He vowed that horses should not toil
For men who ride and drive;
"If steam can lift that lid," said he,
"Then steam can carry a man like me."

The man who invented motor-cars
Thought horses' work was done;
"Horses," he said, "you can thank your stars,
For your freedom has begun;
Trot off and spend the rest of your lives
In meadows where nobody rides and drives."

The man who invented the aeroplane
He said to his long-faced friend:
"You never need feel the spur again
And the whip has come to an end;
For men who are able to ride in the skies
Won't bump upon you for their exercise."

But nevertheless the horse must toil,
Whatever the latest stunt;
Not electricity, steam or oil
Will help a man to hunt;
And in every borough a horse is bound
To drag the municipal dust-cart round.

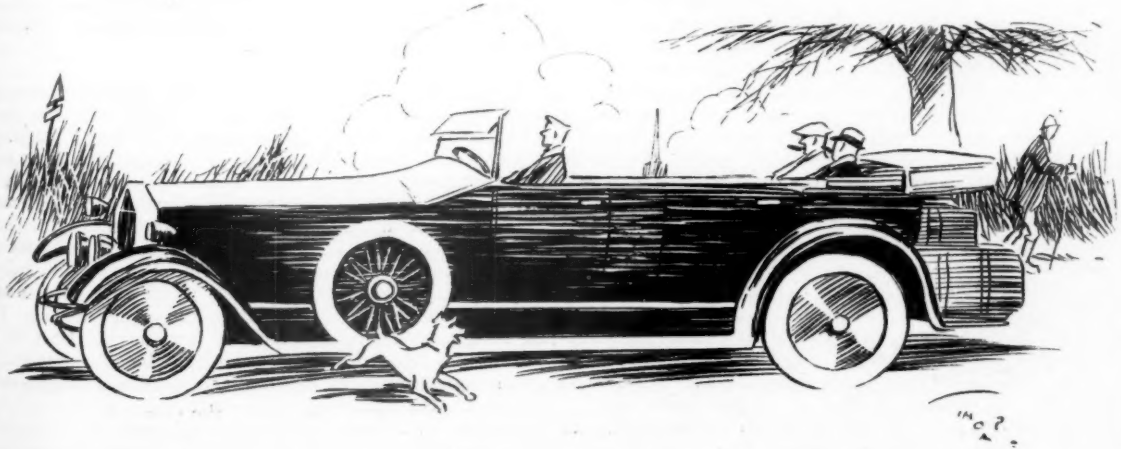
THE TACTFUL PASSENGER; OR, ALL THINGS TO ALL OWNERS.



"For ordinary wear and tear in this sort of country you can't beat the Horde."



"The big expensive car is waste of money, my boy. These Stoics are so sporting and intimate."



"Nothing like a Gold-voice. Can't imagine how people can bear to be seen in anything else."



Niece (to Uncle who has suggested a theatre). "THANKS AWFULLY, UNCLE, BUT ONE OF MY FRIENDS IS PICKING ME UP HERE TO GO AND DANCE SOMEWHERE."

Uncle. "DEAR ME—ONE OF YOUR FRIENDS! IN MY YOUNG DAYS A YOUNG LADY WAS ONLY TAKEN OUT BY THE MAN TO WHOM SHE WAS AFFIANCED."

Niece. "THAT'S ALL RIGHT, UNCLE. HE *IS* ONE OF MY *FIANCÉS*."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

DISAPPOINTMENT awaits the philanderer or philanderess who in search of congenial entertainment picks up *Some Men and Women* (HUTCHINSON). The motto on the title-page, "Male and female created He them," sounds, if anything, even more suggestive of illicit love-making than the title itself. But that is only Mrs. BELLOC LOWNDES' cunning. Two out of her eight short stories have an air of condoning criminal conduct. But the crimes are suicide and murder respectively, and the characters whose fortunes demand these drastic solutions are not the most convincing in the book. To encounter these and see their creator's talent at its swift sure best, you must read "The Call," "The Philanderer" and "One Man's Way," all of which deal under different aspects with that *gens lucifuga* the respectable adulterer. "The Call" relates the would-be last visit of a married woman's lover to the mistress he means to discard. *Helen Ackerington's* husband and family have been innocently helping *Douglas Curtin* to a career during the three years of his affair with *Helen*, and now that he is about to desert her for a young wife of his own the renunciation is shorn of any shred of virtue by the fact that he cannot divest himself of the perquisites of his *liaison*. But does he divest himself so easily of *Helen?* If you think there is nothing simpler, you have not reckoned on Nemesis, and Mrs. LOWNDES has. In "One Man's Way" the defaulter is again a man; but he wears the rue of exhausted passion with a difference. "The Philanderer" combines frank sensationalism with an almost uncanny probability, episodic and psychological. It is the story of a gruesome penalty exacted for a comparatively mild series of conjugal infidelities. Of the tales pleasant, I enjoyed most the tragi-comedy of *Mrs. Pilley*, who wore princess bonnets and lavished charitable decoctions on an invalid neighbour of doubtful antecedents. But "The Duchess's Story" is a pretty piece of romance; and, taking the book all round, I can heartily endorse its publisher's statement that the writer has given us of her best.

Though Mr. GRANVILLE BARKER has withdrawn himself from the active life of the theatre, to the great loss of that harassed institution, he gives us proof, in *The Exemplary Theatre* (CHATTO), that he has not ceased thinking and energising sedulously on its behalf. This book is an elaborate postscript to *A Scheme and Estimates for a National Theatre* which Mr. BARKER and the late WILLIAM ARCHER produced before the War. He dreams, thinks and talks of the theatre as something between a Church and a University, in protest against a dominant view which rates it as something between a hectic speculation and an aphrodisiac. In an imaginary dialogue conducted by the author with a Minister of Education the case for State help for the theatre as an important branch of national education is exhaustively debated. The Minister hedges and twists a little, but is by no means merely a man of straw; though naturally the author prevails in the end. And Mr. BARKER handles this difficult business of imaginary conversation as a device of presentation in a masterly manner. His "Exemplary Theatre,"

when he comes to details, is much more than a school of acting; it is workshop, studio, gymnasium, literary academy. Those who are dissatisfied with the theatre as it is will find here an armoury of weapons sharpened for a good fight. If some of them could take steps to place this book in the hands of any benevolent millionaire capable of understanding the argument perhaps he might see fame beckoning down this particular avenue. Mr. BARKER writes with a lively, adroit and fastidious pen; he criticises with point but without venom; and he has produced an admirably outlined case for the serious consideration of the theatre as an art rather than as a rather hazardous and incompetent industry.

I must congratulate Mr. and Mrs. DARMADY, the authors of *An Island Comedy* (METHUEN), upon their courage. When you come to think of it, to parody *The Swiss Family Robinson* is a task that might terrify the boldest. There are some books that cannot be parodied; the man who tries to do so is as one who attempts to shoot pheasants in September: he is ashamed of having fired and probably finds that he has missed after all. What can the parodist exaggerate that is not already laughable? He can make the father of the family more self-sufficient than the original, but it is a dangerous matter to insist too strongly on the fact that the teller of the story is a wearisome bore. Then again he can easily carry to the point of absurdity the wondrous provisions of Nature that are discovered on the desert island. It is indeed almost too easy, as when *Mr. Watmough* and his family, by a process of careful grafting, make their bread-fruit trees bear currant-loaves. The intrepid authors have, however, displayed no little ingenuity in discovering variations on the ancient theme. Some of the moral reflections, as when the father of the family employs the old West-country method of wrecking a vessel on the coast for the sake of her gear, and then takes occasion to lament the loss of a ship's company that might have been useful as agricultural labourers, are quite in the right vein.



Timid Housewife. "YOU MAY CHOP SOME FIREWOOD, AND THEN I WILL GIVE YOU A MEAL."

Tramp. "SORRY, MUM, I DURSN'T 'ANDLE 'AN 'ATCHET, 'COS I SOMETIMES RUNS AMUCK."

"Art for Art's sake" in GEORGE DU MAURIER's prime
Did not exactly have an easy time,
When weekly he indulged in searching digs
At long-haired æsthetes and pretentious prigs,
Who thought that genius was confined to gesture
Or studied eccentricity of vesture,
Preferring noisome nonsense to veracity
And only seeing virtue in mendacity.
These false disciples of the chosen few,
Who paid at Beauty's shrine her homage due,
By sheer extravagance too often hid
The work of those who dreamed but also did.
Now that the dust which once obscured the fight
Has vanished in the clearer, mellower light
Of retrospect, how mild appear these mockers
Matched with our modern mutineers and shockers!
So *Punch*, who in his more pugnacious days
Relentlessly assailed the æsthetic craze,
No longer moved to posthumous invective
Welcomes this measured "essay in perspective,"
The Beardsley Period, where the author shows,
Conspicuous by their talents and their pose,
Contrasted with the drab Victorian back-cloth,
The men who spurned the creed of ash and sackcloth,
Strove without ceasing to acclimatize
"The Flowers of Evil" under English skies,
And, though their favourite hue was that of sage,
Left no green memories to the present age.
Punch feels that every gentle reader will,
In face of such acumen, tact and skill,
With gratitude acknowledge his or her debt
To the accomplished work of OSBERT BURDETT.
'Tis fitly issued from THE BODLEY HEAD,
Where Yellow Bookery was born and bred.

Wigs and gowns and some of the ceremonial of courts of law have a glamour of romance about them which Mr. SINCLAIR MURRAY evidently had in mind when he made *John Frensham, K.C.* (MURRAY), the hero of his first novel. *Frensham* has taken silk remarkably early—he is only thirty-three—but that is scarcely to be wondered at, for we find him, briefed for the prosecution, making, before a person or persons alternatively described as "the Bench" or "the Judge," such an excellent speech that "the Bench announced that the defence would not be called upon to reply." At the beginning of the book his private life is as fortunate as his career; but very soon *Edna*, the woman he has never ceased to love in spite of his happy marriage with someone else, comes back into it and threatens to spoil things. For very many pages it looks as though *Frensham* will leave his kind and gentle *Mary* and their little son and elope with *Edna* to find what happiness he can. Fortunately *Edna* herself at the last moment decides against the experiment. Having lost her and somewhat alienated his wife, he is left rather between two stools; but *Mary* is much too nice to do anything else but forgive him—as she ought to, considering that he has flown to her in an Avro which makes hundred-and-twenty miles an hour in a head-wind!—and, *Edna* having married *Frensham's* greatest friend, everything ends happily. It is quite an interesting story, and readers who have no preconceived ideas as to the study and practice of the law or of aviation ought to like it well.

Mr. MURRAY HARRIS has made a courageous attempt to throw light on one at least of those thorny problems that have arisen in the last decade or so to shake our possibly too complacent consideration of our Oriental responsibilities. In *Egypt under the Egyptians* (CHAPMAN AND HALL), a series of studies dealing with many aspects of the Egyptian question that lacks only a little more cohesion between the different sections to make it a very useful volume indeed, he comes to conclusions that carry a weight of honest conviction all the more undeniable because often so little palatable. I particularly liked his chapters on "The Peoples of Egypt" and on "Education." After reviewing all phases of the agitation that resulted in the retirement, he reaches the conclusion that, though efficiency and honesty, in a land where business methods are not usually practised and King Bakshish is always a reigning monarch, might have been expected to carry us through anything, yet nobody liked us much, and this for no other reason, to put it brutally, than our beastly conceit. Which of course may be true, or again may not; and in any case we have now shown our willingness, whether wisely or not, to let the Nationalists prove that they can get on without us. The argument must soon be put to the test, for it is pretty clear that quite speedily they will either prove their ability to manage their own affairs or will make a general mess of things. After careful and well-informed consideration Mr. HARRIS is clearly of opinion that making a general mess of things is precisely what they are most likely to do. It would not be fair to say of the writer that this is the consummation he desires, yet he would be more than human if he did not realise that such a result would prove the correctness of our earlier position.



HEARTBROKEN CONDITION OF P.C. SMITH, WHO HAS BEEN READING AN ARTICLE ON THE IDEAL HOME EXHIBITION, CONTAINING AN ACCOUNT OF A NEW AUTOMATIC COOK.

Mr. JOSEPH ANTHONY might justly be accused of loitering in *The Golden Village* (CAPE), but any humane judge would dismiss the charge because the culprit loiters so benignly and with such a delightfully quiet sense of humour. The Village of Gold existed only in *Arpad Romer's* imagination. After some of his rebellious Hungarian friends had escaped from their native land and had gone to America, *Arpad* was imprisoned. For long years he buoyed himself up with the hope that eventually he would join them and find that they were farmers, as they had been in Hungary, and living in a wonderful village of their own making. It was a dream that did not come true, but in relating it Mr. ANTHONY proves himself a writer of considerable charm and imaginative power. *Arpad* and his grandson are real people, both during their vagabondage in America and after they have found the persons, but not the place, of their desire. Incidentally the question of Americanization is touched upon; but this serious problem does not interfere with the delicate beauty of an unusual story.

Ronald Herrick was a most conventional and respectable young man before he set foot on the South Sea Islands; and then, in almost less than no time, his sense of decorum, not to say of decency, was severely punctured. A half-caste girl, who gives the name to *Numerous Treasure* (CONSTABLE), fell in love with him at sight and did not waste a moment in disclosing this embarrassing fact. Things happen quickly in those bewitching climes, especially when they are connected with love, and *Ronald*, after a brief but honest resistance, succumbed to the charms of this seductive girl. Innumerable novels, whose scenes are laid in the South Sea Islands, surround us on every side, but Mr. ROBERT KEABLE'S in its descriptive power stands isolated from the crowd. And however much I may regret *Ronald's* fall from what I feel sure his mother would have called grace, I cannot altogether wonder at it. In a preface Mr. KEABLE writes: "The story of *Treasure* is one of stark simplicity. She was as inevitable as a process of nature." With that statement I find myself in cordial agreement.

From a description of the voyage of the rotor-ship:—

"When the wind is from leeward the rotors must rotate clockwise."—*Provincial Paper.*

This phenomenon, however, rarely occurs in these latitudes.

CHARIVARIA.

THE Holiday, Sports and Pastimes Exhibition was opened last week at the Royal Agricultural Hall. Those who could not attend will be delighted to know that the proper attire for a Ludo-player this year is plus-fours and a bowler hat.

* * *

A man connected with the American film industry has been arrested in London. If he is the fellow who writes their film captions we are only surprised that this didn't happen before.

* * *

An earthquake shock was felt in Italy last week. It is only fair to say that it happened while Signor MUSSOLINI was ill with influenza and could not give attention to details.

* * *

A news message from Rome states that Signor MUSSOLINI may resign shortly. It has not yet been decided what shall be done with the world in that case.

* * *

A Skegness boarding-house-keeper has just received a post-card posted in August, 1921, at Sheffield. Skegness is so bracing.

* * *

A fragment of the fore-leg of an ancient woolly rhinoceros has been found under Lloyds' new building. It sounds like the evidence brought forward in some early form of accident insurance.

* * *

A rugger club in need of funds announces that it is going to hold a ball. An unkind spectator says that it will want some practice first.

* * *

"There is no sherbet-and-cake hour in our prisons," says *The Evening News*. We knew there was something the reformers had forgotten.

* * *

We gather from the Press that there is a growing opinion in juvenile circles that parents should not attend late dances unless accompanied by their children.

* * *

According to a contemporary there are many wild cats in the Highlands. It is possible that listening-in to the bagpipes made them like that.

* * *

"The old-time hero who used to die with his boots on is of the dim and distant past," says a novelist who seems to have overlooked present-day pedestrians.

* * *

"President Coolidge is in favour of world peace," says a New York journal. And this intimation, mark you, comes from a country which gave us the banana song.

* * *

A London magistrate has expressed the opinion that funerals are too expensive. This probably explains why people rarely have them until the last minute.

* * *

Oil is said to be injurious to fish life. Sardines never smile again after being packed in it.



WHAT OUR VARSITY COACHES HAVE TO PUT UP WITH.
"THEN SLOWLY ANSWERED ARTHUR FROM THE BARGE."
The Passing of Arthur.

It certainly is high time that some supervision was exercised over these night-clubs. It was stated in a police-court recently that one of them was supplying a non-intoxicating port wine.

* * *

The Australians are using a method of making synthetic timber from ashes. Anyhow, the supply of raw material doesn't look like running short for some time.

* * *

A team of croquet players is coming from Australia this summer. We understand that articles explaining why we lost are already being drafted.

* * *

Lord APSLEY suggests that entertainment tax should be charged at public dinners. If this happens we shall reserve the right to clap the soup or boo the entrée as occasion demands.

* * *

If it is true that the earth is hollow, as a New Zealand scientist suggests, then why is it that those bulbs we plant and which don't come up never rattle?

* * *

Amidst all the speculation on the Budget, one thing seems certain—that the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER will not tax funny hats.

* * *

An article in a contemporary tells how to beautify a thin neck. If the thin neck is accompanied by the sort of disposition that sometimes goes with a thin neck, wringing it is a very good plan.

* * *

A Scottish post-office official was recently presented with a wallet of Treasury notes and a microscope. Scotsmen invariably look a gift note very carefully in the water-mark.

* * *

It is said that five thousand doctors are on the poverty line, and it is suggested that, in order to assist them, Christmas should be held twice a year in future.

* * *

It is said that Mah Jongg is being ousted by Kbhoo, which comes from Central Africa. But we've heard people playing it on a saxophone for a long time.

* * *

Professor A. PEARCE HIGGINS, C.B.E., K.C., LL.D., says that in all modern civilised states law will be found to be the reflex of the popular will. Has the Professor ever tried to buy a cigar in London after 8.0 P.M.?

* * *

A correspondent of a contemporary suggests that we should take our holidays during the cold weather. Well, don't we?

* * *

Four porpoises, after swimming up to Westminster Bridge, turned and were last seen going seawards. We don't blame them.

"A native had a lucky escape from death at the Germiston railway station yesterday morning. He was crossing the line when he was run into by an engine, which caught him on the right shoulder. He was hit with such force that he turned a complete somersault. His condition is not serious. No damage is reported to the engine."—*South African Paper.*

We cannot say how heavy a load of apprehension the last statement removes from our mind.

AZURE AND GREY.

(A Hardy Annual).

TO M. AND K., LEFT BEHIND IN THE SOUTH.

My windows look across a Thames forlorn
In a grey mist; and how I envy you
Who ope your magic casements to a morn
Rippling with laughter of the sapphire blue,
And gambol in that golden air
Of the "Société des Bains de Mer!" *

Once more I 'm with you, though in just a dream,
Mounting to Gorbio through the olive maze;
See L'Estérel against the dying beam,
And love again the loveliness of Èze:
Or lay my louis (dead) on zero,
And so to dine and trot about *chez* Ciro.

Through London's fog they live again for me,
Those fair Provençal days of "sunburnt mirth";
Aigues-Mortes among her marshes by the sea;
Les Baux—her pale ghosts carved of quarried earth;
That picnic by St. Paul-du-Var—
Noble the scene; superb the caviare!

And this dear *côte de gris*, this isle of ours—
We left her cross-word-puzzling when we went;
How soon did she retrieve her mental powers?
Of that *vieux jeu* how rapidly repent?
Doubt or believe me, as you will,
I state the sorry truth—*she 's at it still!* O. S.

* An official euphemism for the Syndicate of the Casino at Monte Carlo.

FANCY DRESS.

AN awed silence fell on the group as I approached; then Jeremy came forward and wrung my hand.

"Thank you," he said brokenly; "I thought I looked enough of an ass in this kit."

"More than enough I should say."

"But you—" he surveyed me with relish. "The blue coat and pink waistcoat I could stand, but green silk breeches—or are they plus-fours? Help!"

"You look lovely," said Mary tactfully; "almost like the Albert Memorial. What is it supposed to be?"

"A shopwalker, period of the Renaissance. As a matter of fact," I added modestly, "I 'm the Grand Master of the Shopwalkers. If one of the Council of Ten, for instance, wanted to match a piece of ribbon I should attend him."

* * * * * * * * *

"My own idea," said Joan later, "is that you 're a Liberian polo-player, but my brother swears he 's seen something similar on the beach at Brighton."

"Your brother should sign the pledge," I said bitterly. "As a matter of fact I 'm an Eskimo bull-fighter."

"Golly! I didn't know Eskimos fought bulls."

"Not as a habit, perhaps, but they must do it occasionally or how could I dress like one?"

The relentless logic of this silenced her for a time, but she was one of those persistent girls.

"Oughtn't you to have a red cloak, then? I thought all the best bullfighters had that."

"Not with this type of bull," I said hurriedly. "All Eskimo bulls are colour-blind."

The light of understanding slowly gleamed in her eye.

"So that 's why you wear those breeches!" she exclaimed. "I knew there must be *some* reason."

* * * * * * * * *

"I 'm having a hard life," I complained to Sylvia at supper. "Everybody 's being rude about my costume."

"Never mind. Give me one of those coffee ices and I 'll tell you it 's lovely."

"It isn't as if it were a frivolous affair," I explained. "This is the mourning costume of the Emperor Ho Chang of the twelfth dynasty. "M-o-u-r-ning," I added impressively.

"Heavens! do tell me about it."

"Well, in China at that time, if a man's first son died, he wore a blue robe as a sign of deep sorrow. If the second son died he wore a pink robe as a sign of overwhelming sorrow, and if the third son died he wore a green robe as a sign of—I don't quite know what that was a sign of."

"General depression perhaps."

"Something like that. Well, one day the Emperor drew his sword and cut off the heads of his three sons."

"Why?"

"Oh, high spirits. That what 's-its-name feeling. As a matter of fact they had eaten two plovers' eggs each out of a dish of sixteen, which only left ten for him, and he was naturally infuriated at their selfishness. And this costume," I concluded, "was the result."

"Coo," said Sylvia thoughtfully.

"That 's more or less what the Emperor said when he saw it. The whole affair is a dreadful warning against gluttony. I say, what about getting hold of that pile of sandwiches when that fat man isn't looking?"

"I am looking," said Jeremy as he moved the plate out of reach. "Let us rather meditate on the truly awful fate of the Emperor What 's-his-name."

* * * * * * * * *

But, taking it all round, it was a jolly costume. I 've often wondered what it was really intended to be.

FOREIGN CHAUFFEURS.

["In choosing a chauffeur, too much attention cannot be paid to the factor of nationality, for in no profession do national idiosyncracies assert themselves with greater emphasis."

Extract from a Manual of Motoring.]

IN motoring matters, the fault of the Dutch
Is their violent method of using the clutch.

Italians and Spaniards will measure their skill
By the number of persons on foot that they kill.

Frenchmen make it an absolute rule
To open the throttle when passing a school.

Russians must stand condemned in a lump
For their habit of drinking the oil in the sump.

The Poles, though good drivers, have one special fault
Of going straight on when requested to halt.

The Swede will cut corners; the Bulgar and Turk
Both put on their brakes with a terrible jerk.

The Austrian 's wrong if he thinks he can steer,
And the German is noisy at changing his gear.

The Cretans are liars whose garage account
Is commonly cooked for a tidy amount.

Thus, as each foreign nation we pass in review,
Their faults are apparent, their virtues are few;
And we reach this conclusion: 'tis better by far
To put a true Briton in charge of a car.

Madame Tussaud's.

"To draw Promethean beams from Heaven
And purge the dross away."—*NEWMAN.*

Prometheus' gift of fire (the rumour goes)
Was meant to purify our mortal clay;
Yet Virtue 's melted dead inside TUSSAUD'S,
While CRIPPEN and the other Horrors stay.



CAVE CANEM.

Chorus of Passengers. "WE CAN FIND ROOM FOR YOU, MA'AM, BUT WE CAN'T TAKE ON A DOG LIKE THAT."

[The Council of the League of Nations has stated that the request of Germany to be admitted as a member will be favourably considered, provided that she does not press her claim to exceptional treatment.]



Visitor. "WHAT PECULIAR MARKINGS YOUR CAT HAS!"
Wife of Author. "YES. WHEN CLARENCE GETS BUSY OVER HIS ARTICLES HE DOESN'T MIND WHERE HE WIPES HIS PEN."

"AND FRIEND."

WHEN poring o'er the pictured page
On which we all depend
For views of those that lead the age
In hours when they unbend,
A person often meets the gaze
Unnamed, in these aggressive days,
Save for the non-committal phrase,
"And Friend."

From Lord's to Lido, Cowes to Cannes,
In every social spot
Where looms the photographic man
And happy groups are "shot,"
Among the great ones of the earth
Who boast of beauty, place or birth,
Or, maybe, happen to be worth
A lot,

He stands before us, neat and spry,
Well clad and finely fed,
The friend confest of Mrs. Y.
Or, better, Lady Z.;
His name may be, for all we know,
Plain Thing-um-Jig or So-and-So:
Those two brief words appear below
Instead.

There are, mere worshippers of fame,
Who, when they glance thereat,
Regard this one without a name
As profitless and flat;
His friendship with the high and fair
Affects them not; they do not care,
Nor ask with an inquiring air,
"Who's that?"

Only to one of wider range
He brings a hidden grace
Of mystery, of something strange;
One would give much to trace,
One feels, his state, his trade, his kin,
His income and his origin,
And how he got his portrait in
That place.

I from my early youth have pined
For that supreme success
That visits him who wakes to find
His picture in the Press;
To see one's face exposed to view,
To read one's name attached thereto,
Oh! it would thrill one through and through,
No less.

Yet sometimes in my wildest dreams
I glimpse a nobler end;
And, though it's not for me, it seems,
I feel I'd gladly spend
My all, if I could meet the eye
With Mrs. X. or Lady Y.,
Bearing that term, so pure, so high,
"And Friend."

DUM-DUM.

WHEN VERSE IS DRY.

The New York Herald has announced a new teetotal version of the Bible. It will be published by Messrs. SCRIBNER, and edited by two Yale professors and the Y.M.C.A. Wherever the word "wine" occurs in the Authorised Version the words "raisin cake" will be substituted.

Thus I Chronicles xvi. 3:—

> "And he dealt to every one of Israel, both man and woman, to every one a loaf of bread, and a good piece of flesh, and a flagon of wine,"

will read (henceforth):—

> "And he dealt to everyone of Israel, both man and woman, to everyone a roll of bread, a portion of meat and a cake of raisins."

It seems a good idea.

One may hesitate perhaps to follow the authors on to the more difficult theological ground which they will have to tread. One may even question the scientific accuracy of the statement (which they will be compelled to make) that one cannot put new raisin cakes into old raisin cake-tins without bursting the cake-tins; or the physiological

truth of the saying that "raisin cake maketh glad the heart of man." (I find that it gives *me* a pain.) Nevertheless one is obliged to admit that a new and glorious prospect opens for all literature written in the Anglo-Saxon tongue.

It would be a great pity, of course, to revise the Bible alone. There are other branches of study besides divinity in which the pupil needs protection to-day from gross allusions to alcoholic liquor. I have myself made a few experiments with some of the better known passages in standard English poetry, and shall be happy to supply fuller and more finished versions on receipt of a firm offer from the American Y.M.C.A. I give a few specimens hereunder:—

JOHN STILL, Bishop of Bath and Wells.

I cannot chew but little glue,
My stomach is not good;
But I can take sultana cake
With him that wears a hood.
Though I go bare, take ye no care,
I shall not need for gold;
I stuff my skin so full within
With pies like mother sold.

Back and side go bare, go bare,
Both foot and hand go cold,
But, belly, God send thee good
plum-duff
And plenty of sago-mould!

BEN JONSON.

Eat all my share of apple-tart
And I shall none repine;
Or leave some cloves upon thy plate
And I 'll not ask to dine.
The hunger that torments my heart
Demands a help divine;
Yet, were I HAROLD LLOYD, I 'ld wait
To kiss that spoon of thine.

JOHN MILTON.

When young and old come forth to
play
On a sunshine holiday
Till the livelong daylight fail;
Then to the sparkling ginger-ale . . .

JOHN KEATS.

Whence come ye, jolly satyrs, whence
come ye,
So many and so many and such glee?
Why have ye left your haunts and
joined to-day
The new Y.M.C.A.?
"For milk, for milk we left our kernel
trees,
For milk we left our heaths and
yellow brooms
And cold mushrooms,
For buns we follow Bacchus through
the earth,
Great god of orangeade and piping
mirth.
Come hither, lady fair, and joinéd be
To our mad minstrelsy."

Lord BYRON.

Fill high the plate with currant buns!
In Boston town on Freedom's
shore
Remains a remnant of the sons
Such as the Pilgrim ladies bore.
And there, perhaps, some drinks are
known
That might have made the Dorians
groan.

Emendations of this sort are easy to make. I am forced to confess however that the difficulty of revision becomes somewhat greater when the actual theme of the poem is of a Bacchanalian kind. But then the necessity is greater too. I am having a lot of trouble with EDWARD FITZGERALD'S *Omar Khayyam*, but have mastered, at any rate, I think, the most intractable stanza:—

And Abraham's lips are locked. But
in opaque
High-piping Washington with
"Cake! Cake! Cake!
Cut Cake!" the Nightingale calls to
the Rose
Some harmless non-intoxicant to take.

The poet BURNS, again, is a regular



"COME ON—WE 'LL TOSS FOR IT. CALL TO ME—TAILS OR GILLIGANS?"

morass of anti-Prohibitionist propaganda. He needs really hard work:—

John Griddlecake is a hero bold,
And soggy too, I ween:
For if you do but bite him hard
The butter blinds your e'en.

'Twill make a man forget his woe,
His wame's too full to cry;
'Twill make the widow's heart to sink
And all dyspeptics die.

Then let us toast John Griddlecake
With mony a stoup of tea,
And may his great posterity
Ne'er fail in old Dundee!

As for "Auld Lang Syne," it is frankly impossible. And even a poem like "My Bonny Mary" requires a drastic alteration in the first four lines:—

Go fetch for me a raisin cake
And slice it with a silver carver
That I may eat before I go
To Mary, whom I'm fond of, rarver.

The fact is that the British poets, like the compilers of the Authorised Version, allude so constantly and so unblushingly to spirituous liquor that the deletion of the offending words would often spoil the whole sense of a passage. Emendation is the only remedy.

I am only sorry to have to state that my proposals to certain living poets that I should undertake this very urgent duty on their behalf has been met with but a grudging response. Mr. G. K. CHESTERTON and Mr. HILAIRE BELLOC have been particularly terse. It will be their own fault if they find no readers in the American Y.M.C.A.'s of 1926.

EVOE.

"Lost, Large Tabby Tomcat since Jan. 14th. 10/- Reward to finder, dead or alive."
Provincial Paper.

Personally we shall take care not to find the savage brute.

From a speech by Mr. DAVID KIRKWOOD, as reported in a Sunday paper:—

"I will go [back to the House of Commons] when I want to, and not when they want me."

How true!

THE STATE OF FILMLAND.

XI.—CLIMATE.

I AM inclined to think that the early moral and mental development of the Filmland child, the exceptional sagacity of the Filmland horse and dog, not to mention some of the lower domestic animals, and the prevailing exuberant tendency of the adult population to fall in love at first sight, must in some measure be due to the climate.



"PLAYING FOOL TRICKS WITH A HOSE."

There can be no doubt that the Filmland climate is highly favourable to rapid and generous growth. There are even some towns and villages which to the critical eye appear to have sprung up in a night. Probably they would fall down just as quickly if vigorously assaulted, a matter of no particular consequence in a country unhampered by sentimental traditions in respect of historical associations.

There is nothing skimpy about the natural scenery of Filmland; a more lavish collection of diverse forms of vegetation could not be found anywhere. The Filmlander can have practically anything he likes, from a tropical forest to a field of buttercups, and he can count upon its looking its best. Even private gardens appear to develop a magnificent luxuriance without the petty human assistance necessary in less favoured climes. Anyway you never see a Filmlander doing anything in a garden except having tea, reading letters, making love, picking flowers or playing fool tricks with a hose.



"DRY ENOUGH ANYWAY TO BE HUGGED AND KISSED WITHOUT LEAVING A MARK."

Filmland weather is the sort of thing that the untravelled Englishman can only expect to come across in dreams or in the fanciful imagery of his romantic novelists. Day after day you may see the happy Filmlanders walking or dashing about in the sunshine—sunshine so powerful and so persistent that it is a wonder they do not burst out into a mass of freckles.

The nights too, most of them, are almost as dazzling. In Filmland they do not go in for any little wispy bits of moon that look like a slice of melon. The Filmland moon, when it shines, shines all over, irrespective of anything the calendar may have to say about it. "Don't talk to me about phases," says the Filmland moon. "This isn't an ordinary country. Look at all those people down there making love and so on. What's the use of their making themselves picturesque and working their faces about if I don't give 'em a decent light to do it by? Then what about those thousands of fellows hanging around in order to shoot their hated rivals? Nice chance they'd have if I were to slack off."

That is the great charm about the climatic conditions in Filmland; they do take a real interest in what is going on down below, and are always anxious to do their best to help things

along. There is none of the callous indifference that we get from our Clerk of the Weather. So long as Filmlanders are doing things that look well in fine weather they can always count upon an absolutely cloudless sky.

Now and again, however, their Clerk of the Weather sees a girl about to set out upon some particularly desperate errand, or maybe a returning prodigal staggering along the last weary mile that leads to the old homestead. This gives him a chance to use a bit of rain. The Filmland Clerk of the Weather has a nice sense of the dramatic possibilities of rain, and he never wastes it. He does not spread it out in a thin uninteresting drizzle that lasts a week and has nothing theatrical about it. He watches his opportunity and then lets loose all the water there is in that particular spot. The result is a storm that none save a Filmland wayfarer could live in for ten minutes.

It does not, however, make people so wet as you would suppose. That is the best of Filmland rain. Though it is perfectly awful while it lasts (you see the buffeted wayfarer apparently being perforated by it; it runs off him and splashes up all around him; time after time he slips into rivers of it), yet as soon as he gets into shelter and takes off his hat or his coat he is as dry as a bone—dry enough anyway to be hugged and kissed without leaving a mark. Even his boots do not seem to want cleaning. The idea of Filmland rain is to give a little excitement to the journey; it has no wish to leave people wet and uncomfortable and liable to take cold.

If the Filmland Clerk of the Weather thinks it good for someone to have a really bad time, he uses snow. He rather prides himself upon his snow effects, which make our own old-fashioned scenes on the Christmas-cards look contemptible. When a Filmland snowstorm makes up its mind to bury somebody, only the most sagacious of faithful dogs can find the victim, and he only just manages to do it in time.

I do not think there is any particular prevailing wind in Filmland, but there is certainly a pervading one. It blows when it likes, which is pretty often, and it blows anywhere and everywhere, even in church. Though strong at times, it appears to be a fairly warm, pleasant sort of wind. Filmlanders do not seem to mind it even when it butts in at a wedding ceremony or wanders about the house. On the contrary, they seem to enjoy standing about in it. No doubt it prevents their getting enervated by so much sunshine.

With such a well-regulated and carefully-apportioned climate the Filmlander has no need to puzzle over weather forecasts. But for the fact that they look ornamental and occasionally come in useful as a weapon when the rest of the furniture has done its duty, there would be no market for barometers. The Filmlander knows, or should know by this time, exactly what sort of weather he is going to get according to what he intends doing when he goes out.



"BUT FOR THE FACT THAT THEY LOOK ORNAMENTAL AND OCCASIONALLY COME IN USEFUL AS A WEAPON WHEN THE REST OF THE FURNITURE HAS DONE ITS DUTY, THERE WOULD BE NO MARKET FOR BAROMETERS."

"THE PUBLIC POWDER-PUFF.

As a daily traveller of the male sex, I should much prefer to have as my neighbour a girl who powders her nose than a man who emits trumpet blasts from the same organ."
Letter in Daily Paper.

He would be taking a great liberty.

"The past winter has left its mark on the faces of many women; these may be obliterated by —— oil."—*Weekly Paper.*

It might, no doubt, be an improvement in some cases.

From an article on the Boat Race:—

"None can predict the issue, for the results attained by wise coaching during the closing days of practice may turn an apparent certain victory into a disastrous defeat."
Daily Paper.

A thankless job, coaching.

TRAGIC COINCIDENCES.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—I have read with sympathy the letter of Mr. A. T. SHEPPARD to *The Times Literary Supplement* on the subject of clashing titles. He recounts his own experience and fortunate escapes; but other writers have not been equally lucky. At the risk of incurring the charge of egotism I may be permitted to point out that my first novel, published some thirty years ago under the title of *The Hallucinations of Hester*, synchronised almost exactly with the appearance of another work of fiction entitled *The Aberrations of Adelaide*, and I have only too good reason to believe that the confusion resulting from this similarity of nomenclature reacted disastrously on the circulation of my work.

But this was only the first of a series of disasters which I can only attribute to the malignity of mischance. My next ventures, *Four Boys in a Barge*, *A Somerset Swain* (poems), *Mutatis Mutandis* (a story of school life), *Splendid Skippers* (a tale of the herring fishery), *Strange Experiences of a J.P.*, and *Sunday Contraptions* (a volume of short stories), all suffered from the same unfair competition. Mr. SHEPPARD wonders "if any means could be devised by which authors and publishers could know before a book actually goes to press whether any other with a similar title is likely to appear simultaneously." As a practical contribution to the solving of this distressing problem, I am glad to place at his disposal the following list of works, some completed and others in process of incubation, which I propose to publish in the course of the next year or two. They are as follows:—*The Journeys of Gadget, M.P.*; *Rufus the Fox* (a narrative poem); *Verbena Langrish* (a study of modern manners); *Romantic Wild Oats*, and *A Portuguese Poultry-Run*.

I am, dear Mr. Punch,
Yours faithfully,
A. BAGSTER BORROW.

Another Glimpse of the Obvious.

"Lord Hugh Cecil, M.P., addressing a C.E.M.S. meeting, referred to the decay of interest in the church service and said this was most probably due to the fact that the church service no longer excited the interest it used to do."—*Provincial Paper.*

ONLY BIPEDS AFTER ALL.

[In the course of a lecture on "Broadland Birds," Miss E. L. TURNER stated that "those not engaged in matrimonial duties formed bachelor clubs for dancing, drill and other purposes, and she took the opportunity of indignantly denying the statement which had been ascribed to her in the Press that male birds only were allowed the entrée to such clubs, and that female bachelors were refused admission."—*Sunday Paper.*]

WHEN human affairs had unsettled
The poets of days that are gone,
And left them disgruntled and nettled
(From old ARISTOPHANES on),
They found an unfailing specific
To check the assaults of despair
In taking an unscientific
Review of the fowls of the air.

And, leaving the others to quarrel
On measures for righting their wrongs,
They sought and expounded the moral
Of larks' or of nightingales' songs;
And cures for humanity's dolours
They fancied they 'd somehow revealed
As they turned up their overcoat collars
And scribbled their odes in a field.

So now, when decay has a hand on
Both Waterloo Bridge and St. Paul's,
And Eros we 've had to abandon
Pro tem. to the mottoless halls,
And JOYNSON perfects definitions
For statutes to govern the night,
This time of disturbing transitions
Is calling for leading and light.

When KEYNES has dismissed with a damper
The prospect of sovereigns for notes,
And Parliament threatens to pamper
The flappers by giving them votes,
When half of our life is a tireless
Pursuit of preposterous words,
And half readjusting our wireless—
Come away! Let us study the birds.

And what do we find? They are either
Indifferent husbands or wives,
And those that at present are neither
Lead most irresponsible lives;
The bachelor-girls at the right clubs
Stand gossiping round with the males
Or dance until dawn at the night-clubs
And powder their beaks with their tails.

From a concert programme:—

"Thou Charming Bird (with Flue Obbligato)."—*Provincial Paper.*

That must be the crow we heard yesterday: it sounded hoarse.

"Yarn quotations are well held, but sinners are meeting with very little success in securing orders of any weight."—*Lancashire Paper.*

This purports to be an account of the textile market; but to us it sounds more like a fishing story.

SPORT AND SCIENCE;

OR, KNOX AND COX.

(By our Tideway Expert.)

WHEN the Oxford boat goes by, everybody runs out into the garden and gazes. When the Cambridge boat goes by, we glance out of the window and mutter. Down here on the tideway feeling is pretty bitter. Margaret and Mary carry the dark-blue favours as usual, but Joan has gone native and is wearing a celluloid baby with a light-blue ribbon. (But Mary says that anyone could have told that he was a Cambridge man by the mere shape of him).

Cambridge, of course, have the longer boat and will have an advantage at the finish, we suppose, though it is not clear which end is the long end. If the long part is in front, the only thing for Oxford to do is to add an enormously long bowsprit; and we cannot think why nobody has thought of this.

Not that Oxford are not alive to this typical piece of Cambridge trickery. Dr. BOURNE, for Oxford, has dragged in science to the rescue. Each of the Oxford oars has been specially constructed with a centre of gravity of its own. They have also large holes in the blades to lessen the exertions of the oarsmen and impart rhythm to the swing. The water passing through these holes sets up a wind-current which diminishes the specific gravity of cox, encouraging him to make glad cries and facial contortions suggestive of victory. The special stream-line boat which Dr. BOURNE has designed is so constructed as to require the minimum of effort by the oarsmen, and at a glance from an Old Blue it moves through the water of its own accord.

As to the crew, these also have been selected for their tapering shoulders and narrow backs, which will offer the least possible resistance to the wind (if it is westerly). Cambridge, on the other hand, have developed particularly wide chests, which will serve as sails (if the wind is easterly). If there is anything in science, both crews will finish the course this year.

Cambridge are at a disadvantage at the coxswain's thwart, their helmsman, BROWN, registering 8 st. 7 lb., while the Oxford steer-boy, whose name is KNOX, is only 8 st. 2 lb. and is practically invisible to the naked eye. Aided by this circumstance we shall not be surprised if KNOX takes BROWN'S water at "The Doves." The KNOX family will take anything. But if BROWN takes KNOX'S water this will be a foul.

The strange thing is that, with all the grand new aids to speed which science annually affords, the race continues to be rowed each year in about the same time that it was rowed the year before. But then who wants speed in this event? From our point of view, the slower they go the better. We travel so far and we wait so long and we see (in the end) so little. By the time we have made up our minds whether we will look at Oxford or Cambridge, or the umpire's launch the whole procession has passed. Why don't they row the race *against the tide* and give us our money's worth?

And, speaking of the tide, the waterside experts are a little worried about this year's contest. To be perfectly frank, there is a grave possibility that *there will be no race this year!*

Pay attention, please.

The tide is high at London Bridge on The Day at 4.12 P.M. (*see* "*Nautical Almanac*").

The tide is high at Kew Bridge that day about fifty-five minutes later—say, 5.5 (*see* "*Nautical Almanac*").

That is to say, at 4.15 (roughly) at London Bridge the water will be running out to sea—eastwards.

But at 4.15 at Kew Bridge the water will still be running inland—westwards; for, *ex hypothesi*, as EUCLID says, the tide will not be high there for another fifty-five minutes.

We are faced then with the disturbing certainty that next Saturday afternoon, the day of this great race, the London Thames will be running in two opposite directions, and this will go on for about fifty-five minutes.

All this, of course, as the scientists tell us, is caused by the action of the moon, and no doubt they know. What exactly the moon will be doing at 4.15 we cannot pretend to say. But obviously it must be moving eastward with the water at London Bridge, and westward with the water at Kew. We will leave the moon to look after itself.

For there are graver matters.

It is clear that, if for fifty-five minutes the water runs eastward at London Bridge and westward at Kew, there must come a moment at some intermediate spot, say Hurlingham or Putney, when *there will be no water left, i.e.* there will be a large dry hiatus or gap, which will continue to expand until 5.5, when the water begins to flow eastward from Kew and fills it up.

This, of course, is the true scientific explanation of the crossing of the Red Sea. It is a thing that happens daily in this London of ours, though so little do we see of our river that in the ordinary way no comment is made; it is scarcely noticed. Watermen are familiar with the phenomenon and arrange their voyages accordingly.

And generally the gap occurs in the unfashionable Wandsworth Reach, so



A SHOCK TO THE PROFESSION.

that even on Boat-Race day no inconvenience has hitherto arisen.

This year, however, we understand, so wide are the trousers of the students, so long is the Cambridge boat and so uncanny are the Oxford oars that the whole tidal system is upset, with the result that, as many waterside experts confidently predict, the gap may come as far up as Putney, or even Hammersmith.

In other words, there is a chance that the rival crews may find themselves high and dry *before they reach the Mile Post.* KNOX will in that case be unable to take BROWN'S water, and the race will be off.

It is possible, however, that this may be averted if the rival Presidents have the sense to start the race well before 4.12—say about 3.30. I'm told they will.

In that case it is not too much to say that Cambridge, with their superior stamina, should prove successful if Oxford, with their high rate of striking, do not pass the post ahead of them.

Next year, we understand, Dr. BOURNE has arranged for the moon to remain stationary throughout the race, thus eliminating all tidal complications.

Meanwhile, may the best trousers win!

Later, in any case, there will be a dinner, at which, if we know anything of the KNOX family, KNOX will take BROWN'S wine. A. P. H.

Another Glimpse of the Obvious.

From an official report on Foot-and-Mouth Disease:—

"Looked at from this standpoint, it will easily be seen that the object of the slaughter policy is not to cure the animals affected but to prevent the disease from spreading."

"Lord Balfour has been a prominent figure in British political life more than 50 years. His dearest interests have been intellectual ones, but he was once Prime Minister of England."—*Japanese Paper.*

The "but" is attractive.



He. "THAT'S THE NEW MAN WHO'S TAKEN THE COURT, ISN'T IT? I WONDER IF HE'S GOOD TO HOUNDS?'
She. "OH, YES—QUITE, I THINK. I SAW HIM GIVING A SANDWICH TO ONE THE OTHER DAY."

NEW YORK CITY: A GUIDE FOR SETTLERS.

V.—DAYLIGHT SAVING: ITS PROBLEMS, PLEASURES, ETC.

BEFORE the Englishman has left the peace of England for the prosperity of America he will probably comfort himself with the thought that, though America may have many laws and customs with which he is unfamiliar, he will not have to worry about Daylight Saving; there, at any rate, will be something he is used to; whatever he does wrong he will know how to set the hands of his watch forward an hour. But let me warn him here to beware of over-confidence; he will find that saving an hour in America is a very different matter from saving one in England.

The difference, to go back to its source, comes from the fact that the American Federation of Watch-Repairers is more powerful than the corresponding British Federation. If this were not true I think they would have been unable to make the situation so complicated. But being, in the first place, stronger, and being, in the second place, located in a country perfectly adapted to their purposes from a geographical point of view, they have brought about a state of affairs as complex as the mechanism of a Swiss watch.

But America gets a lot of real pleasure out of this lack of simplicity. Other countries enjoy the extra hour of daylight in a childlike sort of way, but the A.F.W.R. has added an intellectual side to the law. Fundamentally it is a law without problems, and having a law without problems is to an American about as insipid a pastime as working arithmetic with an answer-book. At first, finding that this law presented no problems, America thought of trying to get it repealed. This would have been a very difficult process, for repealing a law in America is far harder than getting a divorce. When America takes unto herself a law there is no limiting phrase in the ceremony such as "till death do us part." Since, therefore, the law could not easily be repealed the problems had to be created. America did what she could to create them by leaving the enforcement of the law to the separate States, instead of to the Federal Government.

THE WATCH-TRADE INTERVENES.

At this moment the Associated Federation of Watch-Repairers made its appearance, settling the problem question admirably. Their first move was an effort to prescribe which of the States should adopt the law and which should not, trying as far as possible to prevent any two adjoining States from using the same time. They succeeded so well that only in a few instances can a man now cross a State border without resetting his watch. Their business increased at once, the principal revenue coming from travelling salesmen who had to set their watches backwards and forwards several times a day. (I have heard from a reliable source that, at a convention of the American Federation of Travelling Salesmen, a resolution was passed unanimously to compel the companies for which these men worked to allow them a certain sum of money each year to pay for the wear and tear on the machinery of their watches.)

The immediate effect of this problem was to make people who could do so travel more within their own States. This caused the A.F.W.R. to take further steps. In several States the union succeeded in persuading the State Government to hand the law on to the counties, leaving it to each county to select the time it should live on. The local lodges of the A.F.W.R. vied with each other in the effort to increase their trade, the prize for the summer of 1924 being awarded to the lodge at Lexington, Kentucky, which in some unknown way succeeded in dividing the town

itself; those citizens who played golf using the daylight-saving scheme, and those who did not using the night-saving scheme.

The Encouragement of Nervous Disorders.

An effort to do the same thing to New York City failed, and the A.F.W.R. was in a quandary as to how it could exploit such a large and rich gathering of watch-owners until it called to its aid the American Federation of Physicians for Nervous Disorders. This union was exceedingly strong in New York, New York being New York, and it threw its whole strength in support of the A.F.W.R., seeing in the furthering of the latter's ends great prosperity for itself.

The credit for the idea which ultimately solved the difficulty belongs to a young doctor from the State insane asylum, who, coming to New York on a recruiting expedition, called the attention of the A.F.W.R. to the fact that there were two large railroad-stations in the city. In a few weeks the station-masters had been called into collusion. The clocks in the stations were set an hour behind those outside, making it possible for a man to leave Seventh Avenue at ten o'clock and be in the Pennsylvania station a few seconds after nine.

At first trains were despatched according to the clocks in the station; a commuter (or season-ticket holder) taking the five-thirty express, due home at six, would thus arrive at seven o'clock (Daylight Saving). Later on the Associated Federation of Physicians for Nervous Disorders desired to make the situation more complicated and caused all the trains to be set back an hour. The commuters' train was thus called the four-thirty express (*né* five-thirty express). When people began to understand this the railway authorities secretly mixed the trains, letting some of them leave at the old time, some at the new time, some by sun time, some by Pacific time; the rest of the trains they took off altogether.

The Two Voices.

The schedules are printed with a pair of diagrams on the front showing how a clock looks when running under one system as compared with one running under another system. But this does not help you very much to find out the time your train is going to leave—or has left. The matter is further complicated by the simple device of having the humourists who give you information speak sometimes in Daylight language and sometimes in Standard. The general rule which the Englishman may follow for the purposes of differentiation is this: in the morning they are under the influence of Standard time, which they come to work by; in the afternoon they are under the influence of Daylight Saving time, which they stop work by. But this rule doesn't always apply.

To people living in the city who don't have to bother with the station clocks the law works out very simply. Some of them are taken in by this sleight of hands for getting them to their desks at eight o'clock, but many of them see through it; they agreed to start work at nine o'clock, and they don't intend to start at eight. The only course is for the business houses to adjust the hours to suit them; so when, in the spring, time-pieces are set forward, many houses likewise set forward their opening hour from nine o'clock to ten. A foreigner is likely to reason that the law might just as well have been repealed, but this is discounting the pleasure that comes from the luxury of starting to work at ten o'clock.

Probably the wisest thing for the Englishman to do will be to buy a pair of dollar watches (he can get two for about $8.00) and set one by the clock in the Pennsylvania station and the other by the clock on the Metropolitan Tower, carefully labelling which is which. This is playing directly into the hands of the watch trade; but if he doesn't he will fall into the clutches of the Associated Federation of Physicians for Nervous Disorders, and the former is probably less expensive in the long run.

U. S. A.



Newly-married Man (*busy with wireless construction*). "SWEETHEART, HAVE WE ANY TWEEZERS IN THE HOUSE?"

Wife. "I'LL RUN AND LOOK, DEAREST—ER, WHAT IS IT THAT DARLING WANTS TO TWEEZE?"

Our Optimists.

"A woman of 50 seeks, for the first time in her life, Romance and Adventure in a foreign land, under foreign skies; £100 in Treasury notes would take her there. The money can never be repaid, only gratefully acknowledged."
Advt. in Morning Paper.

THE AMAZING WEEK.

ALTHOUGH this is a fish story, people who don't like fish stories need not be afraid of it. It is not that kind of fish story.

Once upon a time—in fact only a few days ago—there were two roach swimming in the river Thames. Two ladies. The part of the Thames that they inhabited was at Maidenhead and they knew practically no other. They had been born there, and there, until a few days ago, they had successfully avoided both the natural maladies and dangers incident to infantile piscine life and the insidious attraction of the dainty allurements fixed by man to his barbed hooks. They may now and then have strayed towards Taplow or Cookham, and in an adventurous mood, on a recent occasion of flood, they perhaps actually reached Maidenhead High Street and peeped into a shop or two; but for the most part they remained in the home waters in their own set. It was a nice set, conscious of being better behaved than some of the frequenters of the lawns at the riverside inns.

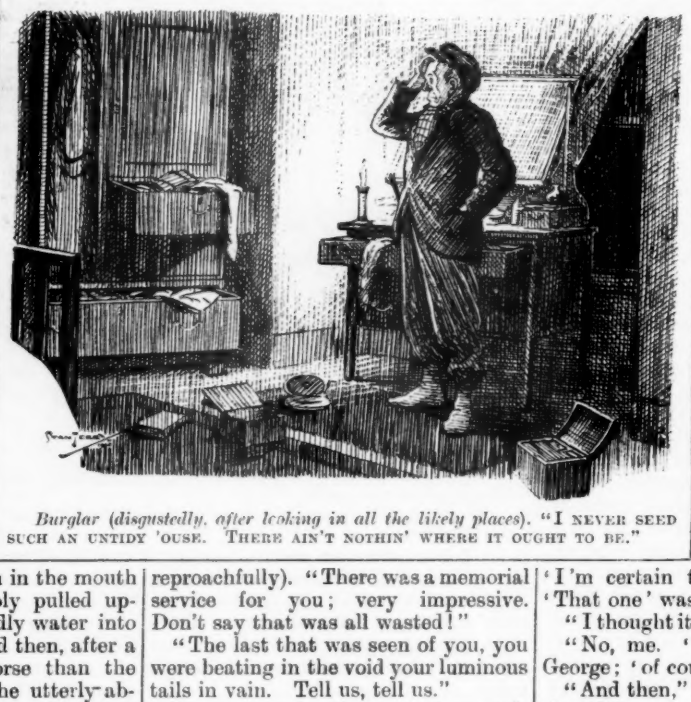
On a recent Sunday, however, came disaster. Almost at the same moment, for they were the kind of girls who shared experiences, first one of the roach and then the other, after gulping at a morsel of floating sustenance, was conscious of a sharp pain in the mouth and then was irresistibly pulled upwards through the friendly water into the less desirable air, and then, after a cruel wrench, much worse than the dentist's, deposited in the utterly abhorrent dryness of a creel. They had been caught. They had fallen to the rods and lines of Mr. and Mrs. Vincent Fortescue, of Church Street, Chelsea, who had come down in their fourteen-four for a day's fishing and for an hour or so had been seated in a punt on two kitchen chairs, getting colder and colder, but hoping for the best—the best hopes of anglers being indistinguishable from the worst fears of fish.

So far there is nothing in this episode to lift it to the honour of record in print. I am aware of that. Young professional men and their wives, while life still has an edge and responsible nurses can be left behind, have constantly gone by car to riverside spots on Saturdays and Sundays either to fish or to loaf; roach have constantly been caught. But this is perhaps the first occasion on which two roach were ever taken out of the river at Maidenhead on one Sunday; and on the next—but you shall hear.

Such a miracle having happened, the narrative passes from me to the two fish as told by them to their friends a few days later, when, to the intense surprise of all subaqueous Maidenhead, which is, of course, the real Maidenhead, they arrived, exhausted but jubilant and voluble, in their old haunts.

"But where have you been?" the others clamoured. "We thought you had gone for ever."

"Yes, where have you been?" (a little reproachfully). "There was a memorial service for you; very impressive. Don't say that was all wasted!"



Burglar (disgustedly, after looking in all the likely places). "I NEVER SEED SUCH AN UNTIDY 'OUSE. THERE AIN'T NOTHIN' WHERE IT OUGHT TO BE."

"The last that was seen of you, you were beating in the void your luminous tails in vain. Tell us, tell us."

The two roach, who needed no such invitation, then began, narrating their adventures, as two girls must, either in unison or alternation.

"It was dreadful—horrible," said one.

"Yes," said the other, "at first we could do nothing but lie in the basket getting weaker and weaker, and telling ourselves and each other what fools we had been."

"But your mouths," someone asked—"didn't they hurt?"

"Oh, we forgot all about that in thinking of our folly, in remorse."

"Yes, that's when it all comes back," said her sister: "when you're pegging out. You'll know."

"Then the people unmoored," said the other, "and rowed to the bank, and we were carried away; and after a while there was a lot of noise and shaking, and then we fainted. Didn't we?"

"Yes, practically. I thought I was dead. Indeed I wanted to be."

"So did I. And I shall never understand why we weren't. We must be intended for some wonderful career."

"Get on, get on," said the others.

"Very well. The next thing we knew was that the noise and shaking had stopped, and we were in a hot room, and the woman was surrounded by children and was saying, 'There now, be quiet for a moment and I'll show you the darling little fish Daddy and I caught exactly at the same time. Two roach.' As she said this she held us up. I was just conscious, but thought it was the next world."

"So did I," said the other.

"'Oh, what pets!' the children cried. 'Are they dead?'

"'Yes,' said the man, 'Of course they are.'

"'What a shame!' said the children. That was nice of them, wasn't it?"

"Yes," said the other; "but don't forget what they said next. They said, 'We can have them for breakfast, can't we?'"

"Yes, they did; and their horrible mother said, 'Of course, darlings.' And then she gave a little squeal. 'George,' she cried, 'I'm certain that that one moved!' 'That one' was me."

"I thought it was me," said the other.

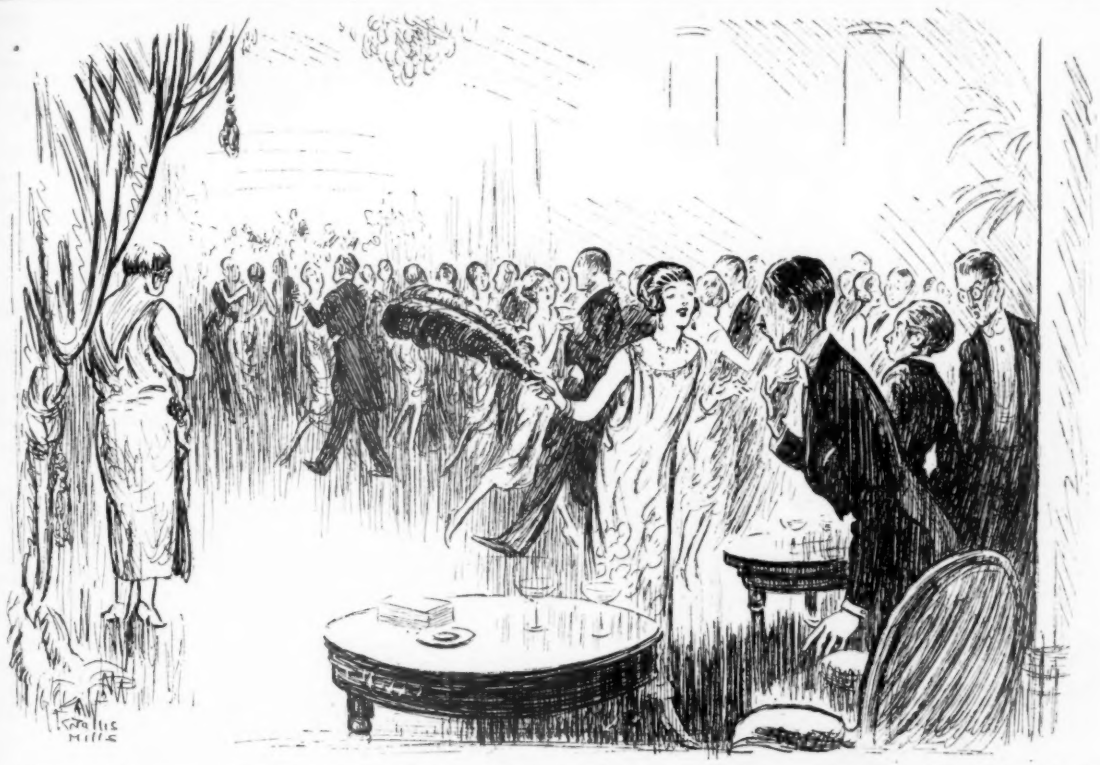
"No, me. 'Purely muscular,' said George; 'of course they're dead.'"

"And then," said the other, "one of the children screamed out, 'Oh, Mummy, the other one moved! They're not dead, they're not dead!' and they jumped up and down in the most gratifying manner. Really, children aren't so bad."

"And then," said the other, "they insisted on our being put in the bath. The little Samaritans!"

"'I thought you wanted them for breakfast,' said the mother. A loathsome creature! 'But let's have them in the bath first,' they said. 'If they're alive it's much more fun to watch them swim.'"

"And one of the boys said, 'We might fish for them and catch them again, and then again, every now and



Hostess. "I'VE GOT A PERFECTLY CHARMING GIRL OVER THERE FOR ONE OF YOU TO DANCE WITH. NOW WHICH IS THE STRONGEST?"

then.' Didn't he?" the other asked. "Didn't he?"

"He did," said the other.

"All these words, you must understand, came to us as in a dream, and then suddenly we returned to real life again in the water of the bath. 'Well,' said the man, 'it's the most extraordinary thing. I shall write to *The Field* about it.' How long we were in the bath I have no notion."

"But," said the other, "we almost began to wish we had gone to the cook, those children were so attentive. They never let us alone. They were either fishing for us—and of course we weren't so silly as to be caught again——"

"Nor ever will be!" said the other. "At least I'm sure I shan't."

"And I'm sure I shan't either, not if I have to starve first."

"If they weren't fishing for us with a hook——"

"Baited," said the other, "with the most repulsive things——"

"If they weren't fishing for us they were trying to catch us with their hands, and then dropping us because we wriggled so."

"I was dropped on the bathroom floor," said the other, "thirty times at least."

"But it was this that got us our chance, we mustn't forget that. They made such an awful row when we wriggled and they dropped us that the man said it must stop. 'Either eat the infernal things,' he said——"

"I'm not sure his language wasn't worse," said the other.

"It may have been. His tone was appalling, anyhow. 'Either eat the infernal things,' he said, 'or let them go.' This was a terrible moment for us. What would they do?"

The other continued: "'Let's take them down to the steps and put them into the river again,' one of the children said. And that is what happened. They took us down in a jug, just by Battersea Bridge, and poured us into the Thames."

"And then?" asked their friend.

"Nothing else. Here we are! It's been an amazing week." E. V. L.

"LITERARY SOCIETY.—The final lecture of the session was by Mr. —— on 'Marvels of the World.' He conducted his hearers to various parts of the world to view existing wonders, ancient and modern, such as the Aeropolis and the Coleseims, the leaning Tower of Pica, the Mosque of St. Sopar and finished up with the great Dome of Assouar."—*Local Paper.*

Just to put the lid on.

TRAFFIC RHYMES.

V.—THE PEDESTRIAN.

THE aeroplane, the motor-car,
The omnibus, the tram,
All pass
The silly ass
That I am.
I've no desire to scale the clouds
Or hurtle down the street;
I am odd
Enough to plod
Upon my feet.

Commercial Candour.

"Order your coal from the —— Slate Co."
Tram Ticket Advt.

"By the way, if Mme. Tetrazzini sang Boito's area in the original key (D minor) our receiving apparatus repeated in exactly a semitone higher."—*Daily Paper.*

If it took the "area" into the flat above, it must indeed have been a moving performance.

"I am of the firm opinion that it [Mah Jongg] demands much less skill than bridge, though people with such great minds as the Chancellor of the Exchequer play the game regularly and consider it a most charming relaxation."—*Daily Paper.*

WINSTON no doubt is attracted by the "tiles."



Lady (to new housemaid engaged by letter). "WHY DIDN'T YOU TELL ME, WHEN YOU WROTE ANSWERING MY QUESTIONS SO FULLY, THAT YOU WERE SCOTCH, MARY?"
Mary. "I DIDNA LIKE TO BE BOASTING, MEM."

COURAGE AT SEA.

EUPHEMIA GETS THE LAST WORD.

Euphemia and I, being man and wife, naturally do not see eye to eye in all things; one virtue, however, I claim for her with conjugal pride: she has grit.

We were on the *Sultan of Asia*, homeward bound, and in the Gulf of Lyons. It was one of those terrible days on which you play Bridge frantically, with no thought of profit or pleasure, but merely to keep your thoughts as long as possible from a hideous inevitable future.

We had played from luncheon till teatime, snatched a cup of tea and a gingerbread (wonderfully helpful things, gingerbreads, in a heavy roll) and begun again at once. The sea was getting worse every moment; green-faced and grim we played on, like condemned men beneath the gallows, like French aristocrats on the eve of the guillotine, like a bachelor on the eve of his wedding.

Then my partner rose, muttered something about "a bit of a head," and went.

No time to mourn his loss. We attached the first healthy-looking passenger to enter the divan, a profiteer's wife with a large red hat and large red hands hitherto unknown to us except by sight. She was a talkative person; unpleasantly so, I thought, that afternoon. While the cards were being dealt we learned that she had run over for a month to have a look at India; during the play of the first hand it transpired that she occupied a private suite, a thing which to the official Indian traveller is almost as remote and mysterious as the Lama's throne.

"I never travel without," she said; "wouldn't think of it. Your own bathroom, y' know—*and* fresh water."

"Has it a sitting-room?" asked my wife carelessly. "*No?* Ah, personally I never take a suite without."

A strange sound came from her partner, a fellow-officer of mine who knows my income as well as I know his. He dropped a card and gave me a moment's horrid apprehension by disappearing beneath the table to recover it.

The stranger winced and changed the subject to the Riviera, whither we all happened to be bound.

"I shall motor to Hyères to-morrow if the train 's gone," she said; "Sunday in Marseilles is *the* limit."

"Won't you find that very dull?" asked Euphemia sympathetically; "I always think the drive from Marseilles to Hyères so stupid." (Which is no doubt the reason for her never having taken it.)

Red Hat lost a trick to us, and then retorted in a threatening voice:—

"From Hyères on is a treat, anyway. Ever motored from Hyères to Monty?"

Strangely enough Euphemia has; an opulent hotel guest once invited her to make the trip.

"Yes," she said languidly. "Pretty drive, isn't it? I didn't see as much as I should have liked, though; eighty-horse-power cars go so dreadfully fast, don't they? *Your* deal."

The other had completed a misdeal before she could speak.

"Ever done it in a mistral?" she hissed then.

I looked anxiously at my wife; could she counter this singular claim to distinction?

At that moment the mistral blowing down through the *Îles d'Hyères* caught us full on the beam; Euphemia turned a deeper green; she got up; but her eyes were fixed on the stranger and her voice was steady.

"Have you," she asked politely, "ever seen a lady sick in the divan of the *Sultan of Asia?*"

I half rose, strangling an exclamation of alarm; there *are* limits, even to grit. The Red Hat shook in sheer horror.

"No," said Euphemia; adding in ladylike scorn, "*and you never will.*"

I flatter myself that her exit, though a trifle rapid, was not undignified.



A MATTER OF THE HIGHEST INTEREST.

Portia—LORD CARSON. *Shylock*—A MONEYLENDER.

SHYLOCK. "I PRAY YOU, GIVE ME LEAVE TO GO FROM HENCE; I AM NOT WELL."—*The Merchant of Venice*, Act. IV., Scene 1.

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Monday, March 16th.—Nobody would take the smiling Mr. ORMSBY-GORE for a spoil-sport, yet it seems that in his official capacity he did his best to prevent the publication of the racy letters that passed between Lord LEVERHULME and Sir HUGH CLIFFORD when the Peer invited the Governor to dinner and the Governor said him "Nay." Fortunately the itch for publicity was too much for one or both of them and the gaiety of the nation has accordingly been enhanced.

We cannot know too much about the personal characteristics of our rulers. I therefore take occasion to place upon record that Mr. MCNEILL is "not a student of the American Press."

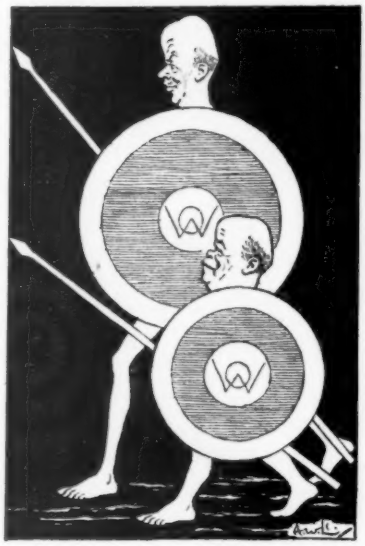
The alleged kidnapping at Liverpool of Mr. HARRY POLLITT, General Secretary of the National Minority Movement (whatever that may be), led to a pretty little quarrel between those two doughty warriors, Lieut.-Commander KENWORTHY and Colonel WEDGWOOD, who both desired to put Private Notice Questions. The Commander led off with an unexceptionable drive down the pretty, but the Colonel in the like went a little off the course by declaring that the British Fascisti, a body to which he attributed the outrage, had the support of "the aristocracy generally." This was too much for the heir of the STRABOLGIS, who appealed to the SPEAKER to give his Question precedence.

The WAR MINISTER had not a particularly flattering tale to tell in introducing the Army Estimates. There is a shortage of recruits, partly owing to the counter-attraction of the unemployment benefit, but chiefly to the poor physical condition of the candidates, fifty thousand out of eighty thousand having been rejected for this cause.

Most serious of all, perhaps, the new Supplementary Reserve of skilled tradesmen is being boycotted by the railway and transport unions, who, in spite of the most explicit undertaking by successive Governments, persist in their belief that the reservists may be used as strike-breakers.

Mr. STEPHEN WALSH endorsed nearly everything that had been said by Sir L. WORTHINGTON-EVANS. There had been "a woeful misunderstanding" about the Supplementary Reserve. A hedging speech was made by Mr. J. H. THOMAS, who thought that with a little tact and sweet reasonableness the conflicting views might be reconciled; but it had no mollifying effect upon his colleague, Mr. THURTLE, who appealed to trade unionists not to "put themselves under the heel of the swashbuckling people in Whitehall."

Tuesday, March 17th.—It was not altogether inappropriate that Lord CARSON should choose a St. Patrick's



THE GREAT TWIN BRETHREN.

SIR LAMING WORTHINGTON-EVANS, WAR MINISTER, AND MR. STEPHEN WALSH, HIS PREDECESSOR, JOIN IN THE DEFENCE OF THE SUPPLEMENTARY RESERVE.

Day for delivering his philippic against moneylenders. Among the reptiles that the Saint did not succeed in driving out of Ireland was the gombeenman; and I dare say that this



A FLYING BUTTRESS.

LORD HALDANE SUPPORTS LORD CARSON AND THE MONEYLENDERS BILL.

thought helped to barb Lord CARSON'S shafts against the *Shylocks* of Britain. Though his speech was rather too long and its interest, unlike the moneylenders', did not increase with time, it appeared to carry conviction to most of the Peers.

Even Lord HALDANE, though he had known some moneylenders who were more sinned against than sinning, could not say much for the fraternity as a whole, and gave general support to the Bill. Lord DARLING, while in full sympathy with its objects, recalled other legislative efforts to suppress usury, and gave some amusing illustrations of the ingenious methods employed by moneylenders to evade the law.

Question-time in this Parliament is more than usually dull—a good omen, probably, for the stability of the Government. Still one nearly always learns something. Until this afternoon I never knew that the Navy, Army and Air Force Institutes enjoyed the services of a Professor of Publicity. Even the FINANCIAL SECRETARY OF THE WAR OFFICE was fain to admit that he was in ignorance of his functions. "As a Department we have no knowledge of the existence of the gentleman."

A reply to a subsequent question may possibly throw some light on the matter. An inquiry was addressed to the SECRETARY FOR SCOTLAND as to the effect of "salp" upon the herring-fishery in Northern waters? Major COHEN, interpreting the curiosity of the non-Scottish Members, then asked, "What is 'salp'?" and Sir JOHN GILMOUR replied, "Salp, I understand, is a peculiar organism of a trumpet-shape"—a definition which, I respectfully submit, would serve equally well for a Professor of Publicity.

The MINISTER FOR AGRICULTURE conducted the British Sugar (Subsidy) Bill through its Report stage, skilfully avoiding the obstacles placed in his path by the Free Traders on the one side and the Anti-Capitalists on the other.

At night Sir N. GRATTAN DOYLE proposed a resolution in favour of restricting the importation of sweated goods. If, as one supposes, his main object was to widen the rift in the economic lute of the Labour Party, he was not altogether successful, for both Mr. MACDONALD and the other Front Benchers prudently abstained from giving their views; and Mr. MAXTON, while admitting that a hundred years of Free Trade had left the working-classes "underpaid, overworked and periodically unemployed," declined to help the advocates of Protection unless they were prepared to join the Clydesiders in achieving a social revolution.

Wednesday, March 18th.—Back from

Geneva, Mr. AUSTEN CHAMBERLAIN found plenty of questions awaiting him, but was not much more prolific of information than before he went. One rather startling statement he made in reply to a suggestion that we should initiate fresh negotiations with the Soviet. For any new step to be usefully taken "it would be necessary," he said, "that our general relations should be more completely amicable and cordial in all parts of the world than they are at present." This sounded as if Britain had resumed the *rôle* of ISHMAEL, and that all the FOREIGN SECRETARY'S cordial conversations with M. HERRIOT and other Continental statesmen had been worse than useless. I hope I am right in assuming that after "general relations" the words "with the Soviet" should be understood.

There was no such lack of tactful expression in the answer which he gave to the Member who asked him "whether any understanding of any kind exists between the American and British Naval authorities." Mr. CHAMBERLAIN, cleverly inverting the question, replied that there was not—and he hoped there never would be—any *misunderstanding* between these authorities.

The only question addressed to the COLONIAL SECRETARY was answered by Mr. ORMSBY-GORE. Mr. AMERY, I infer, was busy packing for his forthcoming flight to Iraq in company with Sir SAMUEL HOARE.

Mr. WOOD had the satisfaction of securing the support of the Labour Leader for the British Sugar (Subsidy) Bill, with the result that the Third Reading was carried by 346 to 56.

Another unusual alliance was seen when Sir ROBERT HORNE joined Mr. WHEATLEY in supporting the Glasgow Boundaries Bill against the attack of Mr. MACQUISTEN.

Thursday, March 19th.—The PRIME MINISTER informed the House of Commons that it was proposed to adjourn on April 9th and resume business on April 28th, when Mr. CHURCHILL is to introduce his first Budget.

Members who are confidently expecting a reduction in the taxes heard with some dismay from Mr. BALDWIN that a Cabinet inquiry into the Naval shipbuilding position was going on, and might result in Supplementary Estimates being required. And already the Navy Estimates are larger by some five millions than those of last year!

No wonder that Mr. BRIDGEMAN confessed in his opening statement that his time has been largely taken up with "polite conversations with the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER." No doubt he addressed him "as one First Lord to another," and made tactful reference to the great mobilization *coup* of July, 1914. At any rate he seems to have found Mr. CHURCHILL fairly sympathetic to the claims of the Admiralty, for he was able to announce various small



A VOYAGE TO BROBDINGNAG.
COLONEL AMERY AND SIR SAMUEL HOARE GET A LIFT FROM THE R.A.F. EAGLE.

boons, ranging from marriage-allowances for Naval officers to reference libraries for H.M. ships (from which I gather that the cross-word craze has infected the Fleet).



"NOT IN THOSE TROUSERS."
THE EARL OF OXFORD AND ASQUITH HAS BEEN APPOINTED A MEMBER OF THE JUDICIAL COMMITTEE OF THE PRIVY COUNCIL.

As for the Singapore dock scheme, the late Government had dropped it as a gesture inviting co-operation in disarmament from other countries. But the result reminded him of the American definition of "co-operation"—"the other fellow does the operating and you do the cooing." At any rate the present Government intended to take up the scheme again as an insurance for our trade-routes.

Mr. RAMSAY MACDONALD repudiated the suggestion that the Labour Government's "gesture" had been abortive—had it not produced the Protocol? He regarded the resumption of the Singapore scheme as "simply deplorable," and feared its psychological effect on the Japanese people.

There were a few green spots in the somewhat arid debate that followed. Admiral Sir A. HENNIKER-HUGHAN welcomed the proposed marriage-allowances on the ground that the young Naval officer possessed "an amatory and inflammatory nature," and when not on duty was usually in love; Lady ASTOR, in pressing for the abolition of the rum-ration, implored the Admiralty to adopt the "NELSON-touch"—a suggestion calculated to make that hero pirouette on his column; Mr. SAKLATVALA, addressing the Deputy-Chairman as "Comrade FITZROY," contrasted the state of the down-trodden British bluejacket with the magnificent independence of the sailors of the Red Fleet; and Mr. STORRY DEANS warned the House not to allow the Navy to be touched by "the clammy hand of the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER."

LETTERS FROM A GARRULOUS AUNT.

IV.

Berkeley Court Gardens, W.

MY DEAR NIECE,—How sweet of you to send those eggs! Thank you so much. Cook tells me they are getting dear, as there are so few to go round. I'm so glad to hear your birds are still laying; and how clever of you to put them down in waterglass—whatever that is—for the winter! Poor things, it sounds so wet, but no doubt you warm it first. I never kept any, except a canary when we were first married—a dear little fellow, and he sang so loud that your Uncle gave him away to the postman one morning before I was down. I miss him even now. I mean the canary, of course, though your Uncle is never forgotten. He was so restless at night, and lay awake lest the code should be discovered. He was in the Foreign Office, you know, and diplomacy was his special branch. He was deeply interested in his work and never talked to me about it except in his



TIME—*Just before the Boat-Race.*

Small but optimistic person. "WELL, SIR, WHAT IS YOUR OPINION? PERSONALLY I THINK WE ARE GOING TO SEE A BIT OF A STRUGGLE."

sleep. It was very trying sometimes, as one has to be discreet about mentioning little matters to intimate friends, especially if our Government were inventing a naval defence scheme which would have been invaluable to —— It's best not to mention names. Where ignorance is bliss, you know. Your dear Uncle used to say I was quite harmless, which it was always my aim in life to be where he was concerned.

Did I tell you I ran across your neighbour, Mrs. Popton Pram of New York, the other day? I was ordering some notepaper, and heard a loud voice saying, "I want some reely foist-class stationairy." I couldn't help hearing, and she wore those dreadful round goggles and such a long thin neck. Of course I'd no idea who it was till she gave her name and address. I was so disappointed, as I had heard she was quite nice. So do be careful, my dear, as she does not look like our class at all, though of course very well off. Sir Gulliver Gibbs knows her, and I must ask him if she is really in our set.

You know how I hate snobbery in any shape or form, but in a case like this one can't be too particular. You understand me, I'm sure, as I heard a whisper that her husband's father was the Pork and Sausage King of Illinois, and kept a ranch or something. Very wealthy, no doubt, but in trade, you know. Quite different from your dear husband, who grows the animals themselves. Large blacks, I think you said, and of course no sties, which are so offensive. One has to forget all about them to enjoy a rasher at breakfast. Cook serves them beautifully curled on toast, but only twice a week, as my doctor is so afraid of gastralgia. He says I don't walk enough to keep my weight down, which is difficult with a car and one's feet so tender. It must be the poor leather they use nowadays, although I believe my maid Pritchard finds great relief from using something she saw in the newspaper: "Keep your feet fit for fivepence," I think she said. It certainly sounds cheap, but mine would no doubt be more expensive.

Whatever you do, avoid the gout, my dear, and see that Clive always changes his socks, as the country is very damp and men are so careless.

I always remember Tony Ramsbottom's wife, who saved his life with cod-liver oil, which is so good for the chest and lungs. I believe she always poured a little into his boots as he could not take it after food. One must see that it gets into the system somehow.

I am so relieved to hear you have not shingled yet, and hope you will always keep your sex. It is so difficult to tell whether it's a man or a woman in the stalls, and it takes so little now to turn the scale. I could never face the world with a naked neck—the nape, I mean. It must be so cold, as well as copying every little shop-assistant; and I hear that scores of the nicest women who gave way to the craze are heartbroken and spending pounds on hair-wash and weeks at home endeavouring to hasten on the new growth.

Mrs. Heginbottom's hair is so slow that it looks as if she will be a bed-ridden old woman by the time she is fit to be seen again in public. Very sad, isn't it? It was painful to see her when I called to inquire last Tuesday. She looked just like a Pekinese, poor dear. It is no wonder that Press photographers have been haunting the neighbourhood for weeks. No, dear, youth and folly may sometimes go hand-in-hand, but middle-age ought to know better. I call it very ugly and the worst possible taste. Fancy G. F. WATTS's "Eve," or "The Soul's Awakening," with shingled hair! So, if you are wavering, just put your foot down and think of your loving but anxious

AUNT LULU.

"LOS ANGELES.—The new traffic ordinance here gives pedestrians the right-of-way over motorists."—*Sunday Paper.*

We hope the next American film will show us a hefty pedestrian kicking a two-seater out of his way.



Shy Youth (getting into his stride). "MISS BROWN—ER—FLORENCE—ER—THERE 'S SOMETHING I 'VE WANTED TO SAY FOR A LONG TIME—ER—OH!—TWO SAUSAGES AND MASHED AND TWO GINGER-BEERS."

MR. PUNCH'S MUSIC-HALL SONGS.

XIV.—My Day Out.

HERE, Mabel, put away the joint—
It's my day out;
It 's no use arguing the point—
It's my day out;
My Georgie 's waiting in the square
And I 've my new red hat to wear;
Let 's hope his mother 's cut his hair,
For it's my day out.

Oh, I likes a bit of enjoyment on a Friday!
I never was one to scamp my work an' that;
I've laid the tea, I've left the scullery tidy,
I've left a bit of the turbot for the cat;
I've only got to wash myself an' it's out of this for Jane!
My Georgie 's round the corner an' he 's waiting in the rain;
An', if anyone likes to ring the bell
Or come to the top of the stairs an' yell,
Well, I'll be snug in the pictures, dear, an' they can ring again!

You 'd be surprised the way we laugh
On my day out;
He says things fit to kill a calf
On my day out;
An' you should see him buy the street;
I laugh till I can't hardly eat;
O Lord, I give my face a treat
On my day out!

Oh, I likes a bit of enjoyment on a Friday!
I like a bit of a ramble in the parks;
I like to sit on a 'bus an' be the lidy;
I like to look at the chaps an' pass remarks;
I've only got to wash myself an' it's out of this for Jane!
My Georgie 's round the corner an' he 's waiting in the rain;
An', if anyone likes to ring the bell
Or come to the top of the stairs an' yell,
Well, I'll be snug at the pictures, dear, an' they can ring again!

It 's funny how it seems to rain
On my day out;
But there it is, we don't complain
On my day out.
Well, if it 's wet it 's got to be,
It 's cosy in the pictures—see?
Well, what I mean, it 's him an' me,
An' my day out.

Oh, I likes a bit of enjoyment on a Friday!
I like to sit in the fautles *an' be grand;*
I like to nibble an ice an' be the lidy;
I like to sit in the dark an' hold his hand:
I've only got to wash myself an' it's out of this for Jane!
My Georgie 's round the corner an' he 's waiting in the rain;
An', if anyone likes to ring the bell
Or come to the top of the stairs an' yell,
Well, I'll be snug at the pictures, dear, an' they can ring again!

A. P. H.

AT THE PLAY.

"THE PAINTED SWAN" (EVERYMAN).

Ann's life was turning, turning, in mazes of wind and sound. There was her husband, a pompous bore. There was the Cathcart family, who talked—oh, how they did talk! But wait a minute or two. *Ann* had provided herself with a lover.

In modern English drama wives who take unto themselves a lover for no better reason than that their husbands are prigs and bores are not supposed to command the wholehearted sympathy of the audience or the admiration of the author. I blow this trumpet at the gate of criticism. There will be a hundred mental challenges, but I dare swear that in every case, even when the curious adjective "decadent" has been applied to the play, the wife will turn out a repentant sinner at the last, or the husband a thoroughly bad hat. This rule may be a Victorian legacy; it is certainly not the Latin convention, and it may not have much to do with life. But I feel sure that it stands. Therefore I say that Princess BIBESCO, with characteristic daring, has broken a tradition in *The Painted Swan*. Here is *Ann*, who is a saint. Her very clever family says she is a saint. A boy worshipper insists that she is a saint. And a saint, in fact, she is. She is warm-hearted, impulsive, likes good works, does not even despise the Vicar or the County, endures epigrams, believes in love. Love, in fact, is all. So she has a lover.

She does not, therefore, have a very bad time till she discovers how brutal and worthless is the rising politician to whom she has given herself. For her husband, who simply thinks she is cold, does not know about this affair; nor do her relations; they are too busy making clever remarks about *Ann's* character to suspect how she lives.

And here I lay down another axiom. It is, that not more than three people can successfully make smart generalisations in a small room. The stage of the Everyman Theatre is very small indeed, and we have upon it four cynical and airy mockers all at the same time, as under:—

2 elderly uncles.
1 elderly aunt.
1 young kitten.

4

They move about, when they do move, in a compact little party, and when they all sit down the room is too full.

They are supposed by the author to be rather ridiculous, but, I take leave to think, not so ridiculous as they really are. I am sure they would do better in a larger room.

The other characters were also cramped by the smallness of the stage. It was a little curious, for instance, to hear Miss EDITH EVANS say that she was tired, oh! so tired, and then arrange herself carefully on a hard, tiny, straight-backed sofa: or to hear her very unpleasant lover make the same remark, and then perch himself in a gingerly manner on the same sofa's arm. The pompous husband, when he heard his wife's incredible defence of her lover, had not even room to move off the mat. I think a pompous husband, when his wife breaks melodramatically into the after-dinner epigrams with a confession of that kind, would certainly move off the mat.

What actually happens in the play in this: *Philip Jordon*, the unworthy lover, when he ought to have been making an important speech on behalf of his Party (which Party?) in the House, was nowhere to be found. Rumour has it that he was seen that night with a woman of the streets. Even in the most modern drama there is something very terrible about a street. When



Country Cousin (after prolonged inspection of building operations). "I DON'T SEE THE SENSE OF PUTTING STATUES ON THE TOP OF YOUR BUILDINGS."
Friend. "STATUES? THOSE AREN'T STATUES—THEY'RE *BRICKLAYERS*."

the principal avuncular cynic let fall this piece of gossip in the course of his generalisations *Ann* flamed up. *Philip Jordon* could not have done such a thing. Why not? Because he was with her. He was her lover. (As much sensation as the size of the stage would allow.) Most of them didn't believe it, but her husband did. His wife then was not a cold saint. He would insist upon asserting his rights as a husband. He explains this to *Ann* afterwards, arousing her horror, indignation and alarm.

Then her lover, returning, informs her that the rumour was perfectly true, that he has no shame, and that *Ann* was a fool, for she has simply ruined her life and his career. He does not want to marry her at all. *Ann's* life is therefore shattered; all faith and all joy are gone. But she need not sustain her chivalrous defence of her lover any longer, and when she admits to her husband that she was lying (so far as this occasion was concerned) he apologises with the proper gravity of an unmitigated fool. *Ann* is comforted by the chief uncle and the rest of the cynics are left chattering as the curtain falls.

Frankly, I do not think the particular modernity of *Ann Candover's* part suited Miss EDITH EVANS'S style; or it may be that the position of a noble-hearted swan in a nest of mocking-birds is unusually difficult to convey. Mr. ALLEN JEAYES as the rotten lover did his utmost, but was rather too awful to be true. Mr. FELIX AYLMER was the most successful of the four cynics, whose lines were too continuously clever for the stage. Mr. FRANK CELLIER, who was *Ann's* husband, had a rather farcical *rôle*. He had to make boring platitudes amidst a bombardment of *mots*. He did this doggedly and well.

EVOE.

"THE TYRANT" (NEW).

Mr. RAFAEL SABATINI'S new play, *The Tyrant*, is something much more than a rough-and-tumble sword-and-cloak business; it is better documented, more ingenious and plausible in construction, and more happily phrased.



Gianluca della Pieve (Mr. FRANK VOSPER) to Cesare Borgia (Mr. MATHESON LANG), attended by Niccolò Macchiavelli (Mr. LEONARD SHEPHERD). "PLEASE, SIR, WHATEVER IT WAS, I DIDN'T DO IT."

It is of course a wholesale white-washing affair. *Cesare Borgia* is presented to us not as the incestuous fratricide and persistent poisoner of popular history, but as the great captain and statesman bringing order and justice, the relatively innocent victim of enemy propaganda resolutely using courage of the lion and craft of the fox to outwit and subdue a pack of stupid and violent jackals. True he is shown as capable of employing the ready methods of his time, the rack and the noose, but only in self-defence, to extract necessary information or remove convicted plotters against his life.

Solignola, a fastness in the hills of Romagna, is threatened by the *Borgia's* victorious army. *Panthasilea*, daughter of Solignola's lord, whose betrothed has, so she believes, been treacherously murdered by *Cesare*, offers at the council of war to go to Assisi, *Cesare's* headquarters, and decoy the tyrant by her beauty and feigned love so that he may be taken and held for bargaining purposes, his murder having been rejected by the Councillors as somewhat too dangerous. The astute *Cesare* naturally unravels the plot before it has well begun and plays cat and mouse with this amateur JUDITH; takes however the trouble to win her over to a completely changed opinion of him; justifies the killing of her former betrothed as the right execution of an adulterous murderer and traitor; wins her indeed from hatred to love.

To save him, as she fondly thinks, from capture at the hands of her friends (who incidentally are tramping about the garden, their armour flashing in the moonlight, one of the few jovial incon-



ANTI-BORGIANS.

The Lord of Solignola . . . . . MR. WILFRID WALTER.
Prince Sinibaldi . . . . . MR. EDMUND WILLARD.



THE TRANSPORT PROBLEM IN ITALY.

THE HOUR OF THE SIESTA.

gruities which low natures like mine rejoice to find in this sort of play), she begs him to stay with her as her lover; and he apparently takes what she offers in subtle revenge for her first-intended treachery. As he leaves her chamber the open door discloses an array of his captains and men-at-arms in the gorgeously plumed full-dress which would be so eminently useful for the tactful thwarting of a band of malefactors. Then *Panthasilea* understands. She reaches Solignola just at the moment that *Cesare* is at the cathedral receiving the submission of the Council. Her father, enraged at the failure of her plot and outraged by her dishonour, is minded to poignard her in the heavy-paternal manner of the period, but is interrupted by the real villain of the piece, *Prince Ercole Sinibaldi*, Envoy of Venice, who suggests a better way—the poisoning of the cup of welcome from which the conqueror is to drink. *Panthasilea* constitutes herself his venom-taster (an office she had been adroitly made to fill on the previous night, when she herself had offered wine to the alert *Cesare*) and, instead of tasting merely, drains the cup to the dregs, so extorting the confession from her hero that his love is real and not feigned. *Sinibaldi* is haled to the scaffold; the Lord of Solignola contemptuously dismissed—a suitable punishment, for he was a profoundly stupid person and dangerous only by accident; and the conqueror is left with his dying love.

It will be a vast pity if the reputed prejudice of the romantic public for happy endings prevents it from enjoying this spirited and competent play of Mr. SABATINI. And let not the elect of Hampstead, Chelsea and Bloomsbury think it beneath their notice. It is not. The author knows more of his period than is common with the weavers of pseudo-historical plays, and he passes the chief test of workers in this *genre*: does not escape from his situations by puerile devices, gathers his loose ends and ties them neatly together—a very pretty achievement.

The play is sumptuously mounted in an un-selfconscious manner—the costumes resplendent, the main tableaux capably planned. It is played in just the right mood—not too subtle for the simple nor too crude for the sophisticated.

This is the particular kind of thing Mr. MATHESON LANG does entirely well both as producer and as principal player. His portrait of the much-debated BORGIA is a skilful piece of work—a noble presence, a plausible figure of his assumed time, not a mere modern in fancy-dress (a fault Miss ISOBEL ELSOM as *Panthasilea* did not quite so completely escape)—subtle, resourceful, sinister but not ignoble. Miss ELSOM was a very attractive heroine and played with great feeling and dignity a not too easy but well-written part, far above that usually allotted to unfortunate heroines. I greatly liked Mr. FRANK VOSPER'S young *Patrician*—he might well have stepped from a panel of DEL SARTO—*Panthasilea's* forthright, gallant if clumsy wooer, whose impetuosity proved her undoing.

Mr. WILFRID WALTER was excellent as the not very satisfactory old Lord of Solignola, and I liked the transparent villainy of Mr. EDMUND WILLARD'S *Prince Sinibaldi*. I have a fancy that Messer NICCOLÒ MACCHIAVELLI would in private life have been a little less flamboyant than Mr. LEONARD SHEPHERD made him, but he may well know more about this than I do.

The brawl in the ante-room of the

Tyrant gave no impression of their being any real danger to anybody, though there was a great deal of movement; but on the whole the enormous cast played up satisfactorily to the principals. The incidental music seemed needlessly brayful; but the show, taken as a whole, was a most satisfactory piece of work, and Mr. MATHESON LANG is to be congratulated and, emphatically, supported. T.

"PERSEVERING PAT" (LITTLE).

It is always a pleasure to see The Irish Players—they are so well trained for team work and so unselfish in their play. It is for Mr. LYNN DOYLE's countrymen to decide whether his "new comedy of Irish life" is substantially a libel or merely legitimate travesty of essential fact for the genial purpose of creating laughter—in which it is abundantly successful. Certainly no Saxon could have safely ventured so far, to say nothing of the unlikelihood of his being able to have at command the glorious hyperbole and developed sense of incongruity which seem native to our quick-witted neighbours.

Peter O'Hare, a slow-thinking fellow and no beauty certainly, had lost his father and gained a farm together with six hundred pounds in the bank. Swift intrigue is afoot to marry the farm and the bank-balance. Sentiment does not enter into the matter. *Dorrian*, the farmer, has a half-witted daughter, *Rose; O'Connor*, the shebeen man, a comely and sprightly *Mary*, who indeed would gladly take the handsome young postman, *Rourke*, if it were not that he commands but a poor seven half-crowns a week. And there is the *Widow Dougherty*, a resolute man-hunter, who has failed completely with persevering *Pat Murphy* (she is his housekeeper and he has her measure entirely).

It is *Pat*, a genial and impenitent bachelor, general adviser to the village and connoisseur of scandal, who is retained by both *Dorrian* and *O'Connor* to conduct the negotiations with the bashful *Peter* on their behalf. It is to be a matter of bargaining and commissions, *Pat* standing to win either way. The *Widow Dougherty*, whose ideas of negotiations are those of a hungry female tiger, conducts her own business, and is within an ace of carrying off her prey.

There is an excellent piece of comedy when old *Dorrian* and *Pat* are trying to arrive at a satisfactory dowry for *Rose* to bring to *Peter*, and *Peter* is raising the price on them, not out of avarice but from a desire to release himself from a bad bargain. Finally the little black bull is thrown into the scale, and *Peter* counters by wondering how it would be if he just bought the little bull and "let you keep your daughter."

How all the contestants are finally disappointed and how romance gets a look in (I hope not merely as a *pis aller*) I must leave you to find out in the pleasantest way by assisting at this delightful exhibition.

I don't wish in any way to depreciate Mr. DOYLE's work by saying that the players made the most of every point. An author is entitled to the credit of all that the best cast can make of his play. Miss MAIRE O'NEILL (*Widow Dougherty*) is past-mistress of resourceful gesture and natural intonation. Very ably was the grim purposefulness of this remorseless woman set before us. Mr. ARTHUR SINCLAIR most skilfully presented the bland duplicity of *Pat*. It was not a very satisfactory part, but I don't see how it could have been better done. Mr. SYDNEY MORGAN, an old favourite, and Mr. GRENVILLE DARLING, a newcomer, were admirable in the parts of the designing fathers; and Miss KATHLEEN O'REGAN was very delightful as the pert and pretty *Mary*.

But the outstanding individual performances were those of Mr. FRED O'DONOVAN, also an old favourite on this side the Irish Channel, as the reluctant *Peter*, and Miss ETHEL O'SHEA as the all but half-witted *Rose*. These two players never by so much as a quiver of an eyelid, a half-conscious gesture or carelessness of pose, gave any hint of the true personalities behind their assumed masks. But better than any individual performance was the balance and swift interplay of the whole group. One had so much the feeling of looking through a hole in the fourth wall on the doings of a no doubt impossible but entirely credible people. T.



A GAY LAD.

Peter O'Hare (*Mr.* FRED O'DONOVAN) *heavily, to Widow Dougherty* (*Miss* MAIRE O'NEILL). "I'M AFRAID I'VE BEEN A BUTTERFLY!"

THE DICTIONARY HUNTER

[Colonel KOZLOFF, leader of the expedition to the Gobi desert, reports that the exploration of the tumuli at Urga has yielded a valuable addition to the library of 25,000 volumes which he discovered at the dead city of Khara Khoto. "Some of these were written in the extinct Sisi language, and others were of the nature of dictionaries, which served as a key to that tongue."—*Times*, March 17th.]

JADED by the jests of ROBEY,
Sated by the music-hall;
Finding that the tales of *Moby*
Dick and *Captain Cuttle* pall;
Finding even *Uncle Toby*
Flat upon my senses fall,
Gladly from the sands of Gobi
Have I heard the desert call.

Change I need and rest *in toto*
From the cares that twist my tail,
So I've got my passport photo,
Tickets for the boat and rail,
Purchased a *de luxe* Onoto,
Clothing at a winter sale,
And I'm off to Khara Khoto
Per the Trans-Siberian mail.

There, beyond the back or *terga*
Of the Soviet's eastern gate,
Seeking solace for my purgatorial puzzledom of late—
There, discarding all *parerga*,
I intend to excavate
In the *tumuli* of Urga
Treasures old but up-to-date.

There, encased in garments fleecy
When the air is sharp and frore,
I intend to master Sisi
And its lexicons explore;
For though, dating back to B.C.,
It is spoken now no more,
It must prove a quite unprecedented fund of cross-word lore.



THE RAVISHING NEW HAT, AND WHAT FOLLOWED.



IF ORPHEUS HAD PLAYED A SAXOPHONE.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

AT last Scotland Yard, so long (in fiction, at any rate) the bungling foil of the free-lance detective, has reversed the balance of competence; and Sir BASIL THOMSON, ex-chief of the Criminal Investigation Department, has produced an amusing counterblast to the innuendo of *Sherlock Holmes*. Far too circumspect and nice to portray the exploits of an invincible official, Sir BASIL has turned the tables by describing the follies of a private detective whose predominant foible it is to supplement the activities of The Yard. *Mr. Pepper, Investigator* (CASTLE), is, as you will gather from his portrait (I congratulate Mr. AUSTIN COOPER on the book's excellent jacket), a Hun. He comes to England, however, *viâ* America, and, once here, throws himself with enthusiasm into his self-imposed task, aided by an English amateur of crime who is also the annalist of the partnership. *Mr. Meddleston-Jones*, endowed with super-*Watson* sagacity and devoted to his chief, is responsible for whatever points the colleagues manage to score, and willingly allows their credit to be absorbed by the complacent *Pepper*. In recounting their first two adventures, Sir BASIL, I feel, has hardly settled down into his serio-comic stride; but with "The Hanover Court Murder," the mystery of a trunkful of ill-assorted human remains, he gets going very entertainingly. *Mr. Meddleston-Jones* and the official Force divide the honours of two good stories, "The House Where Everybody Died" and "The Wedding Present;" and poor *Pepper* comes to grief in "The Scent of Flowers," which relates how a horrid accusation was levelled against a Dutch bulb-grower. I wonder where Sir BASIL got his Franco-British Exhibition legend, "The Vanishing of Mrs. Fraser." I heard it myself about fourteen years ago, but I have never seen it in print. He certainly re-tells it very well: in fact his whole series is a lively one. And I was unfeignedly sorry when *Pepper*, after a reverse in Soho, departed for America, and *Meddleston-Jones* with defeatist precipitance threw over the wreck of the business.

The title is the weakest point in Mr. C. H. BRETHERTON's brilliant little book. *The Real Ireland* (A. & C. BLACK) presupposes a certainty hard to reach in a land dominated, as he expressly asserts, by illusions and legends not only fostered by the natives but accepted by strangers. Mr. BRETHERTON refuses to take the Irish seriously or to regard their history as tragic. The real Irish, the Iberian stock, have never been civilised, chiefly, in his view, because the Romans never settled there. They have a future, but no past; no historical mind, because to them Queen TAILTU, STRONGBOW, CROMWELL and PARNELL are all of to-day; because they see all events in imagined relation to Irish politics. The effect of the War on Ireland, with a race so profoundly egotistic, undisciplined and matriarchal, has been greater, he maintains, than anywhere else. The women have been the life and soul of the Iberian revolt. Yet its success was only transient, for the Treaty was a compromise and the Free State Government fails to conciliate "Iberian" sentiment. All that the author ventures to predict with confidence is that, whatever may be the outcome, whether Ireland remains in the Empire or gets out of it, "the power of the Irish to create trouble for anyone but themselves, or command the disgusted attention of a world anxious to look elsewhere, is definitely at an end." Perhaps the best of the many witty sayings in the book are the remarks that "the Irish *do* see the ridiculous in each other, though never in them-

selves," and that Dublin is "a huge mutual admiration society in which the most trenchant satire helps to establish its victim in public esteem, where in other countries it would simply annihilate him." I may add that Mr. BRETHERTON can hardly have read *The Real Charlotte*, or he would have never been guilty of the critical solecism that the authors of the *R.M.* fostered the illusion of the stage Irishman.

Back when the early 'eighties reigned,
A Sussex worthy, THOMAS GEERING,
Issued *Our Parish*, and obtained
A not too wide or generous hearing;
Forty years later—now, to wit—
With ARTHUR BECKETT there to vet it,
METHUEN'S have just republished it,
And I should say they 'll not regret it.

Our Sussex Parish—thus its new
And more communicative title—
Presents its readers with a true,
Minute and intimate recital
Of old-time Hailsham's life, its beer,
Its cricketers, its ghosts, its riches
(Such as it had), its auctioneer,
Its bard, its landmarks and its witches.

Trifles? They may be so, but I
Find in them—as do most old fogeys—
A charm that helps me to defy
Our up-to-date diurnal bogeys;
And I would gladly think that each
Acre of England had as zealous
A local chronicler to teach
Such things as this one has to tell us.

The Journal of a Jewish Traveller (LANE) is Mr. ISRAEL COHEN'S animated account of his journey to the Antipodes and the Far East in quest of Zionist funds. Thirty thousand miles were covered in nine months of 1920–21, and a vast sum secured to further the establishment of the Jewish National Home in Palestine. Toiling over public meetings and private interviews; rejoicing over a large haul; sorrowing over a small one; onward through Australia, New Zealand, the Philippines, Japan, China, Java and India went the redoubtable delegate, helped by the pious adherents of his faith, flouted by its backsliders, reaping stray contributions from all manner of outside interests on the most respectable or laughable grounds, and noting more than so hasty a globe-trotter might have been expected to note of the customs of his scattered people and their harbourers. An affectionate interest in the Lost Tribes, of which "the British nation" was considered an offshoot, prompted the co-operation of a small Gentile coterie in Brisbane, and a lady in Japan was similarly inspired by a kindred theory concerning the Japanese. But these were merely the fantastic by-products of Mr. COHEN'S enterprise, the greater part of his offerings proceeding from a genuine interest in the colonisation of Palestine. From Palestine he set out, after a careful survey of recent settlements, and hither he returned to report progress at the end of his journey. His chapters on the Jewish pioneers are extremely interesting, and I could have wished his account of their antecedents and undertakings extended—at the cost, if necessary, of personal details about their benefactors. Of his travel-pictures I recommend



(COMMUNICATION CORD PULLED. TRAIN STOPS.)
"A MAN 'S JUST FALLEN OUT!"
"WHERE?"
"ALL ALONG THERE."

the description of Harbin, the only Russian town on Chinese territory. Apparently, if you want to see post-war plethora and famine at their most exemplary, Harbin is the place.

"Spinster" seems hardly the right word for the very charming heroine of Mr.—or is it Miss?—CECIL CHAMPAIN LOWIS'S clever story of Anglo-Burmese life. The term, unless in connection with the banns of marriage, conveys a suggestion of something slightly acidulous and faded which finds no confirmation in the personality of *Miss Felicia Quarterhouse*. *The Grass Spinster* (CAPE) is a variation on one of the oldest of themes, but its setting is not, for all that, the only fresh thing about it. *Felicia Quarterhouse* is introduced to the reader as she proceeds up the Irawaddy in a river steamer. She has come out to Burma to marry *Tony Thrapstone*, curly, flaxen and snub-nosed, and has been met at Rangoon with the news that he has been ordered away to deal with a rising of hill tribes and that the wedding is indefinitely postponed. At this juncture there appears on the scene one *Captain Nicolson*, lean, masterful and austere, whom the author has daringly redeemed from resemblance to the orthodox "strong silent" type by providing him with a pair of outsize ears. The problem soon arises, will *Nicolson* during *Tony's* absence secure the reversion of *Felicia's* affections and incidentally of "the gorgeous Buszard's cake in the round tin box" which she has brought out with her? To reveal the identity of the ultimate winner of both cake and lady would be manifestly unfair to the author of this ingenious love-comedy, which seems at times perilously near the border-line of tragedy. The background of Burmese scenery and incident, indicated with plenty of colour and detail, is not the least attractive feature of the book.



FANCY AND PLAIN.

MR. FLAKE WHITE OF CHELSEA IN FANCY DRESS— AND AS HIMSELF.

"Wales—melancholy, wet, depressing place, full of drunkenness, insanity, suicide." Such is the cheerful verdict pronounced upon his native country by *Mr. Rhys Lloyd*, who plays a chief part in the clever novel by Miss HILDA VAUGHAN, *The Battle to the Weak* (HEINEMANN), the study of which rather seems to confirm the Welshman's uncompromising opinion. It is the story of a blood-feud waged between two Welsh farmers, originating in a false accusation and pursued with vindictive and perfectly unreasonable fury. The women on either side were sacrificed as a mere matter of course to the quarrel, one of them being done to death by her father and another being driven to attempt suicide. A third survived manifold afflictions, and, by virtue of the exercise of a patience and a magnanimity which were quite undeserved by their recipient, she succeeded in healing the breach with a happy marriage. Indeed the contrast between the women and the men is remarkable. If the men are given to excess of liquor or are possessed with a singularly virulent form of piety, their wives and daughters are amiable, affectionate and confiding, even too confiding. These Welsh people, good and bad alike, are delineated with a minute and most careful skill; and the book is an admirable achievement in the portrayal of a temperament quite foreign to England.

The author of *Mischief* (THE BODLEY HEAD), who writes as BEN TRAVERS, comes with his publishers' blessing as a new and desirable humourist; but I have failed to endorse their opinion. Perhaps this is the wrong book; and I have hitherto missed its predecessors. The story is of the most monotonous type and is another proof of the imitative tendency of the hurried novelists of the moment. A young pleasure-loving rebellious wife (she is drawn naked on the wrapper) who believes that one should live one's life and be happy; a lover with a convenient car and a lonely lodging in the country; an elderly domineering suspicious husband—with these punctual ingredients the usual highly-seasoned dish is prepared. It reads exactly like a farce turned into a narrative, with an absence of "he saids" and "she replieds" that often leads to confusion. For genuine humour I searched in vain, finding in its place plenty of high spirits, plenty of slang and not a little vulgarity.

In one of the thirteen stories to be found in *Out of the Blue* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON), "SAPPER'S" characters discuss the definition of melodrama. I read it with all the more interest because I have been inclined for some time to think that he is especially qualified to give an expert opinion on the subject, and this volume has confirmed my view. Several of these stories are more or less melodramatic; all of them are told with the verve which has helped to make their author one of the most popular story-tellers of the day. There is one, however, that stands apart from its companions and introduces me to a "SAPPER" intent solely upon fun. I beg you to read "Uncle James's Golf Match;" in its delightful gaiety and irresponsibility it is inimitable. To be truthful I had never credited "SAPPER" with so complete a sense of the ridiculous as he shows in his dealings with *Uncle James*, and my hope is that he may write many more stories in this mirthful and merry vein.

CHARIVARIA.

"OUR gramophone smashes all records," says an advertisement. We must buy our neighbour one of these.

* * *

Mr. T. E. GROVES has introduced a Bill into the House of Commons to provide for the proper registration of undertakers. Nothing is more annoying than to be buried by an unqualified undertaker.

* * *

A correspondent wonders which is the best way to make sure of admission to a court during the hearing of a murder trial. We do not recommend it, but by far the surest method is to commit the murder.

* * *

A correspondent writing in *The Daily News* on character in numbers says he would rather meet his death from a "39" omnibus than any other. The driver of one of these vehicles has written to ask him to wear a red rosette in his coat so that he can pick him out.

* * *

TROTSKY says that some day there will be a statue to LENIN in the Strand. All we can say is that it will serve LENIN right.

* * *

Men are now wearing hats with the brims turned down. The idea is to let the climate drain off.

* * *

An American doctor declares that cross-word puzzles have resulted in uniting many families. It must be nice when they all meet together in the same padded room.

* * *

"The origin of the Scottish people is a problem that is still open to debate," says Professor F. H. BRYCE. Our own idea of how the Scottish race was originated is that they did it for a joke and we English have only just seen through it.

* * *

The German Supreme Court at Leipzig has decided that jurymen may sleep during proceedings in court. Judges will, as usual, only sleep between jokes.

* * *

In the opinion of a chaplain thieves are always most unhappy. This is only natural with a class of men whose wives never know whether they will come home twelve months late for breakfast.

* * *

A weekly paper states that a swallow catches nine hundred flies every hour. Now we know why one swallow does not make a summer. It is too busy catching flies.

* * *

A revue actress is said to be making a great hit on the stage with a saxophone. That 's how saxophones should be used, instead of being played.

* * *

One-seventh of the adult population of Scotland recently signed a petition asking for a reduction of the tax on whisky. But we thought that practically *all* Scots could write?

* * *

A test match with the players modelled in butter is to be exhibited in the Australian Pavilion at Wembley this year. Now we shall be able to see exactly why so many catches were dropped.

* * *

A spiritist is asking where the sting in death is now. In our opinion it lies in the liability to be called up again to say things through a gramophone trumpet.

* * *

It 's when you 've run over a chicken that you begin to understand what was really meant by "the rude forefathers of the hamlet."

* * *

It is said that six quarts of oil will cover a square mile of sea. But have you ever let a sardine tin drip on your white flannel trousers at a picnic?

* * *

At the latest cinema we are offered a dance hall, a bar, a restaurant, an orchestra, a chorus of fifty, a ballet and a club-room with all the latest periodicals. They seem to know exactly what is needed to make some films popular.

* * *

Mr. MACDONALD confesses to being rich enough to express his own individuality. But not to let the rest of his party express it for him.

* * *

A headline runs: "American Film Offensive." We seem to have seen that film.

* * *

A homing-pigeon liberated at Doncaster on June 2nd last year delivered its message intact at Hitchin last Monday. There is some talk, we understand, of making it an honorary post-office official.

* * *

"Rubber will soon displace leather," declares a commercial paper. We welcome the day when we can rub out the charge for meat at a restaurant with the piece of steak supplied.

* * *

Signor MUSSOLINI has entered the cage of his pet lioness and patted her. The creature is said to have stood the ordeal very well.

* * *

The full-grown pygmy elephant refused by the Zoo is only between three and four feet high. We wish the people in the flat upstairs would exchange their present one for it.

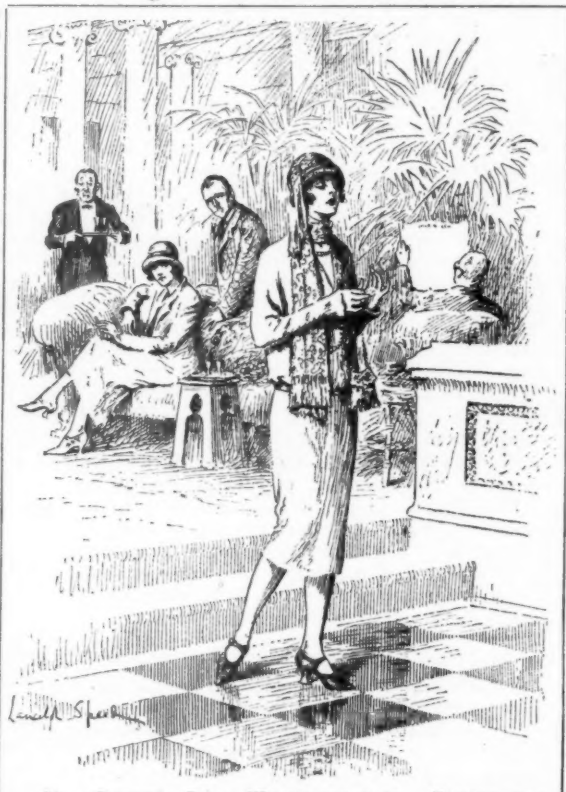
* * *

Even if Norway has not enough money to maintain her lighthouses, she can be thankful that none of her Fjords require rear lights like ours.

"As Browning says in 'Fra Hippo Hippi.'"
Weekly Paper.

Our brother, the hippo, as ST. FRANCIS of Assisi would have said.

Smith minor's latest:—
Diogenem in dolio habitantem invenit.
"He found Diogenes living on the dole."



He. "THERE 'S JULIA WHAT'S-HER-NAME. YOU 'RE NOT CUTTING HER, SURELY? I THOUGHT SHE WAS SUCH A PAL OF YOURS."

She. "YES; BUT, YOU SEE, IT 'S LENT. JULIA'S GIVEN UP COCKTAILS AND CIGARETTES, AND I 'VE GIVEN UP JULIA."

DIARY OF A MONDAINE.

Mayfair Mansions.

HAD rather a new experience. My nephew, Rex, who's by way of being a football fan, insisted on taking me to see a match between the Knaresborough Knickers and Holloway Thursday. Bored stiff, but pretended to be amused. "Are they playing rugger or soccer?" I asked, rather proud of knowing the terms. Rex gave a howl and thumped me on the back: "Aunt Dol, you're absolutely priceless! Why, I thought you were up to everything."

"So I *am* up to everything that *matters*," I said, "but football's a thing people don't care about."

"*Is* it?" cried Rex. "What about all these crowds here to-day? And what price the sixty or seventy thousand who squeeze each other half dead to see a cup-tie?"

"Oh, *they!*" I said. "Yes, it seems to appeal to *them;* but when I say people don't care about it I mean, you know—well, *people.*"

The dailies announce that "The Duke and Duchess of Forfarshire have arrived at Bawbee Castle for a stay of some duration." Those who don't know might think that means a succession of cheery house-parties for salmon fishing. Nothing of the kind. It means a *solitude à deux*, and a very unpleasant solitude for poor Frederica. Our naughty Pixie and a certain "Eastern Beauty Face Wash" are at the bottom of the trouble. Forfarshire, who's simply frightfully scientific, went to Birmingham last week to a conference of wiseacres who dig up silly old things and frown over them. (I rather put my foot in it at the Forfarshires' lately, when he and some of his scientific pals were talking. I wanted to seem interested in what they were saying, and so, when I heard them mention "Taungs skull" and "Piltdown skull," I asked if they were new forms of 'flu and what were the symptoms? *Juste ciel*, the glare of spectacles that was turned upon me!) Well, and so one evening Pixie Dashmore, hearing Forfarshire was away, happened in on Frederica in this wise:—

"Adam away, Eve moping and here's little me blowing in as the Serpent with big juicy apple complete! Going to take you to the Don't-Care Club to-night, my dear, to enjoy yourself for once."

"Oh, but, Pixie," said our good girl, "isn't the Don't-Care Club rather——"

"'Rather,' my dear? It's *very!* In addition to all its other attractions it's the proud possessor of Gaston, the handsomest wickedest danseur in London. The Never-Say-Die, the Grey Squirrel and the Pink Grasshopper have all tried to get him. Me, I didn't know *quite* all life can hold till I danced the cheek-to-cheek dance with Gaston. He dances like an angel and looks like a devil! What more can you ask? So run along, put on your most sinful frock and make up your face niceynicey! Nothing *au naturel* is allowed at the Don't-Care."

"Oh, but, Pixie," again objected our good girl, "Forfy doesn't like me to put anything on my face."

"Forfy's no better than a neolithic man, like those grisly things he and his scientific pals jaw about," said Pixie.

"I *did* get a beauty-preparation," confessed Frederica, "just for fun. It's called 'Nourmahal, Light of the Harem,' and cost five guineas a bottle, but I've been afraid ever to put it on."

"Good, oh!" said Pixie. "Sounds just right for the Don't-Care. Sprint along and put it on."

And presently Frederica came down looking too slinky for words.

"Alluring to the last degree!" cried Pixie. "That 'Light of the Harem' Wash is simply dazzling. I must get some."

Once more Frederica's scruples asserted themselves. "Oh, but, Pixie, can't we go somewhere else? I don't go to places like the Don't-Care Club."

"No, dearest, of course you don't. You'll see lots of people there to-night who don't go there. And you needn't be afraid of their saying afterwards that they saw you there, because, you see, they won't have been there, and *you* won't have been there."

So off they went to the Don't-Care. It was through our good girl's doing the cheek-to-cheek dance with the dangerous and irresistible Gaston that the calamity happened. A cheek-to-cheek dance is a pleasing thing, but it's not so pleasing to find you're cheek-to-cheek afterwards for keeps! And that's what happened, thanks to 'Nourmahal, Light of the Harem.' Gaston's quickness and *savoir faire* did all that was possible to save the situation. He whirled his partner into a deserted ante-room and was gently and skilfully freeing his cheek from 'Light of the Harem' when—enter Forfarshire! who promptly completed the freeing process with a hard knock. (He had returned unexpectedly from his scientific conference, found no Frederica, heard of Pixie's visit, and tracked them down.) *Quel contretemps affreux!* Gaston, volubly furious, demanding satisfaction in halting English and torrential French; Forfarshire, grimly and silently furious, carrying off poor Frederica, tearful, terrified and trying to explain.

And so we come to the announcement in the dailies, which means an endless *mauvais quart d'heure* for our unlucky good girl. A dozen versions of the story are going about; and Gaston is more the rage than ever and worth his weight in pearls to the Don't-Care!

It was a long way to go to see dear Sonia's play, but lots of us turned up. And we talked and talked, and then when the curtain went up the talking was transferred to the stage, and we found ourselves sampling the same set of people Sonia gave us in her wunnerful novel, *The Willow and the Chestnut*: the brilliant misunderstood wife with *ideals* (such a pretty name to give 'em!), the harmless necessary husband, and the lover, who not only refuses to be an ideal, but doesn't much care about being even the earthliest kind of lover! And they all talked and talked, sometimes straight down and sometimes across, like those drefful puzzles; and between the Acts *we* got an innings and we talked and talked; and then at last, after finding her ideal of the moment shattered, our *femme incomprise* remembered there was a husband of sorts on the premises, and the talking went on and on till there was nothing more to say and the curtain fell. And we all went out talking and talking and being sorry for poor dear Sonia because her dialogue wasn't nearly as bright as ours.

MR. PUNCH'S MUSIC-HALL SONGS.

XV.—THE PRODIGY.

I KISSED my darling at the Zoo
And all the people snorted;
The keeper cried, "Here, this won't do!"
And said we'd be reported;
But the small birds sang, though a trifle flat,
And the pelican said, "Now fancy that!"
In a sentimental fashion;
The elephant sighed and went quite pale,
And the dromedary told a tedious tale
Of a grand but youthful passion;
The lion no more did roar
And I heard the eagle coo,
For I never had kissed my Jane before,
And I kissed her at the Zoo.

I kissed my darling at the Zoo—
The people left off gazing
At camel and cod and kangaroo,
For we were more amazing;
The octopus and the chimpanzee
Were shocked, when they looked out, to see
The usual crowd was missing;
While, swarming round us, goggle-eyed,
"Ma, look at that!" the children cried,
"*Two funny creatures kissing!*"
But the lion no more did roar
And I heard the eagle coo,
For I never had kissed my Jane before,
And I kissed her at the Zoo.

A. P. H.



ALL FOWLS' DAY.

The Tax-Payer Hen. "THEY MAY CACKLE, BUT *I* LAID IT."



Clerk of the Course (*proud of his work*). "THAT'S GOT TO BE JUMPED TWICE. MAKE SOME OF YOU SCRATCH YOUR HEADS, EH?"
Prospective Competitor. "HEADS BE HANGED! I'M SCRATCHING MY HORSE."

HUSBANDS AND WIVES.

I.—MOONSET.

(*A garden on the Riviera.* Edward *and* Evelyn, *married ten days ago, are recumbent in separate chairs, watching the moon as it sets over the Mediterranean.*)

Evelyn (*with a sigh*). Isn't it simply exquisite?

Edward (*collecting his wayward thoughts*). Er—I beg your pardon?

Evelyn. The moonset.

Edward. Moonset?

Evelyn. Why not? One talks of a sunset, so why shouldn't it be a moonset?

Edward. Of course, my darling, very beautiful. This place is famous for its moonsets.

Evelyn. You remember when we first saw it rise—over there between the cypresses.

Edward. That was ten days ago.

Evelyn (*sighing*). Ten whole days.

Edward (*also sighing*). Ages and ages.

[*There is a short silence.*

Evelyn (*who has been brooding heavily*). Sorry you're bored, dear.

Edward (*guiltily*). Who says I'm bored?

Evelyn. Well, aren't you—just a little?

Edward. Nonsense. How could I possibly be bored, my precious?

Evelyn. Ten short days ago, and it's ages and ages. You remember the first evening. We thought the days would pass too quickly and that we shouldn't have time for half the things we wanted to say to one another.

Edward. But, my darling, one can say a great deal in ten days. One discovers, in fact, that after the first forty-eight hours it becomes necessary to repeat oneself. I am almost ashamed to think how often I must have said all the most important things.

Evelyn (*fishing*). What are the most important things?

Edward. Oh, just the things one says when the moon rises—or sets.

Evelyn (*eagerly*). Tell me some.

Edward. Oh—er—that I love you most terribly; and—er—that you're a perfect darling; and—er—so on.

Evelyn. Oh, Edward, please don't ever grow tired of saying those things! I couldn't bear it.

Edward (*bravely*). Tired! Of course I shall never grow tired.

Evelyn. Never, never, never?

Edward (*firmly*). Never.

Evelyn. And will you always say them as if you meant them?

Edward (*doggedly*). I shall say them all my life, with a constant appreciation of all they imply.

Evelyn. I don't mean just when you're carried away, or when I put on a new frock, or on very special occasions, but at ordinary times as well—when you're quite calm and collected.

Edward. Dearest, I'm not in the least carried away. I was never more calm in my life. And you aren't wearing a new frock. I've seen it at least twice already. Nevertheless I say—and I defy anybody on earth to contradict me—that I'm most terribly in love with you and that you're a perfect darling. [*He looks defiantly at the moonset.*

Evelyn. And yet you say it's ages and ages.

Edward (*artfully*). My precious, a whole infinity of happiness lies between our first moonrise and the moonset which is about to take place.

Evelyn (*appreciating this effort*). My darling boy!

Edward (*calmly*). My own sweetheart! [*There is a short silence.*

Evelyn (*at last*). Edward, dear.

Edward (*coming to life again*). Well, darling, what is it now?

Evelyn. I hope you'll never get into the habit of saying those things just mechanically, like the Robinsons, for instance. You know the sort of thing—"*Good-bye, darling, and please don't forget to call at the fishmonger's.*" I

couldn't bear it to become a kind of habit with you. Some husbands say "dear" to their wives even when they're quarrelling, and I think it is most insincere.

Edward. And *vice-versâ*, of course.

Evelyn (*wisely*). Everything is *vice-versâ* in married life. I am quite prepared to admit that wives are just as bad. There's Polly, who often calls her husband sweetheart when she is longing to smack his face. Words like that ought to be kept for special occasions.

Edward (*lightly*). But, my precious, just now you said you could not bear me to say them only on special occasions—when I was carried away, and so on. You said you wanted me to say them always.

Evelyn. But, Edward dearest, that was quite different.

Edward (*protesting*). Precious heart, how exactly was it quite different?

Evelyn. Well, dear, if you can't see that for yourself you can hardly expect me to explain. [*She shrugs in amazement at his lack of perception.*

Edward. But, darling, one should at least be consistent.

Evelyn. Dearest, I am consistent.

Edward. It's a little difficult to follow, my pet.

Evelyn. But, sweetheart, you must surely see——

Edward. What price Polly now?

Evelyn (*aghast*). You don't mean to suggest that we are quarrelling?

Edward. No, but you would rather like to smack my face all the same.

Evelyn (*in dismay*). But this is dreadful. We can't possibly be quarrelling. This is our honeymoon. We've only had ten days. Ten happy days.

Edward. Ten days of Paradise.

Evelyn. I didn't know it was possible to be so happy.

Edward. Not a cloud in the sky. Everything has been perfect.

Evelyn (*somehow wanting to cry*). Everything is still p-perfect. I'm the happiest woman in the world. I want it to last f-for ever. (*Suddenly*) Edward . . . let's take another ten days.

Edward. Another ten days?

Evelyn (*leaning towards him*). Another ten days of paradise.

Edward (*uneasily*). It would be perfectly divine, of course; but I'm afraid it's impossible.

Evelyn. Why is it impossible?

Edward (*evasively*). There are so many things.

Evelyn. What things?

Edward. Well, you know, arrangements and all that.

Evelyn. Edward, you're shuffling. You don't want another ten days.

Edward. Of course I do.

Evelyn. You remember our compact. We swore that, if either of us should ever grow cool, we would make no secret of it but be quite frank with one another.

Edward (*crossly*). I'm not growing cool.

Evelyn. But it's not enough for you to be here alone with me.

Edward (*angrily*). Darling, don't be absurd.

Evelyn. You don't love me as much as you did yesterday.

Edward (*savagely*). Of course I do.

Evelyn. And yet you don't want to stay here for another ten days—ten little days.

Edward (*driven to bay*). Well, if you insist on having the truth, I don't.

Evelyn. And you dare to sit, or rather lie, there and tell me that—with the orange blossoms still fresh in your button-hole?

Edward (*sitting up to deal with this crisis*). I do; and I will go further. I don't want another ten days; but neither do you.

Evelyn. Edward, how dare you?

Edward. Evelyn, be frank.

Evelyn. Why shouldn't I want to stay here for another ten days?

Edward (*firmly*). You don't.

Evelyn (*bitterly*). And this is married life!

Edward (*eagerly grappling with the situation*). That's just the point—as it



"HOW MUCH DID YOU SAY? SEVENTEEN GUINEAS? VERY MODERATE. PUT IT DOWN TO ME, WILL YOU?"

"EXCUSE ME, SIR,—BUT—WE HAVE RATHER A LARGE ACCOUNT AGAINST YOU. IT'S —ER—GETTING A LITTLE DIFFICULT——"

"NO, REALLY! I'LL SEND MY MAN ALONG; HE'S A REMARKABLE FELLOW—HE'LL ADD IT UP FOR YOU IN NO TIME. GOOD MORNING."

seems to me. Perhaps, after all, it isn't married life.

Evelyn. You said just now it was like being in Paradise.

Edward (*triumphantly*). Exactly; and there 's no occasion for married life in Paradise. Think of Adam. I now know why he had to be turned out of the Garden of Eden. Paradise is all very well, but it 's no place for husbands and wives. Think of it—a honeymoon that lasted for ever!

Evelyn. But, Edward dear, you aren't sorry it happened? Just you and me, without any worries or strange people?

Edward. Of course I 'm not sorry. But now we 're going to buy furniture and sign a lease, and I shall catch the 8.15 every morning, and you will dismiss the cook every alternate Thursday.

Evelyn (*wistfully*). And shall you never wish for another honeymoon?

Edward (*stoutly*). Of course I shall. Adam had to be kept outside Paradise with a flaming sword. But I 'm beginning to feel convinced that it was all for his good and for the good of you and me. (*Rising and bending over her*) Evelyn, dear, we 're just going to live happily ever after, but not in Paradise. That would be too great a strain for both of us. After all, we 're only human.

Evelyn (*brightly, though somehow she still wants to cry*). You said yesterday that I was an angel.

Edward. Thank heaven you 're no such thing, my darling; you 're only Mrs. Ponsonby.

[Mr. Ponsonby *kisses* Mrs. Ponsonby, *and they are really happy again.*

Evelyn (*after a long pause*). The moon is setting, dear.

Edward (*breezily*). Down she goes!

Evelyn. It has been a lovely moonset, and now it 's gone into the Mediterranean for the last time.

Edward (*briskly, looking at his watch*). Eleven o'clock. Sunrise at 6 A.M.

Evelyn. And then——

Edward. And then—bless them!—our troubles will begin.

"Nine-Storey Flats."
Headline in Daily Paper.

We 're glad our flat is flatter than that.

THE STATE OF FILMLAND.

XII.—Some Outstanding Characteristics.

Perhaps the most gratifying impression which the tourist carries away with him on leaving Filmland is that of never having been bored by unnecessary chatter. Filmlanders may have their irritating peculiarities, but verbosity is not one of them. Even the Filmland woman, prodigal though she be with her emotions, is comparatively sparing with her words.

In Filmland the convention of conversational preliminaries, considered so essential in other countries, is ignored. Even the most casual of acquaintances come to grips as soon as possible with the thing that matters. Take the case of a gentleman who has performed a little everyday act of courtesy towards a perfect stranger of the opposite sex; maybe he has slung himself down from an aeroplane and picked her neatly off the back of a runaway horse. The following morning he spares a few moments to call and make polite inquiry. He finds her leaning against a gate. He also leans against the gate. The breeze plays with their hair. Then he says:—

"I Love You! Will You be my Wife?"

Just that. Nothing about the weather or how well the corn is coming up or has she had much tennis lately, or any drivel of that sort. And she replies quite simply:—

"I must marry Sir Gasper Goldstein or he will ruin my Father."



"The breeze plays with their hair. Then he says, 'I love you! Will you be my wife?' Just that."

You see? Just a nice straightforward statement of the facts of the case without any side-talk.

The Filmlander has his own way of breaking bad news. He enters the room very slowly (in Filmland very slow movement indicates that something unpleasant is coming) and stands for a moment with bowed head. Then he holds out both hands for someone to grasp, and, having slowly stroked that person's head for a minute or two, allows himself to be pressed into a chair. The other people would not think of hurrying him, and so he spends a little more time in shaking his head or patting a dog or kissing a child or two. Then he says, without any embroidery or confusion of metaphors:—

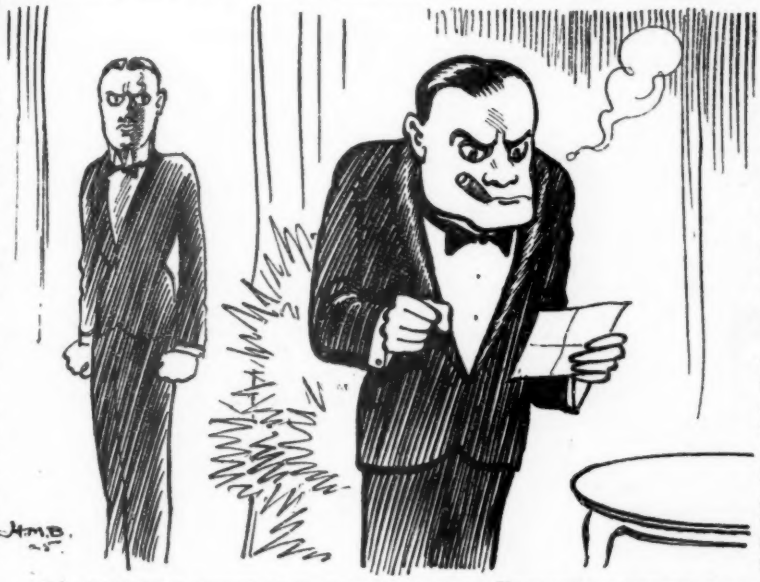
"The Bank has Failed."

Conversation of this sort may occasionally baffle the obtuse stranger, but the quick-witted Filmlander revels in it. The Filmland face has the knack of giving life and colour to the crudest of statements; besides, all Filmlanders are so intelligent that the slightest clue will send them jumping straight to the right conclusion, and they never require to be told anything twice, not even on the telephone. This is only natural in a land where so much depends upon rapidity of thought and action.

It is wonderful the way in which Filmlanders will master the contents of a long letter simply by tearing it open, glancing at it and crushing it in their hands; and they can write a reply almost as quickly. They are nothing like so curt in their letters as in their conversation, but sometimes they are rather careless in the way they leave them lying about. A tremendous amount of trouble is caused in Filmland by letters and despatches being read by people other than those for whom they were intended. It is surprising that the proper care and treatment of documents is not made a subject for State compulsory education.

The ease with which servants may be obtained is another outstanding and attractive feature of Filmland. Nice servants they are too, most of them, and chockful of faithful devotion. There

is scarcely a house of any importance that has not its grey-headed butler, who assists Miss Marjorie to elope and does his best for young Mister Alec when the latter comes home drunk or disgraced, and who is always on the spot to wring his hands when the master of the house is brought in dead. Even the humble Filmland slavey of unattractive countenance is always bursting to go through fire and water for her employer, irrespective of whether her wages have been paid or not. Of course there are a few unfaithful servants who do quite a lot of damage, but since in Filmland the unfaithful kind of servant is invariably sleek and black-haired and sly-faced, it is quite obvious that whoever engages him is asking for treachery.



"A TREMENDOUS AMOUNT OF TROUBLE IS CAUSED IN FILMLAND BY LETTERS AND DESPATCHES BEING READ BY PEOPLE OTHER THAN THOSE FOR WHOM THEY WERE INTENDED."

In Filmland you are expected to have relations of a prescribed standard. Filmland relatives are catalogued and cast for certain definite parts in the general scheme of things, so that people may know what to expect of them. Grandparents are always very old and crinkly, and usually in humble circumstances. Unlike our own modern grandparents they do not go gadding out to dances, but hobble about with the aid of knobbly sticks or sit wistfully by the fireside stroking one another's white hair and giving the place an air of picturesque pathos.

The Filmland uncle is a rich man, either very jolly or extremely unpleasant, according to the style of face he happens to possess. He is expected to die at a reasonable age in order that whoever inherits his money may be young enough to be exposed to much trouble and temptation. Aunts are used chiefly as chaperons and sources of refuge. They are middle-aged and look it, and have kind and rather foolish faces. You do not catch the Filmland niece going about with an aunt whose personal appearance is likely to queer her own pitch.

All the nasty family crimes are committed by a male cousin with a narrow head and a twitchy manner. You would think that, knowing this by experience, the police would at least detain the male cousin on suspicion. But they do not. They prefer to leave him in the hands of Providence in order that in due course of time one of Filmland's breathless and prolific poets may have the chance of saying:



"ALL THE NASTY FAMILY CRIMES ARE COMMITTED BY A MALE COUSIN WITH A NARROW HEAD AND A TWITCHY MANNER."

"AND SO EVEN AS THE REFULGENT DAWN TOUCHES IN ROSY BENEDICTION THE EASTERN HILLS OF POLPENPOOPO, REMORSE, HOT-FOOTED HOUND OF RETRIBUTION, PURSUES HER GUILTY VICTIM ALONG THE NARROWING TRAIL OF DESTINY UNTIL THE END."

D. C.

GARDENING FOR THE WEEK.

CONTINUE clearing up in readiness for the spring rush. It will be noticed that the paths and trees have become very dusty during the winter, the wind blows things about so. Go over the leaves of evergreens carefully with a damp cloth and then apply a little metal polish. For the paths Gleamo is best. Dig any vacant ground with a fork or, if it is very wet, a spoon.

Encouraged by the wet weather, there is a plentiful crop of slugs this year. These are usually wasted in this country, as it is not generally known that they are an excellent substitute for tomatoes. Collect them carefully in a disused pianoforte case, or anything else of the sort that may be available. The best way of catching them is by spearing, just as in the case of mushrooms, but it is necessary to be quick on one's feet.

The climatic conditions have also favoured the appearance in the garden of such pests as nettles, docks, empty tins and the like. These should be extirpated at once. Opinions vary as to the best methods to pursue, but a good way with a dock is to dig down to the tip of the tap-root (about fifteen feet in asphalt, but indefinitely more in other soils) and dust the last eighteen inches of it with a mixture of orris-root and red ochre. The conscientious gardener will be rewarded by gaining much valuable geological information on the way.

If the weather is too foggy for the application of the powder, paint carefully with burnt sienna or neat brandy, and replace the soil in the exact order in which it came out, except that all soil lying originally to the north of the plant should be placed south, and *vice versâ*. Proceed similarly with the nettles and empty tins which one expects to find in all well-stocked gardens, but, if they are lacking, lose no time in ordering some from any of the reliable nurserymen advertising in this journal.

"EARLY CLOSERS EATEN AT LEOMINSTER."
Local Paper.

They should have imitated the oyster and closed earlier.

THE FACE ON THE BLOTTER.

SITTING here at my desk, my mind a complete blank, I find my pencil moving idly across the blotting-paper, like the pencil of the hero in a novel at the end of the chapter where he begins to go to the bad.

When the hero's pencil does this there is only one result. He wakes with a start from his *rêverie* to find that he has been (unconsciously) drawing. And what has he drawn?

It is the face of a woman.

Sitting here at my desk, I find that I too have been drawing; and, curiously enough, it is the face of a woman—



A WOMAN.

At least, I suppose so, because of the hair. Apart from that it is more like me.

When the hero idly draws a face on his blotting-paper he knows exactly who the woman is, and it is a capital likeness. I am less fortunate, for I have not the faintest idea who this woman is.

Honestly, I haven't. We never met, I swear. Glory—what a vamp!

Anyhow she has too much hair and I shan't draw her again. Having begun, I shall now draw Phyllis, for hair baffles me, and Phyllis is shingled. What a godsend to painters the shingle must be!

This is Phyllis—



PHYLLIS.

No, dash it, that isn't Phyllis. *This* is Phyllis—

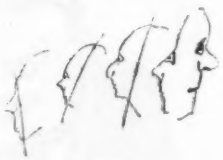


PHYLLIS.

No, curse it, that isn't Phyllis either. At least, not exactly. Still, you can see now how much easier the shingle makes things. The difficulty is that Phyllis has gone the whole hog and left her ears naked. And I shall never know how ears fit on.

I won't draw Phyllis after all. I shall draw Ann. Ann's hair is bobbed but the ears are decent. On the other hand, she has a fringe, and, looking back, I don't remember drawing a fringe. Dear, dear, how troublesome these women are!

I shall draw Ann sideways and avoid the fringe. This is Ann—



ANN.

No, none of these is Ann, after all. The trouble about drawing a woman is that she so often turns out to be a man. Observe, though, the virile face of the man on the extreme right, facing east. What a character! However, let us draw Ann again.



STUDY FOR A WOMAN CALLED ANN, WITH BOBBED HAIR AND FRINGE.

Rather coy, isn't she? I have initialled her, and I only initial my best work.

But it is not very good of Ann, neither. It is what artists call "a good drawing, but not very like." Note the full voluptuous lips and swan-like neck so often found in literature. Also the drawing of the shell-like ear—the second ear. The first ear was a better one, but is not in such a good position. In the completed picture, of course, both these ears would be covered with long hair. But the thing is so disappointing that I cannot be bothered to draw the hair. We will leave it as it is and call it a "study," as the artists do.

A good "study", I am told, fetches often as much as a finished picture. Fortunate trade!

I will now do a better one of Ann.



GERTRUDE (left side).

No, that is not Ann; that is Gertrude. Rather charming, don't you think? Though perhaps the neck——

I will draw Gertrude again, facing east. Until one draws women's faces one doesn't realise how much better-looking they are on the left side than the right. Here is Gertrude's other side—



GERTRUDE (right side.)

You see the difference at once. And now for Harriet.



STUDY FOR A WOMAN NAMED HARRIET, KNITTING.

Damn! Harriet turned out so much like a nobleman of the old school that I have made her a man, and given him a white top-hat. But I have left the fringe.

My technique with ears, I notice, improves with every portrait.

It is curious that I cannot get a better likeness of Harriet, for in my mind I see the face so clearly. The lustrous eyes, the little nose, the shell-like ears, the perfect mouth, the clever head. And yet when I put them down on blotting-paper they look like this:—



STUDY FOR HARRIET, RECLAIMING.

Or this—



STUDY FOR HARRIET, WITH DOG.

There must be something in Art, after all. But I am sure there is nothing in that fellow in the novels. A. P. H.

Another Impending Apology.

"Mr. Alfred Piccaver, now acclaimed as the world's finest terror."—*Daily Paper.*

"Wanted, Second Hand Umbrella for climbing rose."—*Local Paper.*

We always use a pair of steps.



OUR NEW VILLAGE LIBRARY.

"Let me see, you 've got one of those detective stories, haven't you? How are you getting on with it?"
"Well, I be only halfway through 'un; but, do you know, Miss, I begins to suspect roguery."

RAIN.

"I don't 'old with grousin' about weather,
Nor never did, that 's flat;
I jus' takes the good an' bad together
An' lets it go at that;
I jus' lumps it one sort with t' other,
An' then I can't complain,
But if there 's one thing gets my goat more 'n another,"
Said Bill, "it 's rain.

"There 's somethin' about the way the sea wets you
As a man can understand;
There 's somethin' about the way them green 'uns get you
As you can't 'elp feelin' 's grand;
There 's somethin' about gettin' wet with salt water—
Well, I guess I can't explain,
But it seems to me as a feller didn't oughter
Get wet with rain.

"It gets inside your soul-an'-body lashin's,
It trickles down your neck,
It ketches you with little slops an' splashin's,
It 's hell on a teak deck;
I 've 'ad many a wet shirt in a Cape 'Orner
When she 's shipped it good an' green,
But standin' in the rain at a street corner,"
Said Bill, "that 's *mean*.

"I don't 'old with kickin' about weather,
It ain't no blinkin' good;
I jus' takes the rough an' the smooth together,
Same 's anybody would;
I guess I 've sampled most sorts, late an' early,
O' fancy brands an' plain,
But the only kind as gets my goat fairly,"
Said Bill, "it 's rain." C. F. S.



Doctor to Patient. "YOU ARE CERTAINLY MUCH BETTER, AND IF YOU CAN KEEP OFF ALCOHOL FOR ANOTHER MONTH YOU'LL BE BETTER STILL."

Patient. "OH, I SAY—BUT REALLY, DOCTOR—NEED I BE AS WELL AS ALL THAT?"

CIRCULARS AND CIRCULARS.

Now that the Spring is here, my morning correspondents, now that the spring is here, I wish you would do something to cheer me up and fill me with courage and fire. The daffodils are out, there are primroses in the lane, the birds have begun to mate, and there is a prospect that speeches on the Supplementary Estimates in the House of Commons will very soon be broadcast to the home. Yesterday I found an exotic genus of parasitic plants, of which the second letter was *y* . . . . It would be pleasant, I think, if my morning mail contained a few letters from beautiful young women praising me, a note or two from grave intellectual men asking my advice or telling me how I had helped them on their path, or offering to help me on mine. I get very few letters like that.

I am tired of hearing about bargains in wine. I am weary of sacrificial cigars. I have no room in the house for incubating pheasants' eggs. I do not want a patent automatic carpet-cleaner however prodigious its powers of suction may be. I do not want to send a subscription to the Home for Indigent Art Critics. I have no desire to protect Putney Common or Blackfriars Bridge. Least of all am I helped and comforted by the Vanishing Life Insurance, Limited, with its little coloured discs which tell me how very probable it is that in five or six years I shall die. I do not know why it is, but this strikes me as a rather gloomy thought. I would prefer not to talk about it at the breakfast-table as the April sunshine streams in.

Positively I am forced to find my only mental consolation in the letters of Mr. Moss—Mordecai, I mean ("meet" Mr. Mordecai Moss)—and apparently even that consolation is not to last me very long. If Lord CARSON'S Bill about moneylenders becomes law I shall receive no more of Mr. Moss's kindly screeds. And yet he is perhaps the only correspondent I have who possesses a subtle understanding of my temperament. There is something of the psycho-analyst about Mr. Mordecai Moss. He perceives that I would find it more convenient to have money given to me than to give it to other people. It is curious that this piece of spiritual insight should be so rare.

Mordecai has the power also of giving me dreams. He suggests sending me sums ranging from fifty to ten thousand pounds on note of hand alone if I find myself in need of them. I do. I don't reply to his letters and ask him to send them because I understand that there are certain conditions not mentioned in his letter which would make these gifts more embarrassing than they seem. But I like to play with the idea that I have them. It pleases me to picture myself with all these sums ranging round me, on note of hand alone—ranging round me like antelopes on the plain. I don't know exactly what note of hand is, but I suspect it means my signature. I daresay that I could have the patent automatic carpet-cleaner or the pheasants'-egg incubator on note of hand alone, but I don't need them so much as those sums. What a lot I could do with them! Every time that Mr. Moss suggests sending them to me I dream of all the things I could do with them. What a generous benefactor of art-critics I should become! What a staunch protector of Putney Common! What a bulwark of Blackfriars Bridge! And there would be a good deal left over for cigars and wine.

But what about the Vanishing Life

Assurance Society? I suppose I should let them have a trifle too, but only to keep them quiet, to prevent them from blackmailing me any longer with these menaces of doom. They are not fit reading for an April morning when there are at least two hyacinths and twelve squills in the garden, not counting those that have been dug up by the dog. They are morbid people these Vanishing Lifers. They harp upon the grave.

They start by showing me a little crimson disc, and underneath it they write:—"This indicates one hundred men, representing an average group starting out in life."

One sees them all. Bright boyish faces with the glow of health upon their cheeks. Their age, it seems, is twenty-five. Wine-merchants, cigar-importers, art-critics, makers of automatic carpet-sweepers, protectors of Putney Common, there they go. Out into the unknown. I am with them. Can it be that Mordecai is also amongst us? Yes, I think he is, for mark what happens to us lads. At the age of forty-five we are represented by another disc. I cannot paint it in different colours for you, as the Vanishing Life people do, but I can show you by any ordinary diagram the trouble that occurs.



A. 65 live on their earnings.
B. 15 are no longer self-supporting.
C. 16 have died.
D. 3 are well-to-do.
E. 1 is wealthy.

E will be Mordecai. It is certainly not me.

You might suppose that as time rolled on and we all worked hard a few more of us would rise to affluence, but that is not so. Where we do come into line is in the matter of decease. At fifty-five four more of us have popped off and Mordecai is still the only rich man. At sixty-five he still stands alone. From rosy red the circle has become almost black, so many of us are no more. I do not like this kind of letter at all. It is all perfectly true, of course. It is not news to me that human life comes to an end. You will find it in Ecclesiastes and the Psalms. At ninety or ninety-five even Mordecai himself will probably be sagging a little at the waist. But I maintain that it is not a cheery kind of letter to receive on an April day.

The way I look at it is this. While Mordecai proposes to send me a large sum of money which I shall go on paying back to him in bits until I die, the Vanishing Life Assurance Society want me to go on sending them bits of money which they will pay back in a large sum when I am not here to enjoy it. Both their letters shall go in the waste-paper basket, along with the pheasants' eggs and the automatic sweeper and the art-critics and Putney Common and the cigars and wine. But I do nourish a kindly sentiment in my breast for Mr. Moss. He has the sympathetic vein in his correspondence which I value so much. "If at any time you should happen to be in need of financial assistance," not "if at any time you should happen to be hatching out pheasants in the drawing-room," or "if at any time you should wish to prevent Blackfriars Bridge from tumbling into the Thames." But where are the other letters of comfort and good cheer? Is it the penny-halfpenny post that is keeping them back?

Oh, I see there is another note, which I have overlooked. It is a reminder from H.M. Collector of Taxes.

Well, well. EVOE.



Little Girl (sent to make purchases for small brother). "PLEASE, HAVE YOU ANY BOW-LEGGED STOCKINGS?"

THE SILENT SERVICE.

"ON Monday," said Sibyl, "we must go to Southsea and dance; and we shall need another man to balance Sylvia."

"Yes," I said uneasily, foreseeing the part I was about to play; "and who will you ask?"

"Try Jack first," they said.

"All right," I agreed, "if Sylvia will come and hold my hand while I telephone. I always get a little unstrung trying to break through the barriers of the silent service."

We were then in the Isle of Wight, and I knew Jack's ship was just across the water alongside Great Britain; so I rang up Jack.

How easy it is to say it! Sylvia sat beside me on the stairs and we waited a long time. Presently—"Is that Portsmouth?" I said. "Put me through to the Dockyard Exchange. Hullo! No, don't say 'Hullo.' Give me *H.M.S. Redshank*, please. No, *Redshank*. Thank you. What?"

"Do you want the Captain's cabin or the bridge?" said Exchange.

"I don't think he 's the Captain," I said, "though he does sometimes give that impression. No, try the bridge." Now I come to think of it Jack talks a great deal about the hours he spends on the——"Hullo, is that *H.M.S. Redshank*?"

"*Redshank* speaking."

"Can I speak to Lieutenant Frost, please?"

"Hold the line, Miss," said a hoarse leathery voice; "I 'll put you through to the engine-room."

"No, no; I don't want the engine-room. Frost—Lieutenant Frost. And I 'm not a Miss; not by miles. I——"

"Wardroom speaking."

"Can I speak to Lieutenant Frost, please?" I said wearily.

"Who 's speaking?" said a man's voice suspiciously.

I told him, and he went away.

"You don't know," I said to Sylvia, "how carefully they protect young officers these days from designing females and others. They 're as difficult to get at as the PRIME MINISTER. Garrison hacks, as they are so delicately called, might as well go out of business."

"Lieutenant Frost speaking," said a cold voice.

"Hullo, Jack!" I said. "Thaw, laddie, thaw. It 's only me. Look here—we want you to come and dance on Monday. Dine somewhere bright first and then dance. A little festivity is indicated, we think. Sibyl and Sylvia—sound like trick sisters, don't they? (All right, I apologise.) Sorry, Jack, I was just coping with an athletic young lady here. I said Sibyl and Sylvia will be the backbone—no, mainstay; that 's nautical, isn't it?—the mainstay of the party; and—er—you will come, won't you?"

"What?" said Jack.

"You will come?"

"Come where?"

"Oh, help!" I said, and Sylvia covered her ears with her hands.



Street Merchant (on left). "'ERE YOU ARE—BUY 'ERE AND AVOID THE MIDDLEMAN'S PROFIT!"

Merchant (in the middle). "'ERE—NOT SO MUCH OF YOUR MIDDLE MAN, MATE."

"Want—you—come—dine—Monday," I said, mouthing each word with terrible emphasis; "dance—afterwards. Monday. Yes?"

"Tck-tck-tck," said Jack.

Then a man in Ryde started telling a man in Newport what he thought about his sewing-machines, and we were favoured with full details.

"Wait," I heard Jack say feverishly; "I 'm going to the bridge 'phone."

"Good. I hope the air will be purer up there. You 'll be more in your element too, I expect."

They must have big voices in the Navy or miraculous 'phones, because, although Jack had not heard me, I could now hear a good deal of what was being said in the wardroom. It was most interesting getting so close to our reticent service at play. It was after dinner, you see, and there seemed to be bridge in progress and several musical Mah Jongg parties; and I think there was someone at the piano. I heard:—

"Now then, clumsy."

"Pung."

"Very well, then."

"Three crackers."

"Chow."

"One church window."

"Well, I naturally expected, when you went three no trumps, that you would have at least four——"

"Wrap me up in my tarpaulin jacket,
And (*ff*) say a poor buffer lies low . . ."

"Waiter."

"Mind my chips."

"Three whisky-sodas."

"Not that wall, you fool. Here."

"And a brandy."

"The bird."

"And so you had the Queen of Spades the whole time; well, I 'm . . ."

"Mah Jongg!"

"Damn!"

The man in Newport was now putting up a spirited defence of his sewing-machines, and a bugle in *Redshank* sounded the Last Post. A large voice at the piano sang ancient sea-chanties. It was very inspiring.

"I can't think why people buy expensive broadcasting sets," I said, "when they have the Navy at their back-doors. This is lovely."

"Yes," said Sylvia, "it reminds me of home. We have only *one* headphone to our set."

Before I could think of a good answer to this there was a sudden cessation of sound, and then I heard Jack's voice again. He had reached the bridge.

I had another stab at delivering my message.

"Sorry," I heard faintly—"engaged Monday."

"Look here," I shouted—"you don't realise who 's speaking. You can't put *me* off. Put the other people off. You——"

"G-r-r-r-r-r-r-r-r." A great voice boomed across the wire, "Commander-in-Chief's office speaking. General signal from C.-in-C. Hoist the south cone."

A chorus of voices from all the ships and stations answered and repeated the order. I hung up the receiver and raised an imaginary hat to the 'phone.

"We are in the presence of the oracle,



MANNERS AND MODES.

CROSSING THE ROAD—1925.

Sylvia," I said in a hushed voice; "the night, he says, will be dirty."

* * * * *

We sent Jack a telegram:—

"Regret foul phone bunged white ants do come Monday dining café italian feign leprosy to other people thomas."

We dictated this to the girl in the post-office by telephone. As far as we could hear she did not bat an eye-lid, but five minutes later she rang us up.

"How do you spell 'feign'?" she said.

The next morning brought Jack's reply:—

"Thanks coming Monday sick of palsy to other people trace no white ants here recommend phone future mouth free doughnut jack."

I couldn't do justice to that in a telegram, and I dared not telephone again. So I left it at that for the time being. The Navy *does* like having the last word.

Another Impending Apology.

"The Passionate Fathers open a fortnight's mission to-morrow."—*North-Country Paper.*

THE LUTE AND THE FLUTE.

When Orpheus picked his lute up
A million years ago,
The corn forgot to shoot up,
The flowers forgot to grow,
And never wind did blow;
And lambs lay down with leopards
And nymphs were naught to shepherds,
Love was not, nor what jeopards,
For Nature, charmed, lay low.

Then hushed was water's clatter,
Then stooped each listening hill,
Then ceased the chirp and chatter
Of woodland beak or bill;
And great oaks bent until
Each stubborn stem was curvy,
And solid stone grew nervy,
Much moved, and, topsy-turvy,
The old red earth stood still.

There came an ancient wood-god
(I vow my story 's true),
A jovial jolly good god
Who knew a thing or two,
Who said, "Hi! this won't do—
Here 's business all abating,
Here 's neither love nor hating,
Nor murdering nor mating;"
And took a reed and blew.

His was no sweet enchanting
To spell a May morn mute,
But just an old rogue's ranting
Upon a penny flute;
"*Roo-toot*," he blew, "*roo-toot*,
Be hungry, tired and cold again,
Hear Pan in farm and fold again!"
The round earth heard and rolled again,
And flute had mastered lute.

Then laughed he, "Now and after
A reed shall hold you sane,
There shall be tears and laughter,
And love and toil and pain,
And bird-song after rain,
And shadows on the grasses;
But every shadow passes."
The shepherds kissed their lasses,
Who kissed them back again.

The new *Liddell and Scott.*
(Costing £4 4*s.*)
(*By a Poor Scholar.*)

Another *L. and S.!*—But not for me.
D—*L. and S.!* It costs such £ s. d.!



Small Girl (who has been given rather underdone meat). "HE *must* HAVE BEEN A ROSY COW, MUMMY!"

OXFORD AND HER BLOOMERS.

THE "Oxford manner" earned its meed of blame
And sometimes language worthy of a trooper,
But there was merit in the "Oxford frame"
And in the Oxford marmalade of COOPER,
Which has achieved a universal fame
That justifies the hard-worked prefix "super":
All these I praise or pass, but patience flags
Exhausted by these Brobdingnagian bags.

"Home of lost causes"—yes, but they were great
And fired their champions with a noble yearning,
While Oxford's asininities of late
Only contemptuous ridicule are earning
From her detractors, quick to castigate
And vilify the home of ancient learning,
Where dreams that rightly made her once "adorable"
Are turned to nightmares decadent and deplorable.

Say, can it be the undergraduette—
Whose presence in such formidable numbers
Has roused, by methods which the old regret,
Old Oxford from her mediæval slumbers—
Who has this weird and wondrous fashion set
For netherwear that nether man encumbers,
And taught the youths with whom she works and flirts
To clothe themselves in these divided skirts?

At any rate, this interchange of dress,
Mainly confined till now to ties and collars,
Cannot be traced to any lawlessness
Imported from the land of gum and dollars;
It is a British product, whose success
Is not attributable to RHODES' scholars;
And RHODES, one feels, would have denied his boon
To any wearer of the trouserloon.

Of course I know the usual retort—
That crabbèd Age invariably greets
New manners and new modes of any sort
As solely due to charlatans and cheats;
Yet I at least of Oxford can report,
Nine lustres back, that no sartorial feats
Indulged in by the Bullingdon or "Rousers"
Could be compared to these plus-fourteen trousers.

Youth must be served; gay dogs will have their day;
And, though we lack the dinosaur and dodo
And live no longer underneath the sway
Of Norman WILLIAM or his brother ODO,
Our "young barbarians" must be free to play,
For *dulce est desipere in modo;*
Still, Oxford ought to have no use for freaks
Conspicuous solely by ballooning breeks.

The Bannockburn Touch.

From a description of the Rugby match between England and Scotland:—

"The actual playing pitch was a glorious piece of turf covered thickly with glass."—*Daily Paper.*

"MELBOURNE, March 1.—Miss Marie Wehselau yesterday won the Australian Ladies' 100 Yards Championship. Her time was 1 min. 5½ sec.—a record for Australia."—*Daily Paper.*

Yes, but what was the sport—running, swimming or knitting?



THE EMBARRASSMENT OF RAMSAY.

AUSTRALIA. "I BRING THIS MESSAGE OF INDUSTRIAL PEACE TO UNEMPLOYED LABOUR."

MR. MACDONALD (*advocate of universal disarmament*). "THANK YOU SO MUCH; BUT—NEED THE THINGS HAVE GUNS?"

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Monday, March 23rd.—In both Houses eulogies were delivered upon the late Lord CURZON. They seemed to me more intimate than usual. Lord SALISBURY had known him since his school-days, and could speak of his buoyant humour and his social gifts. Lord OXFORD remembered the time when as a newly-fledged don he was called upon to examine the youthful Etonian, already conspicuous, even in that trying ordeal, for his "readiness of resource" and "unruffled self-command." Lord HALDANE had been a constant correspondent of this "great administrator" and "great Englishman" during his Indian Viceroyalty. The PRIMATE had found him a tower of strength in dealing with the problems of the Christian Churches of the East.

In the Commons Mr. BALDWIN dwelt upon the human side of his character: his desire for the good opinion of his fellow-men—he "never sought popularity but was always grateful for appreciation;" the ungrudging good-nature with which he bore his disappointment at being passed over for the Premiership and superseded as Foreign Secretary; and lastly his keen sense of humour—the eternal boy lived in him to the last, in spite of constant and acute physical suffering. Mr. RAMSAY MACDONALD spoke of his work in preserving Indian architectural monuments; Sir JOHN SIMON of the extraordinary pains he took to master any subject that was put before him—"I do not suppose he ever scamped a piece of work;" and Mr. T. P. O'CONNOR, "an Irishman weeping over an Englishman's grave," of "the kindly courtesy that underlay his façade of reserve." Altogether a fine series of tributes.

At Question-time an hon. Member asked whether Members could be allowed to hand in written speeches for publication in the Official Report without putting themselves—or the House—to the trouble of delivery. He called it "a bright idea," but the PRIME MINISTER did not appreciate it. Another inquirer was concerned as to the time it would take to clear the House in the case of fire or riot. Seven minutes in the event of fire, replied Mr. G. LOCKER-LAMPSON, who seemed to think the danger remote; as to the possibility of riot he declined to contemplate it.

Singapore is one of the very few subjects on which the two sections of the Opposition see more or less eye to eye; and that no doubt is why we have so many debates upon it. Mr. MACDONALD opposed it on so many grounds—naval, military, hygienic and sentimental—that the effect upon his argument was not cumulative but dissipatory. Sir ROBERT HORNE, making a welcome re-appearance in the House after his trip to Burma, assured the House that Singapore was not an unhealthy station for troops; and was supported by Mr. PENNY, who, after twenty years' residence there, looks robust enough to serve as a poster, "SINGAPORE IS SO BRACING." Sir ALFRED MOND, just back from Jerusalem, thought that the fortification of Singapore was a useless extravagance.



À OUTRANCE.

SIR ROBERT HORNE AND SIR ALFRED MOND RETURN TO THE TOURNEY.

(After a manuscript in the Cambridge Library.)



SINGAPORE IS "SO BRACING."

MR. F. G. PENNY.

Tuesday, March 24th.—Lord PARMOOR, one of the authors of the Geneva Protocol, described it as "an honest attempt, worked out by men who gave, perhaps I may say, twenty-three hours out of the twenty-four for some weeks to start on its course a No-war policy." If it was really drafted by a lot of sleepless enthusiasts that may account for the defects found in it by the LORD CHANCELLOR.

The same subject was discussed in the Commons at the instance of Mr. ARTHUR HENDERSON, another of the authors of the Protocol. "Uncle Arthur" was in his most avuncular mood, and for more than an hour poured out a string of words, a large proportion of them quadrisyllabic, to the effect that the Government had been much too hasty in rejecting the Protocol and were bound to produce some alternative method of securing peace in Europe.

There are still a few members of the House who can remember the skill with which Mr. JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN used to produce "the deadly parallel" to confute his opponents, and how unerringly he would dive into one of his waistcoat pockets and extract the damning quotation. Son AUSTEN adopts the same method, but not with quite the same deftness. He was a long time searching among his papers for the passage that he sought. But eventually he found it, and was able to show that the Labour Government turned down the proposed Treaty of Mutual Assistance with the same lack of ceremony that Mr. HENDERSON had accused him of showing in regard to the Protocol.

The most interesting part of his speech, however, was devoted to explaining the new German proposals. By guaranteeing the present frontier on the West, and undertaking not to seek to alter the Eastern frontier by force of arms, Germany had, he considered, made a sincere and honest attempt to secure the peace of Europe;

and so with "the frankness of a friend" he had told M. HERRIOT.

Mr. LLOYD GEORGE preferred the German proposals to the Protocol, described as "a booby-trap for Britain baited with arbitration;" but his survey of Eastern Europe, "throbbing with trouble from the Bosphorus to the Baltic," was so charged with provocatory phrases that Mr. CHAMBERLAIN publicly dissociated himself from them, and the PRIME MINISTER'S comment on the speech was: "an unerring diagnosis, but an imperfect bedside manner."

Wednesday, March 25th.—The Duke of SUTHERLAND was quite lively in urging upon the Government the necessity of reforming the House of Lords in the near future. Needless to say he counted upon the active assistance of Lord OXFORD, who, fourteen years ago, declared that it was a problem that brooked no delay, and invited him to give up "Wait and see" and adopt "It is never too late to mend."

In the Commons the PRIME MINISTER made the epoch-making announcement that he was thinking of setting up a Joint Committee to consider the question of broadcasting the proceedings of Parliament.

A motion calling upon the Government to prevent excessive charges for household coal was negatived, but not until Colonel LANE-FOX, the Secretary for Mines, had promised, if necessary, to take powers to call for the books of the merchants. But do they keep books? The public is under the impression that they use slates.

Thursday, March 26th.—Mr. CHURCHILL found himself unable to make a statement before Easter regarding the currency situation and the embargo on the export of gold. He was quite alive to its importance, but hoped that the House would not attempt to interfere with the Government's "free initiative" by premature discussion.

His request fell upon deaf ears as far as his predecessor at the Exchequer was concerned, for in a debate upon unemployment Mr. SNOWDEN expatiated at considerable length on monetary problems, and incidentally revealed that his views on the recent rise in the Bank Rate differed markedly from those of "Comrade" WHEATLEY. There were numerous sidelong references to the evil effects of the "dole" by Sir JOHN SIMON and other speakers, but not even Mr. LLOYD GEORGE, who expressed gloomy sentiments in an exuberant manner, ventured to hit the nail right on the head and admit that the natural tendency of man, to whatever class he belongs, is to work only when he must.

Sir ARTHUR STEEL-MAITLAND, who replied for the Government, declined to believe that the country would always be burdened with a million unemployed, but did not give any very definite grounds for his faith. "What was needed," he said, "was the elimination of waste and the attainment of maximum productivity." Hear, hear. But how?



"AN IMPERFECT BEDSIDE MANNER."
Mr. LLOYD GEORGE.

PRIM ROSES.

THE primroses demurely say,
"We really are the Milky Way,
All tumbled from the sky,
And sent to glimmer in the wood."
Proud fallen stars, yet primly good
And therefore rather shy.

For when the sun their lustre thieves
They hang their heads beneath their leaves
(Conveniently big),
Because, as they demurely say,
They *really* are the Milky Way,
And this is *infra dig.*

LETTERS FROM A GARRULOUS AUNT.

V.

Berkeley Court Gardens, W.

MY DEAR NIECE,—Thank you so much for the snapshots of the farm. How sweet! And I recognised dear Clive at once by the haystack till I turned it over and saw you had written on the back it was your man Figsby. Does he really feed all the pigs and dip the sheep as well? I didn't know you had water so near; but no doubt it is good for the wool, as I've noticed the underwear is getting decidedly better this season.

What a help it must be to have a man like that who can do anything! Of course Burrows waits at table quite nicely, but beyond that I don't know what else he can do besides sleep in the butler's pantry, as he is so slow to answer the bell, especially after luncheon. I expect your man Figsby would be much quicker, though I am sure Burrows would be all at sea with a sheep, as he picks up my darling Trixy the wrong way round when in a hurry. Men are so stupid, aren't they? They never seem to understand, and are better out of the way, except your Uncle Tozer, who was always at Whitehall during the day, and smoked over a novel in the library from dinner till bed-time. I found him a great comfort, and of course missed him sadly, though his portrait hangs over the dining-room fireplace and is so like him.

Do have Clive painted for the next Academy, my dear. We want more really handsome gentlemen-farmers, you know. It is such a pity the papers say agriculture is going down, as we could do with more pictures of it. I am so tired of all those silly dead birds and fruit, and Scotch landscapes like Stilton cheese, and fat aldermen in Court dress. One has no patience with Art nowadays. In fact there isn't any, is there? It was quite different when I was a girl, as everyone was taught from plaster models and had more of the Old Masters. They were wonderful; but where are they to-day? I was saying so to Lord Hurdles only yesterday, and he said, "If they're not in the Poets' Corner, poor fellows, you'll find them near Baker Street Station." So clever, wasn't it? But that was before the fire at TUSSAUD'S.

What do you think? The little Hollibanks girl is engaged. You remember her, of course. Rather sweet, and has bobbed hair with long legs; very musical, like her mother. Although a clergy-



Crusty Old Bachelor (*who dislikes children*). "So you call her Flora, eh?—little flower, eh? Well, to *me* they're all little *fauna*."

man's daughter she dances wonderfully and is the third from the left hand in the chorus in "Pilliwink Night," which is having such a long run at the Orpheus Theatre. I saw it last week and hardly recognised her, as she seemed to be wearing little more than a pillow-slip; and they all looked alike. Poor things—so draughty, I should think, and the prompter making faces behind the side curtain! Yes, I could have smacked him thirty years ago, but am scarcely up to it now. Her dancing was a great success, and she looked so pleased all the time. They tell me that the smile is fixed by the maker-up and stays on all the evening. Wonderful, isn't it? but really necessary if you have a headache or feel bilious, when I never look my best.

It was, I believe, a shock to her mother, but he 'd been in the front row of the stalls every night for a month and spent pounds on flowers, not to mention tips to the stage-doorkeeper and taking her out to supper in his Rolls-Royce. It was enough to turn the head of a stone statue, so no wonder she succumbed. They all do in the long run; and she is to be married next month at St. Margaret's. It is rather soon, but I hope she will be happy; and the honeymoon is to be spent on the Riviera, as he has lots of money, which I need hardly mention as you know him so well. At least I expect you do, which reminds me that I never told you his name, although it was on the tip of my pen, being the eldest Napper boy. Probably you heard his father was furious at his marrying a chorus-girl, which is the regular thing nowadays, and threatened to cut him off with a shilling. But as he has a soft heart inside his hard head he will no doubt make allowance.

I need not say how delighted Mrs. Hollibanks is, as it releases her little girl from a calling that is difficult to reconcile with the memory of the late Vicar of St. Matthew's. Talking of vicars reminds me that a few days ago I met a most remarkable man—a great theologian, I believe—the Rev. Polygon Glote, who is giving a series of drawing-room lectures on recent discoveries in Egypt and the removal of moss from British tombstones. Of course our inscriptions will be illegible to posterity unless immediate steps are taken; but he is very absent-minded and wandered several times. His wife sat near him with a copy of his address, and it sounded almost irreverent to hear her whisper, "Polygon, dear, do get back to the family vault. It 's not a lecture on seaweed." So attentive of her, wasn't it? And he didn't mind a bit and went on just the same. Do hear him if you can, as his portrait was in last week's *Morning Mirror*, and he has promised me his autograph. Must stop now.

Always your loving Aunt Lulu.

TRAFFIC RHYMES.

VI.—The Tram.

Some say
The day
Of trams
Is past
At last.

They mar
The street,
These trams,
And are
Effete.

I don't
And won't
Agree;
You see,
I am
A tram.

"Tin Wanted.— —— & Sons."
Advt. in Provincial Paper.

Same here.

BENEATH THE DAISIES.

A BOOK lies open before me, a fat book, a book that clamours for the binder, and when it goes to him should be bound in a piece of old mackintosh; for it is nothing less than *Wisden's Cricketers' Almanack for 1925*, which contains the records of the cricket of 1924, and that, as you will remember, was largely a season of rain, when there was more pavilion gossip than run-getting. May 1925 be kinder far!

Having looked at the batting averages—SANDHAM, 59 for 37 innings, twice not out; HOBBS, 58 for 43 innings, seven times not out, and then at the bowling averages—MACAULAY, 190 wickets for 13·23 runs each; KILNER, 145 for 13·28; PARKIN, 200 for 13·67, and TATE, 205 for 13·74; having studied the physiognomies of the five heroes of the year, H. W. TAYLOR and R. H. CATTERALL, the South Africans, J. L. W. MACBRYAN of Somerset, W. W. WHYSALL of Notts and RICHARD TYLDESLEY of Lancashire; having read the Editor's sagacious commentary, I found myself in that melancholy section headed "Deaths in 1924."

Among names that carried one a long way back into time, the first to touch a chord was that of ALEC BANNERMAN—ALEXANDER CHARLES BANNERMAN, born in Sydney, March 21, 1859, a member of the 1878 Australian team which beat the M.C.C. in one afternoon, and of other teams after. As a small boy I remember being taken to Chichester to see those Australians on the Priory Ground. Of BANNERMAN I have no recollection, but to this moment I can distinctly recreate BONNOR, the mighty BONNOR, immensely tall, with golden hair and beard, as in practice in the nets before the game began he hit the ball to enormous distances. I can recall nothing of the day except this superb figure, like a god from another planet, doing the grandest thing that god or man could, in a small boy's eyes, then do—that is to say, hit the ball farther and higher than anyone else. He, I trust, will never fade from the retina. ALEC BANNERMAN, whom I saw more than once afterwards, could never win to a niche in our Valhalla, because it was his pride to remain at the wicket without taking any risks. BONNOR, the divine BONNOR, was for the crowded hour of glorious life; BANNERMAN for the age without a run. BANNERMAN was indeed the classic example of the stonewaller, surpassing even LOUIS HALL, even BARLOW, even the intolerable SCOTTON. But in the field he was magnificent.

I have no old *Wisdens* beside me to refer to, and therefore I cannot say whether on that day I saw the local player, who also played for the county, CHARLEY HOWARD. But I remember him well, with his dark curly hair and a sweater with braid on it: a not usual sight in those days. Or is memory serving me another low trick? He probably plays cricket no more, but last summer appeared on the turf in another capacity, as a successful owner at Goodwood, and I have a notion that he may have a horse in this year's Derby. Not many cricketers pass from the pitch to the racecourse; almost the only other that I can think of as I write is also of Sussex, the JAM SAHIB, who trains with SADLER.



Sergeant. "YOU 'EARD THE REVALLY?"
Recruit (late for parade). "I DIDN'T NEVER 'AVE NO EAR FOR MUSIC, SERGEANT. I CAN'T TELL ONE TOON FROM ANOTHER."

Beards, golden or otherwise, seldom wag in first-class cricket to-day; but, turning over these memorial pages, I quickly came to another of my early heroes, to whom the most seductive advertisements of safety razors would appeal in vain: JESSE HIDE. When at the age of eight or nine I first began to watch cricket, and always Sussex cricket, JESSE HIDE was what is called a colt. He first played for Sussex in 1876, when he was nineteen; but, as I see him in the mind's eye, he was older than that, and a perfect specimen of a Saxon, with blue eyes and tawny beard; broad-shouldered, deliberate, gentle, unruffled in success, philosophically placid in disaster, although on occasion, on his return from the wicket after too brief a stay, he could look profoundly dejected. He was, I believe, an Eastbourne fisherman when not playing cricket; but for some years he coached in Australia. We were a bearded lot in Sussex in those days. HARRY PHILLIPS, the wicket-keeper, was bearded, JAMES PHILLIPS, his brother, was bearded. Even one of the amateurs, R. T. ELLIS, was bearded.

It was not the fashion then for small boys to show homage by begging for autographs; we did better: we fielded out during the net practice, and now and then, if we owned a ball, bowled a little. I can remember being thrilled by bowling to JESSE HIDE, while I once had the unspeakable felicity in this way to take the wicket of Mr. J. M. MARE, who was of sufficient importance to be known as "The Sussex Grace."

JESSE HIDE was sixty-seven at his death; but his old colleague, WALTER HUMPHREYS, was nearly seventy-five. Him I knew slightly and have conversed with, but many years after. No blond Saxon was he, but a little short-legged man of a serious, even evangelical, cast of mind and little of the camaraderie of the players' box. He made boots in Upper North Street, Brighton, and, when not paid by his fellow-professionals with the promptness that he wished, did not conceal their tardiness from the world. As a batsman he was not to be relied upon either for runs or defence, nor was he very able in the field; but he could do marvellous things with the ball even on a hard wicket and magical things on a soft. His lobs were a fatal revelation to the Australians in 1880. He added to the batsman's difficulties by letting the open wrist-band of his sleeve flap over his bowling hand. I saw him break one ball so much from the leg that it bowled the great disdainful WILLIAM GUNN round the legs which he had contemptuously declined to move. I can still hear the roars from the crowd, and particularly from what was always the most vocal section, in front of the beer tent at the south-east corner of the Brighton ground. "Good old Punter" HUMPHREYS was called.

To return to the beards (and still re-



Son of House. "Yes, there are two things I *cannot* resist. One is cigarettes; the other, temptation."

main in Sussex) I saw in his last cricketing days something of Alfred Shaw, who, having retired from Nottinghamshire, came down South to coach the young ones, now and then to play for the county (but the value of the wickets he took was discounted by his slowness in the field), and to act as administrator to the Lord Sheffield of that day, whose passion was cricket. Shaw's beard must have been one of the last to adorn the first-class game—pointed and very trim, and, with his long nose, reminiscent of François *premier*. He died as long ago as 1907, but it was only a few weeks ago that a properly engraved tombstone was set up in the Nottinghamshire churchyard where he rests and where his old friend and companion, Arthur Shrewsbury, also rests. "Beneath the daisies, there they lie," as Andrew Lang's valedictory ballade has it. I think that Alfred Shaw's wish to be buried near Shrewsbury, as expressed when he was dying, is one of the best as well as the most beautiful of all cricket sayings. "Put me," he said, "about twenty-two yards from Arthur, so that I can now and then send him down a ball." E. V. L.

?

Who hid the blood-stained chopper?
Is London falling down?
Should plays be less improper?
And Where is Mrs. Brown?
May no one read his journal
To seek what news it gives
Without these sempiternal
Rude interrogatives?

Should blackmail be abolished?
Was Mr. Baldwin right?
Is England's trade demolished?
Do stars come out at night?
Will What-Not win at Epsom?
Are blue-eyed wives the best?
Has your child chewed its Pepsom?
Is there no rest, no rest?

O mists and hails and vapours!
O stumblings in the dark!
O queries in the papers!—
Ought little dogs to bark?
Should amateurs sing ditties
On the variety stage?
Have we too few committees?
Why do the heathen rage?

Probed by a myriad questions
I take the Underground;
Insulted by suggestions
My head goes whirling round.
Do jockeys pull their horses?
Does France intend to pay?
Should all the best divorces
Be heard *in camerâ*?

Confound these fatuous queries!
I am not on my oath!
Will oil be found at Perez?
Did Germany break troth?
Are men the better dancers?
Should girls have boys' back hair?
D——d if I know the answers,
Nor do I greatly care. Evoe.

"Table Tennis Champion.

"Mr. Nanda, of the Indian Students' Club, retained the London Table Tennis League Singles Championship on Saturday, when he defeated in the final round Mr. Suppiah, a young Indian of about 17, who has been playing only five months."—*Daily Paper.*

No wonder Mr. Suppiah was short of practice.

"For Sale, part Old English Sheep Dog, 15 months old, well broken, price £3 10s."
West-Country Paper.

Before purchasing we should like to know which part of this broken animal is offered.

AT THE PLAY.

"IRIS" (ADELPHI).

OF its original production—nearly a quarter of a century ago—I could recall little or nothing beyond the spectacle of MR. OSCAR ASCHE, as a passionate Dago, sweeping a lot of pottery off a mantelpiece in a nasty bout of temper. I kept looking forward to the recognition of this striking episode and had to wait several hours for it. But meanwhile my interest, practically virgin, in the unfolding of the drama was never allowed to wander.

The play presents a tragic conflict between the weakness of a woman who is always drifting along the way of least resistance and the brutal strength of a man who knows what he wants and will stick at nothing to get it. We first meet *Iris* as a young widow with a nice income (terminable on her re-marriage) and a *penchant* for an impecunious boy of no particular occupation (*Laurence Trenwith*). The nose of scandal has already scented something in her habit of going about with him; so, on the principle of Safety First, she accepts the hand of an exotic financier (*Maldonado*). A few hours later she decides to cancel this scheme and invites *Trenwith* to follow her to Cadenabbia (which she seems to locate in Switzerland). Here, when his small resources are exhausted, she is prepared to support him indefinitely—a proposition which he has the common decency to decline. She loves him, but not enough to share poverty with him in a problematical shack in the Far West. But at this juncture she is herself reduced to very limited means by the embezzlement of her fortune, and finds herself poor enough to be able to afford to marry her lover as soon as he has made a home for her out there. Not being too fastidious about the cause of this change in her heart, he seems pleased with the prospect and goes.

In the meantime *Maldonado*, to all appearances comfortably reconciled to his own rejection, has turned up and affected a very beautiful friendliness toward the lady and her lover. On the latter's exit he offers to finance *Iris*. At first refusing, she drifts into acceptance, but objects to furnish the "consideration" which he expects, and so drifts away from him. But she cannot bear poverty, and so ultimately drifts (according to plan) into a sumptuous flat under his protection.

Trenwith, returning home to find out why her letters have ceased, takes a dislike to this arrangement and leaves her. *Maldonado*, who had been pressing marriage upon her, discovers their meeting, turns her out into the street and runs amok through the furniture.

Weakness of character on the stage seldom makes a very poignant appeal to our sympathy, and *Iris* is something worse than weak. It is not in her nature to conceive of a world well lost for love, and her idea of honour is shown by her assumption that nothing could be more natural and reasonable than for her lover to live on her bounty. But partings touch the heart, and in that night of farewells we had to suffer with her. Indeed, throughout the play Miss GLADYS COOPER kept a very close hold upon our emotions. Perhaps at times her tone was a little too grey, as if the end (which she was not supposed to know) had cast its shadow before. One could have desired a little more of that "livelier iris" which at this season of the year is expected to develop on "the burnished dove." But it was a notable achievement, and if she ever does anything better than her performance in the last Act I hope I may be there to see it.



DEFURNISHED FLAT TO LET.

Frederick Maldonado . . . . . MR. HENRY AINLEY.

In MR. AINLEY'S case I was more conscious of the playing of a part. One pictures *Maldonado* as brutal by nature, with a veneer of refinement that came off under stress of passion, when he reverted to type. But with MR. AINLEY one felt that his gentle suavity of voice and manner was born in him, and that his outbursts of passion were feats of art. MR. OSCAR ASCHE—no offence to his personal qualities—was obviously better designed for the part. This is not to cast any reflection upon MR. AINLEY'S performance; no doubt, if I had not been prejudiced by my knowledge of his actual nature, I should have judged that the breaking of lives and furniture was his daily practice, so well did he do it.

MR. MCMASTER played sincerely enough as the young lover, but did not quite suggest that gift of fatal attraction which was necessary to account for *Iris's* selection of him out of what must have been a very large batch of applicants.

The play is, of course, constructed with Sir ARTHUR PINERO'S inveterate cunning, though I except the melodramatic episode of the letter of assignation. To leave it lying about in large and legible fragments (*Iris* didn't even trouble to aim straight at the waste-paper-basket) was the last thing she would have done if the document had not been obviously ear-marked for discovery. With the author's dialogue one was less favourably impressed. The English that his people speak is a little too good to be true. Even MR. NORMAN FORBES, who played very naturally and easily as *Croker*, could not always escape the air of giving a recitation.

Efforts had been made, as in the recent revival of *The Thief*, to modernise the play by the introduction of latter-day effects—cocktails, short skirts, stockings coloured like an unwashed leg. But the Victorian mark remained, stamped clearly on its dialogue and on its social standards of propriety. Who in this year of grace and liberty would worry about a pretty widow being seen constantly in the society of an ineligible boy? After all, the War was not fought for nothing.

Sir ARTHUR was admirably served by the leading members of his cast, but his play was well worth reviving on its own merits. I respectfully commend this piece of sound craftsmanship to the attention of some of our young dramatists as a corrective of self-complacency and other disorders incidental to adolescence.

O. S.

"THE BAMBOULA" (HIS MAJESTY'S).

The Bamboula, or Prince Regent of Corona, a principality some forty miles east of Ruritania, is visiting the Hôtel du Parc, Lausanne, incognito and with

an eye to having a good time in a Pickwickian sense. I don't think I should choose Mr. Roy Byford for my *aide-de-camp* if strict concealment were considered essential. His is distinctly a recognisable *torso*. Nor should I expect him to be set down at first sight as a teacher of dancing.

But that naturally is what happened. The two young English ex-officers, *Jimmy Roberts* and *Larry Wyndham*, who had come to Lausanne to teach dancing, were generally mistaken for the *Prince* and his equerry; *Prince Robert* and his aide, *Larranaga*, were told off to take charge of the ballroom. And of course the young *Princess Muria*—there is a distinct flavour of tobacco about this whole business—just ran over from Corona to Lausanne and just slipped into the Lounge Hall foyer for five minutes, during which *Jimmy* fell deep in love at first sight. Furthermore, in consequence of secret despatches received in the open lounge to the effect that his people were restive, not so much out of regret for his absence as because of certain inaccuracies in the Treasury accounts, *Prince Robert*, exercising an odd privilege of his office, appoints our *Jimmy* deputy-*Bamboula*.

In less time than it takes to sing it this highly competent Englishman had bambouled Corona into order and prosperity (the principal industries of the country being the import of princes as suitors for the hand of its princess and the export of same after due rejection); the populace adores him, and he finds that by a curious coincidence the Princess is no other than the lovely lady whom he had met in Lausaune.

As blue blood may not mix with ordinary red, it is necessary for an heroic act of renunciation to be performed by our susceptible *James*. He indicates in a manner that could deceive no one that he had merely been amusing himself, surrenders his bamboulaship and leaves the unfortunate people to the serene incompetence of the now returned *Robert*. Of course all is well by the end of the Third Act.

The affair is quite up to normal sample, but it seems a little like effrontery for the presenter, Mr. L. Morgan, or/and the authors, Mr. H. M. Vernon and Mr. Guy Bolton, associated with the lyric poets, Mr. Douglas Furber and Mr. Irving Cæsar, to describe it as "new and original." The music, by Mr. Albert Sirmay and Mr. Harry Rosenthal, seemed to me spirited and tuneful. The setting was sumptuous without being distinguished, and Comelli in particular had designed some very attractive costumes for the ladies-in-waiting at the Court of Corona, costumes which were occupied by a bevy of very distinctly comely damsels.



Jimmy Roberts (*Mr.* Harry Welchman), *forgetting for the moment that this is musical comedy, to Princess Muria* (*Miss* Beppie de Vries). "Princess, I am a foreigner and a commoner and a 'dance-poodle' into the bargain. It is inconceivable that we should wed."



BAMBOULA AND BAMBINO.

The Regent of Corona (Mr. W. H. Berry) and Half-a-Corona.

The playing was excellent. Mr. Berry, besides being in wonderful voice and contriving to look as diverting as he alone knows how, achieved the most roguish *doubles ententes* with a superb air of innocence. He is a master of gaggery, and, when he has had a few days to work up his part, it will be even more entertaining.

Mr. Harry Welchman with his brave voice and easy air made a sound hero. I confess that while the jesting was in progress I was sufficiently happy; but that sinking feeling came over me when the fruity sentiment got going. It isn't at all easy to believe in the loves of Corona; and there are apparently only seven pairs of rhymes allowed in lyric poetry of this kind. And they pall.

Mr. Billy Leonard was the perfect ass—his part ought to be enlarged—and he has a trick with matches when lighting his pipe which is alone worth a visit. Mr. Roy Byford was not allowed a very promising *rôle*, but made the most of it.

I liked the acting of Miss Beppie de Vries (the *Princess*) better than her singing; her quiet humour and easy grace were particularly good at her first entrance.

But I think that perhaps Miss Mimi Crawford as *Sadie*, the daughter of an American cornplaster-maker with the most appallingly crude ideas of advertising, carried off the highest honours. She has the authentic air of dancing youth—a very pleasant thing to watch. And Miss Dorothy Shale looked very handsome and played and sang very plausibly as a Brazilian beauty of easy virtue. Nor ought the grotesque of Mr. James B. Carson as the hotel manager to be forgotten—a spirited sketch, if perhaps a little over-developed.

There was a company of the very queerest youths at the Hôtel du Parc, and they were strangely like some of the courtiers in Corona. This is a matter which might be remedied with advantage.

But the whole show is good enough and will be better. T.

Our Cautious Critics.

"Coun. —— declaimed Shakespeare in a manner rarely heard in this neighbourhood."—*Local Paper.*

"If the Ideal House were to fall from the skies, which of us would dare live in it?"

Quotation in Sunday Paper.

After a crash like that the repairs would no doubt be rather heavy.

BOY-SONGS.

X.—"THE ROCKET."

A.D. 1840.

WHEN I grow up, I have always said,
Just like my Papa I'd be;
I'd have a cane with a golden head,
A cigar as big as a tree,
A high top-hat with a little brim
And gloves like a lemon-rind;
I used to want to be just like him,
But now I have changed my mind.

I used to think that it might be sport
To doze when dessert was done
Over sugary fruit and a glass of port
(Most likely more than one);
To fold *The Times* with a rustling swish
And explain it all to Mamma;
But I've changed my mind and I do *not* wish
To be just like my Papa.

For I've seen "The Rocket"—think how it feels
To have seen "The Rocket" go,
With her yellow sides and her yellow wheels
And her funnel white as snow!
And the steam and the smoke puffed silver and black
And the screaming whistle blew,
And she ran so fast on the iron track
She was gone before you knew.

Like a long brown streak the coaches passed;
In each window there was a face;
What lucky people to go so fast,
Puff-puffing from place to place!
When "The Rocket" is running to Liverpool
And to Manchester back again
Two men must drive; and when I leave school
I'm going to be *one* of those men.

When I'm grown up I will never wear
Kid gloves and a topper tall,
Or read *The Times*—no, I shall not care
If I never read at all—
And have no port wine and no sugary fruit,
No cane and no big cigar;
I'll be black and oily from head to foot,
As engine-drivers are.

Then *I'll* drive "The Rocket" and make her fly
As fast as ever she can;
I won't be a soldier, no, not I,
A Judge or a clergyman,
Or a King or a Member of Parliament;
In my engine I will sit
And be oily and black to my heart's content
And—not like Papa one bit! D. M. S.

Our Sinecurists.

"SITUATIONS WANTED.
Mother's Help; no children."
Provincial Paper.

MR. BAMBERGER'S RETURN.

HIS WONDERFUL ESCAPE IN NEW GUINEA.

THE exploits of the Camberley coal-hawker, whose voice was asserted, in the reports which have recently appeared in the Press, to be distinctly audible for a distance of two miles, prompted one of Mr. Punch's representatives to obtain further information on the subject from Mr. Bamberger, the most widely-travelled of all living musicians, who has recently returned from a two years' recital tour in the Malay Archipelago, the Andaman, Solomon and Falkland Islands, Yucatan, the Yosemite Valley, Jubaland, Salicylicia, Podolia and the Hinterland of Tipperusalem.

Mr. Bamberger, who was finely bronzed by his exposure to the tropical sun, greeted us with the utmost affability in his beautifully furnished flat in Park Lane, crowded with trophies and treasures gathered in his wanderings. These include a superb doldrum which he picked up in the Sargasso Sea; an inlaid Javanese jamboon with silver sliding-gear; a copper Chulalonkhorn from Siam, and a Cingalese speedle which was once in the possession of MARCO POLO.

"The connection between coal and music," remarked Mr. Bamberger, "is old and honourable. It is immortalized in the legend, or, as I prefer to think, the true history, of the tuneful monarch who in moments of expansive hilarity was in the habit of summoning not one but three violinists to the royal presence. Then you will of course remember the splendid services rendered to the art by THOMAS BRITTON, 'musical small-coal man' and friend of HANDEL. It is not recorded that he was a singer, but the voices of dealers in coal have always been remarkable for their sonority and penetrating quality, and I see nothing contrary to probability in the alleged range of the Camberley virtuoso.

"The carrying quality of milkmen's voices is also notorious. I myself, though none of my forbears were connected with either of these industries, and though I have devoted my energies to instrumental rather than vocal music, owe my life to the capacity, in times of acute emergency, of emitting a shout, or I might almost call it a yell, which I acquired during my sojourn amongst the Hottentots. The incident occurred when I was touring in New Guinea. I was travelling in the interior with a small escort and a suite including my secretary, valet and publicity agent. No untoward happening occurred until we inadvertently deviated into a region entirely inhabited by natives of anthropophagous habits. For a while the magic of my violin held their instincts at bay, but at last the ruling chief informed me that the code of their constitution must be observed. In vain I played, as I have never played before, BACH'S *Chaconne*, TARTINI'S *Trillo del Diavolo* and RAFF'S *Cavatina*. The preparations for the sacrificial feast went on, and the water in a huge cauldron was already on the boil. It was then that I loosed off the Hottentot howl. The entire assemblage fell prostrate to the ground and remained in a semi-comatose condition until a strongly-armed party of anthropologists, who were exploring in the neighbourhood and had heard the cry fully seven miles off, arrived on the scene.

I am glad to be able to add that the entire tribe at once embraced vegetarianism and are now reckoned amongst the most enlightened inhabitants of this wonderful island. And I shall not be regarded as unduly egotistic when I mention that to commemorate this episode the river Amberno—the largest in New Guinea—has been renamed Bamberger. At the same time I have so far deferred to the entreaties of my wife and my father-in-law, Sir Pompey Boldero, G.B.E., as to give a pledge that in future tours I will refrain from entering territories occupied by cannibal or ex-cannibal tribes."

"THE NEW LEADER.
The paper that fights and thinks To-morrow."
Advt. in Labour Paper.

We are old-fashioned enough to prefer the old leader who thought first and fought, if necessary, afterwards.

"—— LIBERAL ASSOCIATION.
A Social Gathering will be held on Friday, 6th March, 1952, at 7 P.M.
J. ——, Esq., Prospective Liberal Candidate, will give an Address."—*Advt. in Scots Paper.*

Liberalism in Scotland, if not exactly looking up, is at any rate looking forward.

"Many people pressed round to see the new Countess in her close-fitting tunic of white lace and dress of poult-de-soie—as the modish chronicler of the day has recorded it—and a bevy of bridesmaids hallowed in white alpaca."
Daily Paper.

"Here's white alpaca for hallowance," you remember.

"The provincial drama is at the cross-roads of a doubtful future. It has been slowly, and it may be said carelessly, sauntering along for some years only to find itself in a debatable *cul de sac*, not so much as to which definite course to choose, but as to how the tide is to be taken at one of the various floods of amusement fashion."—*Provincial Paper.*

A tide in a *cul de sac* at the cross-roads is a horrid thing.



RINGS.

Great-grandmother's garnet ring was small,
  The ring that Great-grandfather gave to her
After they 'd plighted their troth at the ball
In the Assembly Rooms' octagon hall.
Great-grandmother thought it a wonderful ring:
"Dear Edmond, what a handsome thing!"
  She hid it beneath her tippet of fur—
She felt so shy of it circled there
Near the place he had kissed and kissed just where
Her mittens had left her fingers bare.

Our Margery's ring with gems is set
  That gladdened a queen in her halcyon day—
Money nor Art not a choicer could get;
Margery called it "An absolute pet!"
Pearls too were the jewels she "simply adored.
And monsters these." She cried, "I 've scored!
  Do—everyone—look at my ring—you may!"
She chased a vagrant curl with a flick
While she flourished the ring: "Oh, dear old Dick!"
(She kissed him here) "you 're a perfect brick!"

All grannies may shake their heads and vow
  They "cannot think what has come to the girls—
Manners and language so different now!
How has it happened?" they murmur, "ah, how?"
And flappers may gibe at the out-of-date vogues,
And prate of "fogies" or even "fogues;"
  But, whether her ring be fashioned of pearls
Or something humbler, the heart 's the same
Of a maid of to-day as when its flame
Was kindled of old in Cupid's name.









"I SEE, DEAR; AND THAT 'S WHAT YOU CALL AN ATTEMPT."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

I SHOULD find it very hard to deal harshly with Sir SQUIRE BANCROFT'S *Empty Chairs* (MURRAY), even if I wanted to, which I most emphatically don't. The spirit and temper of these reminiscences remind me of Dr. JOHNSON'S famous description of Sir JOSHUA REYNOLDS as "the most invulnerable man he knew; whom, if he should quarrel with him, he should find the most difficulty how to abuse." Their author is conspicuous for a benevolence which is best expressed in his own tribute to CECIL CLAY: "He was beloved in every circle that he moved in, and I never heard an unkind word pass his lips or saw an unkind look upon his face." But you must not infer that these impressions of the various celebrities in his own and other callings with whom he has been associated in his long life are monotonously eulogistic or insipidly uncritical. He is a shrewd as well as a kindly observer—witness what he says about SARAH BERNHARDT'S "showmanship"—and his attitude to eminent and exalted personages is never suggestive of the "foolish face of praise." The Church, the Bar, Fine Arts, Music and Letters, and of course the Stage, are all fully represented in this retrospect, the range of which may be gathered from the fact that Sir SQUIRE knew Mrs. NORTON and played in the same company with CHARLES MATHEWS in 1863. His tributes to SALVINI as "the greatest tragedian I have seen," and to JOSEPH JEFFERSON as "incomparably the finest actor who has come to us from America," are worth quoting. His reminiscences of IRVING are affectionate and illuminating, and the charming reference to the talent of H. B. IRVING'S children is rounded off in the simple but moving words, "my love descends to them." Best of all is the concluding chapter on his gifted wife and partner for more than fifty years, whom DICKENS had hailed as "the cleverest and most original girl" he had ever seen on the stage, who justified his glowing estimate, and fairly earned the old Latin epitaph, "*Neminem tristem fecit.*" SIR SQUIRE reminds us that, like *Punch*, he belongs to "the vintage of '41," and *Punch* congratulates his contemporary on remaining "four-square at four-score."

All saints can be roughly divided into two classes. Either they are humanists first and ascetics afterwards, or *vice versâ*. The humanists, whose religion is a kind of Golden Touch, ennoble all they come into contact with. The ascetics, aware of no such delegated virtue, shrink from contacts altogether. Ascetics, I feel, have been rather overboomed of late, and I have therefore had peculiar pleasure in reading the late Mrs. MARY SKRINE'S *Shepherd Easton's Daughter* (ARNOLD), which deals in the most convincing spirit of intimacy and tenderness with a strictly utilitarian saint. Home is the first and last scene of *Dorcas Easton's* activities, the home of one of those old-world Hampshire peasants whose spiritual dignity and practical wisdom Mrs. SKRINE has so often and so felicitously treated. The child possesses a marvellous skill in healing, which, exercised at first on her father's lambs, brings her later into

distressful publicity as the restorer of a chapel-member. Confronted by all the reciprocal exactions of a life of uncommon graces, *Dorcas* treads her lonely and difficult path: cast down and exalted by the death of her twin brother; aided (even after she becomes a Churchwoman) by her noble Wesleyan mother; approved by one ecclesiastical adviser, condemned by a second, and persecuted wholeheartedly by the subjects of her first extraneous mission. This last, the dissolution of a house of ill report, an old dower-house frequented by rural factory-hands, is, I feel, the least convincing part of the chronicle, Mrs. SKRINE'S delicate aptitude for the discernment and delineation of spirits finding itself somehow confused and put about by the impact of physical violence. But "the mystic's craving for solitude . . . balanced by a passion for humble service" has seldom, as Miss EVELYN UNDERHILL says in her happy preface, been more faithfully portrayed; and the same fidelity extends to the smallest character and slightest situation of this rare and lovable story.

Straws in the Wind (JENKINS), by Commander H. G. STOKER, D.S.O., R.N., is of the company of those other wonderful books, *The Road to En-Dor* and *450 Miles to Freedom*; for all three record the exploits of the undefeatable British officer contending with the Turk at his most Oriental moments. Commander STOKER had his submarine sunk under him; he was cast into Turkish dungeons; he escaped but to be recaptured, and, after enduring horrible sufferings for three years, he can still write this gay, easy and entrancing narrative of his adventures. Of Irish birth, he took to the Royal Navy, like others among his distinguished countrymen, as to his natural element; and the glimpse of the pleasant years of service before the War makes a pathetic contrast with what came afterwards. Commander STOKER navigated the first submarine to reach Australia, and when war came his craft was the first submarine to pass the Dardanelles. No one thought the feat possible, except the Commander, who submitted to his Admiral a plan, proving conclusively—as he believed—that it was perfectly feasible to drive a submarine against a three-knot current up the narrow channel, sown with mines and exposed to gun-fire. And he did it. Having no further orders, Commander STOKER thought it a good idea to go to Constantinople, and he was proceeding thither when he was attacked and his boat put down. Then the worst befell; for nothing can be worse than a Turkish prison. That good American, Mr. MORGENTHAU, secured the temporary release of Commander STOKER from a misery which, lightly as he tells it, is dreadful to the reader.

Mr. MICHAEL SADLEIR has taken the pains to assert, in an epilogue to *The Noblest Frailty* (CONSTABLE), that it is not "a pastiche of mid-Victorian fiction;" otherwise one might have thought that no bad description, if indeed "parody" might not be the more appropriate word. For this is not merely an old-fashioned story by a modern, but the modern has looked upon his scene through old-fashioned glasses. I seem to breathe again an atmosphere of all but entirely forgotten books like *Frank Fairleigh* and *Harry Coverdale's Courtship*, very wholesome and romantic. We have our highly-born squire, ineffably pretentious and tyrannical; the timid but liberal-minded mother; his daughter *Catherine*, the gentle but determined heroine; the lover, a simple veterinary-surgeon, a gentleman though poor; the heroine's evil-minded bounder of a brother; and the sinister suitor, heir to a barony, whom *Sir Harry* wishes to force as a husband upon his daughter's filial obedience. Romance wins. I particularly liked the way our *Catherine* knocked her brother's teeth out with her riding-whip (a rather modern touch, I think) after he



"MUMMY, I'VE MANAGED TO SAVE THIS BOX OF SWEETS YOU GAVE ME YESTERDAY."

had slashed her defenceless lover across the face thrice with his crop. The author of *Privilege* seems to regret the passing of the old order. If there were no more to be said for it than here appears, not even the Editor of *The Morning Post* would shed a tear for its departure. But perhaps there is some subtle joke intended which I have missed.

Two skilled practitioners, both of whom we know,
Have bound some learned papers which they name
Fishing: its Cause, Treatment and Cure; they show
Its *Symptoms* too (and put on plates these same).
The script is done by H. T. SHERINGHAM,
The draft by G. E. STUDDY; line or letter,
Picture or prose, palette or pen, I am
Uncertain which is better.

Mrs. DAWSON-SCOTT writes so ably that we may well condone the improbabilities to be found in *They Green Stones* (HEINEMANN). Cornwall is the scene of the tale, poor overworked Cornwall, which should join with the South Sea Islands and petition novelists to give them a hard-earned rest. Mrs. DAWSON-SCOTT, however, has given us a real and attractive Cornish girl as heroine. I must admit that *Pamela* jilted *Malachi Ludgian*, who had gone to the War, and married *Rhod Kerthewy*. But she had the excuse that she was deeply in love with *Rhod*, and for some little time they lived most happily together on a small and lonely farm near St. Columb. After a while, however, they had a lovers' quarrel, and *Rhod* went off to market without being reconciled to his wife. He returned in a repentant mood and found *Pamela* (through no fault of her own) alone with



DURING A PROVINCIAL TOUR, ASPIDISTRA, THE FAMOUS HORSE ACTING IN "BLOOD WILL TELL," HAS BECOME INDISPOSED. HORRIFIED MANAGER INTERVIEWING THE ONLY AVAILABLE UNDERSTUDY.

The firm of PHILIP ALLAN publish these
Humours and piscatorial complaints:
In eighteen articles the "q's" and "p's"
Of angling uses, freedoms and restraints;
They show the angler, more than other men,
The sport of errors, perils and spring-fevers,
Wickhams and water-hens and, now and then,
Of bulls and disbelievers.

Here diagrams will give you at a glance
The curves of luck on trout and salmon pool;
Tables shall tell you what will be your chance
With barbel, pike and carp, all worked to rule;
Good reading this for idle hours of play,
When summer suns are warm or firelight 's ruddy;
Read it, and I am sure it will repay
You, SHERINGHAM and STUDDY.

Malachi, who was home on leave. The two men came to blows and *Rhod* was accidentally killed. So far the tale is both credible and excellently told, but I admit that the events succeeding this fatal blow placed a severe strain upon my powers of belief. I know the Cornish intimately, and I have found considerable difficulty in persuading myself that the scenes after *Rhod's* death are even possible. But, though you find yourself unable to accept Mrs. DAWSON-SCOTT's conclusions, you cannot fail to enjoy the charming style in which she tells her story.

"According to this scheme, Europe is to be divided into two groups—an Eastern and a Western. The former would include Great Britain, France, Belgium and Germany; and the latter Poland, the Czecho-Slovak Republic, Jugo-Slavia, Austria, Rumania, etc."—*Daily Paper.*

Now we know what the papers mean when they talk about "a new orientation."

CHARIVARIA.

IF Parliament is to be broadcast we may yet see a pilgrimage made every year to lay a wreath on the tomb of the martyred GUIDO FAWKES.

* * *

People can't be too careful this treacherous spring weather. Mr. STANLEY BALDWIN's recent cold is said to have been due to his having gone out without his pipe.

* * *

"America has made the world what it is," says a Chicago Senator. Yet TROTSKY in his latest book blames Great Britain for it.

* * *

The debate between Mr. G. B. SHAW and Mr. HILAIRE BELLOC has been fixed for June 9. It should provide an interesting trial of endurance between a vegetarian and a carnivore.

* * *

The manners of the London travelling public are improving, we read. If they step on your feet now and you tell them about it they don't sit on your lap as well.

* * *

AMEN-EM-APT, an Egyptian sage, once wrote, "Good things brought thee by favour will not remain with thee through the night." Hospitality in the form of lobster suppers would seem to have been unknown in those days.

* * *

By an Order in Council Summer Time will begin on the 19th of this month. In accordance with official etiquette the Clerk of the Weather will be specially notified.

* * *

The latest libel on the place is that a resident of Southend-on-Sea has been ordered away to the seaside by his doctor.

* * *

Most of the whisky being distilled in Scotland is for the export trade. It must be a pathetic sight to see Scotsmen standing on the quayside wishing the stuff "Good-bye."

* * *

Owing to a dispute several actors at Cardiff refused to act. But the same thing occurs in London very often without any difference of opinion.

* * *

A quarryman charged at Conway was alleged to have spoken in Welsh to his wife as a form of punishment. There seems to be nothing some men will not stoop to.

* * *

An old parchment found at Caulonia states that the end of the world will come in the year 2000. Make a note of it in your diary.

* * *

A newspaper mentions that Americans are anxious to buy Scottish curios. So far there has been no bid for Mr. KIRKWOOD.

* * *

American film actresses marry in haste and repeat at leisure.

* * *

A man caught trying to rob a safe asked to be let off because this was his busy season. Perhaps he was a currant-riveter in a Hot Cross Bun foundry.

* * *

A coal hawker has been fined at Aldershot for shouting "Coal" in a loud voice. We can only say that, however loud our own merchant shouted it, we should know better.

* * *

A North London man has been arrested for trying to rob a policeman. He shouldn't have done that.

* * *

A man recently charged with being intoxicated was found embracing a lamp-post. He pleaded that he mistook it for a pillar-box.

* * *

"The cuckoo and the swallow have returned to our shores," announces an evening paper. We can only wonder why.

* * *

Submarines are being painted with a composition that makes them invisible under water. But our soap-maker has been using something like this for years.

* * *

Sir GILBERT SCOTT, the architect of Liverpool Cathedral, has won a prize for designing telephone boxes. He seems to be very good at constructing places where you can indulge in quiet meditation.

* * *

A member of the Danzig Parliament who was fined six pounds for boxing another member's ears pleaded that he could not afford so much. In future he will have to pay cash down before the goods are delivered.

* * *

Life-sized models of bull-dogs that bark when you step on them are becoming favourite toys with some ladies. Our sympathy is extended to a short-sighted husband who mistook a real one for one of these.

* * *

Mr. NEGRETTI says that English weather is, after all, the best. No doubt he is favourably impressed by the fact that it makes more severe demands on the barometer than any other country.

* * *

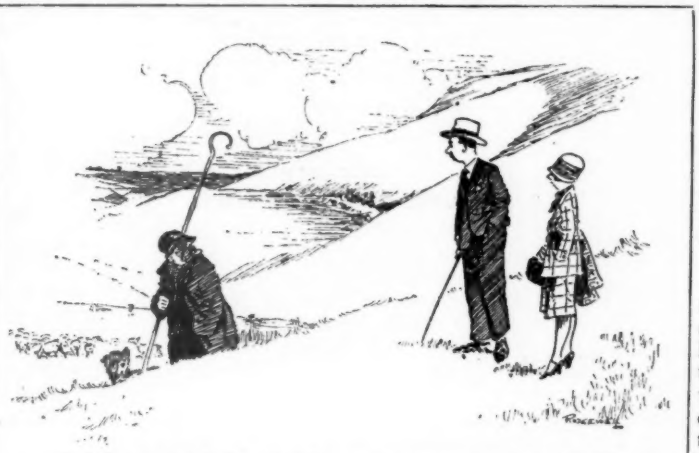
The Soviet Government, in order to make sure that everybody either works or starves, is making them do both.

* * *

Sir ERNEST RUTHERFORD recently went to a deal of trouble in a lecture to explain why the sky was blue; but we don't know what else it could be, seeing that it is out in all sorts of weather.

* * *

It is said that, before attempting to take the leading part in *Cæsar and Cleopatra*, an American actor read the whole of Mr. BERNARD SHAW's works. He is doing as well as can be expected.



Cockney (completely fed-up). "I SAY, ANY CINEMAS ABOUT HERE?"

"RE-FACING THE VIOLIN BOW.
First Remove the Hair and Old Face."
Canadian Trade Paper.

Now we know where our barber served his apprenticeship.

"Spring Maker required."—*Provincial Paper.*

Cuckoo, forward!

"Antique mahogany gentleman's wardrobe for sale privately."—*Advt. in Scots Paper.*

Not, we believe, the only mahogany gentleman who has no use for a wardrobe.

"As a result of an appeal made by the vicar of St. ——'s over 1,000 razor blades have been collected and forwarded to the Soudan, where they will be used in the treatment of a skin disease among the natives."—*Daily Paper.*

The self-shaver's problem solved at last.

LETTERS FROM A GARRULOUS AUNT.

VI.

Berkeley Court Gardens, W.

My dear Niece,—So sorry to tell you there will be no more home news for some time, as the unexpected has happened as usual, and I have just bought a new parasol and travelling trunk. Last Friday I had to send for Dr. Bottleton, feeling so unwell, and he said the only thing for me was a sea-voyage or the spring in a warm climate. Of course I was greatly upset when he had gone, as Burrows had given notice after speaking my mind about last quarter's wine-bill, but managed to pull myself together when the maid handed me the mid-day post, which contained a sweet letter from Mrs. Snag-Pomperley. Providence was in it, I 'm sure, when you hear it was an invitation to join her at her villa at Coq d'Oeil, on the Mediterranean. I felt better immediately and decided to shut up the house for six months, as we are life-long friends. Dr. B. called next day and asked if his mixture went down all right. It certainly did. I poured it down the pantry sink myself. No wonder those men haven't the courage to write their prescriptions in legible English, considering the stuff they contain. The medical profession may well be ashamed to tell the truth. Don't you think so?

We sail next Tuesday, so I got my trunk at Harridges, with strong batons (aren't they called?), and my initials on both ends. So helpful, you know, as they can be seen through the Customs, and we shall naturally travel overland to Marseilles, both being such victims to the sea. Can I ever forget my last crossing? I shall take Pritchard with me, of course. She always knows where everything is, as we have three days on the steamer before reaching our destination. You can imagine I feel quite excited and shall lean on Mrs. Snag-Pomperley, not having been away for so long a period since the year before your dear uncle missed his knighthood and went to Monte Carlo. To me it was the one cloud on his career when you think he only died a C.B., and what he might have been.

Let me see—where was I? Oh, yes, the Hollibanks' wedding, and I shan't be able to go. Isn't it annoying, after ordering a new frock and shoes and everything? It can't be helped; so I shall take them with me, and my pearls and jewel-case, as I never really trust the bank-clerks.

My French is getting rather rusty, and I 'm not sure what they speak on the Mediterranean; but it carries you anywhere nowadays, except the British Museum, and I never go there. Isn't it a nuisance having one's passport-photograph taken? It 's never a bit like you, is it? I shall send for one of those people who take you when you 're not thinking, to come and snap me here while I think about it, as I suppose it must be done. Safety first, you know, dear, with so many aliens about.

Which reminds me of poor Dr. Polyglon Glote, whom I mentioned in my last. His umbrella was run over by a 'bus last week, though he escaped himself, and, strange to say, has not been heard of since. His wife was in tears near Truefitt's when I saw her last, as the handle was from Tutankh-Amen's collection and very rare. Quite possibly Moses may even have used it. Who knows? One can't tell. It 's so long ago; but Burrows has just brought in tea and I must stop. Good-bye, darling. Do send me some news of Old England while I 'm away—and dear Clive too. How wonderful of him to sell his pigs by the score! Best love to you both. Don't forget

Your affectionate Aunt,
Lucinda Tozer.

OUR HIGHBROW ADVERTISERS.

Mr. Punch, struck by the fondness of some manufacturing firms for classical and literary allusions and their growing habit of coupling the names of defunct celebrities with the goods they advertise, appends a few suggestions for their benefit:—

The Lure of the Siren.

There is no reason why you should not sing even more sweetly than those Homeric charmers who ensnared the sailor folk, for Mumby's Siren Throat Pastiles were not obtainable in their day. *You* can get them at all Chemists' and Drug Stores. Look out for the Sirens on the label!

Helen of Troy.

"Was this the face that launched a thousand ships
And burnt the topless towers of Ilium?"

Too much blood was shed for Helen. You can make sure that none of yours will be spilt if you will get a Troy Safety Razor.

"Age Cannot Wither Her."

Cleopatra was the most fascinating woman of her day, and only had one failure—Octavius. Try our Serpent of the Nile Vanishing Cream, and you will then be irresistible. Serpent of the Nile lipsticks can be obtained in four different shades—brick, beetroot, pillar-box and desert lover.

Ave, Roma Immortalis!

To Pig Breeders, Poultry Keepers and Gardeners. The City on the Seven Hills was not built in a day, but you can put up one of our portable sties in a couple of hours. Cornelia was a good mother. Give our Cornelia meal to your hens, and their families will grow up like little Gracchi.

Cæsar's wife must be above suspicion! In this respect she resembles our garden refuse-destructor. Ask for Cæsar's Wife and refuse all substitutes.

La Pia.

The poet Dante met this lady in purgatory. You will meet her on the tab attached to every garment of our Pia woven underwear. Warm, but not too warm.

"Stout Cortez."

Cortez was stout, according to the poet Keats. We can guess how a stout man must have suffered while climbing that peak in Darien. A course of our Cortez Figure-Reducer will enable you to regain the lithe grace of a boy in his teens. Keep the coupons given away with each bottle. One-hundred-and-fifty will entitle you to receive a copy of Keats' poems free.

The Tudor Touch.

Henry VIII. outlived five wives, but he might have outlived twice that number if he had toned up his system with Tudor Salts. A pinch every morning before breakfast will enable you to face all *your* troubles. Look out for Holbein's portrait on the tin.

THE DRAGON-DOG.

A dragon-dog with spiky teeth
Looks down upon us as we dance;
He sees us passing underneath
And eyes us with a wistful glance.

The band plays on; the saxophone
Gurgles away without a pause;
And on the high shelf all alone
The dragon-dog spreads idle claws.

I heard him murmur to himself:
"Alas! the weary ages past;
I 'm bored by this eternal shelf,
These silver scales that hold me fast.

"Times are not what they used to be—
I roamed the mountains free as air;
The holy priests respected me;
I dined on maidens young and fair.

"Alas! although I cannot eat,
It irritates me past disguise
To see so much delicious meat
Parading here before my eyes."

From a reply to a Labour journal's criticism of Mrs. Lloyd George for possessing a pearl necklace:—

"This outcry, in fact, is pure humbug. No one—not even the most ardent and valiant wielder of the Red Flag—will refuse a pearl necklace if he can afford one, and the worker's wife who would cling to her washtub rather than flaunt it in Bond-street is—like the Dodo—extinct."—*Liberal Paper.*

We were under the impression that "flaunting the washtub" was a game peculiar to the Royal Courts of Justice.



GALVANISING GRANNY.

Sir Alfred Mond. "YOUR SCALP, MADAM, IS DEFECTIVE IN RADIO-ACTIVITY; I AM THEREFORE GIVING YOU SOME OF OUR HIGH-POWER WIRELESS WAVE TREATMENT."

Old Lady of the Post-Office. "STOP YOUR TINGLING, ALF!"

[At a meeting of the Empire Press Union last week Sir Alfred Mond, M.P., severely criticised the Post Office for its apathetic attitude towards the development of wireless telegraphy.]



SOCIAL AGONIES: THE TOO-PRIVATE VIEW.

FIRST ARRIVALS AT STUDIO WONDERING IF THEY CAN AVOID SAYING ANYTHING TILL THE NEXT VISITORS APPEAR.

HUSBANDS AND WIVES.

II.—Harlequin and Columbine.

(Columbine *is sitting among the hydrangeas. To her there enters* Harlequin. *Heard* off *is the music of a jazz band.*)

Harlequin. Oh, there you are!

Columbine. As you see. But that isn't the way to address an almost perfect stranger.

H. Sorry, darling; I was forgetting for a moment.

C. Is it a habit of yours to call her darling after the fourth?

H. The fourth?

C. Blue. That, I believe, is the full extent of our acquaintance.

H. I should try to call her darling after the first if it were you.

C. Flatterer.

H. No—merely an infatuated husband.

C. (*rising*). Sir!

H. (*apologising*). Sorry, dear. But there seems to be no getting away from the fact.

C. (*sitting again*). That 's just what we agreed to do—I mean, get away from the fact. I was to be Columbine, who had happened to look in at this perfectly lovely party, and you were to be Harlequin, who had chanced to come along at the same time. We were to be perfect strangers and to behave accordingly.

H. I thought I was doing it rather well.

C. On the contrary, you 've followed me relentlessly the whole evening.

H. But that was in the character. Harlequin always follows Columbine. He 's a bad lad.

C. You don't seem to find it very difficult to live up to him.

H. Oh, come! my conduct has been most exemplary. Harlequin enters the ballroom and perceives a lovely stranger who is a Columbine. Does he accost her in the name of old theatrical associations? No, he asks his host to effect an introduction. Host performs the ceremony.

C. That was highly incorrect. Our host is totally unacquainted with either of us.

H. Quite the usual thing nowadays.

C. Well, granted the introduction, how do you explain your subsequent behaviour?

H. Surely it was only natural. I meet a young and charming girl—unmarried and without just cause or impediment. I am attracted. I don't disguise the fact. After the first blue I tell her that she dances divinely, but I must somehow learn to know her better, that I should like to be entered in the list of her admirers. After the second I venture to kiss her hand and to wonder whether it will be possible to live until the next one, missing two. After the third. . . .

C. Enough. I realised why it was necessary to have a British board of film censors. Is that how you usually behave—with a married woman too?

H. (*protesting*). Here, I say, you can't have it both ways. If you were married to me, it was all O.K. If, on the other hand, you were unmarried, then I had every right to urge my suit in such ways as seemed appropriate.

C. But I might have been married to someone else.

H. Funny, I never thought of that.

C. Anyhow, I *was* married; and once a girl 's married she 's married.

H. (*hopefully*). You might, of course, have been a widow.

C. The fact is you never troubled to find out. You were just carried away by a wicked infatuation.

H. Do you insist on being married?

C. I think it would be more natural.

H. Just as you like, of course.

C. Very well. I 'm a married woman, and you are once more talking to a perfect stranger.

H. Not a *perfect* stranger. We 've been introduced and we 've danced not wisely but too well. I 'm now, after the fourth blue, on the point of proposing to you and learning to my great sorrow that you are already married.

C. Good.

[*She assumes an attitude of expectation.*

H. (*begins*). Dearest——

C. (*pleased but pained*). Oh! but you mustn't.

H. It 's useless to say that. Two blues ago I might have avoided your fatal charms. Now it 's too late. I love you.

C. (*sadly but gently*). My poor boy! You really mustn't make love to me.

H. I must. I shall. I ought. I do.

[*He clasps her firmly round the waist.*

C. (*disengaging herself*). Please.

H. (*distractedly*). Cold, cold.

C. There you do me wrong. I am not cold by nature. I 'm cold only by force of circumstances—cold because I dare not venture to be warm.

H. What are these circumstances that come between us?

C. (*hanging her head*). I 'm a married woman.

H. Impossible. I must get this into my head. Give me a moment. Give me several moments.

C. My poor boy! (*She has said this before, but can think of nothing else.*)

H. (*grasping the problem in all its bearings*). Very well. You are married. But tell me this—are you happy?

C. (*desperately*). Please don't ask me that.

H. I do ask you. I can't believe you are happy, and you have a right to be happy. (*Fiercely*) Where is your husband?

C. Oh, you terrify me in that savage mood!

H. Why are you here, alone and unprotected?

C. Please don't ask me any more questions. The subject is too painful. You see I loved him once. We were devoted to one another. Then gradually the romance seemed to be fading out of our lives. I suppose he got used to me. . . .

H. Incredible!

C. There was a time when he noticed everything I was wearing, when he looked at me always as if for the first time. He fell in love with me every day.

H. That I can understand. That is exactly how I feel to-night.

C. (*sadly*). Now he has ceased to notice. He is casual. He neglects me. He never buys me chocolates or reads to me in the evening, or says I 'm the sweetest woman in the world.

H. (*announcing a tremendous discovery*). The husband who neglects his wife deserves to lose her.

C. To-night things came to a climax.

H. How did it happen?

C. He forgot to buy me my flowers. He always used to bring me flowers for a party. What was worse, he saw me in my new frock and said not a word. On the contrary he frowned, and I knew what he was thinking.

H. What was he thinking?

C. The fourth in three weeks and not a penny less than twenty guineas.

H. (*incredulously*). Do you mean to tell me that, seeing you in that ravishing frock, he could think one moment of vile guineas, that your loveliness presented itself to him in terms of an invoice?

C. It was a parting of the ways, and



THE FILIAL TOUCH.

Schoolboy. "HULLO, FATHER! I SAY—DO YOU THINK I COULD HAVE A PAIR OF THOSE WIDE BAGS THESE HOLS.?"

we took a terrible decision. Henceforth we were to meet as strangers.

H. And now you 're here—alone.

C. Alone.

H. Tell me, do you still love this man?

C. How is it possible? I 'm a proud woman. I 've been neglected, weighed in the scale against a wad of crumpled Fishers. All is over between me and the man I loved.

H. (*ardently*). Then I may hope that when the wound is healed——

C. Foolish boy! my heart was yours from the moment when we first met. I 'm glad now that I came here alone.

H. Then you will marry me in spite of everything?

C. Yes, but you must give me time.

H. Time?

C. There 's the divorce, you must remember. Not that it will be at all difficult. My husband will be as eager to be free as I am. He is probably at this very moment making love to some pretty stranger. He 's like that. Meanwhile——

H. We 're married in the sight of Heaven.

[*In the shadow of the hydrangeas they embrace.*

C. (*emerging happily*). You will never neglect me, will you, and do sums in your head when I want to be admired?

H. Never. And if ever I do I hereby give you free permission to deal with me as with your first husband. Abandon me. Become to me as a stranger. Go out into the gay world and look for Harlequin. He will always be round the corner; and, seeing you as for the first time, he will always see something he has never seen before, and each time will be more wonderful than the last.

C. (*wistfully*). How do you know that it will always be like that?

H. That, my darling, is an easy one. The copybooks are unanimous on the subject.

C. What do you mean?

H. I mean, my precious, that history repeats itself.

[*And the hydrangeas again are merciful.*

At a hunt-dinner:—

"Mr. Reynard proposed the toast of 'Non-Hunting Farmers.' "—*Local Paper.*

He would.

"OLD WORLD."

I AM often asked to suggest names for houses, but I have never yet had my advice taken.

Only the other day a friend who had built a house on the cliffs looking out on the Channel came to me in distress. "What can I call it?" he asked. "There 's only 'Sea-view' that fits it, and I hate that."

"Why not 'Sea-sound'?" I said.

He went away looking very dubious, and the next time we met and I asked him what he had called his house he said "Sea-view."

I didn't mind, although I 'm sure my name was better than his; original too. And the sound of the sea is often far more attractive than the sight of it. But I 'll forgive him anything because he refrained from referring to his new home as a *pied-à-terre*.

My latest friend to acquire a rural bolt-hole came to me a little while ago and said, "What is a grange? I have bought a little *pied-à-terre* and my wife wants me to call it 'The Grange;' it has always been her desire to live in one. But I am afraid of the word. It sounds at once too grand and too old. Also it may not be right. Can one call just anything a grange? I can't help feeling that 'grange' must mean something definite or there would be more of them."

"Has the house any farm buildings built on to it?" I asked.

"No," he said.

"Is it surrounded by farm buildings?" I asked.

"No," he said, "there is not one. There is a greenhouse and a garage and a potting-shed, but no farm buildings."

"Then," I replied, "it is not a grange. It is merely a country cottage or a villa; probably the kind of villa that is called a cottage, in the pride that apes humility."

"Then what is a grange?" my friend demanded.

"A grange originally was a barn containing grain," I said; "later the word was applied to the house adjoining that barn; and gradually it has come to be given loosely to any country house above a certain size. Yours may not be big enough or look grangey enough. Does it look grangey?"

He smiled dubiously.

"But," I said, "to put 'Grange' on your notepaper is to have your foot on, or at any rate within the vicinity of, the social ladder; you are in danger of being called upon."

"I know," he said with a sigh. "But all the same you don't think I can call it 'The Grange'?"

"Not with scrupulous veracity," I said.

"She rather fancies 'Manor,' too," he said. "Would that do?"

"Are you talking about the same house?" I asked.

"Yes," he replied.

"Do you own the surrounding land?" I asked.

"About an acre," he said.

"Is it covered by the cottages of your villeins and serfs?" I asked.

"Devil a serf," he said.

"Then you oughtn't strictly to call it a Manor," I replied. "Not strictly. A manor is the residence of the lord of a demesne who extracts fees from his lands and groundlings. But of course 'The Manor' would be an excellent address too. And, on the note-paper, a little engine with the nearest station, and a little section of wires with the telegraphic address; and then, after a year or so, the County might begin to call. Do you want the County?"

"*I* don't," he replied. And then after a pause—"Do you really think they 'd call?"

"Once," I said. "Or, at any rate, they would drive up to the door, or near it."

"She likes 'The Priory' too. Don't you like 'The Priory'?"

"Immensely," I said. "But what



Host. "SAY 'WHEN.' "

McTavish (*after pause*). "A WOR-R-D O' FOUR-R LETTERS, COMMONLY EMPLOYED AS AN INTERROGATIVE OR R-RELATIVE ADVERB, BUT HERE USED TO SEEGNIFY A PAR-R-TICULAR JUNCTUR-RE O' TIME."



THE SPREAD OF CULTURE.

Chauffeur (pulling up). "NAH THEN! THINK YOU 'RE A BIT O' THE PAWTHENON FRIEZE, DON'T YER? GIT ON! 'OP IT!"

is the house like? When was it built?"

"Last year," he said.

"In a hollow, of course?" I asked.

"No, on a hill," he replied. "Why in a hollow?"

"For fishponds," I said, "for Fridays. The Old Persuasion, you know. But what is it like?"

"Red brick," he said, "and roughcast. Tiles. White chimneys. Two windows each side of the porch, and on the first floor five in all. Perfect symmetry. Garage for two-seater on the west; greenhouse on the east. Enough lawn for Badminton."

"And the beginnings," I said, "of a short pergola?"

"How did you know?" he asked.

"Inspired guesswork," I replied.

"Then 'Priory' wouldn't do?" he asked.

"Hardly, I fear," I said. "Nor 'Abbey.' Strictly speaking—always strictly speaking—a Priory should have a Prior, an Abbey an Abbot. How do you feel about that?"

He had apparently no feelings.

"Are there any trees?" I asked.

"There 's a laburnum by the gate," he said.

"Doesn't that help?" I asked.

"Not a bit. That 's what it 's called now: 'Laburnum Cottage.' She 's frightfully keen on 'The Grange' or 'The Towers' or even 'The Hall,'" he continued. "It 's near a village called Little Tinkling. Is 'Little Tinkling Place' impossible? Must there be towers if you call it 'The Towers'? Aren't we being too pedantic about accuracy? Think of all those 6.30 papers that you can buy at 3 o'clock."

"It 's up to you," I said. "On the principle that an Englishman's house is his castle, you can call it 'Little Tinkling Castle' or even 'The Moat.' The fact that it is on a hill is no reason why you shouldn't call it 'The Wharf.' After all, it 's your house; it 's you who 've got to live in it."

He went away frowning dolefully, and this morning came from his wife an invitation to the house-warming. The heading on the notepaper was "The Grange, Little Tinkling." E. V. L.

From a City article:—

"Canards are a fair lock-up speculation."
Sunday Paper.

We disapprove of these duck-and-drake flutters. "Cunards" are probably safer.

"Why let the Borer destroy your valuable Piano when you can have it permanently destroyed with poisonous gases.—J. ——, Piano Tuner."—*Advt. in New Zealand Paper.*

We suffer a good deal from a musical neighbour and should like to know more about these poisonous gases.

TRAFFIC RHYMES.

VII.—THE OMNIBUS.

THE bus was most embarrassing
In days that have gone by,
The cat sat looking at the king,
Which made the king feel shy;
The commonest of cats might stare,
Provided that he paid his fare.

But now the bus has changed its shape
And rectified the case,
So cats and kings no longer gape
Each in the other's face;
Demurely seated two and two
They 're sheltered from each other's view.

Thus from the cat's inspection saved,
The king is much relieved;
Supposing that he hasn't shaved,
The fact is not perceived;
Imagination touches in
The Roman nose, the chiselled chin.

When next the bus's shape is changed,
How would it be if all
The passengers inside were ranged
With faces to the wall?
The cat in that case couldn't spy
Even the back of such as I.

THE POLICEMAN'S SERENADE.

A Grand Little Opera.

Outside a house — Moonlight — Discovered, a Policeman, with Lantern, Truncheon and Service Guitar.

The Policeman.
Susan, hear my tuneful sighing;
Brightest jewel on my beat,
From your hateful kitchen flying
In my bosom find retreat;
See, the moon, serene and argent!
And we need not fear the Sergeant,
For he loves a lady too.
Here in pain I stand, my beauty,
One devoted eye on duty,
But the other fixed on you.

Susan (emerging).
Robert, though in my profession
We are crude, uncultured, coarse,
In the arts of self-expression
Scarcely fit to meet the Force,
In my plain ill-tutored fashion
Let me here declare my passion,
And, if still you doubt my flame,
Robert, see with what sweet ardour,
Leaving chaos in the larder,
To your dear blue arms I came.

The Policeman.
Now, my girl, I know you're mocking;
Have you not another swain?
When you hear the postman knocking
Does your heart not knock again?
When you hear that milkman bellow
Do you still admire the fellow?
Tell me, love, for, if 'tis so,
Should I meet these men at luncheon
With a buffet from my truncheon
Robert's rivals go below.

Susan.
Robert, cease this foolish clamour;
Vain the milkman's modish coo,
And in vain do postmen hammer
If they bring no word from you.
For yourself your Sue is yearning—
But I smell the supper burning,
Back to duty must I press,
So, if you have done with hinting,
You 'll oblige me by imprinting
On my lips a chaste caress.
[*Chaste caress.* Susan *retires into the kitchen.*

The Policeman.
So, good-night. Sleep sound, my pretty;
Here till dawn I take my stand;
There are burglars in this city,
But we have them well in hand;
And whatever fears may furrow
Other foreheads in the borough
Nothing shall this roof surprise;
Mice and burglars both repelling,
Robert guards the sacred dwelling
Where his lovely Susan lies.
[*Exit the* Policeman, *with lantern, to examine the defences of the house. Enter a* Milkman, *with milkcart.*

The Milkman (softly). Milk-O! Milk-O!
Come, Susan, from thy pots and pans,
No matter who may chide,
For with his merry tinkling cans
Thy milkman waits outside,
That brings each morning with his cart
His unadulterated heart
And softly calls below,
"Milk-O! my love, Milk-O!"

So fair the night, my love so strong,
This way I had to walk,
But I have brought my cart along
That people may not talk;
This pint of milk I 'll give to thee
Our little *alibi* to be,
And softly call below,
"Milk-O! my love, Milk-O!"

Susan (emerging).
Is that my milkman? Did I hear
That voice so like the linnet's?
O lovely milkman, kiss me, dear
(I 've not been kissed for minutes).
[*The* Milkman *gives her a pint of milk and a kiss.* The Policeman, *returning, observes this transaction with ill-concealed concern.*

The Policeman (aside).
Duped! Duped! Ah, duped! So this
is Woman's trust.
Revenge, proud Robert! He shall bite
the dust.
(*He approaches the guilty pair.*)
Now what 's all this here?

The Milkman. Officer,
My lawful trade I ply with her,
Of which in witness pray behold
This pint of milk but newly sold.

The Policeman (suspiciously).
In my experience of crime—
And that, my lad, 's a goodish time—
I never saw a stranger sight,
A person selling milk at *night*.
Had it been whisky, now, or silk
I might have winked at it—but
Milk!

Susan.
Unhand him, wretch!

The Policeman. My girl, withdraw.
It 's my belief he 's broke the law;
Men don't sell pints of milk by
chance—
It 's a suspicious circumstance.
And what is more, you amorous
gurgler,
You 'll be arrested for a burglar.
But first, that nothing be mistook,
I 'll note the details in my book.
[*He does so. Meanwhile the* Milkman *sings a passionate farewell.*

The Milkman.
Farewell, my heart, farewell!
To Pentonville I go,
But in my gloomy cell
One comfort I may know—
Outside the dungeon dark,
If you will sit and hark,
I 'll now and then remark,
"Milk-O! my love, Milk-O!"

Susan.
Outside the dungeon dark
I 'll sit at eve and hark,
And hope that you 'll remark,
"Milk-O! my love, Milk-O!"

The Policeman (taking notes).
Though he is in the dark
This ill-conditioned spark
Will now and then remark,
"Milk-O! my love, Milk-O!"
[*During this affecting scene a* Burglar, *seizing his opportunity, enters the house by the open kitchen door. Emotional music. The* Policeman *marches the* Milkman *off with cart.*

Susan (reflective).
Alas, in one short night
To lose two lovers true!
O Cupid, is this right?
I put the point to you.
My Milkman in a cage,
My Robert in a rage,
O Cupid, at this stage
What is a girl to do?
[*The* Burglar *emerges from the house carrying a bag containing swag.*

The Burglar (presenting pistol).
Be silent, hussy, for if you should
shout
The chances are you 'll have your
brains blown out.

Susan (unmoved—curiously).
The voice is sweet,
Well formed the feet,
The figure has a grace;
One boon I ask—
Remove your mask,
That I may see the face.
(*Reassuring*)
To jail I will not shove you,
For I believe I love you.
[*The* Burglar, *struck by her beauty and courage, removes his mask, while his revolver falls from his nerveless fingers.*
Now strike me pink in every limb
and feature
If e'er I saw a more attractive crea-
ture!

Susan (after examining the face, picks up the revolver).
Yes, I love you, burglar dear;
Burglar, will you marry me?
You have money, it is clear,
I have brains for two or three.
Burglar, if you will not wed,
I shall shoot you through the head!
Better marr-i-ed than dead—
Pretty burglar, marry me!



American Husband (after studying bill at Continental hotel). "Say, what does 'boys' mean?"
Wife. "How do you spell it?"
Husband. "B-o-i-s."
Wife. "Oh, that's the wood we had for the fire."
Husband. "No; they've got that down as 'timbers'—'t-i-m-b-e-r-s.'"

The Burglar.
Never in my varied life
Saw I such a tiger-cat:
Born to be a burglar's wife—
And I can't say more than that.
You can drop the pistol now
(It's not loaded, anyhow);
I'll propose, if you'll allow—
Pretty housemaid, marry me!

Both. To the booty of the day
Let me add one precious kiss,
With our treasure then away—
But no burgling after this.
Burgling is, in fact, a bore;
Safe upon some foreign shore
We'll be happy evermore—
Pretty {burglar, / housemaid,} marry me!

[*They go off, rapturous, with bag of swag. The* Policeman *returns, philosophical, having jugged the* Milkman, *and resumes his vigil.*

The Policeman.
Frail, ah, frail! But I forgive her.
Here till dawn I play my part,
So no other evil-liver
Shall attempt her guileless heart;
And whatever fears may furrow
Other foreheads in the borough
Nothing shall this roof surprise;
Mice and burglars both repelling,
Through the night I'll guard the dwelling
Where my lovely Susan lies.

Curtain. A. P. H.

Poor Oxford!—"home of lost causes" and impossible trouserings.

DILAPIDATIONS.

All day long, surrounded by wreckage, they sit aloft, brush in hand, singing hard.

This is not a fairy-tale about mermaids and sirens. It is a true story about house-decorators. I am in the middle of an orgy of "dilapidations." Anything more dilapidated than the appearance of my house at present you could not imagine.

For weeks I have wakened to the sound of a going in the housetop, and from sunrise till dusk the songs of men and the flip-flop of the whitewash brush have been heard in the house.

At first, as I lay abed in the dawn, I liked to hear them singing. Sometimes their voices would cease for a few moments, when I imagined them tense with concentration, but never the flip-flop of the brush, which, like a conductor's *bâton*, kept time steadily until they relaxed and the song was taken up again a few bars further on.

Drowsily I would lie listening as to a lullaby, and fall asleep again—

"Sing me to sleep,
The shadows fall—
Let me flip-flop,
Flip-flop, flop-flip."

But gradually, as I got to know the whole *répertoire*, I realized the horrid truth. Although doubtless in the first instance the brush rhythm induced the song, as the clack-clack of train wheels will start a tune in one's head on a railway journey, once started they worked in rhythm with their songs, all of which were very solemn and enervating, and about evening, autumn and death.

Mournfully their voices would come wailing through the ceiling—

"But the miller's love'y daughter,
Both from cold and care was free;
On the banks of Allan Water—
Flip-flap-flop—lay she."

Through sentimentally rendered encore after encore of this, "The Last Rose of Summer," and "Home, Sweet Home," I bore up, but when at length they drifted into hymns my heart sank. The only ones they seemed to know were "Abide with Me," and "Forty Days and Forty Nights."

It was not merely that it depressed me; I also felt it must be so numbing to the energies. The work would never at this rate be finished in my lifetime. There was something sinister, I remembered, about the words painted on a ladder I had seen one day in what was once my bedroom. One side bore the legend, "Builder and Decorator," and the other the depressing word, "Undertaker."

A day came when there floated into my mind the memory of a lecture I had attended on Suggestion, and I decided to try it.

Next morning, when they began droning "Forty Days and Forty Nights," I went to the piano and struck up "Three Blind Mice," with the loud pedal down, increasing the pace as I went on.

Presently I stopped and listened. I was not disappointed. Briskly the echo reached me—

Presto. "Three blind mice,
Flip-flap-flop,
See how they run,
Flip flap-flop.

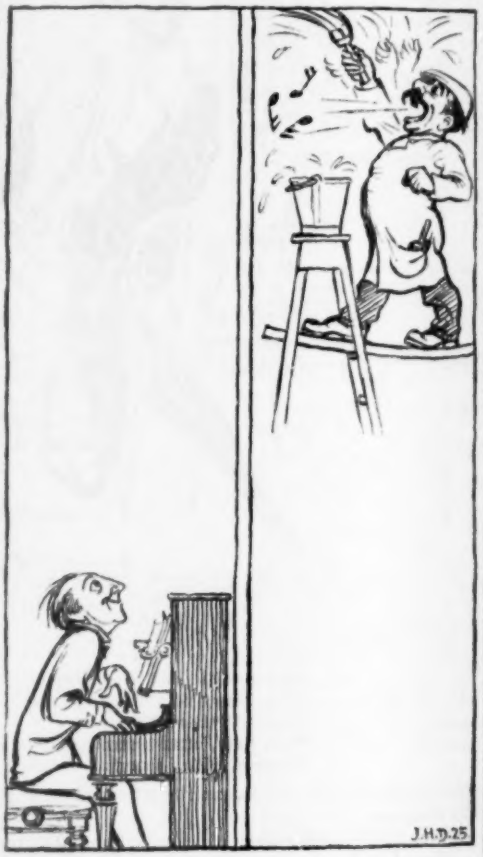
Accel. They all ran after the farmer's wife;
She cut off their tails with a flip-flap-flop," etc., etc., etc.

The rest was simple. Every morning and afternoon, directly after breakfast and lunch, I play quick marches and other rousing things like "John Brown's Body" and "Polly Wolly Doodle all the Day," and for a hymn, "Onward, Christian Soldiers." If a special effort is called for, I try a Tarantella.

The effect is amazing. If master builders would provide their men with gramophones and suitable records in working hours the result would be a glut of houses.



"'The Last Rose of Summer.'"



"'Polly Wolly Doodle all the Day.'"



Voice from outgoing steamer's bridge. "Hi! let go that rope somebody!"
Gentleman of Leisure. "Wot for? It'll part soon enough."

? ?

The following series of Lectures and Counter Lectures, it is announced, will be held in the Great Hall of the London School of Economics during the month of May:—

IS A WOMAN'S PLACE IN THE HOME?

Miss Rebecca West.
Mr. Alfred Duff Cooper, M.P.
Chairman: The Viscountess Gladstone.

DOES GOLF DO MORE HARM THAN GOOD?

Mr. Leo Maxse.
Right Hon. Earl of Balfour.
Chairman: Sir Robert Hudson.

DID BOSWELL MAKE JOHNSON?

Sir Charles Russell.
Mr. Edward Shanks.
Chairman:
Right Hon. Augustine Birrell, K.C.

WHY NOT BRIGHTEN LONDON?

Mr. George Grossmith.
Mr. Charles Whibley.
Chairman:
Major I. H. Beith ("Ian Hay").

It is also hoped that Mr. Bernard Shaw and Mr. Hilaire Belloc will take part in a debate, with Mr. J. C. Squire in the Chair, on a subject to be chosen by themselves.

Mr. Punch has great pleasure in announcing a simultaneous series of Inspired Conundrums to be asked and answered by well-known personages (if they accept the invitation), at a meeting-place which will be selected by himself—most probably the Albert Hall.

SHOULD THE BANK OF ENGLAND LEND MONEY?

Mr. Winston Churchill.
Sir Montague Norman.
Chairman: Lord Carson.

DID SAVONAROLA DINE OUT?

Dean Inge.
Bishop Welldon.
Chairman: The Bishop of London.

IS OXFORD DRY?

Mr. C. J. Mower-White.
Lady Astor.
Chairman: The Earl of Oxford.

CAN MOTORING BE TOO EXPENSIVE?

Viscount Curzon.
Mr. Ramsay MacDonald.
Chairman: Lord Dunedin.

STANDS WEMBLEY WHERE IT DID?

Mr. Rudyard Kipling.
Mr. Alfred Noyes.
Chairman: Sir Travers Clarke.

WHO'S BEEN MISSING HIS RUSSIAN?

Mr. Oswald Mosley.
Mr. Wheatley.
Chairman: Mr. Jack Jones.

IS THE NATION RED?

Mr. Maynard Keynes.
Y. Y. (Mr. Robert Lynd).
Chairman: Mr. J. St. Loe Strachey.

SHOULD PLAYS BE LESS PROPER?

Mr. Noel Coward.
Mr. Frederick Lonsdale.
Chairman: Mr. Somerset Maugham.

WHY NOT DECIMATE PICCADILLY?

Mr. Michael Arlen.
Sir Edmund Gosse.
Chairman: Mr. George Robey.

If dates and lecturers can be found it is finally proposed to discuss these two problems: "Do cats eat bats?" and "Is it likely to rain any more?" and it is hoped that upon the latter occasion Miss Gwendolen Farrar will consent to preside.

Commercial Logic.

From a grocer's circular:—

"To demonstrate to you the Exceptional Value we give in Tea, we will present absolutely Free of Charge one half-pound of our delicious pure Cocoa."

"The annual dinner of the Calcutta Rotary Club was held last night. A large company of members and guests, ladies included, sat down to an irreproachable past."—*Indian Paper.*

The ladies, of course, brought it with them.



Caller. "I SAY, DO YOU THINK YOUR GUV'NOR COULD POSSIBLY SEE ME?"

MILITARY CAT WEEK.

WHEN the Colonel had for three mornings in succession discovered, at 9.30 A.M., a marmalade-coloured cat regarding him with a baleful eye from his office table, the edict went forth. All cats without a definite owner and not in possession of a permanent pass were to be destroyed within four days, and in the future disciplinary action would be taken against anyone found accumulating cats over and above the following scale:—

Officers' and Sergeants' Messes	1 per mess.
Men's Mess-Rooms	2 per room.
Barrack Huts	1 per hut.
Cookhouses	1 per three cooks.
Company Offices	1 per office (including pay offices).
On mobilisation charge, spare, and to replace cats damaged through fair wear and tear	6.

For the next few days after the edict there was consternation among the camp cats. Honest cats that had lived all their lives in the shadow of a cookhouse dixie were hurriedly smuggled away in haversacks and boarded out in neighbouring villages. Others had humiliating labels with their owner's rank, number and name tied round their necks. "A" Company office cat was entered up officially on the inventory board as "Cats, shell, tortoise, complete with fur, 1; do. do., lives, 9." "B" Company office cat, a smooth white one, appeared one morning wearing a smirk and the orderly-room stamp, with date and "CONFIDENTIAL" impressed on its side in indelible ink. Then, when every official cat had been properly brought on charge, Cat Week began.

The camp pack of hounds, which had had such success during Rat Week in the case of Rudolf, were again requisitioned, and we had some very good runs. But there was one cat, late of the cookhouse and called Clarence, who resisted all attempts at slaughter; even on one occasion going so far as to turn at bay and severely maul our best hound—a fine cross between a beagle and a red setter. We nearly had him once when, after a hard run, he was chased by the pack in full cry on to the parade-ground, where a parade was in progress, and was at last treed up the senior Corporal of No. 1 Platoon. The Corporal, severely shaken at finding himself with a cat on his cap and embedded to the waist in a morass of dogs, promptly sat down; whereupon Clarence, making full use of the "usual channels," leapt in turn on to the Platoon-Sergeant, the Sergeant-Major, a subaltern, and finally reached the roof of a hut, evidently in search of higher authority.

After this setback the pack ceased to be employed, except on half-days, and we took other steps. These consisted of a piece of bait and a large cage made of wood and wire netting, which was fixed up in the cookhouse.

At 9.15 one night the Orderly Officer was hurriedly summoned from the Mess by the Sergeant-Cook with the news that Clarence was under close arrest, and, together with two others of us and an injunction from the Colonel to make sure of him this time, set off for the cookhouse. Here we found one of the cooks sucking his teeth and stolidly regarding the wire cage by the light of a solitary candle. Inside the cage was a blur of centrifugal motion—apparently Clarence taking a stroll round the interior in

search of the emergency exit. Upon our arrival he stopped suddenly, spat with considerable vim but poor aim, and started round at high speed again in the opposite direction, to see whether he had overlooked anything the first trip. Finally he came to rest in a corner. It was Clarence all right, looking evil-minded enough for anything.

It was the Sergeant-Cook who first put the matter on a practical footing.

"Well, Sir," he said, "we ought to kill the beggar."

"Yes," we said without enthusiasm, "let's kill it."

There was a pause. Clarence looked as though he would be inclined to dispute the decision. He stropped his claws and made a half-arm jab at the Orderly Officer's leg.

After a further pause it was suggested that some of us should lift the cage, while another secured Clarence and put him in a bucket. This suggestion was carried; but everyone seemed keen on lifting the cage and no one on lifting Clarence. Finally the Cook, being the junior in rank, reluctantly volunteered, after a brief harangue in a husky whisper from the Sergeant on the direction of the path of duty.

Lifting the cage seemed easy enough for the rest of us, but it wasn't. Three of us started to do it, and Clarence got two. We all dropped it. The attack had failed to develop. It was not until Clarence had scored two more inners that he committed a bad tactical error. While backing away from a frontal attack he put his tail through the cage, and the Sergeant-Cook promptly put his foot on it and held it there. Then we all mopped our foreheads and shook hands.

In the subsequent discussion the Sergeant was for hanging, and I for drowning, while James, our heaviest and most bloodthirsty subaltern, went and fetched his revolver. When he got back we took it gently from him and put it in the swill-tub outside. We knew James too well for that.

Finally it was decided that I should take a pick helve, that James should lift the cage, while the Sergeant still stood on the tail, and that I should then smite shrewdly and try to despatch Clarence in one. The Orderly Officer and the Cook were posted at the door as fielders in case Clarence got loose.

As a matter of fact he did—I don't know how. The moment the cage was lifted he sprang straight at James, and James retreated. I lashed out with the pick helve. The Sergeant kicked vigorously at what he thought was Clarence, and wasn't. The two fielders threw tins of bully. We all, I think, were thankful that James's revolver was in the swill-tub. Eventually a mashie shot of mine, after sweeping James's feet from under him, brought down the candle and we were plunged in darkness.

We relit it and looked for Clarence, but he was nowhere to be seen. He had disappeared through a window, which during the *mêlée* the Sergeant had inadvertently opened with the back of his head. Somehow I don't think that Clarence means to come back—and indeed it will be far better for him, and for all of us, if he doesn't.



The New Gardener. "I THOUGHT, FOR THE NEW BORDER, SIR, WE MIGHT HAVE VIOLAS AS AN EDGING, THEN COLUMBINES BACKED BY CORYDALIS OCHROLEUCA?"

Master. "UM—BETTER SHOVE THE—ER—LAST ONE IN FRONT. BIT MORE SHOWY, EH?"

News from Newbury.

"The Aga Khan was immensely pleased with the victory of Diacquenod, and was telling all his friends that Zionist would win the Berkshire Three-Year-Old Handicap."—*Evening Paper.*

"The Aga Khan is some thousands of miles away from these shores at the present time, but he will learn in due course that his three-year-old, Diacquenod, was equal to winning the Chieveley Handicap."
Morning Paper.

"President Coolidge and his entire Cabinet participated in the exercises, occupying half of the first row of seats, the remainder being held by Chief Justice Taft."—*Japanese Paper.*

The same gentleman, you remember, who gave up his seat in a tramcar to make room for four ladies.

"Bad cluk has consistently dogged the Oxford crew since they came to Henley."—*Evening Paper.*

There certainly has been a lot of indifferent cackling in the Press about the Boat Race.



Merchant (to artist with rejected pictures). "'ERE Y' ARE, SIR! 'AVE A FUNNY NOSE."

HOPE FOR STELLA.

Stella (4½). Oh dear!

Daddy. What 's the matter?

Stella. I *do* wish I could have some children of my own when I 'm grown up.

Daddy. Well, I daresay you will; why shouldn't you?

Stella. Well, you see, Laura says you can't have children unless you 're married.

Daddy. And why shouldn't you get married?

Stella. Well, you see, Laura says you can't get married unless somebody asks you to; and supposing nobody ever asked me?

Laura (6½). Never mind, Stella; I know what you could do. You could have a maid.

Stella. Could I really? Could I, Daddy? Can you have a maid if you 're not married?

Daddy. Oh, yes; that 's perfectly all right.

Laura. You never *think*, Stella. There 's Auntie Hilda, she 's not married, and she 's got one maid already, and she was telling Mummy in a letter a little while ago that she 's almost certain she 's going to have another. Oh, it 's perfectly all right.

Stella. Well, I 'm glad. But could I have a very *little* maid? A little maid that I could bath and put to bed?

Mummy. Easily enough, I daresay. The job is to find a little maid that you can get *out* of bed.

Stella. Well, I 'm very glad. But, Laura, I do think you might have told me before. All yesterday and this morning I 've been wondering and wondering what ever I could do if I didn't get married. Please, Mummy, can I have another piece of pudding?

FATE.

If they should meet, these two, if they should meet—
  If they should meet as meet one day they will,
They shall not pause nor linger in the street,
  But pass with heads averted, strange and still.

Or sometimes for a moment they shall stand
  And o'er the gulf predestined to divide
Wave far-off greetings with a distant hand,
  Who erst were wont to wander side by side.

It was not faithlessness that broke that tie;
  The adamantine gods who sit above—
The adamantine gods whom none defy—
  Forbade renewal of their simple love.

A time shall come at last to heal that breach;
  Beyond the unending term they may not see
They shall be joined again then, each to each,
  And lip touch lip once more in amity.

To-day the spirit leaps, the proud heart jumps,
  The insuperable river rolls between,
For John 's had whooping-cough and Susan mumps,
  And both came back from school in quarantine.

EVOE.

An All-round Man.

"A clever Spiritualist has come to Colombo and resides at —— Hotel. Foretells present, past and future. Very satisfactory."—*Ceylon Paper.*

"Undoubtedly the musical profession has been hardly hit by wireless.—Sir Landon Ronald."—*Daily Paper.*

We rejoice to hear that it has suffered so slightly.



ARTHUR CŒUR-DE-ZION.

Lord Balfour. "I'LL SING THEE SONGS OF ARABY,
AND TALES OF FAIR JUDÆA."

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Monday, March 30th.—The exhilarating effect of Spring has not extended to the House of Commons. There the approach of the Easter Holidays seems to have made the proceedings duller than ever. Young Master CHAMBERLAIN, visiting the Distinguished Strangers' Gallery under the ægis of his father, the MINISTER OF HEALTH, did his best to take an interest in Question-time, but was obviously relieved when Uncle AUSTEN came to visit him.

The rest of us "strangers" derived such entertainment as we could from Mr. ORMSBY-GORE'S almost indignant denial of the suggestion that under any circumstances this country, as the mandatory Power, could profit by the discovery of oil in Iraq; and from the same Minister's convincing response to Mr. LIVINGSTONE'S request that he would make it clear that Lord BALFOUR is a Presbyterian: "Certainly. He read the lessons yesterday in the *Anglican* cathedral."

Heckled from all sides as to the alleged "leakage" in respect to the recent issue of Conversion Loan, Mr. CHURCHILL replied that Sir WARREN FISHER, "the head of the Civil Service," had assured him, after full inquiry, that no such disclosure had taken place. This introduction of the name of a Civil Servant aroused protests from constitutional pundits like Major HORE-BELISHA and Sir HENRY CRAIK; and the chastened CHANCELLOR with mock humility kissed the rod.

Colonel ASHLEY'S request for powers to plant trees along the new roads was strongly endorsed by Colonel WEDGWOOD—whose ideal, it would almost seem, is that one should not be able to see the road for the trees—and by Mr. GOSLING, who was in favour of fruit-trees, and with happy confidence expressed the belief that boys had so much improved since his own day that the fruit would be allowed to ripen.

On the adjournment Mr. SAKLATVALA had just time to declare that the Supplementary Reserve was "a conspiracy against the masses," when his audience disappeared and the House was counted out.

Tuesday, March 31st.—On the principle that "it 's dogged that does it" Lord BANBURY made his annual attempt to obtain a Second Reading for his Dogs' Protection Bill. He had no new arguments to bring forward in support of his plea that "the friend of man" should be specially exempted from vivisection, but eked out the old ones with a long quotation from BYRON.

Lord KNUTSFORD, unimpressed by that "poetical lord," again led the



JACK-IN-THE-GREEN.
COLONEL WEDGWOOD.

opposition to the Bill, and countered the old sentimental arguments with the old scientific objections. Not very wisely, perhaps, Lord LAMBOURNE doubted the sincerity of those opponents of the Bill who called themselves dog-lovers—"they looked upon the dog as a highly-skilled bit of mechanism for retrieving game or performing tricks." Lord MILDMAY opposed the Bill "in the interests of dogs themselves;" only by experiment could a remedy be found for their great enemy distemper. The Bill was rejected.

A notable example of the art of vivisection skilfully exercised was then provided by Lord BIRKENHEAD. Lord OLIVIER had asked for information about the administration of the Bengal Ordinance, which he had rather hinted was being used against political offenders, whereas it was only intended for dealing with crimes of violence. Treating his predecessor at the India Office in the manner recommended by ISAAK WALTON for dealing with the worm—"as if he loved him"—Lord BIRKENHEAD entirely justified him for sanctioning those "remarkable, almost unprecedented" powers, and assured him that he was, quite unnecessarily, "quarrelling with his own progeny." Then he took occasion to welcome the recent pacific statement of Mr. DAS, and urged him to go further and help the Government of India in repressing violence. If he would do that the way would be open for "that which we all desire"—the progressive realisation of responsible Government in British India. Lord OLIVIER, surprised, perhaps, to find that his successor was not the reactionary he expected to find him, thereupon expressed himself satisfied.



A PROTECTOR GONE WRONG.
LORD BANBURY.

The Member for Wirral would like to be known as "The Saving GRACE." This afternoon he invited the Government to bring in a Bill to reduce the expense of litigation by limiting the amount of counsels' fees; was the HOME SECRETARY aware that thirty thousand pounds was spent in a recent case to decide whether a husband or a wife was telling the truth? "JICKS" expressed sympathy, but declined the suggested task on the ground that "the brains of such eminent counsel are very dear."

Mr. GRACE, having won the first place in the ballot for April 15, then announced his intention of calling attention to the number of questions asked by Liberal Members. He was rewarded by loud laughter from all quarters of the House—due in part, I am afraid, to the fact that on April 15 the House will not be sitting.

A propos of the ballot, a fine example of Parliamentary chivalry was given by Mr. HARRISON, who had secured first place to-night for a motion dealing with

the fishing industry. The second place belonged to Mr. GEORGE HIRST, who desired to call attention to accidents in mines; and this had suddenly acquired an unexpected urgency owing to the lamentable entombment of thirty-eight workers in a Northumbrian pit. Accordingly, Mr. HARRISON, in the spirit of Sir PHILIP SIDNEY, said in effect, "Thy necessity is greater than mine," and gave priority to Mr. HIRST.

Wednesday, April 1st.—Lord REDESDALE invited the Government to declare that in our next war we should use to the full our sea-power against neutrals, and contended that, had we done so in the late War, it would have been over in months instead of years. Lord HALDANE wondered in that case if Germany would have been our only serious enemy. He preferred the delicate negotiations which had enabled our trade to go on with neutrals, and particularly with one Great Power which afterwards came to our aid.

For once Lord SALISBURY consented to take Lord HALDANE'S cautious counsel. It would have been insane, he thought, to use our Fleet without regard to the susceptibilities of neutrals, on whose commodities we were dependent. The public law of Europe was again in a state of evolution; but he hoped that, if we were called upon to wage another war, we should still do so "with some regard to the principles of humanity and civilisation."

An attack by Lord RUSSELL on the administration of the Post Office—"a martinet department living in a world of its own"—would have had more effect, perhaps, if delivered by some other Peer. Lord GAINFORD, an ex-P.M.G., would not then have been able to make play with the spectacle of a Socialist Peer denouncing the one department of State that had been nationalised.

The FOREIGN SECRETARY gave no encouragement to Colonel GRETTON'S suggestion that we should invite the Washington Government to press the defaulting Southern States to pay the debts they contracted during the Civil War. Lady ASTOR, adding her soprano to the Colonel's bass, ingeniously suggested that now those States had adopted Prohibition they would have more money to pay with. But Mr. CHAMBERLAIN advised her to use her blandishments on the defaulters direct. If their American creditors could not get paid there was no chance for British.

The suggestion, in a question by Sir F. HALL, that under present conditions of unemployment benefit it paid miners to work only three days a week was hotly denounced on the Labour benches—so hotly that Sir FREDERICK, metaphorically taking off his coat, exclaimed, "I won't allow anybody to call me a liar!" Colonel WATTS-MORGAN'S explanation, "I did not call him a liar; I said the last part of his question was a lie!" closed the incident in laughter.



A RIDE ON THE INDIAN TIGER.
LORD BIRKENHEAD.

Thursday, April 2nd.—The Lords provided an unusually entertaining programme this afternoon. First they gave a second reading to the Performing Animals Bill, despite Lord RAGLAN'S



GEORGE WASHINGTON II.
Sir FREDERICK HALL. "I WON'T ALLOW ANYBODY TO CALL ME A LIAR!"

assertion that it originated with a lot of hysterical women, and his unsatisfied request for a definition of "a performing fish."

Lord RAGLAN was again to the fore in a discussion on Nigeria. He objected to the system of entrusting the administration to the native chiefs. These, he declared, were often only "hereditary rain-makers," whose livelihood—and often their lives—depended upon their being able to carry out their primary function.

The Peers had barely recovered from this slighting reference to the hereditary principle when they were called upon to listen to Lord BIRKENHEAD'S drastic proposals for its limitation in regard to their own House. His scheme, for which he claimed no official authority, contemplated a House of three hundred members, composed of Peers who had done great public service, Representative Peers elected by the holders of hereditary titles, and "Lords of Parliament" nominated by the CROWN. The addition of this last category should, he said, be especially useful to the next Labour Prime Minister, who, instead of having to rely upon PARMOORS, HALDANES and CHELMSFORDS—and these did not grow on every bush—could plant his Front Bench with "really typical, vital, characteristic mouthpieces of the Trade Union movement."

His other suggestions included the setting up of a Joint Committee to certify money-bills; the holding of joint sittings of both Houses in case of serious dispute; and last (but in his opinion, I gather, by no means least), the right of Ministers of the Crown to speak in both Houses. The speech resembled a good champagne, sparkling yet with plenty of "body;" and it earned the high—if rather dry—approval of Lord LANSDOWNE, who "wondered what there was left for the Cabinet Committee to do."

In the Commons a well-sustained debate on Empire Development was chiefly remarkable for the revelation that the Labour Party—or at any rate its "intelligentsia"—is more in favour of emigration than had been supposed. Mr. SIDNEY WEBB looked forward to a time when working men could take their families to Australia or Canada as easily as to Yorkshire; and Dr. HADEN GUEST hoped to see them make the journey, "not single spies, but in battalions," provided that these battalions were first organised for their new life in the vast spaces of the Empire.

"THE TEXT MATCHES.
BATHING AVERAGES, ENGLAND."
Headlines in Chinese Paper.

We dislike this suggestion of ducks.



Mother (to Jacky on his first night home from school). "What's the matter, dear?"
Jacky. "Boo—oo! I'm school-sick, Mummy."

MUSIC.

Sidonius's Masterpiece.

(With grateful acknowledgments to the impartial critic of "The Times.")

The unfavourable view of the "commercialism" of British composers expressed by Signor Stracciari in an interview recently published in *The Evening Standard* has been swiftly and effectively countered by the production of Sidonius's work at the British Harmonic Society last Saturday. The eminent Cornish composer, who traces his descent in an uninterrupted line from the Phœnician navigators, has taken the words of this, the largest of his choral works, from the famous passage which concludes Matthew Arnold's *Scholar Gypsy*, and given it the illuminating title of "A Streak of Tin."

It must be admitted, however, that the work comes before an English audience with a slight handicap, as it was written originally to a German version, now freely adapted in an English prose paraphrase by Alexander Bernstein, the quality of which may be gathered from the concluding passage: "Then a Tyrian galley saw I, cleaving the spume, saw it tacking, backing, side-tracking, that tinsome winsome bark." Fortunately Sidonius comes to the rescue, and by setting the words in a way which makes them frequently indistinguishable, enables us to enjoy the music without worrying about verbal sense.

Thus in the opening chorus we caught the word "Cassiterides" from time to time, and, though it is doubtful whether one in a hundred of those present knew what it meant, their attention was kept rapt by the constant piling of tonal climax upon climax. It is doubtful, again, from his habitually brutal misuse of the human voice, whether Sidonius can ever have been a singer. One wonders also, from his singularly clumsy handling of dance rhythm, whether he has ever been a dancer. But the work as a whole is none the less a revelation. He makes us forget all about time. Throughout the entire work he is independent of theme, of rhythm, of the conventional arts of counterpoint. Never does he deviate into a slavish regard for the meaning of his text. But he makes his hearers live in the sheer ecstasy of chimerical oscillation evolved by contact with the conflicting forces of protoplasmic and ectoplasmic regurgitation.

Of the soloists Miss Margery Mimram (contralto) had the best equipment for expressing the ideal phases of Sidonius's art, and declaimed the long parabolic phrases in a manner which intensified their resemblance to a clinical chart. Miss Sallie Sillick (soprano) and Mr. Parry Gorwick (tenor) would have contributed more efficiently to the enjoyment of their hearers had we been always more certain of the notes which the former was supposed to be singing, and had we felt that the head notes of the latter were produced without inflicting permanent injury to the metatarsal ganglions of his epiglottis.

The Cornubian Choir, admirably trained by Mr. Trelawny Patullo, did their work with a fine enthusiasm; and the conductor, Mr. Juhani Kokko, of Helsingfors, welded the *ensemble* of soloists, choir and orchestra into a massive and monumental unity which fully maintained the reputation which had preceded his arrival on our shores.

Altogether this was a great evening for British music. The Harmonic Society took up a work which is not popular, and has no chance of ever being popular, and presented it under the best possible conditions.

"Motors, Motor-Cycles.

For sale, late 1923 10-15 saloon; mileage £1,400."—*Advt. in Daily Paper.*

What we want to know is how many pounds sterling to the gallon?



Dry-fly Enthusiast. "Hadn't you better get ready? We might have a rise beginning all of a sudden and ending just as abruptly."

THE BEST-DRESSED WOMAN.

"And what I am going to do about it," she declared slowly, almost tearfully, "only goodness knows!"

"Or possibly badness," I suggested.

"Do you mean," she asked eagerly, "that you've an idea?"

"I do not," I answered, a little coldly perhaps; "but I have many."

"Please tell," she coaxed. "He may have something sensible to say," she mused as to herself; "one can never tell."

"In the first place," I suggested, "go to the dance in one of the frocks you've already got."

"I mustn't blame him," she reminded herself patiently. "Very likely he's doing his best. Besides, I did ask him. Thank you very much for the suggestion," she said to me. "It's most—er—suggestive."

Gathering that this very natural and sensible idea had been turned down, though why did not appear, I went on:—

"Secondly, buy a new one."

"I might buy a new dozen, two dozen, three dozen," she answered a little wildly; "and so I would if they would sell, but they won't."

"Turning trade away," I said indignantly. "Do they give no reason?"

"Not the tiniest one," she assured me earnestly, "only something about wanting to be paid for those I've had—and all worn out too," she added with not unnatural bitterness.

"Try another firm."

Her patience was really exemplary.

"I did think of that," she said, "but they're all the same; they all want to be paid. It's a perfect epidemic with them. I don't think I need trouble you for any more of your ideas," she added gently.

"I'm keeping the best for the last," I said. "Go without."

"Without——!!!"

"Precisely," I said. "No one would ever notice."

"You forget," she answered, "that a little less how much it isn't, and, besides, aren't you being a trifle improper?"

"Certainly not," I answered with indignation. "I'm not a gown."

"I only wish you were," she yearned. Then she seemed to consider. "Only I suppose it would mean another bill," she sighed; "and, anyhow, you wouldn't be a bit my style."

"The style, it is the man," I reminded her sternly.

"That's nothing to do with clothes," she retorted.

"We are talking about dress." I reminded her. "The difference is fundamental; clothes conceal, dress reveals."

"But always the same result," she lamented. "A bill."

"Anyhow," I resumed, "dress or clothes, you must have it or you can't go to the ball."

"No," she corrected. "I must have it so that I can go to the ball."

"Bravo!" I cried; "there's the spirit that built the British Empire out at Wembley."

She thanked me prettily and I could see that the compliment had touched her.

"Though I'm not looking forward to it," she confessed; "the crush will be appalling; dancing will be impossible; the refreshments will be inaccessible, and the band will play jazz."

"Then why——?" I asked.

"Two of my dearest friends," she answered simply, "have not had invitations."

I understood that to this there was no possible answer.

"Here then is the position," I said, ticking it off on my fingers so as to be quite sure: "you don't want to go, and you must go; a new frock is necessary, and it is unattainable."

"Thank you so much," she said warmly.

"A clearly stated problem," I informed her with dignity, "is already half solved."

"I've got no money and I want some," she said. "Is that clear? is that half solved?"

"All but the mere cash," I pointed out. "How would a gown of shimmering satin brocade in the latest style straight from Paris, trimmed with priceless lace and all the newest gadgets, together with the pearl rope that has been so long an heirloom—or was it a wedding gift?"

She closed her eyes.

"Say it all over again," she murmured, "and say it slow. I love to hear you."

"Made of course by WORTH or PAQUIN—no, by WORTH and PAQUIN together."

"Ingenious that," she mused, "but lacking in verisimilitude perhaps."

"Oh, you must settle the details," I told her; "I was never good at details. That's why my licence is endorsed when other fellows get off."

"Couldn't you throw in ermine trimming and a few diamonds?" she begged.

I at once consented.

"Tell me some more," she urged; "it'll be hard to wake, but it's nice while it lasts."

"You've simply to choose," I assured her, "from all the world."

"I think I'm going to wake up now," she threatened, "and I notice that I'm generally rather cross when I wake."

"What must be must be," I murmured, "as they say in New York when the cocktails come round; and yet it seems to me that all that would read very well in the Society columns."

"It would," she said bitterly, "if it ever got there."

"Why shouldn't it?" I asked.

"I'm looking for the paper-knife," she said. "Men have been killed before to-day with paper-knives, and I know they would call it justifiable homicide."

"And in such a crush," I added dreamily, "especially with a band playing jazz, no one, not even the hostess, would know who was there and who wasn't."

Then at long last she sat up and took notice.

"You mean——?" she asked breathlessly.

"Why not?" I asked. "Your name and the description of your dress get into the Society columns, though how, of course, no one ever knows. It's the moral impression we must think of, not the mere gross physical reality; and nowadays, what with EINSTEIN and all those people, who can tell appearance from reality? Not Society editors, anyhow."

"No," she agreed thoughtfully, "no."

"If I were you," I went on, "I should have the dress sewn with diamonds that fell off as you walked."

"I dislike ostentation," she said severely.

"At any rate," I urged, "wonderful old lace, centuries old. What about your christening robe?"

And I had been getting on so well—too well, I suppose. Probably I had lost my head a little in the flush of my success. She never spoke to me again all the evening.

But I think she accepted my idea, for I have heard of more than one who regrets not having noticed the wonderful gown which she wore at that ball and all the Society editors enthused about. But, as they all say, in such a crush and a band playing jazz, it's not surprising that one couldn't see everyone who was there.

But alas! I hardly think she has quite forgiven me yet, even though she admits that her credit is now entirely re-established, and that there's not a firm in London or Paris that wouldn't be glad to take her order to-morrow and never breathe a word about payment; and with good reason, for obviously anyone who could afford a gown like that . . .



"YOU PROBABLY WON'T REMEMBER ME UNTIL I TELL YOU MY NAME. SMITH."

"DEFENSIVE ALLIANCE.

MINERS CONFER WITH OTHER ONIONS."
Headlines in Scots Paper.

Whose views were expressed, we understand, with considerable pungency.

"A categorical denial is given in British official quarters to the report that there has been any discussion between Great Britain, France and Germany with a view to a revival of the military arrangements existing in 1012."
Yorkshire Paper.

We are prepared to accept this *démenti*.

AT THE PLAY.

"THE SEA URCHIN" (STRAND).

ONE does not need a very sharp eye for resemblances to notice that Mr. HASTINGS TURNER's comedy has several rather prominent features which also occur in *Pollyanna*, the play (adapted from an American story) which was recently given at the St. James's. In each there is a very tough spinster who carries on a silent vendetta with her male neighbour; in each a young girl relative, with no other ties, is imported from foreign parts into the spinster's house (*Pollyanna* arriving from the mission-fields of Africa, while *Fay*, the "Sea Urchin," is deposited on the Cornish coast out of the wreck of a boat from St. Malo); in each the girl becomes attached to the son (actual or adopted) of the hated neighbour; in each her intervention has the ultimate effect of resolving the family feud.

But Mr. TURNER has only adopted, whether consciously or unconsciously, a formula which may be much more ancient than *Pollyanna*; and nobody can complain of the age of the pattern if he has given it distinction by the embroidery of his own original humour. And, as a fact, he has made a pretty good thing of it.

Certainly the erratic behaviour of his spiky little sea-hedgehog with the pagan conscience was a pleasant variation on the luscious sweetness of *Pollyanna*, whose mission it was to make everybody glad; and it offered a piquant contrast to the stuffy existence of the two old Cornish maids whose *ménage* she fluttered. But was it necessary to make her American? American plays are already too much with us. Could she not have been extracted from almost any other country for a change? One gathers that the part must have been written round Miss PEGGY O'NEIL, so much of a patch did it seem upon an otherwise home-made design. The two kinds of humour constantly clashed. It was as though we were drinking good Cornish cider punctuated with Manhattan cocktails. (Claret, with its more subtle qualities, would have made a truer analogy than cider; but claret is not a growth of the Duchy.)

And there is no question which of these two conflicting humours made the stronger appeal to the palates of the discerning. The groundlings simply loved it when the "Sea Urchin" kept on saying "Hell"; and the floral tributes fell to the popular heroine of *Paddy the Next best Thing;* but by far the greater volume of intelligent applause went to the performance of Miss HELEN HAYE as the leading British spinster. Her task may have been less exacting than Miss O'NEIL's. To begin with, it suited every inch of her tall slim figure; and in the docile humility of her sister she was furnished with an easy target for her barbs; but she acted with an extremely nice discretion. Now and then she was called upon to shut her sister up with a repartee as crude as any schoolboy's; and with less tact she might well have ignored the old dictum about what a woman can bear without breaking: "*Quoiqu'elle soit très solidement montée, il ne faut pas brutaliser la machine.*"

Miss MARGARET WATSON as the younger *Miss Wynchebek* accepted her place in her elder sister's shadow with a beautiful submission; but she had a quiet humour of her own, and often bent before her sister's assault to come back with a very effective rebound. And for all her self-repression she could not conceal from us the merits of a very true and well-observed study of character.

To her delightfully old-world notion that the marriage of *Fay* was unthinkable without the presence of her father at the ceremony, and to her insistence on advertising for him, we owed the apparition of that fascinating impostor, *Augustus Sullivan* (Mr. CLIFFORD HEATHERLEY), who kept the fun going strongly at a time when plays like this are apt to wilt. When his blackmail was accomplished and he finally left, stuffed with cheques to lubricate his exit, a blight seemed to fall upon the atmosphere; we had no heart to smile again, and the play, after a little futile lingering, just flickered out.



IT'S A WAY WE HAVE IN THE DUCHY.

Mary Wynchebek . . . . . MISS HELEN HAYE.
Sir Trevor Trebarrow . . . . . MR. ATHOLE STEWART.
Fay . . . . . MISS PEGGY O'NEIL.

Mr. ATHOLE STEWART as *Sir Trevor Trebarrow* did some good sound work in the unassertive way that he has. He grew more and more like Mr. FRED KERR every minute; and I mean that, of course, for a compliment. Mr. MARCUS BARRON made a most engaging figure of the butler, *Beach*, an old celibate with experiences; and Mr. ARTHUR PUSEY, as *Guy Trebarrow*, wore an admirable golf-suit.

To return to Miss PEGGY O'NEIL. I should like to do justice to her performance, but with American players you never quite know where you are. Their slang, their phrasing, their gestures are often fresh to you because they are foreign, but they may be the very commonplaces of humour over there. Her vitality was untiring, but she seemed at times a little too restless, a little over-anxious to remind us that she was there to set the pace. In a little speech at the end she told us, in the pleasant way that some of our visitors have, "how glad she was to be back among us;" and, if I may say so, who have never to my knowledge set eyes upon her before, I would like to share her joy.

The dialogue was full of good things, distributed among most of the characters with a fine impartiality. You would never have believed that there was so much humour to be found in a single Cornish neighbourhood, except Fowey, perhaps, or Mullion; or even in the stage life of to-day outside

divorce circles. But, lest the fun should seem too improbably generous, it was tempered from time to time with sentiment and even pathos. Here I could not so easily recognise the direct volition of Mr. Hastings Turner. I suspect that, not for the first time in his experience, Somebody Who Knew Better interposed; that the Management said to him, "See here, Mr. Turner, what we want is an appeal to the emotions of the gallery; can't you see your way to put in something that will touch the great heart of the people?" So he put in that bit where the hardened spinster breaks down in a swoon at the prospect of losing the child that had come like a ray of sunshine into her barren life. But he didn't believe in it any more than I did. O. S.

"A Comedy of Good and Evil" (Ambassadors).

High jinks go on in the houses, or rather the cottages, of the Welsh clergy since the Disestablishment Bill was passed, and I am only sorry that my visits to Wales have been so infrequent during the last few years. The *Rev. John Williams*, whose stipend was fifteen pounds per annum (he had let his rectory, of course), did the mangling for the summer visitors of one of those places with a frightfully humorous spelling that I cannot now recall. His wife could not help him much, for, poor woman, she had a wooden leg; but she played a good deal on the harmonium. Richness of eloquence made up for poverty in this world's goods, but the reverend gentleman began to have strange theological musings: one asked one's conscience what to do, and one's conscience said, "Do right," but when one asked one's conscience what was right it could not always say. *Mrs. Williams* had begun to feel that their life in the cottage *bach* was lonely. She would have liked a little cat *bach*, or perhaps a little child *bach*; possibly even an angel *bach* might visit them. When in doubt in Wales one says "*bach*." It is almost as useful as "eh, bor."

An angel visitor? Sure enough she came, a waif out of the night. Only she happens to be an evil angel and not a good. She has burnt her knee by stumbling over the *Reverend John's* golden cross, and when she inadvertently touches the Bible (careless to leave a Bible about like that with a young fiend in the room) up goes a flame of sulphur, and *Mrs. Williams* is horrified. The fiend jumps up on to the window-sill and fuffs at her. I should have liked the fiend to turn into a black cat, but I suppose you can't do that on the stage. However, the fiend is accepted as a foundling and given the name of *Gladys*. She sleeps on the parlour floor.

More trouble next morning, for *Mrs.*



A LONG LAUNDRYMAN.
Rev. John Williams . . Mr. Allan Napier.

Williams finds she has suddenly been presented with a new and miraculous leg (*bach*)—a leg, alas! silk-stockinged



EVIL (LEFT) AND GOOD.
Struggle for the possession of a Soul (off).
Gladys . . . . . Miss Gemima Fagan.
Owain Flatfish . . . Mr. Richard Goolden.

and red-shoed, which insists upon high-kicking when the postman comes in with the letters. This little gift is an act of kindness on the part of the fiend, for fiends, we are told, are perpetually erring out of good nature and doing trifling acts of good.

The wildest curiosity is aroused in the village, and the neighbours flock in, ostensibly to pay polite calls, but really, of course, to see and handle the mysterious leg (*bach*). Was it bought in Liverpool? In London? No. It is really flesh and blood. A genuine miracle then. Fancy a miracle happening in church and not chap-pell!

Matters become far more complicated for the audience now, for it seems that there is one *Owain Flatfish*, who appears to combine the offices of village poacher, fishmonger and "plain-clothes angel"—does Mr. Hughes, the author, mean by this last function that *Owain* is a little off his head?—and this person exorcises the beautiful young fiend with bell, book and candle. Then, in the Third Act, when the *Rev. John Williams* is dead, the fiend returns to wrangle for his soul with *Owain Flatfish*, the accusation against the poor clergyman being that he had given shelter to a spirit of darkness and fed it on big slices of bread-and-butter and cups of tea. For the purposes of this discussion *Owain* puts on a halo and a barrister's wig. It is a mediæval argument, and the fiend wins, but repents. *Owain* refuses to re-open the debate, but the fiend, speaking to the clergyman, whose spirit sits invisibly in his old armchair while his voice comes loudly from behind it, insists that he shall be sent to heaven after all, for if a fiend can't save a soul from hell what *can* she do?

It should be carefully explained, in view of the present state of the British drama, that no sex motive is introduced into this play. Mr. Hughes has written a metaphysical fantasy, or a theological farce, whichever you like to call it, and given it a background of North Welsh rustic life. There is not nearly enough movement, and the stage effects are insufficiently worked up—how Mr. Shaw would have handled that Bible, and how often the leg would have kicked!—so that I do not think the play is likely to be very popular. It suggests the undergraduate who is never tired of philosophising but is shy at present of tackling the crudities of emotion. The Welsh character sketches however are so good and so much less spiteful than those of Mr. Caradoc Evans that one feels it impossible to say what Mr. Hughes might some day do.

All the Oxford Players were excellent, so far as the plausibility of their dialogue, not to speak of their oratorical expositions, was concerned. They took to Welsh village life like ducks to a pond. But they might perhaps have helped the author a little more by emphasising what action there was.

Miss MARY GREY, with the intractable leg, had the most difficult part, but in the minor rôles one must single out Miss GWENDOLEN EVANS, who was cast as *Mari Jones*, "*Granddaughter Bakehouse*," for her perfect naturalness. Miss GEMIMA FAGAN as *Gladys* made a charming young fiend, with lapses into righteousness, but without stockings or a Welsh accent, and apparently was only prompted once. I notice to my astonishment that young fiends of the feminine gender have neither cropped nor shingled their hair. EVOE.

JOHN STOW.

TAILOR AND ANTIQUARY.

Obiit April 6th, 1605.

WHERE London tailors sit all day
Cross-legged and snip and stitch away,
Plying needle and pulling thread
And making doublets black or red,
By snip and stitch,
If they persevere,
They may win gear
And they may wax rich,
But never will they be, I trow,
One-half so happy as JOHN STOW.

Old JOHN will throw his needle down,
Fold up sleeve or half-a-gown,
Uncrook his legs and hie him where
The bells of Cornhill shake the air,
Where Peter rings
At vesper-time,
And Michael's chime
To Andrew sings,
So that the timbered houses round
All quiver gently at the sound.

The Bucklersbury spicers ask,
"Why should this tailor quit his task
To muse on foolish folk long dead?
Soon will he lack both house and bread;"
Yea, they say all
Of unthrift John,
"His wits are gone
Beyond recall;"
The fripperers of Chepe nod back:
"Well, if he work not, let him lack!"

He heedeth neither nod nor wink,
Nor careth much what merchants think,
For he beholds o'er Cornhill's mud
The spears and chariots of KING LUD,
And all along
The clattering street
Hears Roman feet
And Saxon song,
And dwelleth in a city wrought
Of old by hands but now by thought.

Who would in barge or litter ride
That walketh ever side-by-side
With helmed and halo'd men of fame,
The ancient and the proud of name,
With worthies called
From mists of dawn,
CASSIVELAUN
And ERKENWALD,
And watcheth through the city wend
A pageant that hath ne'er an end?

What though his bales be dim with dust,
His shears grown dull, his needles rust,
He with a difference plies his trade
Who from the woof of time hath made
The robe of state
His London wears
Through marching years
Of pride and fate,
And whose enchanted stitches hold
Like loops of iron and shine like gold.

D. M. S.

GARDENING FOR THE WEEK.

PRUNING.

AMATEURS are inclined to be timid about this important branch of gardening. In the case of newly-planted fruit-trees the fruit is generally picked for the first four seasons before it has time to mature, in order to build up the strength of the tree; but in our opinion this is not enough. It is much better to remove the blossom just before it opens, as this not only conserves the tree's energy, but avoids the risk of the young fruit being caught by late frosts. This should be done for at least ten years, after which the fruiting life of the tree will be over and it can be thrown away.

Pruning too should be more thorough. Not only must leading shoots be cut back, but it is well to cut off the branches altogether, and some varieties of apple should be cut off close to the ground, but not less than a foot should be left standing, as one is liable to trip over the stump if it cannot easily be seen.

Many readers have no doubt noticed the effects of the moles' activities on tennis lawns, etc. The usual practice of treating them as pests and trying to rid the garden of them is a mistake. Instead the gardener should endeavour to gain their confidence.

The best way to do this is to make a habit of carrying in the pocket choice little tit-bits, such as worms, slugs, snails, leather-jackets, etc. When a new run is observed, sit down and wait until the mole emerges, as he occasionally does. This needs a little patience, as it may be a matter of a few weeks, and arrangements should be made for meals to be brought out at regular intervals. When the little creature appears offer him one of the delicacies, meanwhile whistling gently and averting the face, as moles do not like too direct a gaze.

As soon as he is thoroughly tame he should be trained to earth up the potatoes. When the potato crop is finally lifted the moles may be given to a neighbour, or used in the house as a substitute for mice.

VERNAL MUSINGS.

FROM Hastings to Hankow,
Of this I am sure,
The problems of FRANKAU
Are losing their lure.

For, in spite of new manners,
Inventions and arts,
Spring's conquering banners
Still gladden our hearts.

Her winds may be chilly
And cut like a knife,
But the weariest Willie
Finds savour in life.

For Winter is over
(At least as a rule),
And schoolboys in clover
Come flocking from school;

While, to serve as good reason
For further delight,
The cricketing season
Already 's in sight.

From nets and from pitches
The best sound of all
Our senses bewitches—
The well-smitten ball.

The wild flow'rs are starring
The woodland abodes,
And workmen are tarring
Arterial roads.

Packed char-à-bancs clatter
Through valleys and glens,
And ruthlessly scatter
Dogs, chickens and hens.

In quest of new metres,
In scorn of old rhymes,
Belligerent bleaters
Commit many crimes.

Young lions of fiction,
Released from the scourge
Of the Censor's restriction,
Redouble their "urge,"

And, tangled in mazes
Bizarre and *baroque*,
Are coining new phrases
The bourgeois to shock.

The cheerful grow gladder,
The old more serene,
The mad become madder
When forests are green.

So, when barbers are bingling
The locks of the fair;
When barmen are mingling
Drinks luscious and rare;

When PRINGLE is Pringling
Or INGE in despair,
I cannot help jingling,
For Spring 's in the air.

Another Impending Apology.

"April 1—Feast of All Fools!! 3-15, Special Service for Women."—*Parish Magazine.*



THE EFFUSIVE GREETING.

THE OLD NURSE COMES TO SEE THE CHILDREN.



Old Gentleman (ignorant of nationality of his neighbour). "A DEPLORABLE SIGN OF THE TIMES IS THE WAY THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE IS BEING POLLUTED BY THE ALARMING INROADS OF AMERICAN SLANG. DO YOU NOT AGREE?"
His Neighbour. "YOU SURE SLOBBERED A EIBFUL, SIR."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

I AM more than grateful to Mr. STEPHEN MCKENNA for exercising his wits, and allowing me to relax mine, over so pleasant and ingenious a piece of foolery as *An Affair of Honour* (BUTTERWORTH). Even if you are no amateur of Oxford humour, you will, I think, find yourself carried away by the merry spate of adventure which issues, in a fashion unforeseen by its originators, out of a laboured undergraduate "rag." A duel, whose "sinister setting" is the allotment ground on the Abingdon Road, is arranged by a coterie up for its *vivas;* its immediate object being the provision of serviceable "copy" for a blighted Oxford paper. Unluckily the drama is too realistic; the police intervene, and one of the principals, "*Tiny*," *Lord Wintringham*, together with his second, *Rex Cavan*, has to flee the county. A sporting old Colonel, whose cricket-week is threatened by the defection of two guests, offers hospitality to the fugitives; and *Rex* and "*Tiny*," despite their lack of surnames and antecedents, are enthusiastically received at Burnsby Court. Their position is complicated by the fact that their gallant host, impressed by the genuine nature of the pursuit, is hard to unconvince of the *bona fides* of the duel; in fact only *Pamela*, his daughter, has sense enough to credit the truth. The cricket-week, however, proceeds in the jolliest Dingley Dell style, and the clamour of the Press and the closing-in of the pursuing cordon only serve to heighten its gaiety. A *dénouement* is at last arrived at through the good offices of one of the house-party, a Northcliffian newspaper proprietor with an amazing power of "listening with unaffected pleasure to the fluency of omniscient young Oxford," who manipulates the police and the Press and provides jobs for his *protégés*. Here, and once or twice throughout the book, I felt that Mr. MCKENNA was rather more affable than judicious. But so amiable a fault, mitigated (as this is) by honest and graceful workmanship, should be a bar to no man's enjoyment.

One is most struck, in taking up General Sir H. SMITH-DORRIEN'S volume of reminiscences, *Memories of Forty-Eight Years' Service* (MURRAY), by the discovery that only about a fifth of its pages is concerned with the Great War. The bulk of the book deals with adventure and sport, and most of all with fighting, in nearly every quarter of the globe where a British soldier could possibly have contrived to see active service. The earlier chapters, written easily and happily, are by no means to be skipped, even though most readers, remembering that the author commanded the Second Corps in the immortal retreat from Mons and the return sweep to the Aisne, will be inclined to hurry on to see what still another famous soldier has to say of those incredible battles. So doing, they will incur some danger of a little disappointment. This part of the book, though it inevitably dwarfs the rest, was really added in violation of the author's original intention; and, either because the subject is too great to handle, or because the writer is a little shadowed by remembering how he came to relinquish his command—a subject he mentions with the utmost restraint—he is less at his ease here than when telling how he led the way into the KHALIFA'S palace at Omdurman, for instance, or helped to complete the ring round CRONJE at Paardeberg. One has to read rather between the lines to get at the dramatic values behind his stiff references to movements and casualties; even his diary quotations conveying little impression of the immensity of the issues they

recall. Quite often too, in his desire to avoid certain controversies, Sir HORACE leaves off just at the crucial point, choosing to refer us to the Official History. Altogether it may be suggested that, though this is a volume that the student of the War must certainly reckon with, ordinary readers will find it most satisfactory in its earlier stages.

Those who by long acquaintance know
  Just what PETT RIDGE's stock-in-trade is
Will welcome to his puppet show
  The latest of his leading ladies;
And those who don't and would complete
  Their literary education
Will find *Just Like Aunt Bertha* meet
  Material for that operation.

Aunt Bertha's rôle 's the helping hand,
  The stand-by, friend-in-need, sheet-anchor,
With reference to a shiftless band
  Of relatives who sometimes thank her,
But oftener, such is human clay,
  Work up a grouse at her and air it,
While she, unruffled either way,
  Sees fun in it and makes you share it.

The tale (from METHUEN) smiles its course
  With bickerings and quips and wrangles,
And, if coincidence in force
  Comes in at times to solve its tangles,
Well, I refuse to comb it through
  And analyse it into tatters;
It 's not what PETT RIDGE people do
  But his descriptive touch that matters.

The Broken Bow (MURRAY) must somehow have been overlooked, for I see the words "First Published, 1924," on the back of the title-page. However, it is by Mrs. L. ALLEN HARKER, whose stories are not necessarily dead a few months after their first appearance. She is almost always good with small children, whom she treats with sympathy as one having understanding, and this book opens with a study of friendship between two girls at school. This is the argument of the First Book, called "The Little Friends." *Susan Collett*, of that proud and aristocratic family the *Colletts* of Frampton Massey, forms a sudden and violent affection for *Hesper Stowe*, daughter of the enterprising proprietor of a local tea-shop. Her aunt *Myrtle* objects to their attachment, and *Hesper* dies. Then the curtain rises again in Book II., to discover *Susan's* cousin *Julia* in love with a certain *Alfrey Stowe*, who turns out to be *Hesper's* brother, a rising novelist of the day and editor of a periodical called *Orion*. They become engaged; but it is clear from the start that another arrangement of the figures will probably work more smoothly. *Susan* and *Alfrey* discover that they love one another, and so in a sense she is responsible for the collapse of her cousin's engagement. A simple story, adequately if a little obviously carpentered, for it was *Susan* herself as a girl who broke the bow of the stone Cupid in the garden, and the conviction is forced upon the least suspicious of readers that she was not made to do that for nothing. But the book has a certain charm, though I admit I should like it even better if the author had not chopped up her sentences into quite such small pieces. It may make her easier to read for the imperfectly educated, but I find this persistently *staccato* effect rather tiring.



Madame (registering hotel visitor). "ANGLAIS, MONSIEUR?"
Scots Traveller (sternly). "BR-R-RITAIS, MADAME!"

It is not easy to realise that there are still fifty-odd churches waiting to be disinterred under the unpromising surface of modern Rome; that at any moment the dredged Tiber may throw up a classical bronze; that even a Roman railway bank (though this, of course, cannot be adequately probed for fear of disturbing the expresses) has produced, as recently as 1917, the entrance to a subterranean lodge of the second century. Much certainly remains to be discovered; but results are usually poorer and always harder

to come by than they used to be. And that is why your veteran archæologist, who has seen more prolific days but by no means despairs of the future, can communicate, as a rule, a more enjoyable zest to his chronicles than a writer with equal zeal and a shorter memory. Though they are sometimes modestly relegated to the obscurity of footnotes, the personal reminiscences of Professore RODOLFO LANCIANI animate the whole of *Wanderings Through Ancient Roman Churches* (CONSTABLE). He has no occasion to be dull or pedantic. A lifetime among archives or on the scene of the latest discovery has endowed him with that overplus of material which, given the gift of selection and presentation, lies at the root of all good writing. The formal scope of his book is severely limited. It deals in the first place with the fate of the pagan temples and their treasures under the first Christian emperors, exonerating both Christians and barbarians from wilful damage to classical monuments. It next recounts the doom of the old Constantinian Basilica of St. Peter and the recent discovery of many of its possessions, including a mosaic by GIOTTO, in the church of a Volscian village. Lastly it describes the fortunes of the Basilica Ostiensis, the churches of St. John Lateran, the Holy Cross, St. Agnes and St. Lawrence. Its illustrations double its enchantment; one of the most beautiful—a headless Venus, holding in her unblemished hands two broken locks of hair—being a discovery of the author's own from the Baths of Caracalla.

Mr. E. F. BENSON in *Rex* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON) has devoted his attention to a young egotist. At the outset of the story *Rex Goodwin* was surreptitiously writing plays at home. He and his father (who wished him to become a lawyer) were continually at loggerheads; his mother adored him, and a friend of his school and college days, *Oliver Bernard*, sat at his feet and worshipped. Tension in the *Goodwin* household was acute, and I was thankful when it was relieved by *Rex's* departure for London. Having escaped from the electric atmosphere of his home he continued to write plays instead of studying law, and to think of himself first, last and all the time. This habit did not seem to affect *Oliver's* inexplicable admiration for him. True that he did break away when his idol on one occasion completely overstepped the limit, but he soon returned to heel. I admit that Mr. BENSON tries to explain this sentimental worship, but I cannot say that his explanations did much to remove my bewilderment. In the end, after his father's death and the production of a financially successful play, we find *Rex*, with a heart bruised by a love-affair with a vampire of a woman, returning in a repentant mood to his home. And there I am content to leave him.

The heroine of Mr. GILBERT FRANKAU'S *Life—and Erica* (HUTCHINSON) had a prig for father and for mother a lady prone to infidelities; so that, as is indicated, life for *Erica* is going to be a symmetrical tussle between these two strains. As it turns out, in fact, the young lady is neither prig nor sensualist, but a whole-hearted success-monger. To this nineteen-year-old orphan in a Leicestershire village comes an offer from a London paper of ten guineas a week for a series of her already celebrated caricatures, and "the full red Cupid-bow of lips above her arrogantly dimpled chin had pursed to a stubborn determination. 'I'll go,' announced that chin; 'come what may, I'll go to London.'" And go she did, nothing coming but a half-hearted protest from a war-crippled painter much in love with her. What *Erica* wants is money, not love, which is "mushy," like religion. So that an attractive young actor and a "somebody whose eyes shone bluish-green and luminous under a double pent-house of light brown," didn't get much of a show at first. However, success and night clubs, pretty frocks and flattery do their fell work, and out of sheer pity she finally decides to give herself to the bluish-green-eyed dramatist and novelist (married) who, spinning his accustomed yarn about loneliness and preparing her seduction in a very elaborate manner, chooses for the date of the ceremony the first night of his new play. *Erica's* innocence is technically saved by the irruption of the outraged wife into the Savoy court suite, where she promptly dies upon the hearthrug. After the inquest a sadder poorer *Erica* motors blindly out of town; finds "religion the only safeguard" in her dear old village church, and pneumonia in the snow-spread churchyard; is discovered by the painter's dog and nursed back to health by the painter, now duly restored. Not so bad a record for a girl under twenty-one. Mr. FRANKAU jerks his figures about with energy and resource, but I am afraid they are merely puppets of the romantic school.



Salesman. "AND WHAT KIND OF HORN WOULD YOU LIKE, SIR? DO YOU CARE FOR A GOOD LOUD BLAST?"
Haughty Customer. "NO; I WANT SOMETHING THAT JUST SNEERS."

Mr. ARCHIBALD MARSHALL undertook a difficult and courageous task when he set out to abridge and arrange *Boswell's Life of Johnson* (COLLINS). I know Mr. MARSHALL to be a novelist of sterling merit, but it is possible to write excellent books oneself and at the same time to be numbered among the world's worst abridgers. And this was no minor operation that he undertook when he set about reducing the original to a volume of less than four hundred pages. I have said that Mr. MARSHALL was courageous in tackling such a task, but courage would have been of little use if admiration and affection had not gone with it. Conceivably he may have hurt the feelings of those whose cry is "Keep your hands off the classics," yet they will have to admit that the hands in this case have done their work skilfully. "It is Boswell's chief triumph," Mr. MARSHALL says in a preface, "that he has portrayed a great human figure, and it has been my endeavour to follow him in the lights and shades that have made it so real and so lovable." In this attempt he has been so successful that I believe even BOSWELL, after consideration, would forgive him.

From a "Children's Corner":—

"Afers mes chers enfants, vous voulox que j'e vous donne des leçens Françaises.

(So, my dear children, you wish me to give you French lessons.)"
Provincial Paper.

They 'll be sorry later on.

CHARIVARIA.

Seventeen speeches were made at the Hebrew University banquet in Jerusalem. We can quite understand why the local Arabs folded their tents and silently stole away.

* * *

"This particular evening frock has two shoulder-straps," says a fashion-writer in a contemporary. It sounds exceptionally dressy.

* * *

Two houses at Deal are being built of cork. It will be very jolly for the late reveller to use a corkscrew on the front-door and open it with a cheerful "pop!"

* * *

It is calculated that a single microbe will produce sixteen and a half million descendants in twenty-four hours. Couldn't Dr. Marie Stopes do something about it?

* * *

Hampstead Council has asked the L.C.C. why there is such a long delay in admitting the public to Ken Wood. The reason, we understand, is that they are waiting for the cuckoo to be tuned.

* * *

The Superintendent of the London telephones has stated that they received only four complaints for every hundred thousand calls they dealt with. The theory is that the others tried to convey their complaints by telephone.

* * *

We learn that "a paper on Bishopbriggs and Auchinairn Sewage Purification Works (Activated Sludge) was read to the members of the Glasgow Association of Students of the Institution of Civil Engineers recently." The Brighter Britain movement spreads steadily.

* * *

A racket-maker advises all tennis-players to have their rackets weighed when buying them. Are we to gather that dealers are giving short weight?

* * *

It is suggested that bookmakers should form a trust to protect their interests. It has been felt for some time that these weak and defenceless creatures should be guarded against a designing public.

* * *

A correspondent writing to a weekly newspaper asks how she can cure chaps. It all depends on what the fellows are suffering from.

* * *

A man has summoned a neighbour because he left a Ford car in his yard. A less humane man would have set his dog on it.

* * *

The strike of the Co-operative workers in Lancashire was settled the other day and hundreds of men were thrown into work.

* * *

It is claimed by an American newspaper that Dr. Paul Fernel of Chicago can alter the shape of a human nose in less than a week. Those in a hurry could of course engage Mr. Dempsey.



Kind old Lady. "Here's a sixpence for you; and, by-the-by, the lady next door wants someone to beat her rugs."
Tramp. "Thanks fer the warnin', lidy."

We gather from a news item that a well-known police chief is about to marry. We understand that his bride has promised to go quietly.

* * *

A man fined ten shillings and sixpence for drunkenness asked the Middlesex magistrate what the sixpence was for. It seems incredible that he should never have heard of the Entertainment Tax.

* * *

A Russian has devised a system which makes it easier for the novice to play the saxophone. Nothing but bad news ever seems to come from that miserable country.

* * *

We read of a butcher who collapsed in his shop the other day. It is thought likely that he was suffering from shock after telling himself the retail price of beef.

According to statistics there are more than four thousand men in London to-day who have not got a home to call their own. Spring-cleaning seems to have set in this year with exceptional virulence.

* * *

A Dutch engineer has constructed a bell measuring only an eighth-of-an-inch in height which can be heard thirty yards away. No collar-stud should be without one.

* * *

An advertisement offers soap that is good enough to eat. We wish our shaving-man knew about this.

* * *

According to a contemporary the turbot lays nine million eggs in a season. All we can say is that the turbot is lucky not to have to stamp the date on every one.

* * *

Colonel Wedgwood says that we have learnt from many revolutions that violence is of no avail. We learnt that from our clock at the end of the first Summer Time.

* * *

Krupps are making teeth of steel. It only remains for restaurants to supply strops with all tough steaks.

* * *

According to a contemporary the fox-trot was first danced in this country in 1914. Since then, of course, it has just been waddled.

* * *

Sir Arthur Keith says that the roof of the mouth is tending to become smaller and narrower. This is what comes of eating meals in a modern flat.

* * *

A radio concert was recently broadcast from a prison in America. It looks as though wireless artists got their deserts over there.

* * *

A Japanese Labour-leader says that in America he felt like part of a machine, such as the revolving door of an hotel. This bootleg whisky is very bad stuff.

* * *

"I want a he-man for a husband," says Miss Jane Burr. But has she considered the hopeless state of a he-man of to-day looking for a she-woman?

"As Groom; Groom-Gardener, or as married couple; experienced."—*Provincial Paper.*
A most accommodating fellow.

HAND AND HEAD.

To MR. ARTHUR HENDERSON, M.P.

[In a recent speech Mr. ARTHUR HENDERSON said that the Labour Party wanted to see the professional classes united with the organised manual workers.]

IT is a pleasant thing for blokes like me,
Who earn my wages by my cerebellum,
To learn that Labour's ranks are open free
And we are kindly asked to go and swell 'em;
For this great chance that comes our way
We 're more obliged to you than I can say.

The old invidious difference is dead
That stood between us and the exclusive classes;
The hand that toils has clasped the toiling head;
Even the humblest of the thinking masses—
Teachers and those who push the pen—
Have leave to take the style of "Working Men."

But in this ointment I detect a fly
Tending to mar the joys of such communion;
Instructions might be issued from on high
To members of the Doggrel-Boilers' Union
To join (in sympathy) a strike
Of ill-paid curates. This I should dislike.

A further strong objection I 've foreseen:
I fear they might, in periods of drought, put
A limit on my draughts of Hippocrene,
Bidding my Muse ca' canny with her output;
Or, when I tracked the midnight rhyme,
Might haul me up for doing overtime.

Or if our *New Age* prophets should intrigue
And hand to their Proprietors the knock-out,
And, in revenge, the Amalgamated League
Of Humorous-Paper-Owners called a lock-out——
No, UNCLE ARTHUR, that 's a game
I 'd be no good at. Thankyou all the same.

I share, of course, your views about the spoil;
We have a common urge for pouching money;
Each hankers, with the minimum of toil,
To harvest lands that bulge with beer and honey;
But to the old ways I am wed,
So here 's my heart, but let me keep my head. O. S.

IN DEFENCE OF THE HOUSE-DECORATOR.

IF the decorators are in your house you must not lay the blame at their door. Nobody indulges in house-decorating willingly. Whitewash is not a medium one would choose in which to express oneself. When it gets into the hair or trickles down the neck there is something obnoxious about it.

No, if the decorators are in your house they are there only because of the promise of some reward commensurate with, or possibly more than commensurate with, the loathsomeness of the work. In short, they have been bribed to come, and not otherwise would they undergo the discomfort of having their pores clogged with size and their finger-nails made conspicuous with paint or varnish or both.

Frankly, the fault is yours. The law expressly forbids a house-decorator on your premises without your consent. It is clearly laid down in the House Decorators Prevention and Control Act of 1882 that "No house-decorator and no person purporting to be a house-decorator or attired as a house-decorator or bearing the implements and/or paraphernalia of a house-decorator or in any respect resembling a house-decorator shall enter any dwelling or shop or workshop or other premises for the purpose of decorating the said dwelling or shop or workshop or other premises or of attempting or feigning to decorate the said dwelling or shop or workshop or other premises without the express sanction and consent and approval of the householder or occupier or owner as aforesaid or of the agent or agents of the householder or occupier or owner as aforesaid or of the heirs and assigns of the householder or occupier or owner as aforesaid or of the agent or agents of such heirs and assigns . . . ," and so forth. There is no getting away from that.

In law therefore you have no real ground for complaint, whether of the mess, or of cold meals served in the spare bedroom, or of the smell of paint and shag, or of any other consequence.

I appreciate your position. But there is nothing to be done but to let the house-decorators take their course. If you turn them out now the dining-room will never look really homely with the paint scraped off half the door. Remember, they have promised faithfully to finish by Tuesday; and while it is a long time to wait until Saturday week, you must be patient. Whatever it may be with the piano-tuner, the plumber and the gas-meter-adjuster, things are never quite as they were before, once the house-decorator begins on a job. There is a marked difference.

There is this to be said by way of comfort, that the paint would smell worse but for the shag; and that the shag, thanks to the paint, is not so horrible as it might be. For the rest I heartily wish I could help you. But really it is your own fault. Let it be a lesson to you.

OHMS.

IN my all-electric dwelling,
Where the gas has ceased from smelling
And the fire from belching unabated smoke,
The domestics say they tire less,
Now they cook and clean by wireless,
Than they used to in the days of coal and coke.

But they 've learned the loathly jargon—
Tell me lamps are filled with argon
And the meter measures amps at fifty volts;
What the master's mind perplexes—
Which a switch is, which a flex is—
They think obvious to dullards and to dolts.

Now my pet abomination
In the scheme of appellation
That is current in my all-electric home
Is the name (it fairly gets me,
And enrages and upsets me)
Of the unit of resistance called the OHM.

I would rather sleep in damp airs
Than be warmed by ohms and ampères
If I can't control the language of my home;
So I 'm doing a bolt—*re*volting
(You can hear *my* metre jolting)—
I 'm the unit of resistance; *I* 'm the OHM.

But I 've found a little hutment,
Just a tiny ben-and-butment,
Where the sole electric agent is my comb;
And there 's no excuse to chatter
Pseudo-scientific patter
In my candle-lighted, log-warmed ohmless home.

"INEXPENSIVE MOTORING.

A friend of mine bought a splendid little 1915 horse-power car last week for £35."—*Local Paper.*

The initial cost is not heavy, but the owner might find the tax (at £1 per h.-p.), rather costly.

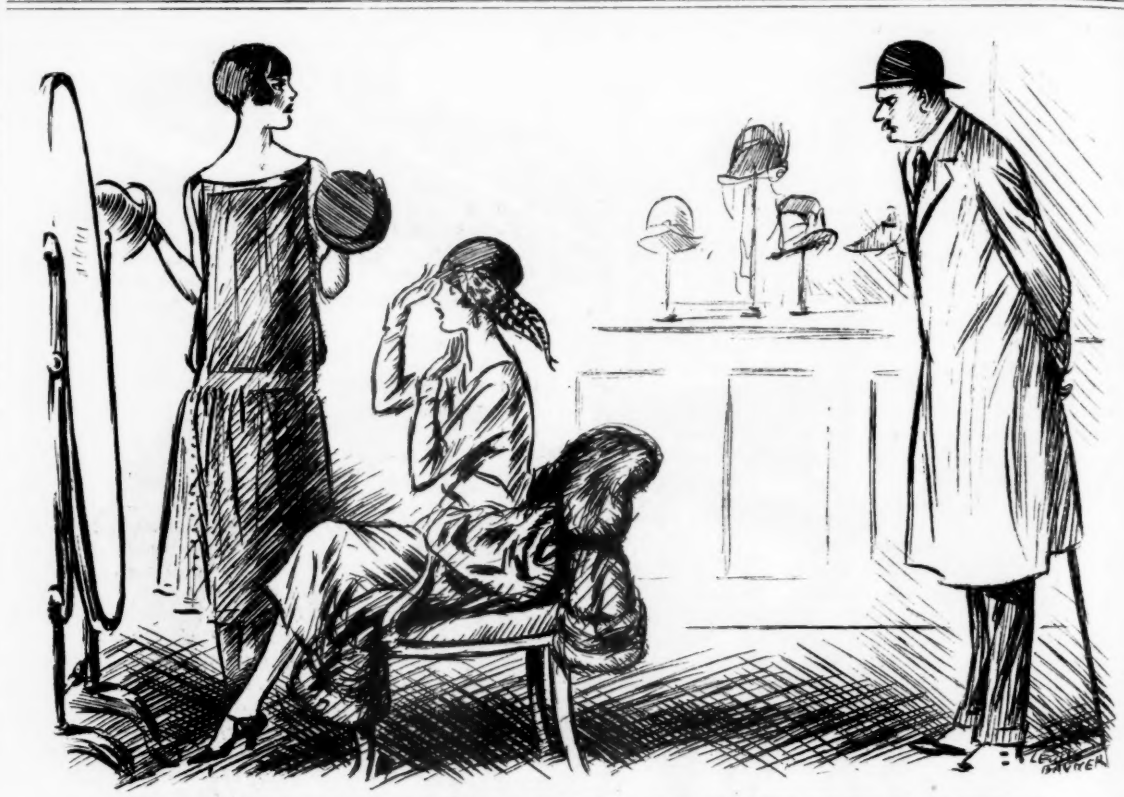


WANTED—MORE PLAYING FIELDS.

Public-School Man. "WHY DON'T YOU PLAY HEALTHY GAMES, MY LAD, INSTEAD OF JUST LOOKING ON? WHEN I WAS YOUR AGE——"

Young Citizen. "WHEN YOU WERE MY AGE YOU HAD SOMEWHERE TO PLAY. I HAVEN'T."

[The Government is being pressed to appoint a Committee, on which it is hoped that local authorities will be strongly represented, to inquire into the question of facilities for public recreation. All who are interested in the solution of this national problem should communicate with Brigadier-General Kentish, 166, Piccadilly, W.1.]



Milliner. "OF COURSE THE HAT THAT MODAM IS NOW TRYING ON IS ABSOLUTELY THE HAT OF THE MOMENT."
Distressing Husband. "WHAT! PHEASANTS IN APRIL?"

HUSBANDS AND WIVES.

III.—THE FLITCH OF BACON.

(Tom *and* Lucinda *after dinner are taking their ease before a blazing fire. They are a couple of some thirty-five summers.*)

Tom. Just seven years ago. If we had lived in the old days we should have been presented with a flitch of bacon.

Lucinda. They still do it, don't they? somewhere in Essex. I seem to remember seeing it in the newspaper—photograph of the married couple who had not quarrelled for twelve months; inset of flitch.

T. We ought to be jolly proud of ourselves. If they give the flitch to a couple who can keep the peace for twelve months, what price you and me who have not had an angry word for seven years?

L. (*drily*). As you say. In our case one might reasonably expect them to go the whole hog.

T. Very convenient too, with bacon at one-and-eight a pound. I think we are rather a remarkable pair. Look at Jennings and his wife. Often they are not on speaking terms.

L. But he always makes up for it very handsomely.

T. Shakes her in the morning and brings her a new bracelet in the evening. That's no sort of a life for anybody.

L. (*enigmatically*). Sunshine and shadow.

T. Oh, I know all about that. The uncertain glory of an April day, as the poet says. Too much of a nervous strain for me. Give me peace by the fireside and a quiet home.

L. Well, Tom, you've had what you wanted—for seven years.

T. It's an amazing record. And give me my due, Lucinda, a lot of the credit was owing to my own happy inspiration.

L. (*with a hint of irony*). You may have all the credit of it, Tom.

T. It's not in human nature to live together for seven years without an occasional quarrel.

L. There I quite agree.

T. Besides, my dear, you were by no means an easy one to handle in the old days. In fact you were a bit of a spitfire.

L. (*gravely*). Was I, Tom? Who would believe it now?

T. And I myself was by no means slow to wrath. In fact it might very well have been cat and dog with us if I hadn't invented our famous compact.

L. Aconcagua, an extinct volcano in the neighbourhood of Antofagasta, is the highest mountain in the Andes.

T. (*nodding approval*). Exactly. Three times before we answer back. You can't say a thing like that three times without cooling down. Some people make it a rule to count twenty before answering anybody. I think my formula was much better. Besides giving us time to overcome the irritation of the moment, it impressed on our minds a useful piece of geographical information.

L. When I die, Tom, you will find Aconcagua written on my heart. Aconcagua, or the story of the wife who never——

T. Never what?

L. Never, never, never. Just never.

T. (*uneasily*). You're very strange to-night. I've noticed it before. Is anything—wrong—my dear?

L. Of course not. Nothing is ever wrong. Nothing has been wrong for seven years. Aconcagua is still the highest mountain in the Andes.

T. But you seem—cross.

L. Suppose I really were cross.

T. But that's absurd. You've not been cross for ages and ages.

L. And if nevertheless I happened really to be cross at the present moment I should just inform myself that Aconcagua was the highest mountain in the Andes, and all would be well.

T. Er—yes, of course.

L. (*intensely*). Imbecile.

T. (*staggered*). I beg your pardon.

L. (*even more distinctly*). Imbecile!

T. I don't quite follow.

L. I'll spell it for you if you like—i-m-b-e-c-i-l-e, imbecile! (*He looks at her vacantly.*) Yes, I'm referring to you.

T. Here, I say, Lucinda, steady on. This is all most—er—unprecedented. What's it all about, anyway? What does it mean?

L. It means that Aconcagua isn't extinct. It means that people who sit on the safety-valve at last get blown up. It means, as you said yourself a moment ago, that it isn't in human nature to live together for seven years without a quarrel. It means that you and I have never really been human at all. It means that we've always been careful and full of tact with one another. It means that we've kept a continual watch upon our words and even upon our feelings. It means that we've never really had anything out, that we've never been suddenly frank, rude and familiar. It means that for seven years we've been living under that horrible old mountain of yours, that we've suppressed things, driven them under, temporised, deferred to one another, smothered our honest tempers and impulses. It means that you tell me only your second thoughts and that you only show me your feelings when you've got them under control. It means that you've been kind and sweet and forbearing till I could have screamed with anger and slapped your face. It means——

T. Here, I say, you know that's not the way to talk.

L. It's the way I'm talking now, and I've not yet nearly come to the end.

T. You'll perhaps consider——

L. I shall consider nothing. We've never done anything else but consider. For me you've ceased to be a man; you're merely a diplomatist. There have been times when I've envied the wives who get really knocked about by their husbands. They've at least the satisfaction of knowing that they're married to a human being.

T. Lucinda, this is most unfair.

L. Then, for goodness' sake, do something about it. Call me a cat, or give me a good shaking or break the furniture, but don't sit there trying to master your feelings. I'm sick of it. I can't stand it any longer.



Bank-Holiday Reveller (after heated words with tram-driver). "AN' 'NOTHER THING—DON' KEEP FOLLOWIN' ME ABOUT!"

T. (*trying to be calm*). If you aren't careful, Lucinda, I shall soon be saying things which we shall both be sorry for.

L. (*goading him*). Then say them like a man and be sorry for them like a man.

T. (*firmly*). I'll not allow myself to be exasperated. I refuse to put myself in the wrong.

L. That's merely your vanity. You won't let yourself be angry because when people are angry they say silly things. You always want to be right. In fact, you're simply a bundle of conceit.

T. (*outraged*). Don't be preposterous.

L. Preposterous? What a word! However, it's better than Aconcagua.

T. I'm not in the least conceited. It's you that's conceited.

L. I thought I was perfect. In fact you've pretended for seven years that I'm a kind of angel.

T. It was one thing for me to pretend it and quite another thing for you to believe it. I may not have *said* anything, but please don't think I haven't noticed.

L. Noticed what?

T. Your faults.

L. Tell me some of them. It would be interesting after hearing only of my virtues for seven years.

T. I've told you one of them. You're conceited. You never admit to being in the wrong, and you sulk for a week if I don't happen to agree with you.

L. Well, that is your business. If I'm in the wrong it's up to you to put me right, and if I sulk you ought to slap me.

T. Oh, it's just like you to assume that it's anybody's fault but yours.

L. Very well. We won't quarrel about it, of course. Let's agree that I'm conceited. Anything else?

T. Well, for another thing you're extravagant.

L. That's right. We're getting on famously.

T. You 're deceitful.

L. Splendid.

T. You 're unpunctual.

L. Excellent.

T. And the way you 're flirting with young Padbury is perfectly scandalous.

L. Stephen Padbury is a man. We quarrel nearly every day.

T. We shall soon be having a first-rate quarrel ourselves if you aren't careful.

L. No fear of that. It takes two to make a quarrel, and *you* haven't the pluck.

T. (*with satisfaction*). I 've told you a few home-truths anyway.

L. Is that what you call pluck? It takes you seven years to screw your courage up, and all the time I suppose you 've been storing these things up in your mind against me. I call it mean.

T. Be careful, Lucinda. I shall be losing my temper directly.

L. Oh, no, you won't. You 've not enough warm blood in you to lose your temper. Now, if it had been Stephen Padbury——

T. Lucinda, that 's quite enough.

[*He rises suddenly from his chair and seizes her by the arms.*

L. (*looking at him incredulously*). You don't mean——

T. (*fiercely*). I mean what I say. I 've had just about enough of this. You 've had your little talk, and it 's about time you listened to me. I 've stood it long enough, and I 've reached the limit.

L. Tom, let go my arm. You 're hurting me.

T. (*tightening his grip*). I 'm glad to hear it. I 'm only sorry I didn't think of it before. As you so admirably pointed out it 's time we had a really good tussle, and I 'm game for it here and now; and please understand that from henceforth Aconcagua is removed completely from the map.

L. Tom, you 're hurting me frightfully. You really are.

T. Never mind. It 's all over now. I 've been a brute and you 've been a minx, and we 're going to forget all about it.

[*Still keeping hold of her arms, he bends forward and kisses her manfully. For a moment she is surprised and incredulous, and then with a sigh of delight falls into his arms. Emerging at last they survey one another gently.*

T. Darling, I 'm afraid we 've lost all claim to that flitch of bacon.

L. Have we, Tom? I 'm so glad.

"Going West African firm with good prospects requires capital to enlarge business, partnership offered."—*Provincial Paper.*

No use to us if it 's going West.

THE PERFECT GUEST.

On the hill opposite there is a tumulus; one sees it from the garden of the cottage; the sheep with their tinkling bells graze over it and around it. Little they think, as Lord MACAULAY puts it, on those strong limbs that moulder deep below. Nor as a matter of fact do I think on them much at ordinary times. It was Gregory who first made me do so.

"I think I 'm coming down to spend the week-end with you," he said.

"Not if I know it," I answered, a little brusquely perhaps, but you must understand that Gregory is hardly the fellow to take a quiet hint.

"I suppose I 'd better bring golf-clubs," he went on. "What kind of course is it?"

"Practically untouched since the Romans came," I responded cheerfully. "The pagan soil that Wilfred found, if you remember."

"Never mind," said Gregory; "it 'll be good for a round or so yet. What else is there to do?"

In all the books on etiquette that I have read it is explained that the tactful host does not map out the day too precisely for his guest in advance; there seems to be no established code of honour preventing the tactless guest from mapping out the day too precisely for his host. I felt that Gregory was taking advantage of this.

"There are many primroses," I told him, "in the little hollows of the woods—primroses and violets. How will you like to go out and fill your hands with bunches of primroses and violets, Gregory?"

"One can bathe, I suppose," he continued meditatively. "Would you mind if I brought down my red-striped bathing-suit?"

"Not if you keep the bathroom door shut," I said.

"In the sea, I meant. You could run me down before breakfast in the car, if the weather 's decent, couldn't you? It 's not more than a mile away."

I looked rather anxiously at him.

"Feverish, I 'm afraid," I said in a soothing voice—"feverish. Does the heart murmur at all, I wonder?"

Gregory puffed at his pipe.

"Are there any horses, by the way?" he asked suddenly.

I jumped.

"How do you mean, are there any horses?" I said.

"Can't we get a couple of horses to ride on?"

One might have supposed I was living on the pampas.

"I should think you could easily hire a couple of horses in Westingham and have them sent out. I should rather like a gallop in the morning over the downs."

"You weren't thinking of doing any shooting, were you?" I asked a little bitterly. "I noticed a lot of bullfinches on the downs the last time I was there."

"I 'll see what I can arrange as we go through," said Gregory quietly. "After all, one must fill in the time somehow, you know. What time do we start? I 'll drive if you like."

* * * * *

I was aroused next morning from my beauty sleep by the rattling of stones on my window. I jumped out of bed and trod on a pebble. Looking out of the window I observed a man holding an unoccupied horse and Gregory sitting on another. The first horse looked up at me with an indescribably unpleasant expression. I noticed that it had far more ridges on it than Gregory's.

The air struck chill. Far away I could perceive the cold shining sea beyond the gap in the downs. A thought occurred to me.

"You 've not had your dip yet, Gregory," I shouted. "Why not have that while I get ready?"

There was always a chance, I reflected, that the man might get himself drowned.

"Don't be an ass," shouted Gregory cheerfully. "Hurry up and come down."

I began to shave.

* * * * *

"What you ought to do here," said Gregory after breakfast, "is to level away all this grass slope between you and the road and make a tennis-court—a hard tennis-court, I think."

He had eaten, I noticed, all the marmalade.

"There 's a drain," I said coldly, "underneath that grass slope. At least I like to believe there is."

"Oh, nonsense!" he cried; "you needn't touch that. Come out with me now and I 'll show you where to begin. We might make a start on it before we go to the links. Have you got any spades?"

"Having no spades—," I began, but Gregory was too quick for me. He had discovered the outhouse. Like a fool I had not locked it up. A moment later he had discovered two monstrous-looking instruments of torture inside. I took one and toyed with it. Owing to the unpleasant horse with the ridges I was already aching all—well, I was aching, anyhow. Gregory turned round and began to dig. It was then that, gazing upwards from the garden to the hill, I let my fancy play lightly around the green tumulus. How many Romans, I fancied, how many Danes, how many other unwelcome intruders might not lie buried beneath its ancient soil? I won-



Lady (giving particulars of her daughter's engagement). "There's perhaps too much difference in age—she's twenty and he's forty."

Friend. "Well, it doesn't matter so much just now, but what will it be like when she's forty and he's eighty?

dered whether a little tumulus would not be a handsome addition to my own small garden. I looked at Gregory's strong limbs and thought. I lifted up my spade.

Then suddenly I checked myself. "The tactful host," I murmured, "does not map out the day too precisely for his guest in advance."

I began to help Gregory to dig.

Evoe.

"Cunarder's Three Ports a Day."
Headline in Daily Paper.

Not, of course, on the dry side of the Atlantic.

TRAFFIC RHYMES.

VIII.—The Scooter.

Scooters
Ought to have hooters.
The other morning,
Without warning,
A boy
On this so-called toy
Dashed
Round a corner and crashed
Into me.
He tripped;
I slipped
And put out my knee;
That's why
I have to lie
Here and nurse it.
Curse it!

From a law-report:—

"The police said they had no doubt that he was a 'bat burglar.'"—*Daily Paper.*

The kind that steals runs?

"Forecast by Meteorological Office.

South-West England.—Wine strong at times. Visibility good."
West-Country Paper.

Not if the strong wine makes people see double.

THE BILLIARDS OF MR. BULGER.

Mr. Bulger, the blacksmith of Marlpin, is entirely self-taught. He has a style of his own and rarely attempts any of the hackneyed strokes of Thurston's. His is a virile all-round-and-round-the-table game, for which, by reason of his rude physique, he is peculiarly fitted.

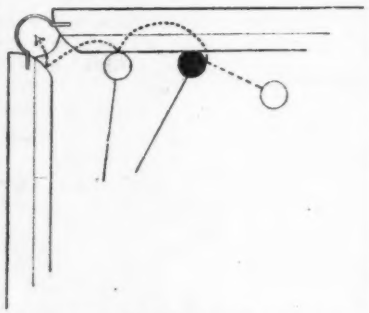
It was my privilege to see Mr. Bulger play in the final of the billiards championship at the Marlpin Institute. Mr. Bulger's victim reverently unlocked a tin case, took out a highly-finished cue, felt its balance and seemed to speculate temperamentally as to his form. Mr. Bulger, on the other hand, had an air of trusting serenely in his own strong right arm; he had no whimsies about cues—the first to hand in the rack suited him so long as it could keep its tip.

During the game his opponent would make a small but academically perfect break, leaving the balls safe. Mr. Bulger would then take in the position with a lightning glance and handle it with a thunder-stroke. The cue-ball and the object-ball would become two points of light racing round the table until the rattle and clatter of a series of kiss-cannons—far too rapid for the eye to follow—announced to the ear that they had picked up the third ball somewhere in their travels.

At the outset Mr. Bulger depressed his opponent very much indeed by bringing off one of his cumulative shots from an unpromising leave. The red ball was tucked away under a cushion some distance from the nearest bottom pocket, and the two whites were situated unhappily on either side of the table above the centre of the table. Most players would have acted here with caution, but Mr. Bulger always favours an offensive game. He drove his ball vigorously against the object-white. The former whizzed round the table to complete the cannon off the bottom cushion, striking the red in such a way as to roll it into the top right-hand pocket. Spectators, mistaking this for the climax, applauded, forgetting that, when Mr. Bulger performs, the dramatic possibilities are never exhausted *so long as any ball continues to roll*. While all this had been going on, the object-white had passed fretfully up and down the table. Mr. Bulger's ball now met it at a trysting-place just below the centre spot. They kissed—and parted, to roll respectively into the side pockets. Score for the shot: cannon, red winner, white winner, white loser—nine points.

All through the game Mr. Bulger was imperturbable. A sniff or the scraping of a match is enough to put a professional right off his game, but Mr. Bulger piled up his score unruffled by bursts of ironic applause. In a particularly tight finish his phlegm was remarkable. Ninety-five (Mr. Bulger) played ninety-nine. Worse, Mr. Bulger's ball was in baulk and the other two were at the top end of the table, the red lying just over a pocket, the position of the white constituting a stymie. Thus, if he failed to score, he would probably leave them on; while if he missed he would give his opponent the winning point.

To outsiders Mr. Bulger betrayed no emotion as he came to the table; only to those who knew him was his anxiety patent by the repeated moistening of the palm of his cue-hand. He took a deep breath; the muscles of his forearm bunched like a gnarled oak; and he dealt his ball a stroke that made the cue bend and waggle. Once—twice—the ball raced round the table without incident, and, as it started on its third tour with



Example of Mr. Bulger's top-of-the-table game.

abating speed, there was an anticipatory movement on the part of some to congratulate Mr. Bulger's opponent already on his victory. But suddenly a hush fell on the company. Mr. Bulger's combination had now manifested itself. The ball on its return for the third time had caught the angle of the middle pocket just sufficiently to be deflected from its normal (and barren) course, and to be sent on its last legs to cannon off the white and to impel the red gently into the pocket, thus completing Mr. Bulger's hundred and creating him, amidst cheers, the new champion.

When he is put to it, I am told that Mr. Bulger can make some attractive shots in the top-of-the-table game. His resource, when confronted with two balls dead against the cushion, is illustrated (from an eye-witness's account) in the accompanying diagram. Did Mr. Bulger think this out, or did it just happen? No one can say, for Mr. Bulger is taciturn and always plays billiards with a poker face. All that is certain is that the balls were the institute's bonzoline practice set (which are now not quite so round as when they were new) and that Mr. Bulger's sultry jab-stroke caused the cue-ball to mount the cushion off the red, to curvet to a cannon, and then, descending to the table proper again, to sidle off the cushion of the jaw into the pocket. Without reference to the rules Mr. Bulger took five for this feat. (It was only a friendly game, and no doubt continued to be so, for Mr. Bulger, as I have said, is a blacksmith, and a large one at that.)

Because Mr. Bulger plays billiards in a good old hard-hitting British manner that is not to say that he ignores the subtleties of the game. In a ding-dong match at The Towers with the housekeeper's son (at a time when the family was not in residence) he is said to have adopted defensive tactics with devastating success. Indeed, the story of one of his massé shots for position has pride of place in the Marlpin legends. At one blow Mr. Bulger tore the cloth, potted the white, sent red into baulk and the cue-ball through the stained-glass mullioned window into the centre tulip-bed. This leave, viewed from any angle, was a very awkward one for the housekeeper's son.

SOME NURSERY RHYMES MADE SEASONABLE.

Little Boy Blue, stop blowing your nose;
It 's raw as a radish and red as a rose.
Where is the little boy who plays on the green?
He 's under the blankets taking quinine.

"Mary, Mary, quite contrary,
Why are you sneezing so?"
"I 've a pain in my back,
My head 's fit to crack,
And I see seven stars in a row."

"Where are you going to, my pretty maid?"
"I 'm going to Doctor's, Sir," she said.

"May I go with you, my pretty maid?"
"Yes, if you like, kind Sir," she said.

"What is it ails you, my pretty maid?"
"I 've got influenza, Sir," she said.

"Then I won't go with you, my pretty maid."
"*A-tishoo, A-tishoo*, Sir," she said.

"MEUM AND TEUM.
Boys Rob Garden.
Is education lacking?"
Local Paper.

Apparently it is.

"Cob (aged), Wanted; must be very quiet, to carry nervous lady; height about 13 ft. 2 in." *Advt. in Local Paper.*

This seems to us to be trying a nervous lady rather high.



Short-sighted and short-tempered Sportsman in search of hounds. "IF YOU CAN'T ANSWER A CIVIL QUESTION, DON'T; BUT YOU NEEDN'T KEEP POINTING LIKE A BALLY IDIOT; THEY CAN'T HAVE GONE BOTH WAYS."

EASY MONEY.

(Being a slight forecast of the "big" scene in three or four sensational successes of the forthcoming season.)

SCENE—*An ante-room of the "Colts and Fillies," a night-club.* Lady Lætitia Quinine *and the* Hon. Frederic Bottle *(an engaged couple) discovered seated. A sensuous One-Step is played (off). Lady Lætitia is twenty-one. She was once beautiful. Her head is shaved quite bald, with the exception of two small clusters which conceal the ears.*

Bottle. Cigarette?

Quinine. Thanks.

Bottle. Cocktail?

Quinine. Oh, Freddy, how frightfully suburban you are! You know I take nothing but Eau de Cologne.

Bottle. Sorry. I say, old passion-flower, why did you ask me here?

Quinine. Why does any beautiful young woman ask one of the men she loves to a night-club?

Bottle. To pay for her food.

Quinine. Don't be absurd, dear boy. I get my drugs for nothing. And from you know who.

Bottle. You mean "whom." *(Raising his eyebrows)* Is Anstruther still——?

Quinine. Hopelessly. Or rather—hopefully.

Bottle. Good God, Lætitia, you don't mean——?

Quinine. No, Freddy, not yet. But it's difficult. Freddy, you'd better know the worst. I can't give him up.

Bottle (controlling himself). Cigarette?

Quinine. Thanks.

Bottle (slowly). You mean—you can't give *them* up?

Quinine. Perhaps I do.

Bottle. Lætitia, you'll give him up when we're married?

Quinine. I can't promise, old egg. I can't even promise we'll be married.

Bottle. You've promised that already, Tish darling.

Quinine. I know—I know. But what's a promise when human lives are trembling in the balance?

Bottle. The answer is a lemon. Cigarette?

Quinine. Thanks.

Bottle. Tell me what you mean.

Lætitia (pacing up and down the room like a tiger-cat, her bald head gleaming strangely in the lamplight). That's why I brought you here. Oh, Freddy, I know you think I'm no better than the rest of our gaudy gang, shallow, vicious, unpunctual. Just because I've no hair you think I've no head. You're like all the rest of the Chapel Set—you confuse baldness with boldness. Just because I take liberties you imagine I take livers—I mean lovers. Oh, you're so terribly *vieux jeu*, old carrot! And yet I love you for it. But, Freddy, because a girl is half-mad with aspirin it doesn't mean she's lost her aspirations. Dope and hope, dear boy, may not be so very far apart after all. Veronal and Verona, Freddy—fanaticism and phenacetin——

Bottle. That will be enough of that vein.

Quinine. And believe me, Freddy, deep down under all my superficial extravagances there's just the simplest little woman's heart that ever throbbed.

Bottle (deeply moved). I am sorry, Tish; I have wronged you. I thought you were genuine.

Quinine (earnestly). Oh, don't be bitter, Freddy. There's no time. Listen—do you see that man over there?

Bottle. Where?

Quinine. The man who has just sat down—talking to Squeegee—in evening-dress.

Bottle. I see him—a cross between a young Russian dancer and an old English *roué*.

Quinine. That 's the one. That 's Pewter.

Bottle. Pewter?

Quinine. Policeman Pewter, silly. Inspector Pewter. The handsomest buck in the Night-Club Narks' Brigade. He always wears that adorable shirt with the frills in front.

Bottle. And a sting in the tail, I take it?

Quinine. No. That 's just the trouble. Listen—I haven't told you the worst. Mother will be here in a few minutes.

Bottle. Has Pewter a mother? How vulgar!

Quinine. *My* mother, stupid. Freddy, you must be serious. We are at a crisis in four lives.

Bottle (*controlling himself*). Cigarette?

Quinine. Thanks.

Bottle. Light?

Quinine. No, ta. I 'll just bite it. Freddy, I asked you here to-night to help me with mother.

Bottle. Really, Tish, you haven't joined the Save the Mothers League?

Quinine. Oh, it 's not what you think. It 's worse—far worse. It 's the police; it 's that man—*Pewter!*

Bottle. But he 's not come here to arrest your *mother?*

Quinine (*distracted*). No, no, *no!* That 's the pity of it. Oh, how blind you are! She worships him. He 's the divinest dancer in the C.I.D. They sway round the room together like two captive balloons. Oh, can't you see? Why do you suppose this place has never been raided? It was on the list months ago. Night after night that man comes here collecting evidence for a prosecution, and night after night he dances with mother and puts the prosecution off.

Bottle. But why? And, for the matter of that, why not? For my part I shall be perfectly happy if I am never prosecuted again. Five pounds a time for a whisky and a foxtrot——

Quinine. You fool, don't you understand? It 's mother who 's stopping him.

Bottle. I am grateful to her ladyship. What does she pay him?

Quinine. If we 're not very careful, Freddy, she 'll *marry* him!

Bottle. Do the Countess no harm at all. Fine fellows, the police.

Quinine. Oh, my dear, I 'm thinking of *him!* You know what mother is. She 'll ruin his career. He 's being talked about at the Yard as it is. Besides, I know you 'll think I 'm sentimental, but I have a sort of feeling about mother. I do want to save her, for her own sake. For after all, old egg, it 's my fault she 's gone primitive.

Bottle. Don't be morbid, Lætitia.

Quinine. It 's the truth, Freddy. I 've dragged her down. It was I who showed her how to smoke blotting-paper. It was I who taught her to eat gold-fish. I gave her that bankle she wears on her angle. And—Heaven forgive me!—it was I who introduced her to Pewter—when I was tired of him.

[*She sobs hysterically.*

Bottle. Lætitia! You and Pewter——? [*She nods brokenly.*

Bottle (*controlling himself*). Cigarette?

Quinine. Thanks.

Bottle. And where do I come in?

Quinine. Now you 're not going to be selfish, Freddy? I 'm going to give you up, dear boy, for mother 's sake, and I want you to do as much for me. I want you to marry mother, Freddy, and make a good woman of her.

Bottle. I beg your pardon?

Quinine. Oh, you can do it, Freddy—you and no one else. You 're straight, Freddy; you 're wholesome and clean. It 's not much to ask, boy. (*Kneeling*) Oh, Freddy, if you love me, don't let my mother marry a detective!

Enter the Dowager Countess of Quinine.

The Countess. Now where 's my Pewtie? What, Tish, you 're not proposing *again?*

Quinine (*rising from the knees*). Mother, this has got to stop. You 're going straight home.

The Countess. Home, Tish? At my age?

Quinine. Oh, mother, I blame myself. You 've never had a chance, I know. I 've not looked after you. It was I who introduced you to life——

The Countess. Pardon me, Tish—I fancied it was the other way round.

Quinine. "Life," mother—life with inverted commas and perverted minds. This drain of a life that we and our sort lead—at any rate in plays. No one else leads life at all—they just function. And oh, mother, I do want to send you back to that—back to the living death of Kensington! Go, mother, go—Freddy will show you the way.

The Countess. Oh, Tish, I won't go on the Inner Circle!

[*She sobs great sobs.*

Quinine. Mother, you 've scent on your handkerchief! Oh, how I hate myself!

The Countess. It 's your own fault, Tish. You led me on. You put me up for the "Colts and Fillies." I sipped my first Martini at your knee. You brought light and laughter into my grey old life, and who can wonder that I was carried away? And now (*gulping*) you ask me to go to bed at two o'clock.

Quinine (*playing her last card*). Mother, you see what I have here? It 's your old hot-water-bottle. The one you used to put in our beds when Toots and I were tinies. Don't you remember, mother—how you used to fill it at the geyser—Oh, mother, those dear old simple days!—and you screwed up the stopper and put it against your cheek to see it wasn't too boiling for our little tum-tums—and then you put it in the little bed and kissed us both, and tiptoed out—we used to call it Mary-Jane—oh, mother can't you go back to those days? *I* can't, darling; I 'm too far gone—but you—— Throw away that handkerchief, mother, throw away your lipstick, your cherry-sticks, your ivory toothbrush, throw away your nail-scissors and sponge, and go back home with Mary-Jane.

The Countess (*overcome*). I have been a bad woman, Tish. I will. But you?



Nervous Owner (*to speed-mad chauffeur*). "W-WHAT WAS Y-YOUR LAST J-JOB B-BEFORE THIS, W-WILKINS?"

Chauffeur. "SCENE-SHIFTER."



"AMUSEMENT" ENTHUSIASTS.

GETTING IN TRAINING FOR THE WEMBLEY SEASON.

Quinine. At my age, mother, we cannot go back. But if I have put you on the right road I have not lived in vain. Good-bye, mother. And (*brokenly*) good-bye, Mary-Jane.

The Countess. Good-bye, dear child. I shall never forget what I owe to you. (*Simply*) Will you take me to Kensington, Mr. Bottle?

Bottle (*after a brief struggle*). I will. (*To Quinine*) But you?

Quinine. I see Lord Anstruther has just arrived,

Bottle. So be it. You are brave, Lætitia. Cigarette?

Quinine. Thanks.

[*Exeunt* Bottle *and the* Countess *with* Mary-Jane.

Enter Lord Anstruther.

Lord Anstruther. Evenin', girl. Cigarette?

Quinine. Thanks.

(CURTAIN.) A. P. H.

The Morning After.

"On Saturday night at 8.0 P.M. the annual potato-pie supper will be held. The subject of the sermon on Sunday morning will be 'A night of horror.'"—*Parish Magazine.*

"What is the mother of young children to reply when these latter ask her, 'Why does father do by stealth what the law forbids him to do openly?'"—*Evening Paper.*

We should suggest smacking.

TO VITTORIA: IN THE TRAIN TO MILAN.

PARIS, the Gare de Lyon, night,
And you, Vittoria, a sprite
With small round ear-rings lurking bright
Among your clipt brown curls,
Meeting my gaze with merry view,
As *vis-à-vis's* are wont to do
When they are not afraid of you,
Are nine, and little girls.

O pledge of all the sweets that lie
Beyond the Simplon, tell me why
I knew your home was Italy
For all your Paris air?
In *argot* of Montmartre you spoke,
And yet Transalpine echoes woke,
And in my heart what Northern folk
Arouse not, though they share.

Past Dijon, duly curtained in,
We drowsed, and still your tilted chin
Recalled the painted cherubin
Of ceilings in the South;
And when a clanking stop occurred
At some dark station and you stirred
It was not French the sleepy word
That woke your peaceful mouth.

And when the cold Swiss dawn began
And *déjeuner* beyond Lausanne
Drained the thronged carriage to a man
You stretched a drowsy arm
For bread and wine your mother's sack
Had stored discreetly on the rack—
True peasant luggage journeying back
To some provincial farm.

O happy day! O headlong run
From Domodossola! The sun
Came bravely out and one by one
Our company withdrew
And packed the corridor to see
Baveno and the lake's long lee;
And then your mother spoke to me,
And I (oh, joy!) to you.

Your name? Vittoria Zordan.
Of Venice? Yes, the Brenta ran
Past your hill home. So for a span
You prattled droll and gay;
Then, all your conversation spent,
The *occhi ladri* that you bent—
"Thieves' eyes," as sweet as innocent—
Upon your English prey!

Alas, Vittoria! too soon
It fled, that golden afternoon,
And Milan 'neath a wintry moon
Proclaimed our sundered lines.
So there I left you, with your eyes'
Last benison and tired good-byes,
Where the great Duomo cleaves the skies
Among the Lombard vines.

"SPRING CLEANING THE LAW COURTS."
Headline in Provincial Paper.

Forward, Heracles!



AT THE SALES.

Exhausted Husband. "I CAN'T FIND MY WIFE ANYWHERE."
Sympathetic Friend. "HAVE YOU TRIED DRAGGING THE BARGAIN BASEMENT?"

THE ECHO SYSTEM.

IT was a morning made of the sparkle of sapphires and diamonds; a morning loud with lark song and vivid with the high clear colours of Spring; a morning when, should you shout in the high woods, as surely shout you must with the joy of it, Echo will answer as she answers at no other time. And oh! most gaily will the little chatterbox return you her mocking subservience, though of course only for *just* so long as you keep a distance.

To-day she answered merrily as usual, and yet clearer, nearer and more approachable did she seem than ever previously, and I, adventurous with the vintage of the awakening year, pushed on down hill through the warmth of last summer's bracken, under the bare waiting boughs of the oaks, across the brook and up again, over a Tom Tiddler's ground of anemone and primrose, to the grove of stone pines a-top of Folly Wood where I have always been certain that Echo might be found, did you look for her on the right day?

And sure enough, under the oldest of the pines, there she sat, slim, grey-eyed, boyish, clasping her pretty knees and crinkling up her eyes in the early sunshine and her mouth in a smile.

She looked just the affable young lady I 'd always imagined, but I found her to be far from the pretty goose that you, who have not met her, may have fancied from long-range converse with her.

She was full of delightful whimsies and wisdoms of the hills and woods, for, though she must have had to listen to much that is harsh and unkindly, yet she has heard lots of that laughter of life which is wisdom, and in her "times off" she prefers, she told me, to talk nonsense to anything else.

"Specially," she said, "on this morning of mornings when the sky is new."

"New?" I repeated (if you ever get Echo to talk when she 's off duty you 'll find that she can lead a conversation as well as anyone else, but that you yourself become a sort of sub-echo; for, as she says, and it certainly *sounds* logical, "if Echo speaks then echo must be heard").

"Yes, *new*," said she. "Didn't you know that at the beginning of Spring, just when the cuckoo starts to understudy me, last year's sky is always rolled up and taken away and a new one put down over-night?"

I looked up through the sage soft-breathing pines, far up into the clean singing sapphire and saw at once how right she was and wondered how I'd not noticed it before.

"Quite right," I echoed her, and reflected that she was daughter of Air and so of course might be expected to be an authority on skies and all appertaining thereto.

"And the *old* sky," she continued, "when once it has been made good as new again by being brushed over with the peacock tails of comets, is taken on Charles's Wain to the House of the Blue Butterflies, and there three old ladies cut it up into Real Happinesses, and," said she, "out of the odd bits the old dears make the really truly live blue butterflies. And that just shows you what a lot of happiness there must be about since what 's over of it is called

Common Blues. You knew, of course," she added, "didn't you, that all Real Happinesses are bluest of the blue?"

And I, gratefully recalling many a halcyon hour, rhymed her with "True."

"And when the Real Happinesses are ready for delivery," said she, "they have to be given echoes, and that's where I come in. I leave my woods then to the cuckoo for the nonce and go to the workrooms, where the finished Joys stand all nested like dessert-plates and tied with the strings of rainbows, and I breathe echoes into each so that they all have little songs in them like the ripples in a tuning-fork. And the reason for that is—but surely you know?"

"No," I matched her.

"Why," she told me, "'tis as clear as morning. Real happiness isn't a thing you can keep to yourself or it wouldn't be real; it's got to be shared, hasn't it? But how? For no one could be so ungrateful as to give away a gift given him by the immortal gods. To meet the difficulty, then what's known as the Echo System was adopted, which means that anybody who gets a bit of the real sounding heaven may, while he holds his godsend to his own ear, as all polite and thankful people should—may, I say, and does (for he can't help so doing or it's not the true sky stuff he's got) flick with a finger the ringing blue rim of it to let others share the music of its azure and be glad of it too. Music of the spheres, I——"

She stopped of a sudden, interrupted by the note of a horn that floated across the valley (I'd forgotten the meet at Cray's), and a hound opened—old Arrogant, I'd have sworn.

Echo scrambled to her feet, her wild-rose face aflame, her eyes dancing. "Gracious me!" she cried, "*they've found!* I must fly."

"Why?" I rhymed her.

"*Why?*" said she, catching up her kirtle—"*Why?* 'Cos I always fly when hounds find a fox; any sporting writer will tell you that."

And fly she did, a melody among the oaks, just as the hero of the hubbub, a shiny sinewy rogue (surely a fox is the most graceful of all living things?), cantered through the open wood; red as a rowanberry he was, cool as a cucumber and silent as a dream, although he flourished his full white-tagged brush as if to say, "Come on, my lads, you won't eat me this side Martinmas, and the violets out an' all!"

No more they will, for to-day's was the last meet of the season, and I saw hounds going home, and Tom told me that they had made nothing of him. "Well, he'll have to wait till November now," said he, "an' good luck to him till then!"



Prospective Bride. "MARY, MY WEDDING IS FIXED FOR TUESDAY THE 28TH."
Maid. "OH, MISS, YOU CAN'T; IT'S MY DAY OUT!"

A sentiment I echoed—of obligation this time, though the thief had cost me a *tête-à-tête* with as agreeable and interesting a young woman as I've met for a long time—one moreover that it won't be so easy to come by again, I very much suspect.

"Sir William Tindall Lister, Surgeon-Dentist to the King's Household, has accepted the appointment of Honorary Ophthalmic Surgeon to the Guildhall School of Music."
Daily Paper.

We conclude that Sir WILLIAM specialises in eye-teeth.

MASTERS AND MEN.

LEST the former forget to be human
And the latter prove masterful too,
I'd suggest for the conference room an
Outsider's unprejudiced view:—
That their labours will end in disasters
If they fail with the tongue or the pen
To admit that, while some must be masters,
They all must be men.

"WANTED.—Ring Doffers."
Advt. in Provincial Paper.

A synonym for grass-widows?



THE FLIGHT OF TIME.

Jack (aged five) to Jill (aged three-and-a-quarter). "I HAVEN'T SEEN YOU FOR AN AGE—NOT SINCE YOU WERE THREE."

TO JEAN DE RESZKE.

So JEAN is dead! and yet to me it seems,
As ruthless Time for ever onward races,
But yesterday when, mid the transient gleams
Of "stars" that came and went and left no traces,
The two DE RESZKES shed their conquering beams
On Covent Garden—operatic "aces,"
Fratrum par nobile, trump-cards from Paris,
Brought over by astute AUGUSTUS HARRIS.

Early acclaimed in the familiar round,
The hackneyed programme of the lyric stage,
As *Faust* and *Romeo*, far more renowned
You grew when, verging upon middle age,
Boldly neglecting Fashion's call you crowned
Your brilliant record with its brightest page
And used your talents to illuminate
And glorify the music that is great.

PATTI in *Don Giovanni* as *Zerlina*,
In the mid-'seventies, in her golden prime,
And in the *Barbiere* as *Rosina*,
Gave me a good, an even glorious time;
But *Tristan und Isolde* with TERNINA
And both DE RESZKES—*that* was quite sublime,
That was the climax, passionate and glowing,
Of all my forty years of opera-going.

Dowered with distinction, schooled in self-control—
Unlike squat manikins who bleat and mince—
You could portray nobility of soul
Linked with the mien and bearing of a prince,
And sang each high Wagnerian hero *rôle*
As it was never sung before or since,
Letting no uncouth sound escape your lips,
Wearing the giant's robe without eclipse.

So, though there are no "records" to recall
The voice now hushed and bridge the years between,
On memory's ear still magically fall
The golden tones, so thrilling or serene,
Which moved us once, in gallery or in stall,
When you adorned the operatic scene
And falsified triumphantly the gibe
Levelled by BÜLOW at the tenor tribe.*

* "A tenor is not a man, but a disease."

The Prehensile Eros.

From a cinema advertisement:—

"Never a film like this with its realm of incredible things and happenings. And over it all the glamour of a wondrous love-tail holding you fast in its grip!"—*West-Country Paper.*

"Miss 1925, with knee-length frock, stiff Eton collar . . . and lighted cigarette leaving one gasping."—*Weekly Paper.*

Well, what are gaspers for?



THE WINSTON TOUCH.

Chancellor of the Exchequer. "MY POOR BEAST, I'M AFRAID YOU HAVE A VERY GRIEVOUS BURDEN TO BEAR."

British Ass. "YES; CAN'T YOU DO SOMETHING SPECTACULAR ABOUT IT?"

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Monday, April 6th.—Lord AMPTHILL called attention to the hard case of certain uncovenanted officers who had joined the British Service in India but had since, without their own consent, been transferred to the Native Service, and now found themselves at the mercy of the Indian Legislative Councils. He moved an Address to HIS MAJESTY, praying for the production of the relevant correspondence.

The atmosphere of the India Office appears to have had an emollient effect upon Lord BIRKENHEAD, whose detailed and sympathetic reply contained hardly one of those ironic touches which the Peers are accustomed to expect in even his most formal speeches. He declared that he would discuss the matter specially in his forthcoming conferences with Lord READING, and promised to produce all the letters on the subject that could properly be published. Lord AMPTHILL'S motion was accordingly passed: "the Address to be presented," as the picturesque phrase goes, "by the Lords with White Staves."

India was also the first topic discussed in the Commons, where Lord WINTERTON referred approvingly to Mr. DAS'S recent olive branch, but implied that it must throw out a few more leaves before the Government could regard it as an entirely convincing symbol of peace; and gently repressed Mr. THURTLE and Colonel WEDGWOOD, who seemed to think that Mr. DAS should at once be invited to a round-table conference in Downing Street.

Captain GARRO-JONES, who is running Lieut.-Commander KENWORTHY hard for the *Rosa Dartle* Stakes, wanted to know if the Government were identified with Lord BIRKENHEAD'S ingenious scheme for the reform of the Upper House. The PRIME MINISTER reminded him that Lord BIRKENHEAD had expressly disclaimed official inspiration. I fear the announcement rather checked the rising hopes of the potential Lords of Parliament on the Labour benches.

Except in the case of cartoons Art and politics do not seem to flourish in the same atmosphere. The controversy aroused by the picture of Lady ASTOR'S introduction is hardly yet forgotten. Only a few weeks ago a Member was successfully objecting to the presentment of MONTROSE'S execution; and to-day Mr. SANDEMAN asked whether WATTS'S panel representing KING ALFRED encouraging his subjects to repel the Danish invaders could be removed from Committee Room No. 10 "on account of its irritating effect on Members." A soft answer from the UNDER-SECRETARY for the Home Office quite failed to turn away the wrath of Mr. SANDEMAN, who invited the Minister to go and look at the picture for himself. "Would he like to go down to posterity with legs on him such as those on KING ALFRED?"

Mr. SAKLATVALA complained of the precautions taken in Palestine to protect Lord BALFOUR against the attacks threatened by Arab fanatics, and with some hardihood, I thought, asked, "Would not young Englishmen do the same if an Arab Chief came here to dictate to you how you should live?" The elect of Battersea should be the last person to question the attitude of Young England to the exotic politician.

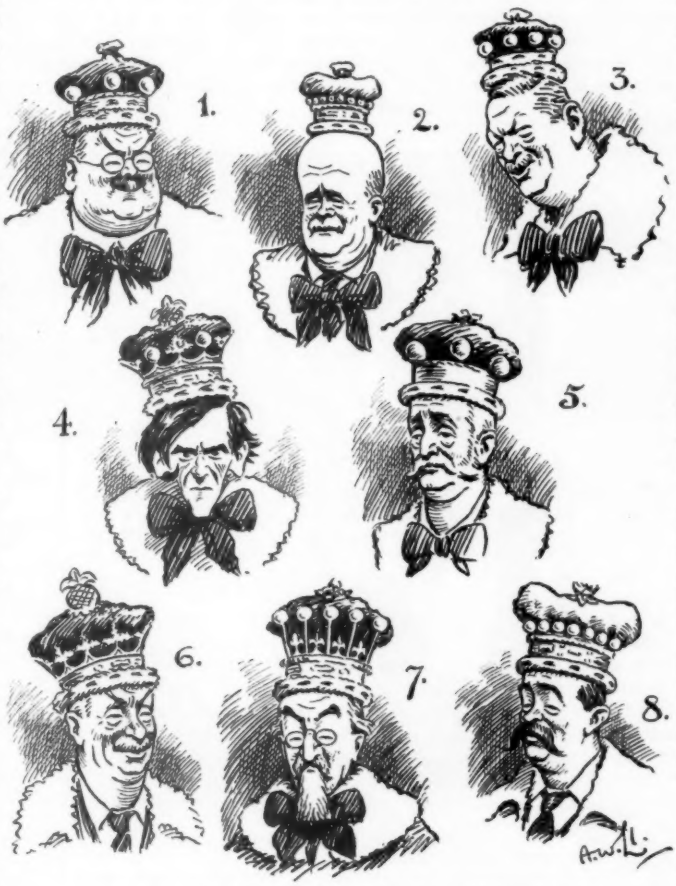
Lady ASTOR made the *amende honorable* to Mr. HAYDAY for having implied last week that he was in the habit of keeping doubtful company. She meant nothing worse, it seemed, than that he had been seen in conversation with persons belonging to the liquor trade. And I have seen the noble lady herself talking to Colonel GRETTON.

In defending the Post Office against the critics of its Wireless scheme the PRIME MINISTER showed unusual vigour. One of them, Mr. HURD, was advised not to believe everything he read in the Press on the subject. At that particular moment, I inferred, Mr. BALDWIN shared the opinion of an earlier listener-in that—

"HURD melodies are sweet,
But those unheard are sweeter."

A lively manner hardly concealed Capt. ELLIOTT'S anxiety regarding public health in Scotland, where a falling birth-rate had been accompanied by a rising death-rate and increasing emigration, with the result that there were twenty thousand fewer people in the country at the end of last year than there were at the beginning. Incidentally he remarked that the decline in the population of France was due to the heavy death-rate. "Give up making guns and buy more drain-pipes from Paisley," was his advice to M. HERRIOT.

Tuesday, April 7th.—Neither Ministerial rebuffs nor the hilarity of his fellow-members can stop Mr. LIVINGSTONE'S Lochboisdale Pier campaign.



IF LORD BIRKENHEAD'S DREAM CAME TRUE.

Some Lords Temporary.

(1) LORD SHAW OF PRESTON.
(2) VISCOUNT WALSH OF INCE.
(3) LORD THORNE OF PLAISTOW.
(4) THE MARQUIS MAXTON.
(5) LORD POPLAR AND LANSBURY.
(6) THE DUKE OF DUNDEE AND SCRYMGEOUR.
(7) EARL WEBB OF SEAHAM.
(8) VISCOUNT SILVERTOWN AND JONES.

To-day he produced a new argument. Was not a light formerly shown on the pier, and what steps did the Board of Trade propose to take to avert the danger to shipping caused by its extinction? Sir P. Cunliffe-Lister admitted that there had been a light, but it was an "occasional" one, only exhibited when a vessel was expected; and the Commissioners of Northern Lights informed him that it was now unnecessary, and if re-exhibited might tempt vessels to their doom. This seems conclusive, but I am sure Mr. Livingstone is not done with yet.

Mr. Bromley asked the War Secretary why certain soldiers were riding on the footplates of L. & N.E.R. engines, and, when told that the men were Royal Engineers who were gaining valuable experience, scornfully observed that they might ride on the footplate for fifty years and learn nothing.

The Secretary of the Associated Society of Locomotive Engineers and Firemen was again to the fore when an hon. Member sought to raise a laugh by asking how many Labour Members were in arrears with their income-tax. Up went Mr. Bromley's hand, as if to show that he at least was not like Mr. J. H. Thomas, the reputed plutocrat of the N.U.R.

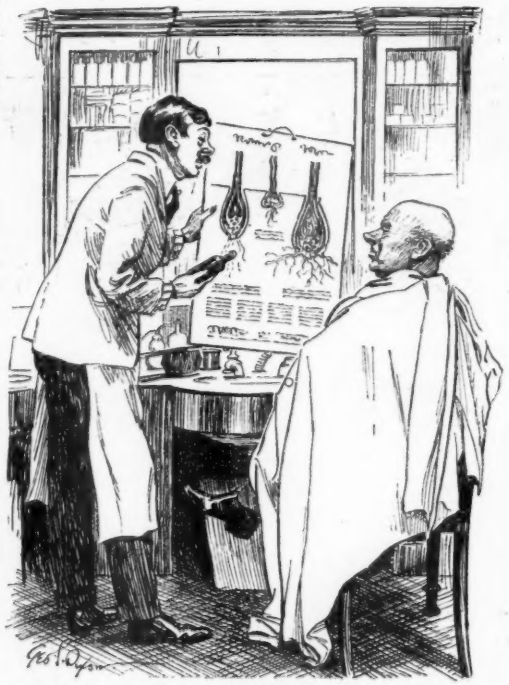
Mr. Churchill, in moving the suspension of the twenty-six per cent. levy on German goods in favour of a new method of recovering reparations from the German Government, said that the story was "quite simple," and took half-an-hour to tell it. His explanation was, however, clear enough to convince Mr. Graham, the financial expert of the Labour Party, of the essential soundness of the scheme. Mr. Lloyd George too gave it his blessing, and took occasion to give himself a little pat on the back as the sponsor of the original Act. This approval of the bad old days of the Coalition was too much for Captain Wedgwood Benn and Lieut.-Commander Kenworthy, who thereupon proceeded to exemplify the new solidarity of the Liberal Party by picking holes in the arrangement that their "leader" had praised.

Later the House settled down to another discussion of the eternal question, "Socialism *v.* Capitalism." Mr. Wheatley and Sir Alfred Mond were the "star" turns, but there was nothing very original about the scintillations of either of them.

Wednesday, April 8th.—A surprisingly large number of Members resisted the temptation afforded by a really warm day to anticipate their Easter holidays. They were rewarded by hearing some excellent speeches. On the Agricultural Returns Bill Mr. Lloyd George delivered another of his periodical jeremiads about the decline of British farming, recalled the good old days (*circa* George II.) when his beloved Snowdonia grew the timber for the British Navy and the "hearts of oak" were Welsh oaks. Mr. Wood was sympathetic, but pointed out that a revival of British agriculture was mainly a question of prices, and that the Liberal leader was really inviting the democracy to scrap Free Trade.

Mr. Richardson's resolution in favour of more secondary education was carried without a division, after Mr. Trevelyan had pointed out that many children did not begin to learn until they were over fourteen—an age at which that eminent Harrovian, the present Chancellor of the Exchequer, was at the bottom of the school.

Thursday, April 9th.—The House adjourned until April 28th, when Mr. Churchill will "open the Budget," and show what a lot he has learned since 1888.



"The diagram, Sir, will show you the nutritive effect of my preparation."

"But, my dear fellow, I want something that will produce hair, not tulips."

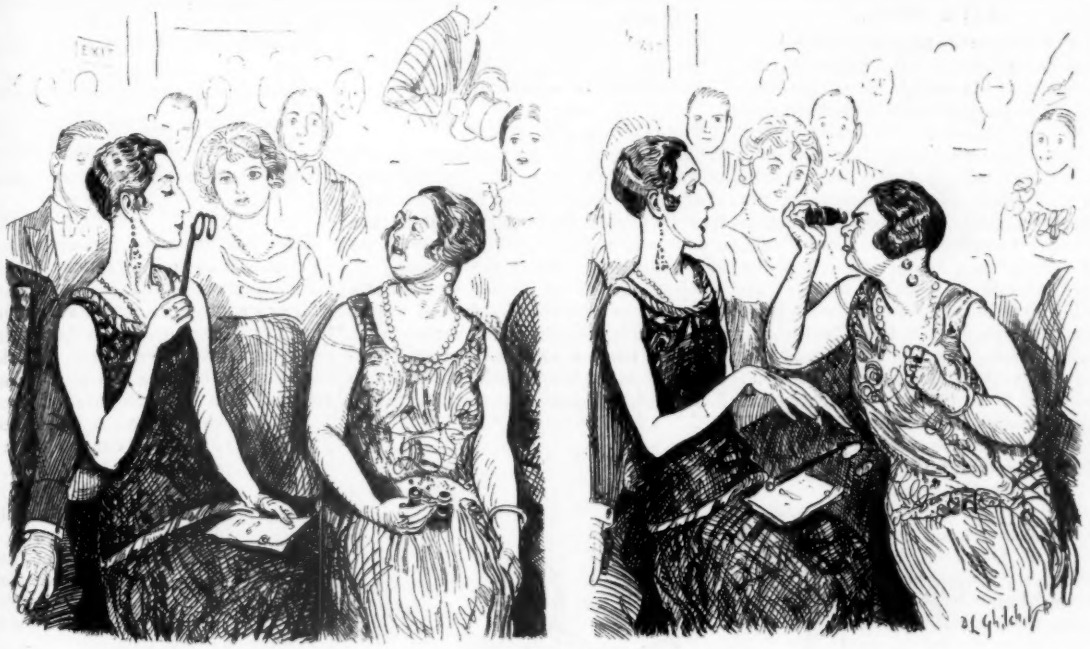
RHYMES OF THE R.A.F.

XVII.—"Guest Night."

The R.A.F. can justly boast
That when disposed to play the host
It stops at nothing to enhance
The pageantry and circumstance
That must surround, as all agree,
Its acts of hospitality.
Thus every Mess must celebrate
Its Guest Nights in befitting state.
The drums resound, the trumpets bray,
The wistful fifes and bagpipes play;
The ante-room, ablaze with light,
Presents an animated sight;
In scarlet coats the waiters stand
With cocktail-shakers close to hand,
And everyone is anxious lest
Some shy and unassuming guest
Should let these precious moments pass
And miss the little tonic glass
Whose choice ingredients well unite
To titillate the appetite.

It would be pleasant to repeat
The list of famous things they eat
(None but an artist acts as chef
In Messes of the R.A.F.);
But let me merely state instead
That every guest is bravely fed,
And plied again and yet again
With bubbling vintage of Champagne.
The time flits by on rosy wings,
Unseen musicians tune their strings,
Play now and then some sprightly bars,
And port is followed by cigars.

The A.O.C. withdraws at last,
And thus concludes the grand repast.
At once with loud and lively din
The revels of the night begin.
Like jolly boys let loose from school
All ranks unite to play the fool.
Their staid decorum cast aside,
Group Captains intimate with pride
That once, before they seek their beds,
They mean to stand upon their heads,
And Wing Commanders firmly claim
That leap-frog is the only game,
Whilst jovial padres roar with glee
And slap each other on the knee.
In short, the livelong night is spent
In bold convivial merriment,
And guests, enraptured and surprised,
Declare the binge is well devised
That starts with forms of martial pomp
And ends in one colossal romp.



REPRISAL.

"MARIA JANE HIGGINS."

A MYSTERY.

THE metaphoric skies were dark: the shadows deepened round me;
I sat aloof and brooded with a melancholy joy
On how the universe was shaped on purpose to confound me,
How everything was put there with intention to annoy;
My muse was not worth kicking at; my songs were thin and scrappy;
My collar didn't fit (you should have seen me tear it off);
I found to my despair that I was running out of 'bacey,
And bitterly reflected on the vileness of my golf.

Then up I rose, and lifted up my hands, and muttered, "Dash it!"
And felt I'd reached the point at which a man I used to know
Would wave a chair about him and emotionally bash it
Down on a table, hard, and found it always brought a glow,
When, just as I'd expressed the wish that furniture was cheaper,
A Voice was borne upon me, like an angel's from aloft,
Or fairy's from a flow'ret (though in that case rather deeper),
And thus I heard its whisper, very low and very soft:
What's the matter with Maria Jane Higgins?
She's—all—right.

O tidings from the far Unknown! O name of golden mystery!
Who was she? Or who is she? I'm entirely unaware;
I'm only sure of this, that in a somewhat chequered history
I never met a lady named in that way—that I'll swear.
It may be we're affinities; that in the soul she's near me,
Though strangers in the flesh, no doubt; and in my utter blight
This automatic message came in sympathy to cheer me
Up with the thought that she at least was getting on all right.

Or did she live here once, a thing diffusing light and laughter,
Who, with a sunny strength e'en dissolution failed to stoop,
Left an etheric influence for those that dwelt thereafter
In the same spot, when they were landed badly in the soup?
People who know, I understand, the spirit world from inside
Employ this theory to explain the garments of a ghost;
And though, to the incredulous, a trifle on the thin side,
It is perhaps as plausible and promising as most.

Or, once again, could Higgins stand for us, the heavy-hearted,
Like Thomas Atkins, Doe and Roe, and others of the kind,
So that these words convey to all who think they're being carted
Assurance, in the wider aspect, that they needn't mind;
To bid them be of comfortable cheer and not to grumble,
That each is a Maria Jane? It might of course be that;
It's not perhaps an easy thing to which at first to tumble,
But might be beneficial, if one really had it pat.

I know not. But I know that, when I'm feeling sad and sniffy,
As in my op'ning stanza, in a modified degree,
I find this healing formula can soothe me in a jiffy,
Maria Jane's all-rightness acts like Sunday by the sea;
And you, my suffering brother and my agitated sister,
I give it to you gladly: When you're wearied with your lots,
When Fate has bowled you out with an unprecedented twister,
Then try it with my blessing; take it very gently—*What's—*
What's the matter with Maria Jane Higgins?
She's—all—right.

DUM-DUM.

KIT'S WAY.

I HAD no sooner read the appeal for funds made, about a fortnight ago, by the Marlowe Memorial Committee than I began to project a fantastical masque to be performed at Canterbury, the poet's native town, where the unfinished memorial stands. I desire now to submit a synopsis of this masque to Sir EDMUND GOSSE, Sir SIDNEY LEE and the other members of the Committee, and to express a hope that it may be found possible to produce it either on the 30th of this month or at some later date, perhaps during the Canterbury Cricket Week. Of Kit Marlowe's life, of course, very little is known. Beyond the facts that he was educated at King's School, Canterbury, and Cambridge, was accused of being a coiner, an atheist and a blasphemer, lived dissolutely and was killed in a drunken brawl over a tavern-wench at Deptford, being then twenty-six years of age, we are almost in the dark. Of the fine, if flamboyant, nature of his poetry we are in no doubt at all.

But a public that dotes on topical sensations needs something more moving than admiration of a dead poet's work if it is to open its purse. What is wanted is to make the past and the present live side by side. Hence my allegorical play. We have a very strong list of characters, including:—

The ninety-four Archbishops of Canterbury, headed by St. Augustine in full canonical dress, with chaplains and croziers complete.
Geoffrey Chaucer.
William Shakespeare.
Ben Jonson.
George Chapman.
Kit Marlowe.
Helen of Troy.
The present Mayor of Canterbury.
Five former dittos.
Queen Elizabeth.
Tamburlaine the Great.
Dr. Faustus.
The Headmaster of King's School, Canterbury.
Master Bame, an informer.
Beelzebub.
Mephistopheles.
Ovid.
Hero.
Sir Edmund Gosse.
Leander.
Sir Sidney Lee.
The Bishop of Durham.
The General Manager of the Southern Railway.
Miss Edith Sitwell.
Sir Edward Marshall-Hall.
Sir Ellis Hume-Williams
and
The Goddess of Fame.

(Together with students, merry-makers, Canterbury pilgrims, choristers, devils, Huguenots, theologians, Kings of Asia, literary critics, pothouse brawlers, tavern wenches, muses, actors, dramatists and poets of yesterday and to-day.)

After the usual prologue in blank verse, spoken by the Goddess of Fame, and a mediæval street scene with morris-dancing, there is enacted a short open-air version of the murder of Thomas à Becket, followed by the arrival of Chaucer and the pilgrims of the *Canterbury Tales*. When these have passed we see Marlowe seated on a bench at a wooden table carousing with Helen of Troy. He has a cup of sack in one hand and a dagger in the other. He is chanting to her in a somewhat maudlin fashion his well-known poem beginning:

> "Come, liue with me and be my loue,
> And we will all the pleasures proue
> That vallies, groues, hills and fieldes,
> Woods, or steepie mountaine yieldes,"

of which the spelling is more his than mine. He is interrupted by the entrance of the innkeeper, who demands payment of his bill. Marlowe flings him a gold coin. The innkeeper declares it to be a forgery. Marlowe stabs him.

We now have a very dramatic little scene. Enter slowly (to a solemn musick) the ninety-four Archbishops of Canterbury, who begin to remonstrate with the poet. I flatter myself that this is a thoroughly Elizabethan effect.

Marlowe flings back taunt for taunt.

> "Holla, ye pampered jades of Cantuar,
> What do ye draw in stipend anyway?"

is one of his embittered openings; and to Thomas à Becket in particular—

> "Was this the face that launched a thousand trips
> Along the Pilgrim's Way to Faversham?"

I do not feel very certain that the Pilgrim's Way to Canterbury does run *viâ* Faversham, but the South-Eastern Railway route does, and a very tedious journey it can be. The Archbishops grow more and more angry. Marlowe continues to carouse and sing. Shakespeare, Ben Jonson and Chapman rush forward to intercede. Marlowe chases them all away with his dagger, accusing Shakespeare of having made *Pistol* parody him, Ben Jonson of writing piffling comedies, and Chapman of having completely ruined *Hero and Leander* by finishing the poem for him.

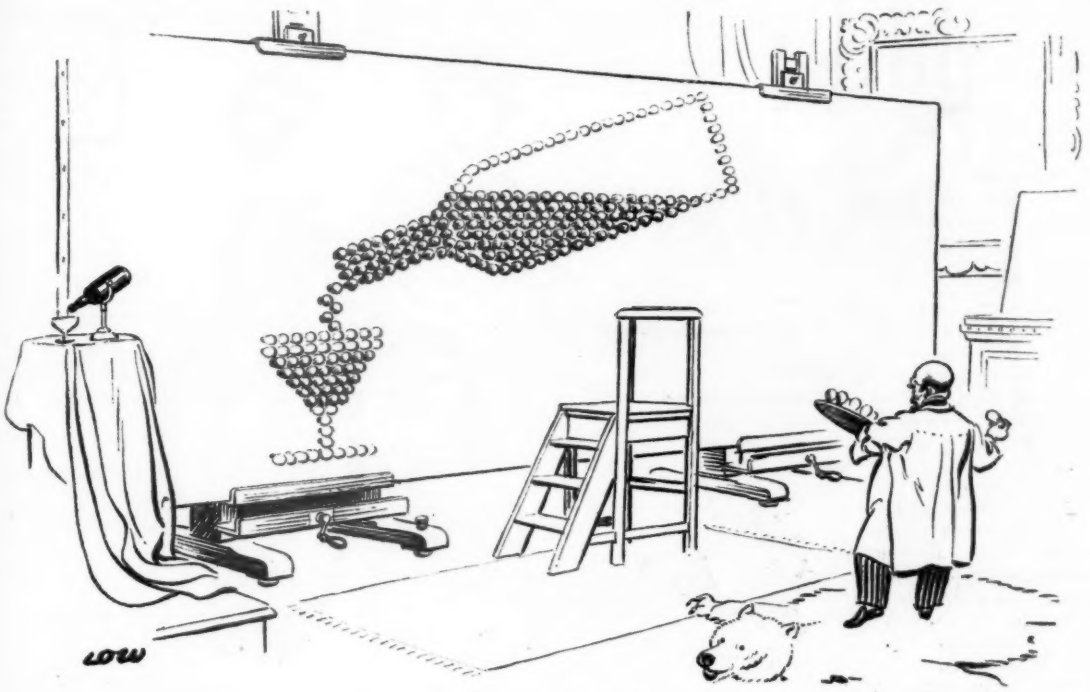
Hell opens, revealing Mephistopheles, etc. This is always a good stage device, though a little difficult to introduce into a piece of open-air pageantry. It will probably need the co-operation of the Mayor and Town Council. The Archbishops attempt to thrust Marlowe and Helen of Troy into the chasm with their croziers. Marlowe is stung to greater fury than ever. In a renewed access of rage he stabs the ninety-four Archbishops. *They fall.* It may seem a little bold to make a character stab as many as ninety-four Archbishops in a single Act, and it may be objected that one at least of them has been stabbed already; but we must remember the poet's irascible temperament and the vigorous custom of the Elizabethan stage (compare in particular Marlowe's own *Massacre at Paris*, where the stage direction "*stabs him*" occurs about every ten lines). These considerations, coupled with the fact that ours is a fantastical play, provide ample excuse for the incident.

Lucifer (or Beelzebub) now comes boldly forward and claims Kit Marlowe for his own. Dr. Faustus urges him to go quietly. He is just about to be removed when Tamburlaine the Great, supported by Hazlitt, Charles Lamb, Sir Edmund Gosse and Sir Sidney Lee, drives on in a chariot pulled by four Kings of Asia (with two in reserve). They claim Marlowe's spirit for Posterity



FORESTALLED.

The Dreamer (suddenly waking). "WELL, I'LL EAT MY HAT! I'VE BEEN ASLEEP TWO HOURS."



DARE WE HOPE THAT OUR R.A.'S, AFTER THEIR ADMIRABLE WORK IN IMPROVING THE STANDARD OF OUR RAILWAY POSTERS, WILL NOW TURN THEIR ATTENTION TO OUR ELECTRIC SIGNS?

and appeal to the Goddess of Fame. *Fame descends from the sky on a golden throne.* This will also need careful management. We may be obliged to make use of a crane. A long tussle ensues, devils pulling Marlowe one way, Tamburlaine, Gosse, etc., the other. Confusion reigns in the streets. Students, burghers and theologians quarrel. Kings of Asia prance and curvet. Helen weeps. Hero and Leander roam restlessly about. Ovid looks bored.

This ends the first part of the pageant.

The second part I can summarise much more briefly. In deference to the modern idea of sensation (as opposed to the Elizabethan) it consists of a long legal dispute as to Marlowe's claim for a permanent memorial at Canterbury. It appears that Sir Ellis Hume-Williams has been briefed by the claimant, and Sir Edward Marshall-Hall by the Dean and Chapter. Evidence is given of Marlowe's profligate life and the actual circumstances of his death. Mr. Bame, the informer, testifies to his alleged unorthodoxy; Chaucer, Shakespeare and Miss Edith Sitwell are examined on the practice of poetry, and the Bishop of Durham on the necessary minimum of belief in the pre- and post-Reformation Churches and amongst Modernist thinkers of to-day. Ovid gives the Court his views on love, Tamburlaine on the effects of sudden irritation, Sir Sidney Lee on eulogy, Dr. Faustus on the precise nature of eternal fire, and Queen Elizabeth on the relative social status of poets and Archbishops of Canterbury in her own day.

Sir Edward Marshall-Hall lashes himself to fury over the poet's contemptible life, his misdeeds and the bombastic nature of his verse, which he quotes extensively in a voice of withering scorn. Sir Ellis Hume-Williams points out that there is no immoral lesson to be drawn from any of the plays, and quotes all the passages over again in a voice of melodious veneration. He reads out also the first two sestiads of *Hero and Leander*, reminding the jury of the written affidavit made by Taylor the Water-Poet that scullers used to chant its couplets as they rowed along the Thames, and to the evidence of the General Manager of the Southern Railway that guards and porters on the South-Eastern line have preserved the same custom up to the present time.

Fame sums up. The jury retires. The verdict for the poet is eventually given. Townsmen, students, etc., rejoice; theologians scowl; saxophones are heard. Sir Edmund Gosse and Sir Sidney Lee drive from the court in Tamburlaine's chariot, holding aloft the works of Marlowe. The Kings of Asia are unharnessed by enthusiastic citizens, and the chariot is drawn triumphant through the streets by six full-robed mayors. There will be a collection of course.

Our Erudite Contemporaries.

From a description of the magpie:—

"A robber, a rascal, and a thorough Esau, who steals every other bird's birthright."
Daily Paper.

An apology is surely due to Esau.

From an article on the New Wembley:

"A most interesting exhibit will be the display showing how a mass production motor-car is assembled. . . . At one end of the exhibit visitors will see a collection of spare parts . . . at the other . . . the car is ready to be given away."—*Morning Paper.*

This should be a very popular show.

"Miss —— sang 'A Visit from the Moon' with due regard for atmosphere. Her fault was to leave the upper notes in her register uncovered, so that their tone became meagre."
Daily Paper.

If she paid due regard to atmosphere how was it that she was so careless as to leave "the upper notes in her register" uncovered in this uncertain weather?"



"Mother, that sum you did for me was all wrong. But I wouldn't give you away. I told teacher Father did it."

NEW YORK CITY: A GUIDE FOR SETTLERS.

VI.—Taximen: Who they are, What, Why, etc.

Before the newly-arrived Englishman leaves the protection of his hotel he should have the plan of what he is going to do carefully laid; any hesitancy or indecision once he is on the street is likely to land him either in the jail or the morgue. He should know definitely where he is going and the means by which he hopes to get there.

As to where he is going, my advice to him is to confine his wanderings to the block on which his hotel is situated and on no account ever during his stay to put his foot off the surrounding kerb. Each block has its own drug store and its own shops and restaurants, and is to all intents and purposes self-supporting; he will be able to get along very happily as long as he does not let his curiosity lead him astray. If he tries to cross one of the streets, let him understand that he takes his life in his own hands and that I must decline to accept any responsibility for what happens to him.

How to avoid the Peril of the Street.

I know, however, that his curiosity *will* lead him astray, so I will do what I can to protect him. If he *must* go astray either in some vehicle or on foot, I advise him urgently to do it on foot, as it is quicker and much less expensive. People are supposed to be in less of a hurry in England than in New York, and one might suppose that the newly-arrived Englishman would therefore prefer to use a cab or a bus or a street car, or an "L" or subway train; but I believe that he will not have been twenty-four hours in New York before he will be in as much haste as any native, and so I advise him to spurn the five ordinary means of urban travel and go on his feet. He will then get to his destination in the shortest possible time, if he gets there at all; the chance of his unintentionally stopping a cab or a bus or a street car before he arrives is the principal drawback to this means of progress.

In the hope of being of some protection to him, I have examined the Times Square Casualty Lists for both 1923 and 1924. I found a surprising thing to be true. Of all the number who during these years tried to take the Times Square traffic in their own hands, not one was listed as ever having in his life driven a taxicab; the conclusion I draw from this is that men who have once driven cabs are immune from being run over, and this because they understand so well the strategy and habits of thought of taximen. Carrying this one step further, I decided that if only I could make the strange Englishman understand the character and methods of taximen as well as ex-drivers do, I should make him immune also. I might recommend one or two of the more approved ways of escape; but I doubt if this would be wise, for these ways depend for their effectiveness so much on the peculiar conformation of the pedestrian in question (thus a way that might preserve him if he were thin might prove to be his utter destruction if he were stout) that I think I shall be most useful by simply describing the nature of the enemy, leaving the Englishman to work out his way of escape to suit his own figure.

From Burglar to Taximan.

Take, then, any normal Bolshevistic male with a deep-set grudge against the human race, particularly against Americans. On reaching adolescence, he has two courses open to him: he may go professionally into safe-breaking or qualify as a taxi-driver. The former course is the more hazardous because, unless he is exceptionally qualified for it, he won't be able to procure a driver's licence and the police will have the right to stop him from breaking a safe any time they

feel like it. It is thus a course to be recommended, not as anybody's life-work, but as a temporary employment for extreme youth, its trials and dangers being usually a drawback to men who have passed the years of romance.

The method found to produce the most capable taximen is to use safe-breaking as an apprenticeship, and progress after a year or two into licensed driving. Men who have tried to become drivers without this training almost invariably turn out to be absurdly lacking in ferocity, and their attitude when receiving the announcement of a fare's destination is often of such an amateurish tameness as to leave him completely unmoved.

Bootleg Meters for Private Taxis.

There is small satisfaction in warring against humanity in a cab that belongs to a large company, and a safe-breaker with ambition would do well to live quietly during his apprenticeship and save enough of his earnings to buy a cab of his own. The largest part of the expense attached to buying a cab is the cost of the bootleg meter. A man might just as well go out West and raise wheat as expect to war with any success in a cab without a bootleg meter. The old-fashioned 50-cents-a-mile meter doesn't cost much, of course, but an up-to-date bootleg meter, with appliances for shifting the rate from 50-cents-a-mile to infinity naturally means a far more complicated mechanism and entails quite a large initial expense; getting the official seal for such meters raises the cost still higher, not to mention the additional outlay due to the Government's Luxury and Amusement Tax. They are called "bootleg" meters, supposedly, for two reasons: they can be relied on to contain everything but what a fare expects, and they eat out the lining of a man's pockets in much the same way that bootleg alcohol eats out the lining of his stomach.

The men who drive for the large cab companies are weaklings with but little real zest for destruction; the men with their own cabs and their own meters are the ones the Englishman will have to fear most. If I can make him understand these he should be able to handle the salaried menials without much trouble.

Having then learned his trade through apprenticeship and exchanged his cold chisel and oxygen-torch for a cab and a bootleg meter, he goes over to some street on the Brooklyn water-front and searches in all the ash-cans and refuse-barrels until he finds a supervisored cap that has been out in the weather long enough to discourage impertinence on the part of his prospective fares; he



Irate Waitress (in unfashionable dining-rooms). "'ERE, JUST YOU CALL ME 'NIPPY' AGAIN, AN' SEE WOT 'APPENS TO YER!"

is now ready to go on the war-paths, as the streets of the Great City are familiarly called. Let him remember one thing more: to preserve a complete silence. This is a precautionary measure; the traffic police are not particularly friendly to him anyway, and if he said what he looked he could be arrested.

One-way Streets.

To help drivers to preserve that perpetual irritability and bad humour which are so essential in forcing an outsize tip from the pocket of a fare, all of the cross-town streets of the Great City have been legislated to be "one way." This creates a very useful little situation, and a driver wishing to replenish his ill-will towards the world can do so by simply trying to make a one-way street go the other way. This will bring ear-splitting whistles from half-a-dozen policemen, who after a while will stroll over and question him on such personal matters as where he was brought up and who he thinks he is and how he'd like to cool his heels for a week in the county jug. Having gone through this, the natural ferocity of the driver's contempt for his fare is so augmented that it should be able to draw out in a couple of tips money enough to pay for recovering his licence, which he has probably left with the half-a-dozen policemen.

Being in this reinvigorated state of mind he will attack the Englishman on sight from either of two angles: if he can get him into his cab he will attack him with the bootleg meter; if he can't get him into his cab he will attack him with the two front mud-guards as the stranger tries to cross a war-path. The first principle of defence for the Englishman is therefore not to get in a taxicab, and never to go off his native block. Now and then he will find a cab coming up on the side-walk after him; but I hope I have made the taximan's character and methods sufficiently understood to enable the Englishman to defend himself against any such surprises.

P.S.—If the driver starts to shoot, as he often does, don't hesitate to consult a policeman. U. S. A.

MR. PUNCH'S MUSIC-HALL SONGS.

XVI.—LAUGHING ANN.

When laughing Ann trips down the street
The sun comes out as well,
The town is at her twinkling feet,
The crier rings his bell,
The young men leap like little fish,
Policemen stand and purr,
While husbands look behind and wish
That they had married her.

Laughing Ann
Turns her head,
Looks at a man
And kills him dead
With eyes that say,
"What a nice fine day!
Good morning—this is Ann;
Never been kissed,
Born to be kissed,
But kiss me if you can!"

And when she steps into a shop
The happy hosier grins,
The lordly haberdashers hop
To furnish her with pins,
The grocer asks no other fee
If she will glance his way,
And trembles while he sells her tea
To think that she must pay.

For laughing Ann
With innocent eyes
Looks at a man
And then he dies,
With eyes that say,
"And have you, pray,
Seen anything quite like Ann?
Never been kissed,
Born to be kissed,
But kiss me if you can!"

Her eyes are like two pools of wine,
Her cheeks like roses pressed,
Her lips are full, her nose is fine,
And you can guess the rest;
She is more pure than precious stones
And Empress is her rank,
But she has married Mr. Jones,
The manager of the Bank.

Ah, laughing Ann
Turns her head,
Looks at a man
And kills him dead
With eyes that say,
"Behold, I pray,
This unsurpassable Ann!
But the man who owns
This jewel is Jones,
So kiss me if you can!"

So when she dances up the street
And homeward disappears
The haberdasher drags his feet,
Policemen stand in tears,
And butchers with a vicious knife
Assault their hateful wares,
To think that Mr. Jones's wife
Can never now be theirs.

For laughing Ann
With two bright eyes
Can kill a man
Of any size
With eyes that say,
"What a nice fine day!
But Ann is twice as fair;
Hard to resist,
Born to be kissed,
But kiss me if you dare!"

A. P. H.

CHANCE.

Once upon a time there was a poor man named John Smith, who lived and worked at Hungerford, and who, when he had paid his rent and his Friendly Society subscription and had given his wife enough money for her meagre housekeeping and had bought his morning paper, his tobacco and what brewers now call beer, and put aside a few pence towards clothes, had nothing left. This meant that neither he nor his wife nor his family ever had any entertainment, because the cinema was too expensive and even an illicit broadcasting set costs something.

It meant also that, instead of buying the new boots that the working man is always needing, John Smith was continually patching the soles of his old ones with those little tablets of iron which are designed to cover the parts that are most pressed upon in walking, and which have little spikes underneath to hammer in and be fixed. So many had he that the leather was almost obliterated; but if he had not worn them this narrative would not have been written.

Now while John Smith was trudging about the neighbourhood of Hungerford on his daily task as a hedger and ditcher there was living in London a gentleman named Eustace De Lisle, who at the same moment, forty years ago, that John Smith was born in a Berkshire cottage was being born in a Mayfair mansion. Neither however knew the other; they had never met and seemed unlikely ever to meet, although it is more than possible that Eustace De Lisle, dashing through Hungerford in his Rolls-Royce, which he often did, may have spattered a little mud in John Smith's direction. And that they might have entered this world of curious social and financial inequality at the same instant crossed the mind of neither. Nor does it matter. All that Eustace De Lisle may have thought was, "Poor devil, what a life!" and all that John Smith may have thought was, "That's right. Don't slow down on my account."

Eustace De Lisle was one of those wealthy and luxurious motorists who get a new car every year, giving the old in part payment, and it chanced that on the first day he tried out his latest Rolls on the Great West Road John Smith lost one of his little iron sole-protecting plates. It came off in the road and remained spikes upward. No stone or flint or ordinary obstacle could do any harm to the marvellous new tyres with which Eustace De Lisle's car had been fitted, but the spikes of the sole-protector were not to be denied an entry; they went right through to the tube; and in a moment or so there was a wheeze and a flabbiness and the chauffeur pulled up within a yard or so of John Smith at his work. And there they stood while the chauffeur changed the wheel: John Smith, whose sole-protector, hammered on to his boot for dear life to preserve it for another week or so, had done the damage, although he did not know it; and Eustace De Lisle, whose masterful and luxurious onset had been checked by John Smith's sole-protector, although he did not know it. And neither knew that they were exact coevals, brothers in Time.

When the new wheel was in place Eustace De Lisle got into his car and resumed his expensive and glorious progress, a little vexed by the knowledge that the tyre would have to be patched and a new tube bought, while John Smith turned again to the hedge smiling at the thought of the damage that a penny-worth of iron, bought purely in the interests of economy, can effect.

There is no moral to this incident, which I have narrated merely to show that Chance as a power is never likely to weaken, and that even the humblest of the less fortunate of the Two Races now and then, although unconsciously, can humiliate one of the more sumptuous of the other. The circumstance that Eustace and John were born at the same time does not really matter. I put it in for the sake of symmetry. None the less it is rather humiliating that these chronological twinships, which ought to mean so much, can mean nothing at all.

E. V. L.

More about the Boat-race.

"Last year Mortlack won the race in 18 minutes 41 seconds, or twenty seconds longer than the record established in 1911 by Oxford."
Canadian Paper.

This year, however, Mortlack was out of the race altogether.

"Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime;
And departing leave behind us
Foolprints on the sands of Time.
LONGFELLOW."
West African Paper.

This is, no doubt, what LONGFELLOW would have written if he had seen some of the "Lives" published in the present century.

MANNERS AND MODES.



A SMART HAT NATURALLY ATTRACTS A SMART WOMAN—



BUT WHY—



SHOULD—



THESE—



OTHERS—



BOTHER ABOUT IT?



Circus Star. "NAH, THEN, STOP MESSIN' THAT SWORD ABOUT; I GOT TO SWALLER IT THIS AFTERNOON!"

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

I AM afraid I shall not live to see DR. KAREL CAPEK'S *Letters from England* (BLES) made the standard historical text for the "period" we are now preparing for our descendants; and this is a pity, for I should have liked to lend a hand with the examination papers. However, I can comfort myself by setting something of the kind here. (1) Account (quoting freely from your authority) for: (*a*) the absence of "worthy citizens" on English doorsteps; (*b*) the presence of men's caps on old Welshwomen; (*c*) the plethora of sacristans in English cathedrals. (2) Resume (or conjecture) Dr. CAPEK'S reasons (if any) for the following statements: (*a*) "a country which possesses the finest childhood and the finest old age certainly possesses something of the best;" (*b*) "English cooking is of two kinds, good and average. Good English cooking is French cooking;" (*c*) "I regard Piccadilly or Fleet Street as a worse haunt of savagery than the Isle of Dogs or Limehouse." (3) Where did Dr. CAPEK encounter the following: (*a*) a lake where "the sunset combed the golden wavelets with a golden comb"? (*b*) a half-timbered house "like a large toy with detachable parts, or an old escritoire with drawers;" (*c*) sheep which "graze on silken lawns and remind one of the souls of the blessed in heaven"? (4) Explain with reference to modern England in general and Wembley in particular: "This perfection of matter from which no perfection of man is derived, these brilliant implements of a grievous and unredeemed life." When you have looked up the answers to these questions and lost yourself in a hundred delightful side-issues in the process, if you do not "hold up your hands and bless General Wade" (meaning the reviewer) there is no such thing as gratitude. As for blessing the author of *R. U. R.*, his lavish and utterly enchanting illustrator (himself) and his loyal translator, Mr. PAUL SELVER—that goes without saying. No better book than *Letters from England* has been written about our race since TACITUS'S *Germania*.

In *Half a Minute's Silence and Other Stories* (HEINEMANN) Mr. MAURICE BARING has given his readers half-a-dozen *beaux quarts d'heure*. By turns gay and sad, freakish and tender, he does not shirk grim or painful subjects, but he leaves much to the imagination. He suggests, but without "suggestiveness" in the modern sense; and for him at least there is no need of the now familiar but far too mild deprecation of "unnecessary nastiness." His taste is impeccable. If he has few illusions about Russia he is singularly free from prejudice and ready to acknowledge that a people with much kindness in their hearts are often led through ignorance to do dreadful deeds. I have never found in English fiction better illustrations of the suddenness of the Slavonic temperament—of the rapidity with which action follows on impulse. The miscellaneous assortment of fantasies, sketches, fables and studies which follow the tales of pre-Revolutionary Russia and reminiscences of her war with Japan, are all ingenious and often exquisite. Some of these are reprinted from earlier collections, but triumphantly stand the test of re-reading—notably the appearance of SHAKESPEARE at

the luncheon-party given by a modern *Mrs. Leo Hunter*, a satire which forms an admirable comment on Walter Bagehot's famous essay on "Shakespeare the Man." For sheer inventive audacity nothing is better than the dream of what would have happened if Napoleon's father had adhered to his intention of sending him into the British Navy. Here, as in the story of the lost books of the Library of Alexandria, I admire the rich invention with which a good idea is subjected to a number of surprising yet circumstantial twists. "The Garland" has the cameo-like grace of the epigram of Rufinus on which it is based, and in "*Fête Galante*" the well-worn Pierrot formula is transfigured by the romance of the setting.

I cannot imagine a much more fascinating book for those who combine a love of the sea (which every Englishman possesses naturally by birth) with an interest in out-of-the-way places (old seaports for choice) than one of Miss Fox Smith's books about Sailor Town. *Ship Alley* (Methuen) is the latest, and it has for frontispiece—one of six excellent illustrations by Phil. W. Smith—a drawing of "The Valiant Sailor" in King's Lynn, an old half-timbered tavern at the corner of a waterside street, the mast of a full-rigged ship visible over the roof of the cottage opposite. I suppose Miss Fox Smith is now by general consent laureate and historian of our merchant service. Her book is full of wanderings down unexpected riverside streets and by-ways, reminiscences of old and forgotten fleets and mariners, notes on the history of once famous clippers, and sailors' yarns of all kinds. She has also a discursive chapter on "The Fascination of Charts" and others on "The Sea Cook" and "Figureheads," "Curios" and "Ship Models." Even in Stepney she can discover romance. There are tombs in Old Stepney church—one among others to the memory of Joseph Somes, Esquire, sometime Member of Parliament for Dartmouth, and fifty years ago one of the most familiar names in the shipping world. But the great shipowners enjoy no very enduring fame; of them more than any it may truly be said that their names are writ in water. The very house-flag of the Merchant Shipping Company, in which this firm was merged after its founder's death, is now extinct. Yet Joseph Somes was a name to conjure with in the old days of the East India Company. I wonder, by the way, how many Londoners are aware that the house-flags of many of these famous shipping firms of old are still preserved (coming out only on very special occasions) in the Poplar Public Library. So at least says C. F. S., and I am ready to take her word on any subject even remotely connected with the sea.

I don't believe that the most practised detective story "fan" would be able to tell very long before the end of Mrs. Victor Rickard's *Upstairs* (Constable) exactly where *Sir Hector Montague* spent the last fateful fortnight of his life and how he came to be murdered directly he got home again. Of course in these matters the scales are always weighted in favour of the author, who knows a whole lot of things which he or she need not tell, and has plenty of opportunities of leading the reader away down tempting-looking blind alleys; but that, within certain limits, is all in accordance with the rules of the game. I am not quite sure that Mrs. Rickard has not let herself have one or two advantages which are not quite the thing; the interview between *Detective Frazer* and *Enquiry-Agent Rouselle*, for example, seems to me to throw a little too much dust in the reader's eyes, but perhaps this is only because I myself was so well taken in by it. On the other hand, I fancy that many readers would recognise *Lady Montague* as "*Mrs. George Hebberden*,"

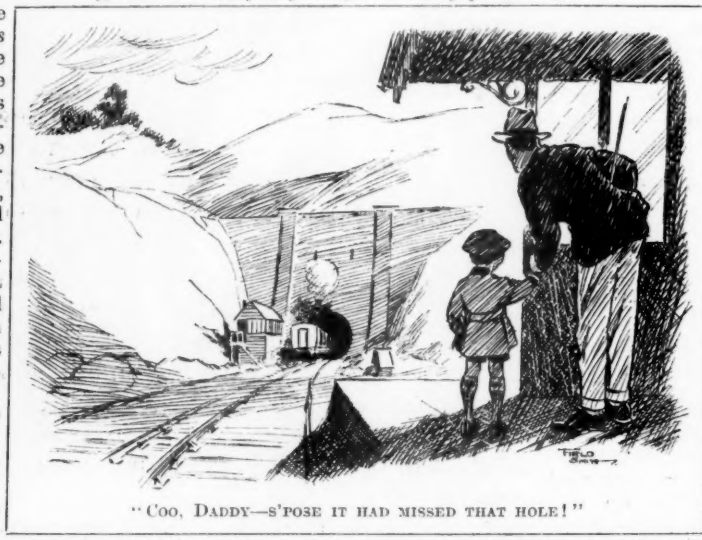


ALL THE JOLLY FUN.

Boy. "Look at their ticklers, Vi'let!"

for her second marriage to *Sir Anan Montague* was by no means ancient history or at all a secret. Once or twice the story is a little difficult to follow; it is confusing, for instance, that a man nearing a house where he means to pay a call at the end of one chapter should be only found doing it some days and chapters later; but such things as these are trifling blemishes in a very readable and exciting story where the characters are all real people whose affairs I at least found myself watching as anxiously as if I had known them personally for years.

I am nothing if not imaginative, and I choose to suppose that Dr. FRIDTJOF NANSEN's publishers, Messrs. THORNTON BUTTERWORTH, lately demanded a book of him and that he good-naturedly decided to oblige them, but with as little exertion to himself as possible. Anyhow, from his diaries of the days between 1884 and 1917 Dr. NANSEN has taken material for a series of slight outdoor articles on his native land and water; and these, in excellent and scholarly English and in an agreeable literary style, he here gives us under the title of *Sporting Days in Wild Norway*. The sports dealt with are ski-ing (Dr. NANSEN has done a lot of this dangerous game under the most primitive and exciting conditions), shooting and fresh- and salt-water fishing. There is also an interesting account of a voyage to Iceland and Jan Mayen, undertaken with ocean research as object. The descriptions of rough-and-ready field-sports, or rather the sports themselves, leave me a little cold, for, though I should dearly love a day with the big brown trout on the Mistra, tremendous fighters of incredible magnitude, I don't think I should ever get fond of fox-shooting, and I could no more stalk and with a shot-gun, or anything else for that matter, shoot a capercailzie cock as he gives his mating display of a May morning (a recognised sport, of course, in countries where these glorious birds are common) than I could shoot a brooding partridge. The book, for all my perhaps insular prejudices, is written with a real love of nature and humanity, and it is moreover exceptionally well illustrated by the author in what, I think, are woodcuts, but which may not be.



"COO, DADDY—S'POSE IT HAD MISSED THAT HOLE!"

Mr. JOHN PRESLAND has written a book—*Dominion* (ALLAN)—that claims to be a historical novel but succeeds only in being a deceitful mixture of established fact and fabricated untruth. He tells the inner story of the Jameson Raid from its first haphazard inception to its final egregious collapse with undeniable knowledge and some sense of character-values; and in recounting such familiar episodes as the smuggling of the rifles, the closing of the telegraph offices and, particularly, the jarring of personalities and division of counsels behind the scenes, he claims the novelist's privilege of filling in the gaps, interpreting motives and over-hearing imaginary conversations. All of which might do very well. Unfortunately, while CECIL RHODES, "DR. JIM," and a few more of the main figures in the drama appear in their own names, others only less important and perfectly recognisable are presented under futile aliases, while still others, unknown in orthodox records and admittedly fictitious, are manufactured for the sole purpose of rounding off a story that surely is dramatic enough without any such assistance. Such a blending of recent history with fiction, though the author may attempt to justify it in a preface and his publishers call it daring and skilful, seems to me rather rash in design and in the result inept, involving as it does the introduction of feminine influences in a way, almost childishly improbable though it is, that admirers of RHODES will keenly resent. Very few of them probably would to-day attempt to justify his action in the matter of the Raid, but very many, Dutch South Africans among them, revere his mighty personality too much to care for this kind of playing with his memory.

A year ago Miss MOLLIE PANTER-DOWNES astonished the critics by producing a mature work of fiction, *The Shoreless Sea*, at an age when by all the rules she should have been playing for her place in the house-team while reading for the Higher Locals. With the publication of her second book, *The Chase* (MURRAY), we must, I think, accept Miss PANTER-DOWNES as an established fact and judge her work accordingly. It is a compliment she has thoroughly earned. The story of *The Chase* is not new. Indeed the theme of the slum child who wins his way to wealth and power is one of the oldest in fiction. It is however of an almost universal appeal, and in the hands of Miss PANTER-DOWNES it makes a most engrossing story. All the characters act like human beings, and, if they do not always talk so, it is only because their creator has not gone to the best models for her Cockney dialect. Otherwise I have little but praise for the book. Nevertheless I am sceptical as to the financial disaster in which *Charles Standish* ultimately involves himself. Surely even a financier may have an eye for a pretty girl without going into bankruptcy!

The jacket of *The Rev. Captain Kettle* (HARRAP) reveals the famous torpedo-bearded sailor-man in one of those tight situations from which Mr. CUTCLIFFE HYNE delights to rescue him. A Browning revolver and a lady, who is described accurately as "an ebon-faced nymph with familiar manners," figure in this picture, and, although I have accompanied the gallant *Captain* on many expeditions, I doubt if he was ever more thankful for *Mrs. Kettle's* absence than he must have been when endeavouring (rather mildly) to restrain the ardours of this black-avised sorceress. *Kettle*, in fact, is well up to form in this story of West Africa, and in the earlier tales of this collection he never fails in resource and humour. By this time most of us must either have taken *Kettle* to our bosoms or have rejected him; for my own part I range myself among his supporters.

CHARIVARIA.

Attention is drawn to the objectionable manners of people who persist in talking in theatres. We have noticed that some of the worst offenders in this respect are on the stage.

* * *

We are confident there is no connection between the two occurrences, but it is a curious coincidence that on the day Dean Inge left for America a man in London laughed so long that he had to be medically treated.

* * *

In view of the charges now being made against Hindenburg by the Socialists in Germany, it is only fair to state that he did not lose the battle of Jutland.

* * *

Since the escapade of the Southern train which went round in a circle of sixty-odd miles, instead of doing ten straight ones, we hear that in future all trains will be fitted with a bell round their necks in case they get lost.

* * *

Twenty-three persons are reported to be living in railway carriages near the River Thames at Ditton. These delays on the Southern Railway are becoming very serious.

* * *

It is really time that promoters of sporting events took greater care in arranging these entertainments. Last week the London Diocesan Friendly Societies' crochet tournament clashed with the arrival of Tom Mix in London.

* * *

We may add that the Fulham All Saints were the winning crochet team. We believe this means promotion into the First Division.

* * *

With reference to the messenger boy seen hurrying in Moorgate last Wednesday, the explanation is that he was one of the two hundred who were on strike.

* * *

A French train-thief has been arrested because he was wearing trousers far too big for him. Oxford must be careful.

* * *

A cook has complained to a magistrate that her employer put out his tongue at her and then threatened to give her notice. Can this be the "he-man" that Miss Jane Barr has been looking for?

* * *

A contemporary has an article on how to decorate grates in the summer. One good method is to pile on the coal.

* * *

Finding a burglar in his house a railway booking-clerk thrashed him, injured his jaw, hurled him down the stairs and then had him arrested. In consequence of this several burglars are seeking police protection.

* * *

England has beaten Scotland at draughts. Experts are confident too that there is nothing wrong with English halma.



THE MARCH OF SCIENCE.

The Vicar's Daughter. "What did you think of the lecture on the atom last night, Ben?"

Ben. "Never heerd sech a parcel o' lies in my born days."

"I was born in Aberdeen," says a Futurist artist. That may be an explanation, but it is no excuse.

* * *

"Cocoa as a Beverage" is a contemporary's headline. So that 's what they use it for.

* * *

It is said that more saxophones are heard during the winter than at other seasons. But perhaps these are only ordinary trumpets with sore throats.

* * *

We have just heard of a poet who earns money. In his spare time he is a butcher.

* * *

A name is wanted for a new colour which is described as a sort of brick red with a leaning towards russet. Why not "Bolshevik's Blush"?

* * *

In view of the suggestion that Americans do not take enough exercise, we should like to point out that most of them polish their own horn-rimmed glasses.

* * *

A contemporary tells us that income-tax collectors are usually very much alive. But only because they take extensive precautions.

* * *

2,057,146 people visited the Zoo during 1924, and the senior elephant thinks that after one more season like this he will have enough buns in the bank to be able to retire.

* * *

According to Mr. B. Seebohm Rowntree, until recently in Japan a woman had to walk behind her husband in the street and carry all the burdens. We can't imagine why the Japs became civilised.

* * *

A porter on the L. & N.E.R. is said to have a moustache that is twelve inches from tip to tip. We understand that he shuts the carriage doors with his foot.

* * *

In France it will shortly be a legal offence to imitate Roquefort cheese. We don't do it badly ourselves, but we can't get its lowest notes.

* * *

Sir Oliver Lodge says that a dog, hearing music, hears a noise, but not Beethoven. Personally we never let our dog go near a jazz band.

* * *

Mr. G. B. Shaw declares that he hates plays that he can understand. But he likes the kind he writes himself.

* * *

It is estimated that 227,000,000 Australian apples will be eaten in Great Britain before August. It will be a pathetic sight for the medical profession to see so many doctors being kept away.

* * *

A woman is seeking a divorce because she cannot stand her husband's incessant laughter at breakfast. Yet we always thought the Kruschens were happily married.

"Tenders invited to remove Old Brick from —— Place."—*Irish Paper.*

If he's really an old brick he ought to oblige by going of his own accord.

PRIMAVERA AT THE STARTING-GATE.

["April 21st.—Epsom Spring Meeting begins."—*Racing Calendar.*]

JUST now, when little poets sing
And tell us how "the hounds of Spring"
Are going very strong "on Winter's traces,"
When buds are coming nicely out
And country people go about
Wearing a fat smile right across their faces;

These signals of the opening year
Tend to escape our eye and ear
Who toil in Fleet Street and its grubby purlieus;
Immersed in ink, we 're apt to miss
The mating blackbird's note of bliss,
The amorous speech that bumpkins, boy and girl, use.

All this, you 'd say, a man might guess
From indications in the Press
When "HARBINGER" (from Hove) reports an early
Specimen of the swallow-bird,
Or thrice a cuckoo's bark is heard
By "ALBERT PARKINS" in his bower at Purley.

Yet not for this inspiring news
Our Noon Edition we peruse,
Ignoring night-club scandals and divorces;
One purpose has us in its grip—
To get our snipster's final snip
Not on "the hounds of Spring," but on her horses.

To-day we know she must be back
(It 's in the Racing Almanac),
And we 've reserved till now our annual greeting,
When, in a Spring-like frame of mind,
We mean, with any luck, to find
A winner at the Epsom Vernal Meeting. O. S.

THE BOAT RACE AND THE GREAT PUMP QUESTION.

To the Editor of "Punch."

SIR,—As one who had the honour of stroking the bow thwart for Oxford in the memorable contest of 1828 may I be permitted to offer a few suggestions calculated to prevent the recurrence of the deplorable farce recently enacted? Here I should perhaps interpolate that I have rowed in, viewed from Hammersmith Bridge and otherwise cheered with my presence more of these Homeric contests than a somewhat defective memory can recall. But no one who experienced the biting north-easter that distinguished that day in March, thirteen years after the great NAPOLEON had met his nadir on the playing-fields of Eton, can forget the conditions of wind and water then prevailing. That either boat could complete the course seemed impossible.

Our success in this respect must be attributed to the practical genius of Toomer, Pari Passu Professor of Hydraulics. Seeing the difficulties which we were on the point of encountering, he in a few minutes installed an equipment with which no multiplication of spherical bladders can compare. Cox, swept by a succession of giant combers, with his feet encased in specially-designed hot-water bottles, retained his full command of adequate language from start to finish. The remainder of the crew, in addition to their routine duties, were responsible for keeping the boat in buoyant condition. This they achieved with consummate ease by a series of eight pumps, or pumplets, if this expression may be permitted to one unlearned in technology. To the inboard extremity of each oar was connected the rocking lever constituting the handle of the pump. Thus, as we swung forward slowly and steadily over our stretchers—a feature for which as a crew we were always notable—the pumps were charged with superfluous liquid, and, conversely, as we caught the beginning smartly—another feature of the Dark Blue combination of that memorable year—and drove through to a hard finish, we simultaneously ejected the contents of our admirable little pumps. As the event proved, the Professor's calculation, that with two feet of water in the hold twenty-five seconds must elapse before our Plimsoll line could be re-established, was a conservative estimate.

That the Light Blues won by ten lengths may be attributed solely to the fact that our No. 3's top-hat, continually swept by spray and being of soluble material, so obscured his vision in the process of dissolution that he was unable to maintain the rate of striking set by more fortunate members of the crew. Hence confusion and that lack of "travel" which means so much in a racing boat.

Why Cambridge did not sink is still under discussion by the experts. (Signed) SENEX.

"MAX" AND MIX.

ALTHOUGH both "MAX" and MIX are leading figures in the picture business, they are not at all alike. I am not referring now to the clothes they wear, though "MAX'S" attire—in particular his hat and his boots—is noticeably different from that of MIX. Each has also his own method of pronunciation; but I am not drawing especial attention to that either. I refer rather to their mode of arrival and the way they conduct themselves when they are here.

Though an undoubted artist, "MAX" does not seem to have learned, even now, how to supply the sort of thing we have a right to expect from one so eminent in the picture world. His arrivals in England are very disappointing. Though he seems to be fairly well served in the matter of publicity, he shows anything but a friendly spirit towards the Press photographers. And he stays in some secret hotel, refusing to allow its locality to be divulged.

Not so MIX. And the next time they find themselves in London together I hope they will meet, so that "MAX" may learn from him how things should be done.

Then, when "MAX" comes again, perhaps he will make it worth the while of Press photographers and special reporters to go down to Dover and welcome him on the pier. As the good ship heaves in sight, they will observe him, perchance, attired in his studio blouse and with palette in hand, drawing on the black hull a cartoon of Britannia ruling the waves, with Mr. BERNARD SHAW and Mr. GEORGE MOORE in the background passing remarks.

Having learned a thing or two from MIX, "MAX" will stay in London at a central and luxurious hotel, in a special suite with not only bathroom and studio attached, but with a balcony giving on to the street, on whose balustrade he may sit astride and wave to the crowds below.

I for one have not given up hope of hearing him some night broadcasting himself to his dear friends the British public. And "MAX'S" visit to the Mansion House for a chat with the LORD MAYOR is long overdue.

"R33 BREAKS ADRIFT.

H.M.S. *Godetia*, a fishery protection gunboat, which was moored in the harbour, quickly proceeded to sea and steamed full speed in an east-north-westerly direction."—*Evening Paper.*

This hardly gave R33 a fair chance of falling on her.

Of the new Japanese Ambassador to Washington:—

"He speaks excellent English with—if an American may say so—a slight English accent."—*New York Paper.*

If an Englishman may say so, quite the best kind.



THE RETORT CO-OPERATIVE.

Communism. "WHO ARE YOU THAT THWART MY SCHEMES TO CONFISCATE CAPITAL?"

Co-operative Shareholder. "WE 'RE CAPITALISTS."

Communism. "THEN WHY DON'T YOU WEAR TOP-HATS AND LOOK BLOATED, LIKE MY PICTURES OF THEM?"

Co-operative Shareholder. "BECAUSE WE 'RE WORKING-MEN—FOUR AND A-HALF MILLIONS OF US."



Mistress. "I'M DINING WITH GENERAL DE CASTRO TO-NIGHT, ESTELLE."
Maid. "I DON'T THINK I KNOW THE GENTLEMAN, MADAM. WHICH SCENT WILL YOU HAVE—'SHEIK'S BREATH' OR JUST EAU DE COLOGNE?"

HUSBANDS AND WIVES.

IV.—FOUR'S COMPANY.

(Eric *and* Stella *are at home this evening, taking some light literature after dinner.*)

Stella (*looking over her book*). What's yours like, Eric? Mine is trying hard to be sad, but most of the time I want to laugh.

Eric (*gloomily*). I wish I wanted to laugh. My book is supposed to be humorous.

S. (*kindly*). I always feel so sorry for humorous writers. After all, they do their best, and it must be dreadful simply *having* to be funny.

E. They ought not to take it up unless they have a special call.

S. Like missionaries.

[*She puts down her book.*

E. Yes. [*He puts down his.*

S. Do you realise, Eric, that this is our first evening at home for nearly a fortnight?

E. So it is. (*Yawns and looks at his watch.*) 9 P.M. Like to look in at the local cinema?

S. We've seen that one. I looked at the posters this morning.

E. Then let's trip round for a chat with the Tomlinsons.

S. They're not at home this evening.

E. How do you know that?

S. I asked them on the telephone just before dinner.

E. Let's wind up the gramophone and have a tune.

S. (*protesting*). My dear, we haven't bought a single new record for ages.

E. Well, I've made three most excellent suggestions. Now it's your turn.

S. Let's just be comfortable and talk about ourselves.

E. Good idea.

[*There is a prolonged silence while they think of something to say.*

S. (*at last*). How was the office today?

E. Same as usual. Everybody a bit depressed. Suppose it's this beastly weather we're having.

S. It certainly is beastly.

E. Had a good time at the Stores?

S. Pretty fair. They were selling off—the sweetest remnants you ever saw and ridiculously cheap.

E. And I suppose you bought twice as much as you really wanted, from motives of economy.

S. It's a saving to buy as much as one can when things are reduced in price. You don't seem to understand that at all.

E. Oh, yes, I do. I'm a business man myself. That's how I catch my own customers.

S. (*mildly*). Well, dear, there's no use arguing about it. I know what *you* think and you know what *I* think. So we must just agree to differ.

[*There is another silence slightly longer than the last.*

E. I thought Martha looked very charming last night.

S. Did you? Any woman can look charming on five hundred a year.

E. There I don't agree. Most of the rich women I know spend their money on making themselves look considerably worse than nature intended.

S. I shouldn't mention the word nature if I were you—not in this connection.

E. (*gently*). I don't quite follow.

S. (*with a shrug*). We were talking of Martha. Your usual intelligence seems to be deserting you, Eric.

E. Not at all. There's no harm in a little rouge now and then. Somebody I know powders her nose occasionally.

S. That's a very different thing. That's merely a habit—like a walking-stick or whistling in your bath.

[*Apparently they spend the next five minutes in trying to see pictures in the fire.*

E. (*after a while*). Well, dear, it's nice to be at home together once more.

S. Yes, dear. (*Suddenly*) What shall we do to-morrow?

E. The pictures change to-morrow.

S. And the Tomlinsons will probably be at home.

E. Then you might buy a few new discs for the gramophone.

S. I 'm glad you still like an occasional evening like this—just our two selves.

E. Of course.

S. Not like the Tomlinsons. They can't endure even a single evening in one another's society. They 're out again to-night.

E. I can understand anybody being bored with *him*.

S. Or with *her*.

E. It 's always one thing or another. Either they 're out or they invite somebody in to keep them going.

S. Martha has no resources in herself. She never talks about anything interesting. It 's always people's clothes or something spiteful about her friends or what she has bought at the sales. That reminds me. I must show her those remnants to-morrow. She 'll be wild. She can't bear anybody to do better than herself, and she has no judgment at all in materials. Look at her own clothes. That pink voile, for instance. Why do people with red hair always run to pink?

E. You 're rather fond of pink yourself, if it comes to that.

S. Pink is my colour; and Martha copies it. I 'm very fond of her, of course, but I do wish she wouldn't be so terribly imitative.

E. You said just now that anybody could look charming on five hundred a year. Evidently Martha can't.

S. Last night she was wearing the black velvet. I chose that. Martha ought never to choose anything for herself. She has no discretion at all.

E. But you 're very fond of her, of course.

S. Of course I 'm fond of her. She 's really a very lovable person. And that reminds me, Eric. You 'll have to be careful with Martha.

E. Careful?

S. Men are so terribly blind. Any woman would have realised it ages ago.

E. (*not altogether displeased*). Stella, dear, surely you 're not suggesting——

S. I 'm not suggesting. I know. She 's much too fond of you, Eric.

E. (*arranging his tie*). Nonsense, my dear.

S. Well, I warn you to be careful, and in any case I 'm not in favour of these foreign habits—complimenting a woman on her frocks and so on. There 's no call to be so very gallant. It 's apt to be misunderstood.

E. What price Tomlinson?

S. That 's different. Harry and I are very good friends. He would never possibly misunderstand. In any case I don't know what you mean.

E. Nothing. I was merely thinking of your remark about foreign habits.

S. You forget, my dear. Harry lived for six years in Paris. It 's the custom in Paris to kiss the hand of a married woman.

E. I 've been in Paris myself, if it comes to that.

S. Only for week-ends. That 's quite a different thing.

E. Anyhow there 's nothing wrong with the Tomlinsons. They like to come here, of course, but that 's only because they get a bit bored in the evenings. It 's not every married pair that 's like ourselves. We enjoy a quiet evening together. We don't always want to be visiting other people or filling up the house with a lot of strangers or talking for ever about our neighbours.

S. Of course I think the Tomlinsons are quite genuinely fond of one another.

E. Think so?

S. I 'm sure of it. Harry often talks to me about Martha.

E. And Martha often talks to me about Harry.

S. Naturally, after being married for ten years, they like to see *other* faces occasionally.

E. Freshens things up.

S. In a way they 're rather wise about it. Perhaps when we 've been married as long as that——

E. Very nearly as long, isn't it?

S. Good gracious, no. It 's only eight years last September.

[*She takes a cigarette.*

E. Getting on, my dear.

[*He gets up to light her cigarette and sits at her knee on a pouf.*

S. (*softly*). Eight years.

E. (*putting his hand on her knee*). Eight of the best.

S. (*ruffling his hair*). I can't imagine the Tomlinsons sitting here by the fireside.

E. Nor can I, my darling. I don't think Harry would stand having his hair ruffled. It 's getting rather thin on top.

[*They sit for a while looking into the fire.*



"YES, MUM, I *AM* A BIT LATE. YOU SEE, BEFORE I CLEAN YOU I 'AVE TO GO AN' CLEAN A LADY RIGHT OUT IN THE MIDDLE OF 'OLLAND PARK."

S. Penny?

E. Er—nothing.

S. You can't be thinking of nothing.

E. I was just wondering what the time was.

S. (*looking at the clock*). Half-past nine.

E. Only half-past nine!

S. I thought of going to bed early to-night.

E. (*quickly offering to rise*). Then I 'd better ring for your hot milk.

S. I told Jenny to bring it in to me at ten o'clock.

E. (*sinking back again*). Good.

[*For a few blissful moments they present a picture of domestic peace. Suddenly, however, the telephone, which is standing on a table under the window, rings violently.*

E. (*sitting up*). Hullo! Who can that be?

S. (*rising swiftly*). I 'll answer it.

[*She goes quickly to the instrument.*

E. (*rising eagerly*). Who is it, Stella?

S. (*with her ear to the receiver*). Hullo! (*Suddenly to* Eric) It 's Martha. (*Into the telephone*) Yes, dear . . . Of course . . . We were just wondering what had become of you . . . Certainly by all means . . . No, we 're doing nothing in particular . . . (*To* Eric *excitedly*) They think of coming round for a little chat.

E. How soon?

S. Now—at once.

E. Good.

S. (*into telephone*). All right, Martha dear. We will be expecting you in five minutes.

[*She rings off and comes down to Eric by the fireside.*

E. (*cheerfully*). Well, my dear, it seems to be all up with our quiet evening at home.

S. (*crossing brightly to the bell*). Just as everything seemed to be so very nice and cosy.

E. (*rubbing his hands*). Well, we must make the best of it, I imagine.

S. (*as she rings the bell*). Whisky-and-soda as usual, I suppose, and some ginger-ale for Martha.

E. (*gaily*). And the hot milk for Stella.

S. No, Eric, not the hot milk for Stella. I shan't be going to bed just yet.

A Case for the R.S.P.C.A.

"WANTED.—Steady, trustworthy, sensible country girl. Able to wash, iron and milk one cow."—*Advt. in Irish Paper.*

Yet another Apology Impending.

"By an unfortunate typographical error we were made to say on Tuesday that the departing Mr. —— was a member of the defective branch of the police force. Of course this should have read: 'The detective branch of the police farce.' "—*New Zealand Paper.*

THE KELPIES.

I DON'T care what the Celts say on the subject of water-kelpies; Celts are stern wild men who live in stern wild lands and possibly their kelpies are stern and wild too, although I doubt it, for the kelpies, or water-horses, are nothing more or less than the beautiful little white water-ponies that long, long ago used to draw the mother-o'-pearl car of lovely Thetis. That they may be mischievous little monkeys I don't doubt; most ponies are, but there isn't an ounce of real vice about them. Thetis loved driving them, although they *would* sometimes get their heads down and bolt with her, scampering and splashing and scattering the calm of her enchanted tides in showers of blue and silver.

And Thetis, the darling, her bright hair flying and not in the least frightened, would laugh delightedly; and the ripples of her laughter the sea has still kept, and you may hear it up the beaches on any fine summer morning you like.

But her father, the fussy old sea-god, became fearful for her, for she was the apple of his aquamarine eye, and he at last forbade the driving of kelpies any more unless they were led by Tritons; and that didn't suit Thetis, you may be sure, but for peace' sake (she scorned the Triton idea, of course) she gave kelpies up and, like a dutiful daughter, drove the sleek respectable roly-poly dolphins instead, and does to this day for all I know.

So the kelpies ran loose, loose as lost sixpences, on the purple sea-meadows, and there they made playmates of the salmon and took to following them into the rivers and the fresh water when the clean-run splendid fish came in-shore and over the tumbling bars to spawn.

And thus the kelpies got to know the rivers and to haunt them, and, when the kelt salmon went back to the sea on the flood water, many of the little fellows stayed on in the upper reaches of the rivers. And so it is that in every river that the salmon run, or have run, a kelpie or so may be found.

Kelpies accordingly stable in many of the Thames weir pools, where, with a little belief and patience on your part, they may be seen if you watch faithfully for them on a shiny summer day.

They are naturally not of mortal horseflesh; their component parts are the silver sun-kissed spray of waves and waterfalls, shadows of mother-o'-pearl borrowed from empty oyster-shells or from those of the fresh-water mussel, and glints and tints of the little toy rainbows that you see when white water and sun-dazzle, mixed together, tip splashing into a weir-pool or over a salmon dyke.

And so the kelpie is a very delicately decorative little creature indeed, as I know who claim to have seen one.

'Twas this wise: I was waiting on a weir one sprightly summer morning to tryst with a certain big trout who had long lived in this the loveliest pool of the upper Thames, and I had been looking into sunshine and a race of foaming water for an hour or longer, when it seemed to me, and I rubbed my eyes, that in the mists of spray that rise nebulous above the gayness of all Thames weir streams, a shape was forming, and, sure enough (unless a June morning lied to me like a gipsy horse-coper), in a minute I saw the most perfect little water-pony you ever dreamt of.

Its flowing mane and tail seemed to merge into the sparkle and spin of the foam, and it moved from billow to shining billow up-stream with the quick graceful runs and stops of a "water-boatman." How big was it? Oh, about the size of a baby unicorn as far as I could see, and it ran shimmering with all the pale, delicate, watery hues of an opal.

It was unfortunate that at this juncture the lock-keeper should have "shut in" some of the sluice tackle, for with the abatement of the current my little friend faded rapidly and disappeared.

I have a theory that, since everybody likes to be believed in, it only requires enough *belief* for kelpies to be seen in the river on any sunny day (I fancy that in dull cold weather they keep below the surface), and that the harder you believe the closer they will come to you; and I go the length of thinking that you might thus even end in persuading one to land and become your pet.

At any rate I advanced this whim of mine to a delightfully imaginative little girl I know, called Matilda. She is called Matilda after the Matilda that Mr. BELLOC wrote the poem about, which you all know. Well, Matilda says she believed so strenuously one day that she not only landed a kelpie but patted it, and it was only when she said to it, "Why, darling, you 're so *real* that I don't believe you 're a kelpie at all!" that it gave a petulant little pop, like a bottle of soda-water, and vanished all over her in a precipitation of silver mist.

That was at least how she accounted for a sopping wet pinafore.

And a jolly poetical way too.

Our Biblical Scholars.

"It is at least as difficult for a trade unionist to cut himself off from the political associations of his union as it is for the rich man to pass through the eye of the needle."
Provincial Paper.



Mistress. "HAS ANYONE CALLED, HAWKINS?"
Well-drilled Maid. "ONLY THE VICAR, MADAM. I SAID YOU HAD ALREADY SUBSCRIBED."

CITY CATS.

FROM Saturday noon till Monday—a day, a half and two nights—
The streets of the City belong to the cats to use for their own delights.

Chivied and harried on week-days, they risk all nine of their lives,
Dodging the cranes in the warehouse, thankful when night arrives.

But the self-same cat that on Friday slunk past with a furtive air
Will shrivel your pride on Sunday with his green and insolent stare.

Stretched on Finsbury Pavement, Tabitha lies at ease;
Right in the middle of Moorgate Thomas stops dead—to sneeze.

Kindly to all of his subjects, Ludd has flung them this boon,
That the streets of the City are fief to the cats from Saturday afternoon.

From an account of the Scotch shepherd in Hyde Park:—

"George Macintosh, unlike his sheep, doesn't fit in the London scene. He is not dressed like a shepherd, for e wears linen collar nd a tie done in silor's knot fashion, while is legs are encased in cycling stockings."
Evening Paper.

Our contemporary's printer, on the other hand, is evidently a genuine Cockney.

THE SAINTLY PRIVATEER.

FOR thoroughly romantic tushery commend me to MR. RAFAEL SABATINI, either on paper or on the screen. He evidently holds the sound view that the pirates were good men. I have always cherished this conviction myself, as opposed to the cynical iconoclasm of *Treasure Island* and *Peter Pan*. How, indeed, should those people be other than virtuous? When one considers the nobility of ROBIN HOOD and the famous highwaymen, and then the refining influence of salt water and wind, it is obvious that your outlaw of the sea must have been the very man to win a maiden's heart by selfless love, to do good to the poor and to renounce riches, comfort and safety at honour's trumpet-call. Hence the film, now playing, called *Captain Blood*.

It was, in fact, the wickedness of those in high places that drove a man to sail the ocean and loot, not of course English vessels, but the cowardly galleons of France and Spain. It was so, at any rate, with *Captain Blood*, for whom perhaps *Captain Molasses* would have been a more befitting name. He was shipped as a slave to the West Indies after the MONMOUTH insurrection. But *was* he fighting on the rebels' side? Not personally—no; for that would have been to show a political, possibly even a sectarian, bias. He was a kind doctor who happened to be tending the rebels' wounds when the King's men came round searching for fugitives. He was tried at the Bloody Assizes and there flung back the taunt in JEFFREYS' face that the judge was smitten by a mortal disease and would die sooner than he. Sold like a head of cattle, yoked to the plough, beaten and despised, in the island of Jamaica I think it was, or, at any rate, one of those places where the rum comes from, he showed his worth as a physician and got the glad "close-up" from the Governor's bright-eyed daughter time after time.

Then a Spanish boat bombarded the town, and a graceful grandee and his son stepped ashore and demanded a ransom, a bitter pill for the proud and tyrannical Governor and a terrible night for the townsfolk, since the Spanish troops ran amuck in their streets. *Captain Blood* has time to rescue a young lady from a foreign pursuer before assisting his fellow-slaves to revolt, and then by a rather bold stroke capturing the Spanish galleon. The owners are pushed into the hold or shot down as they try



Captain Blood. "PIRATE I MAY BE, BUT ALWAYS THE GENTLEMAN."

to return, and the English flag is run up at the peak; but when the English Governor arrives to take possession of the boat he meets with an unpleasant surprise. He has, in fact, to walk the plank; and



"CALL THIS A THRILL? WHY, THERE ISN'T A SINGLE SHARK ABOUT."

it is rather nice to see how good pirates made their enemies perform this graceful acrobatic feat. Not very far away is a boat ready to pick up the victim. A fat man, old and gouty, he advances along the plank to its extremity; then behold him raise both hands above his head and make a perfect dive *à la* FAIRBANKS into the harbour waves and come up swimming strongly and still apparently wearing a wig.

Off then goes the pirate vessel, named the *Arabella* in honour of the Governor's daughter, to levy toll on the enemies of that England which has deserved so little kindness at the hands of *Captain Blood*.

On one occasion a fellow-pirate is about to treat ungallantly a young lady whom he has happened to capture. *Captain Blood* fights a duel with him, wounds him, disdainfully gives him a purse of gold as the price of his captive and then sets her free. 'Twas a way the pirates had. It was their delight on a shiny night in the season of the year. Or so MR. RAFAEL SABATINI and I believe.

Later *Captain Blood's* exploits have become so renowned that he is offered a commission in the King's Navy and a free pardon for all that he has done. Does that honour move him? Not so much as the thought that now he may win *Arabella's* heart and retire to Devon, where the apple-orchards bloom so pink in spring.

But stay. It may be that some of his crew are not willing to fight for England after all that they have suffered as slaves. He will take the commission, but they must be allowed to disband. This gets the good pirate into trouble, because his old adversary the Governor tries to cancel his commission. Little he cares. He sets off to sea once more, talking Irish in his sub-titles, and would have become a bold freebooter again but for the curious accident of rescuing the new Dutch Admiral and Governor of the West Indies from a burning ship on the high seas.

Dutch? Why, most certainly Dutch, for you see WILLIAM OF ORANGE has arrived in England, the STUARTS have fled and the days when honest West Countrymen were sold abroad for slaves are now gone for ever.

Captain Blood therefore does not object to receiving his commission again, or even to becoming Governor of Jamaica, purely as a favour and to oblige his new-found friends. But before that last honour he fights a ter-

rific battle at sea against the French fleet. It appears that the film can blow up ships at sea, set them on fire and sink them as easily as it can loot and lay siege to mediæval towns. How all this is done, heaven knows, but broadside after broadside is fired, the galleasses burn to the water's edge, *Captain Blood's* men "out cutlasses and board," and the decks are filled with men tenderly and gingerly fighting each other in the screen's own fighting manner, so different from the terrible violence of its mechanical events. Guns sound "off" too. I have always wanted to be the man who makes the noises behind the scenes at a cinema. And now the French Admiral's flagship is taken, the English flag is saved from the *Arabella* before she sinks, there is a "close-up" of *Captain Blood's* stern satiric face moved to tears as he gazes for the last time at all that remains of his beloved craft. O miserable *Blood!* And yet not so miserable, for after all there is the living *Arabella* to marry him and become Governess of Jamaica. There is also the moment of triumph, which even the noblest pirate could scarcely be expected to forgo, when he informs her father of their reversed positions and spares him for his daughter's sake.

A fine life, the buccaneer's. And how the school-teachers can say that these American-made films pervert the youthful mind is more than I can understand. I doubt if you would get more moral uplift from the works of Ballantyne or Manville Fenn. No boy ought to go away from a screen performance like this without the firm resolve in his heart to be courteous, long-suffering and patient, realising that it is only by the righteous practice of these virtues that a great freebooter can be worthy of the name.

Evoe.

WIGS IN THE GREEN ISLE.

Dear Mr. Punch,—I seek your assistance to avert what may well become a national calamity. You are aware, no doubt, that our great rallying song, "The Wearing of the Green," has of late lost much of its vigour and punch (please excuse this familiar use of your honoured name) through the machinations of the War Office. You recollect the words:—

"And if the colour we must wear is England's cruel red,
Let it remind us of the blood that Ireland has shed."

Now mind you I do not accuse the War Office of having abandoned the scarlet tunic in favour of khaki for the deliberate purpose of making nonsense of our national song, but I do say that it has been successful beyond the dreams of even our bitterest enemy. We cannot, alas! sing the old song now as we sang it thirty years ago, and no adaptation of it is possible that is worthy of our race. How could *Kathleen ni Houlihan* raise her voice to sing some such absurdity as this:—

"And if the colour we must wear is England's cruel khaki,
Let it remind us of the blood that Ireland has shed"?

A rumour has reached my ears which suggests to me a way out of the difficulty, and I write to enlist your aid. Primarily, Sir, you look on the affairs of life from their lighter side; but you have, thank God, your serious moments, and it is to your serious self that I now appeal. It is rumoured that the Judges and Bar of the Free State are about to adopt as their official headgear the horse-hair wig of hated repute. Now, if that is done, there will be dirty work in my beloved country in the near future. It will lead to a *bouleversement* in Dublin (I mean Baile atha Cliath) the like of which was never seen on the boulevards.

Why, then, should not the old song be adapted to the new conditions? My proposition is that for the future the following should represent the principles of our race:—

"And if the headgear we must wear be England's hateful wig,
How can we face Kate Houlihan dressed up in such a rig?
Then clap your caubeen on your head and wear it all the while
Till saintly Pat has thrust the wig from out our Em'rald Isle."

Soon, then, the old song will resound throughout the length and breadth of our land, from Cape Clear in County Cork to—well, say, to Adavoyle station on the Great Northern.

I am, Sir, Your obedient Servant,
Irish Exile.



One ship captures another (or *vice versâ*)

In a Good Cause.

The Committee of that admirable and only too necessary institution, the Infants' Hospital in Vincent Square, have had the good fortune to secure Prince Henry as Chairman, and the Guildhall as the scene of attack, for their Festival Dinner to be held on Friday, May 8th. As everyone knows, the Guildhall is a noble edifice entirely surrounded by turtle soup: but on the occasion of the Banquet in question it is hoped that money also will flow freely, for the Infants' Hospital *must* be maintained and £25,000 are needed.

In this connection it should be said that a book in praise of the work of the Infants' Hospital, written by Mr. Newman Flower and illustrated by one of Mr. Punch's young men, Mr. Charles Grave, who shows himself to be as sympathetic a delineator of babes and sucklings in distress as he is of ancient mariners, has just been published by Messrs. Cassell. The book, which is a very engaging advocate of the charity, is unique in being at present without a title, and the Committee of the Infants' Hospital offer to name a cot in perpetuity after that person who sends in the best suggestion for one. This is a very honourable as well as ingenious form of competition. What about "*Cots wha hae!*" what about "*The Cradle and the 'Grave'*"?

"An Uncertain Horse.

Brinklow is a peculiarly-tempered horse, and even though wining at Warwick recently, he was for the first half of the race in two minds as to whether to race with any zest."
Evening Paper.

No doubt he had wined too freely.

"After all, it would seem that the record for long sentences is held by literature rather than any official decrees."—*Daily Paper.*

Mr. William Sikes writes to say he doesn't know much about literature, but the long sentence he had was certainly due to an official decree.

THE UNRESPECTABLE PARTY.

As James and I were walking sedately along Regent Street, a gentleman of youngish middle-age, who looked not unlike a prosperous stockbroker, smote James suddenly between the shoulder-blades and cried loudly:—

"Hullo, Little Tich! Just the man I wanted to see. I've got a crowd coming to the studio on Sunday evening. You'll turn up, won't you? And bring your pal, if he cares to come."

The "stockbroker" then hit James again and walked quickly away.

James turned to me. "Know who that was?" he said reverently. "Alfred Hamboan, the black-and-white artist."

I went straight home and took down my MURGER (*Vie de Bohème*) from its shelf.

As Sunday drew nearer I grew more and more excited. I had always longed to see with my own eyes something of that Bohemian artistic life which had thrilled me so often in the printed page. There has always seemed to me a peculiar fascination about the very sound of the word "models." And of Alfred Hamboan I had heard from James before—a very Prince of Bohemians.

I read my MURGER through once again.

On the appointed day I presented myself, agog with expectation, at James's flat towards nine o'clock. James, who was struggling with his dress-tie, greeted me abstractedly.

"Good gracious!" I exclaimed. "Surely you're not dressing, are you?"

"Oh, yes. Always dress for Hamboan's shows. Take a pew, old man."

I glanced down at my own blue suit. "But——!"

"Oh, that's all right," James reassured me. "I dare say there may be one or two other chaps not dressed. And anyhow," he added, pulling his tie out and beginning again, "it's too late to alter now. Do take a pew, old chap."

I took one. "Well, James, tell me all about it. Who's going to be there and what shall we do?"

"Depends, old boy," said James, frowning dreadfully at his reflection in the mirror. "Sometimes Hamboan's shows are top-hole, but sometimes they're a bit formal. He gives two kinds, you see. Respectable and unrespectable, he calls 'em. Respectable ones are for wives and sisters, unrespectable for models and chorus-girls and what-nots."

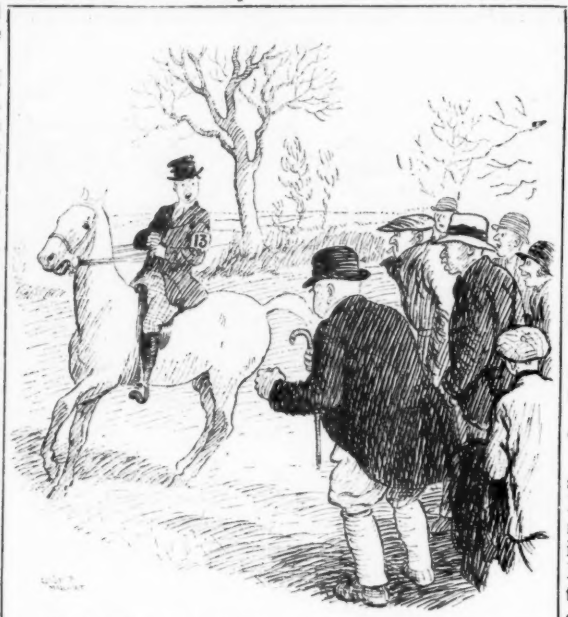
"Oh!" I said, considerably dashed. I had not heard of this distinction before. "And—and which do you think it will be to-night?"

"Can't say, old son. Unrespectable, probably. If it had been a respectable one I expect he'd have asked us to bring our own girls."

My hopes rose again. "Hurry up, James," I said impatiently. "Are you going to be all night with that blessed tie?"

"Must get the ends absolutely even, old scout," James replied with great seriousness.

Dressing is a weighty business with James and it was not until well past ten that we finally arrived at the studio.



Belated Rider (at local Point-to-Point). "WHICH WAY HAVE THEY GONE?"

Hamboan himself let us in and greeted us effusively, smiting James several times in the process.

"You can look after yourself, Tich, can't you?" he said. "Go on up and make yourself at home. You know all the crowd."

"That means it's an unrespectable one," James whispered behind his hand as we climbed the stairs.

My heart sang a little song. A vision of a large bare room rose before me, full of laughing girls in cheerful and exotic fancy dress, romping wildly in an atmosphere of natural and healthy *joie de vivre*. The spirit of Bohemianism.

Then James opened a door and I realised that the spirit of Bohemianism had also become very much under proof.

In a large room, which looked more like the great hall of a baronial castle than anything else, some twenty shingled damsels, all presenting an absolutely straight line from their shoulders to the hem of their fashionable evening frocks, were revolving with decorous solemnity, to the music of a large gramophone, in the arms of an equal number of dinner-jacketed gentlemen. There was not a fancy-dress or a lounge suit (except mine) to be seen.

James threw a careless eye over the assembly. "See that little girl over there—the one in white? That's Joyce. Recognise her? She was the model for the front cover of this year's summer number of *Town News*."

I did recognise her, though not without difficulty.

"Oh, yes. I believe I do."

"Nice little thing, isn't she?"

"Yes. Er—you might introduce me, James."

"Introduce you?" repeated James scornfully. "You don't want any introductions here. Just wait till this dance is over and then wade in and ask her for the next."

"Oh, I see." So there was a delightful informality about the affair after all. My drooping spirits revived slightly.

I waited and waded. The next moment I found myself actually addressing a model.

"Thenks," said the model. "Charmed, I'm sure."

The gramophone blared out again and we began to dance. Most unfortunately I am not much of a dancing-man. That is to say, I can dance but I can't walk. I said as much to the model, who walked divinely.

"Reelly?" said the model. "How awfully odd!"

"This is the first time I've been here," I tried. "Er—awfully jolly affair, isn't it?"

"Quate," said the model languidly.

"Do you come here often?"

"Quate."

"Er—ripping floor, this, isn't it?"

"Quate nice."

The conversation then died a natural death.

"Thenks so much," said the model when the music stopped at last.

"Thenk *you*," I replied politely, and fled.

I then repeated the above conversation, word for word, seven times, with two more models, four chorus-girls and a mannequin. True, one of the chorus-girls did introduce a variation; she asked for a drink. I gave her a choice between whisky and port, both



Granny (at the Cinema, groping her way to the opening in the balustrade). "Come along, Children—I 've found the knob."

of which I had observed in profusion on a side-table.

"Oo, noo, thenks," replied the chorus-girl; "I 'll just hev a lemonade, thenks."

It was after this that I mixed myself a comforting whisky-and-soda and went off to find my coat. On the way I met James.

"I think I 'll come with you," said James. "Bit dull to-night, isn't it?"

"Dull?" I said, with the ruins of Murger all around me. "It 's deadly! What on earth were you talking about, James? I thought you said these parties of Hamboan's were such cheery affairs. Bohemian and wild and all that."

"Yes, old man, so they are," returned James, struggling into his overcoat. "But not *this* kind. Didn't I tell you these were formal? It 's the respectable ones that are so cheery. Now, they *are* a rag if you like!"

"Socialist Premium for Belgium.
Brussels.

According to the 'Soir,' the King will invite one of the Socialist leaders to form a Government."—*Ulster Paper.*

But, judging by the experiences of Mr. MacDonald and M. Herriot, he will soon be at a discount.

STARRED BEAUTIES.

When Berenice's sovran lord
In panoply of war departed
To quell the fierce Assyrian horde
And left his consort broken-hearted,

To please the gods, from whom she prayed
His safe return and quick successes,
A precious sacrifice she made,
The fairest of her golden tresses.

The King, in answer to her prayer,
Returned to rule a grateful nation;
And by the gods her lock of hair
Was changed into a constellation.

So runs the legend. And again,
To trust a later poet's story,
A lady's lock in Anna's reign
Enriched the skies with added glory.

Belinda with her retinue
At Hampton over coffee trifled;
Her nodding sable curls were two
Till by the *Baron* one was rifled.

In vain *Sir Plume* unsheathed his sword,
In vain their warring tongues debated,
That ravished lock was ne'er restored,
But in the welkin shines translated.

On each of these the heavens distrained
For but a single contribution;
What riches then they must have gained
From Betty's recent diminution!

So much she 's lost at front and back
And where her dancing ear-rings jingle,
She must have filled the Zodiac
Last Thursday when she went to bingle.

Commercial Candour.

From an Australian tailor's circular:

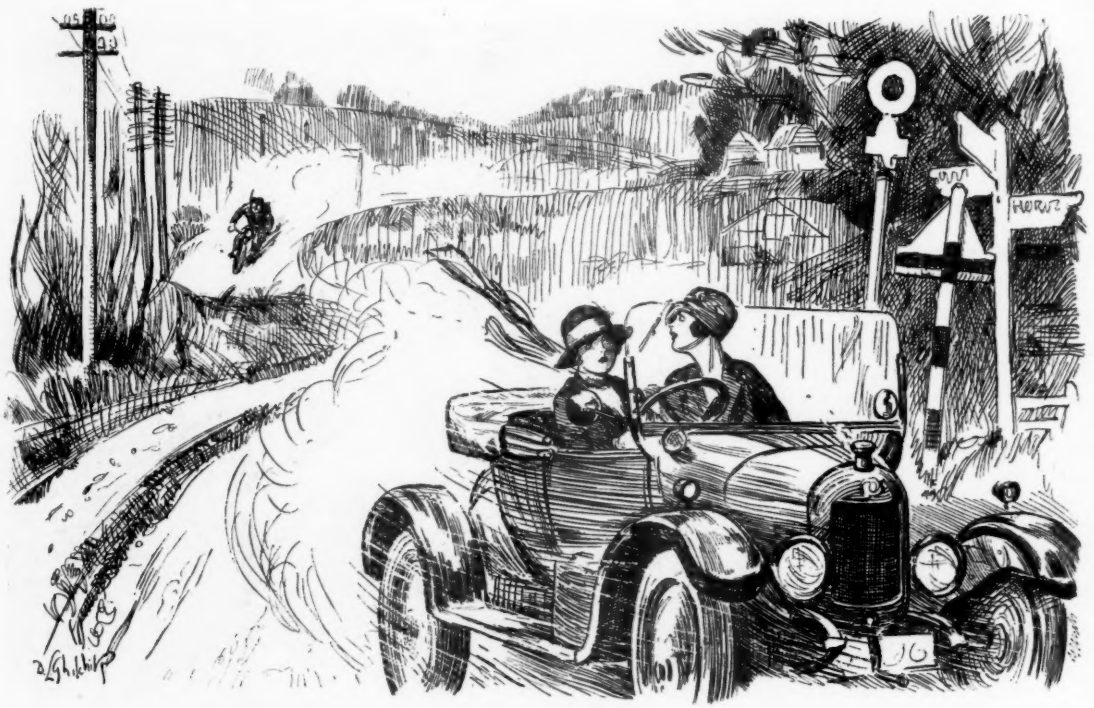
"Our cutters specialise in the production of the very best only, a style that incorporates just that indescribable something which makes of one man a pattern for his friends to follow, and of another a blasting example of what not to wear."

"The play was performed by a company whose acting was superb (an adverb used with a due sense of its value)."—*Provincial Paper.*

But for this assurance we should have been afraid that the critic did not know what he was talking about.

"Mr. —— has arranged an admirably varied Shakespearean programme for the week. 'King Edward VIII.,' which is to be given to-morrow evening, is especially interesting."
Provincial Paper.

But surely a little premature.



"FRIGHTFUL RATE THAT BIKE WE JUST PASSED WAS GOING, WASN'T IT?"
"YES. THEY OUGHT TO HAVE THE MAN FOR 'HOGGING.'"

THE HEEL OF ACHILLES.

IT was not until after many refusals that I consented at last to be a personal conductor of a party of Australian friends to Avebury and neighbourhood.

They had used every incitement to induce me to forget my London duties and play truant for the day. They had said the nicest things:—

"No one could explain everything so interestingly."

"You know so much."

"Yes, and you say it so well."

"You can work harder on the day before."

"You can work harder on the day after."

"You know England backwards."

"We should have such confidence in your information."

All this was very flattering, but my defence did not give way until one of the company—the youngest and prettiest—said, "Maybe you'll get an article out of our silly remarks. We are sure to say or do something awfully stupid."

That was an idea, certainly. Articles are not so easily come by that one can afford to throw away opportunities; and our cousins from the Dominions are, of course, when the hand that deals with them is gentle, fair game. And this one was very fair game.

"You won't be offended if I score off you?" I asked her.

She said she would adore it.

And so everything was settled and we started.

It was delightfully fine and they had provided a car which took us very comfortably.

I showed them all the sights: the new Great West Road, which we could then enter at Chiswick; the old coaching inns where horses were changed; the miles of cabbage-fields where once highwaymen roved; Colnbrook with the bridge where you pass in an instant from Middlesex into Bucks; the ancient "Ostrich" inn; and then I prepared them for the first and sudden view of Windsor Castle rising in the distance in all its romantic authentic mediæval bulk.

At Slough I had the luck to remember an odd historical incident which has stuck in the memory to the exclusion of much that is more valuable—to wit, that the first occasion on which the electric telegraph was of assistance to the police in detecting a criminal was in connection with a Quaker named TAWELL, who, having committed a murder at Slough, was, through the medium of the new invention, arrested at Paddington at the moment when, feeling safe and sound and beyond anxiety, he alighted from the train.

This story took us to Maidenhead, where I pointed out "Skindle's," and we stopped on the bridge to see the river each way; and then in Maidenhead Thicket came more highwayman lore; and so on to Twyford and the river Loddon and Reading (where Quakers of a variety totally antagonistic to Mr. TAWELL of Slough make biscuits; a statue of one of them, with his umbrella, is in the centre of the town), and so on to Newbury, with anecdotes of JACK OF NEWBURY and light but authoritative references to the two battles fought there—the first (as you, of course, recollect) on September 20th, 1643, and the second on October 27th a year later. Then to Hungerford and so through Savernake Forest (literary references to RICHARD JEFFERIES and his *Round About a Great Estate*, and anecdotes of the famous Marquis of AILESBURY) to Marlborough (names of famous scholars), and so to our destination, Avebury, that minor Stonehenge, where lunch was awaiting us at the hospitable "Red Lion."

I will not trouble you with my learned dissertation on the famous stones, the

temple, the great circle and the lesser circle, the avenue, and all the various conjectures of antiquaries as to their meaning. Suffice it to say that my reputation as one who knows and can explain, pleasingly and without pedantry, was not only upheld but increased.

We returned by way of Devizes (recollections of Sir Thomas Lawrence and his childhood at "The Bear;" references to illustrious visitors to Bath who used to stop here for the night—Quin, Foote), and so back to town, I still now and then shedding facts, and none of the party saying anything gauche at all, anything of the slightest use to my bright satirical pen.

Gradually we sank into silence, and one or two of us may even have napped: with perfect propriety, for the same road was being traversed; but between Slough and Colnbrook my fairest companion's eyes caught sight of a motor-cycle ahead of us carrying two riders so unsuitably dressed that she drew our attention to them at once.

"Oh, do look at that!" she exclaimed. "Just think of going out on a mo-bike in top-hats and tail-coats! Doesn't that beat everything?"

"It's not so odd as you think," I replied; "just about here, that is. In most parts of England it might be peculiar, but not just about here. I'll explain."

They prepared to listen.

"Isn't it luck," said the prettiest girl, "having *him* with us—the one man who really knows?"

Having finished blushing, I resumed. "We are close to Eton," I said. "It is over there, just this side of Windsor Castle. The river Thames is between them. And that motor-bicycle belongs to two Etonians out on a joy-ride. When you go to Eton you will notice that the older boys wear top-hats and tail-coats; the famous Eton jacket belongs to the younger boys only. Now these two ahead of us are no doubt members of 'Pop,' the swagger club of the school, and have special rights in consequence. Look at them well when we overtake them: you'll very likely see a future Prime Minister or Viceroy, a future Duke or owner of a Derby winner."

All excitement for such fateful or aristocratic lineaments, we prepared for the spectacle. But as the moment of passing arrived the prettiest girl gave me a swift and horrified glance which, although there was sympathy in it too, I would pay a hundred pounds not to have deserved.

For my Etonians turned out to be two middle-aged men with moustaches, in rusty black, very obviously connected with a firm of local undertakers.

Alas! for the pride of "Pop."

Alas! for

E. V. L.



Child (interested in dress-shirt and cuffs). "Grandpa, how ever do you manage to bend your elbows when you've got this s'irt on?"

THE "GENUINE ANTIQUE."

High on our treasure-shelf displayed
There sits a fat old man of jade.
We have no notion what he's called,
But he is calm and snug and bald.
Through half-closed eyes he takes us in,
And smiles and strokes his double-chin,
And lays with pride his other hand
Upon an ample belly-band.
We wonder what his name can be,
But neither word nor sign gives he;
Just eyes us; seems our worth to find
And then dismiss us from his mind.
A quaint old fellow, gross of limb,
And yet we never laugh at him,
But somehow feel a little shy
Beneath that cold mysterious eye.
For fancy, if he proved (how odd!)
To be some dread and mighty god
(And after all one never knows
With strange old gentlemen like those),
Our dearest hopes might all be wrecked
If we had shown him disrespect.

Our Callous Reporters.

"Referee Knocked Out at Ebbw Vale.

This game at Ebbw Vale was of a most enjoyable character."—*Welsh Paper.*

"Good Riddle Maker Wanted; one used to boring preferred."—*Manchester Paper.*

There ought to be no difficulty in filling the post.



ANOTHER BLOW FOR OXFORD.

MR. PUNCH'S MUSIC-HALL SONGS.

XVII.—"AS I WAS SAYING ONLY YESTERDAY. . . ."

(*Scene: The Private Bar.*)

So pore old Mr. Grummet 's passed away,
Mrs. Thomas;
And all from eating unripe plums, they say,
Mrs. Thomas.
It's funny, don't you think?
He never touched the drink,
And yet he had to die,
As it might be you or I,
Mrs. Thomas.

As I was saying only yesterday,
Mrs. Thomas,
It isn't any use to fight our fates.
Well, if it isn't gin
Was meant to do us in,
The chances are it's lemonade or dates.
You never saw such saints as my two brothers,
Yet both of them are dead and gone, my dear;
Teetot'lers seem to die the same as others,
So what's the use of knocking off the beer?

To think that Mr. Grummet's on the shelf,
Mrs. Thomas!
And him so very careful of himself,
Mrs. Thomas!
Bed early all his life,
And never struck his wife,
It 's sad he 's dead and done—
Let 's have another one,
Mrs. Thomas?

As I was saying only yesterday,
Mrs. Thomas,
It isn't only drink that does the harm;
There's Mrs. Pilchard took
To praying for her cook,
And after that she fell and broke her arm!
I never see such saints as my two brothers,
But both of them had asthma bad, my dear;
Teetot'lers seem to suffer same as others,
So what's the use of knocking off the beer?

It only shows how careful one should be,
Mrs. Thomas;
It 's flying in the face of Nature—see,
Mrs. Thomas?
If he 'd been sitting here
With half-a-pint of beer,
Would he have ate that plum
And gone to Kingdom Come,
Mrs. Thomas?

As I was saying only yesterday,
Mrs. Thomas,
Suppose we didn't *take our little drops?*
All very well for us,
But can't you hear the fuss?
Well, what about the men that grow the hops?
Well, what I mean, we've got to think of others,
It isn't only you and me, my dear;
No doubt the brewers has to keep their mothers,
So where's the sense in knocking off the beer?

A. P. H.



A VERY DARK HORSE.

Admiral von Tirpitz. "THEY'LL NEVER GUESS WHAT WE'VE GOT INSIDE HERE!"



FAMOUS CLAIRVOYANT (WHO CAN ENTER A ROOM BLINDFOLDED AND FIND ANY HIDDEN OBJECT) TAKING A HOLIDAY

A PROCESS OF ELIMINATION.

"Heterodynes and their Habits, indeed," I grumbled disgustedly, hanging up the headphones. "Who wants to know what a Heterodyne may be and whether the thing is kind to its young or not?"

Millicent, who was sucking her pencil with the vacant expression of one who is seeking an obsolete word of twelve letters, known only to pedants, nodded with a faint air of sympathy.

"It is, isn't it?" she murmured unintelligently.

"You're not listening," I told her sternly in a voice calculated to rouse her from her black-and-white study. "Why should I pay ten shillings a year for the privilege of being lectured at on subjects that don't interest me in the least?"

"You don't pay it," said Millicent with a sniff, taking up the headphones. "The only licence we've had *I* paid for—and that expired last month." She listened intently for a moment. "In two minutes," she relayed to me from 2LO, "the orchestra will play *Symphony No. 2 in E Minor, by Rach*——"

"That's just the trouble," I put in with annoyance. "There's far too much of the —iski and the —ology about these programmes. Popular stuff is what is wanted."

"Well, *everybody* doesn't want to listen to 'Home, Sweet Home' all the evening," Millicent retorted.

"The programmes are too highbrow," I maintained. "They are hopelessly beyond the intelligence of the mass, at any rate."

"You are getting a bit of a mass, I know, dear," my wife agreed thoughtfully. "Still, if you keep up those exercises——"

"The B.B.C. needs a sharp rap over the knuckles," I said firmly, "and I am going to give it. I intend to write to *The Daily Scoop* about it—now."

"If it's going to stop you being grumpy all the evening," said Millicent, "I certainly should. And if you're a good boy," she added, patting my head kindly, "I'll look over it afterwards and see that the spelling's all right."

"Don't forget," I pointed out with dignity, getting paper and ink, "this is not my first contribution to the columns of the daily press."

"Your other wasn't very successful," Millicent reminded me. "It didn't get us a single reply, and you had to pay five shillings to have it printed."

Millicent is nothing if not tactful, you will notice. However I let it pass. I always do.

"To the Editor of *The Daily Scoop*," I wrote, my mentoress menting over my shoulder, "Sir,—I wish to bring to your notice the disturbing fact that the ether is being flooded each evening with wireless programmes totally unsuitable for the listeners for whom they are intended."

"Isn't that just a weeny bit strong, darling?" Millicent said. "If it gets printed with your name and address, the horrid old B.B.C. might send somebody round to look at our licence."

"Which would merely move me to a second letter on 'Is it Our England, or the B.B.C.'s?' No," I assured her, continuing my letter, "if anything, I'm letting them off too lightly."

"Long and uninteresting recitals of classical music," I wrote on, "technical and sometimes almost unintelligible talks—entertainers who do anything but entertain—eternal time signals from Greenwich—are we to tolerate such programmes as these from an organisation professing to cater for the amusement of the general public?

"No, Sir, I call upon you to use your enormous influence in bringing

pressure to bear upon those responsible for this deplorable state of affairs. Millions of listeners are each paying something like two-pence a week for these programmes, and they are surely entitled to value for their money."

"That ought to stir things up a bit," I said with some satisfaction, feeling the better for what I had written.

"You 'd better finish up by telling the Editor how you adore his beautiful newspaper," Millicent suggested in her foolish way. "I 've noticed that none of them can resist publishing that sort of thing!"

"Add it yourself then," I directed, handing her the sheet. "No pen of mine could write such a falsehood."

Millicent selected a less conscientious pen from the inkstand, and after some consideration added beneath my remarks:—

"May I take this opportunity of saying how much my wife appreciates your delightful 'Women's Page,' which she finds a continual source of helpful and interesting information."

"If that doesn't get into print," said Millicent, handing the letter back, "nothing will."

"It seems to me altogether irrelevant," I said, adding my signature with some reluctance. "When it comes to publication you 'll find they 'll cut it out."

"We 'll see," was the answer—one of Millicent's favourites, I may say.

* * * * *

For three mornings we searched excitedly in the Correspondence Column of *The Daily Scoop*, but in vain. Then on the fourth morning my heart gave a leap as I caught sight of my name in print.

And this is what I read:—

"*To the Editor of 'The Daily Scoop.'*

"24, Myrtle Road, Wimbleham.

"Sir,—May I take this opportunity of saying how much my wife appreciates your delightful 'Women's Page,' which she finds a continual source of helpful and interesting information.

James Aloysius Wotherspook."

From a discussion on the soldier's attitude towards capital punishment:—

"They seemed to fancy that dread of such a penalty kept men's natural fear in abeyance, taking for their motto the old mathematical slogan, 'two plus signs make a minus.'"
Local Paper.

We must not forget, however, the old legal slogan, "What the soldier said is not evidence."

A BANK HOLIDAY ROUND.

The girl in the rust-coloured jumper and biscuit-coloured stockings drove her ball into a large rectangular pit filled with hay about twenty-five yards in front of the first tee. The young man in a *pâté-de-foie-gras* pull-over did the same, and so did the other young man, who was principally dressed in puce. Then came Uncle and, I should think, Papa. Uncle had a round red face and spectacles—a cheery soul; Papa (if I am right) was sadder, greyer, a trifle dyspeptic perhaps. But they both sent their balls into the pit. I rather think the girl carried a mascot. There was no dog. . . .

"I consider," said Gregory judicially, "that we ought to go through a foursome."

"I don't want to seem dashing," I said, "but perhaps we ought to try."

At this point Uncle shouted to us from the trench.

"Go on, go on," he cried cheerily; "you 're sure to be much better than we are."

Gregory drove his ball into the pit.

I followed suit.

"Why, you 've done just the same as we did," said Uncle, beaming at us as we joined the gathering. He was one of those profoundly observant men whom no material detail eludes.

We all turned the hay about with our irons.

"Two of us have only begun to play golf this morning for the first time," said Uncle.

"You have a glorious day for it," replied Gregory courteously; and indeed the sun was shining brilliantly.

The whole affair reminded me of one of those family reunions on the old cinema-farm, where one searches in the hay-loft for the Easter eggs. I was sorry when we had to break it up and wave farewells. From the height of the second tee we could just discern Uncle peering anxiously down a rabbit-burrow after playing five.

* * * * *

Going to the third, Gregory hit a man in the small of the back. He was scarcely to blame, for the fellow emerged with his partner from a thick shrubbery of gorse after the stroke had been made. The pretty had looked perfectly clear.

"He doesn't seem to be in severe pain," I observed consolingly.

"No," replied Gregory, whose face looked rather pale, "and he has left my ball lying well."

We came up to the scene of the accident, and the man walked towards us.

"Awfully sorry for stopping your ball," he said to Gregory; "I didn't see it coming."

I looked at Gregory and Gregory looked at me.

"I very nearly told him," said Gregory when all the apologising had been done, "that he ought to have shouted 'Aft' as soon as he felt the blow."

* * * * *

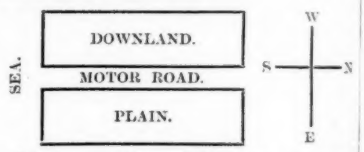
Gregory's drive to the fifth lay behind a stone water-trough. To my horror and amazement I saw him move it a club's length out on to the fairway.

"There is no penalty for this," he explained.

"You cowardly cad!" I cried to him in justifiable rage. "I believe you 've been studying the local rules."

"I have," he said. "You can lift without loss of a stroke from behind water-troughs, out of pits, from deep ruts, from the secretary's front lawn and from the roadway."

I reminded him of this miserable piece of pedantry at the sixth, where my second hit the wind-screen of a high-powered motor-car. Perhaps I ought to be a little more explicit here. The golf-course, which consisted of nine holes, was laid out partly on the level plain and partly on the slope of the downs. I can describe it best by drawing one of those maps for the making of which I was so justly celebrated during the recent Great War.



I have not drawn the gorse, because I am not good at making flowers. Some of the holes ran along the plain, and the rest went backwards and forwards between the plain and the rolling downs. There were not many artificial bunkers, but what with picnic parties, shepherds, sheep and gentlemen riding over the downs on horses—besides the other things that I have named—one could not say that there was any lack of natural hazards.

Also, since the road was buzzing with motor-cars full of people coming from the sea at Westingham to look at the sea five miles away from it, and, after satisfying their curiosity, coming back again, it was impossible to deny that motor-cars ought to have been mentioned in the local rules. One might have luck, of course. One's ball might drop on the splash-board and fall off again after being carried nearer to the hole. On the other hand it might not. Mine seemed to have disappeared altogether. Very likely, as I pointed out, it had gone to Westingham. I claimed a fresh stroke with a new ball, and without penalty, but Gregory demurred.



Artist. "SHE HAS A TOPPING HEAD, HASN'T SHE?"
Golfer. "DON'T YOU THINK IT'S TEED A BIT TOO HIGH?"

"If you had studied the theory of EINSTEIN," I said to him, "you would know that to the scientific mind the difference between a stone water-trough and a travelling motor-car is practically nil."

After some time I found a ball lying in a rut.

"Here it is," I said, lifted it, threw it behind my back in a well-chosen place and played on.

"Skunk," said Gregory.

"You can scarcely expect me to telephone to the police at Westingham," I told him. "This is a round of golf, my boy, not a detective romance."

* * * * *

On the ninth green, as I was about to putt, a man with side-whiskers came running across to me from a hollow on the hill-side.

"Excuse me," he said, "but are you playing with a Dewlap Green Spot?"

"I don't know exactly," I said. "I always think of him as Little Willie. He was a foundling, but I have grown very fond of him indeed. He has a dark patch on the left cheek. Would you like to look at him?"

He took up the ball, examined it carefully, and put it down again a foot nearer the hole.

"No, it's not mine," he murmured rather reluctantly.

"Thank you," I said, and putted.

* * * * *

We played fifteen holes. Approaching for the second time the third, where only the top of the flag can be seen from the plainland, we both made what seemed to us to be almost perfect shots.

"I should say I'm about two feet from the pin," said Gregory triumphantly.

"And I should say I'm nearer," I rejoined.

And so we might have been, but somebody had stuck the flag into the opposite edge of the green from the one where the hole was.

"I suspect Uncle," observed Gregory.

I think he must have been right; amongst the yellow-starred gorse-bushes, far away to the left of the fourth, we could see a rust-coloured jumper, a glimpse of puce and a round red face with a beaming smile.

Who says that golf must needs be a dull mechanical game? EVOE.

"Napping Machine, all complete . . . throat 7-in. wide."—*Advt. in Provincial Paper.*
Capable of yawning as well as napping.

TRAFFIC RHYMES.

IX.—THE REAR OF THE TRAIN.

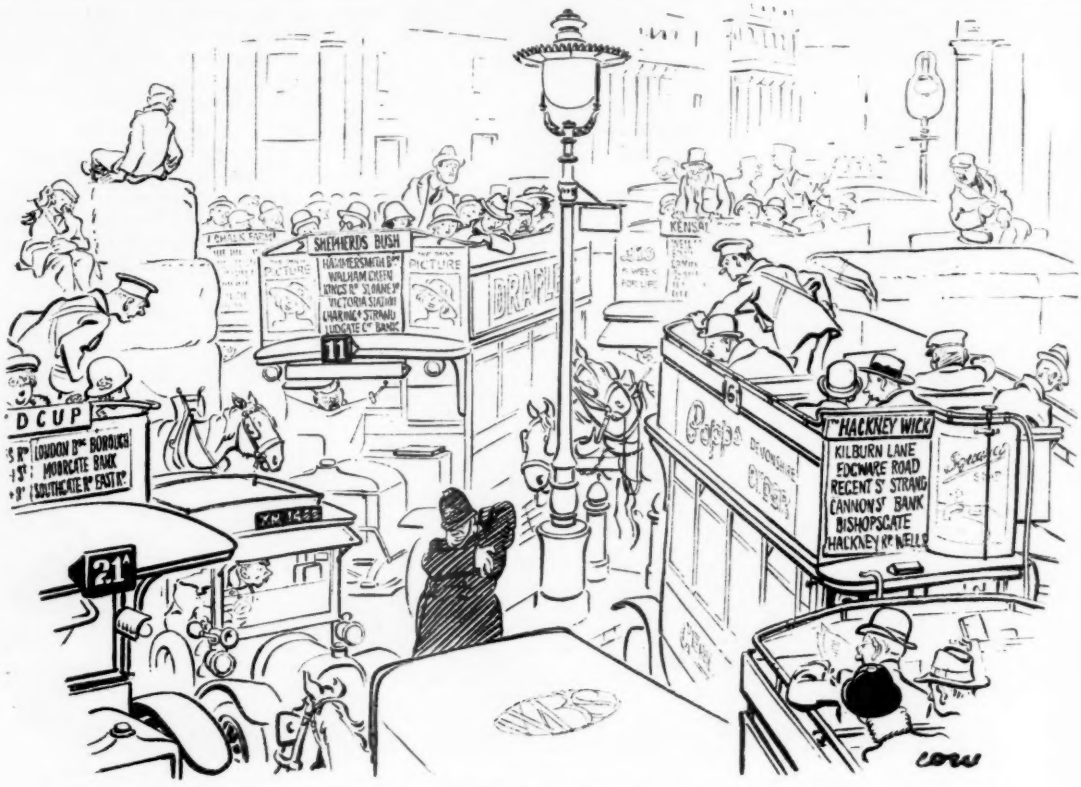
WHEN you struggle with passion
In desperate fashion
For room on the footboard, again and again,
Officials who find you
Are sure to remind you
"There's plenty of room in the rear of the train."

Your coat's torn asunder
So people see under,
A pickpocket's lifted your watch and your chain;
One end of you's hatless,
The other is spatless—
But think of the room in the rear of the train.

The pressure increases,
Your shirt is in pieces
Which no one can hope to assemble again;
It's very distressing,
But oh! what a blessing
To know that there's room in the rear of the train.

Another Housing Novelty.

"Pretty Bungamodious well-built Residence."—*Advt. in West-Country Paper.*



TRAFFIC CONFUSION CAUSED BY CONSTABLE HAVING ASSUMED A NEW AND RATHER TICKLISH UNDERVEST.

THE STRANGE CASE OF J. S. B.

[A special feature of the musical portion of the daily wireless programme of the B.B.C. is the increasing frequency and popularity of the music of BACH.]

OLD BACH, JOHANN SEBASTIAN,
Led a sequestered life
With ANNA MAGDALENA,
His gifted second wife.

He had just twenty children,
A trying brood to rear
Upon an income less than
A hundred pounds a year.

As teacher and director
He served St. Thomas' School,
But could not suffer gladly
The dullard or the fool.

Yet while from "wreaths and roaring"
He dwelt aloof, apart,
Old BACH went on composing
Tremendous works of art:

Masses, motets, cantatas
That now our rapture win—
Great pieces for the organ,
Clavier and violin.

But Fame's resounding echoes
Remained unwaked, unstirred
By mighty masterpieces
Unprinted and unheard;

For only half-a-dozen
Musicians of his time
Could recognize his genius,
Immortal and sublime.

Yet poor and unrewarded
He neither railed nor grieved,
Conscious of high endeavour
Triumphantly achieved.

For fifty years neglected
He suffered Fortune's frown;
Then came the slow revival
And growth of his renown;

Started in his own country
By FELIX MENDELSSOHN,
Whom scornful neo-Georgians
Belittle and dethrone;

While over here in England
The movement was begun
By the good SAMUEL WESLEY
And by his greater son;

Then, fostered by the efforts
Of champions fit though few,
Of STERNDALE BENNETT, STANFORD
And PARRY, wide it grew,

Till, thanks to "HUGH THE DRIVER"
And HAROLD SAMUEL,
BACH has become a prophet
And household word as well.

For, though the ass unending
In his accustomed way
Bestows on the dead lion
The homage of his bray;

Though some enlightened critics
Are minded to deplore
Our strange infatuation
For this "colossal bore,"

Responsive to the summons
Of the Broadcaster's call
A world-wide audience welcomes
"The master of us all."

Commercial Candour.

"Valuable salmon-fishing to be let at a sacrifice; no use to owner owing to frequent netting and poaching."—*Irish Paper.*

"The wife of one of the villagers of ——, Holland, presented her husband last year with quadruplets. Now the . . . father is welcoming the recent arrival of triplets."
Evening Paper.

Is "welcoming" quite the right word?

THE NEW ANÆSTHETIC.

THIS is a story of a dentist's room.

I dislike stories about dentists myself, for the simple reason that they invariably make my teeth ache. This, you will understand, is because I have an intensely sympathetic nature. The vast majority of readers, I believe, are built differently. The spectacle of some unfortunate fellow sitting mute and inglorious in a dentist's chair, simmering gently from sheer funk while the talkative gentleman in horn-rimmed glasses selects the most murderous-looking instrument from his tray, seems to amuse them.

I had occasion to visit my own dentist on pressing business the other day. I confess I felt more than commonly melancholy that afternoon. Anything the matter with the teeth always makes me sad, but there was also the affair of *The Torch* and that fellow Quinton, who had professed, on paper, to be my friend. I admit that one should not expect too much from friendship, but, after all, I had given him quite a good review of a volume of intolerable drivel that he called poetry. His response was to print, in the literary column that he is allowed to control, what I can only describe as a dastardly attack on my last novel.

I believe the thing was just beginning to sell, but my publisher writes that he has not sold a single copy since. I would not have minded so much but for the fact that he had clearly not read the book, at all events after p. 582. He had missed the important scene of the reconciliation between Annabel and Matilda. But perhaps I grow prolix.

* * * * *

I like Daggett, my dentist, very well, but he is one of those enthusiasts who are almost too eager to introduce novelties into the game. The very chair in which I was cheerfully invited to sit was studded with unusual gadgets.

"What is all this?" I asked, sitting down a little suspiciously.

"That! Oh, an excellent idea," he chuckled. "Had it put in the other day. I've known patients of a certain type get restive under an anæsthetic."

"How's it work?"

"Simplicity itself," said Daggett. He touched a sort of lever with his foot and two beautifully polished curved bars of metal curled over from nowhere in particular and fastened with a click over my arms. Something similar was happening simultaneously lower down. I was a prisoner, as it were, in the stocks.

"Right!" I said. "Now take them off again. You wouldn't take advantage of an old friend like that."



"I WAS A PRISONER, AS IT WERE, IN THE STOCKS."

He laughed again.

"Oh! I shan't want them for you. But they come in handy with gas sometimes. I've a brand-new anæsthetic for you. Absolutely the very latest."

"Are you sure it's all right?" I asked. "I'm never very keen on being the first to try these new inventions."



"CARRIED HIM TO THE FAR CORNER OF THE ROOM, BEHIND A SCREEN."

"Right as rain. There'll be no trouble about this one at all. Just half a sniff and off you go. Nearly went off myself by accident the other day through forgetting to turn the screw-stopper firmly. Extremely awkward in the middle of an operation, eh?"

He was showing me the outside of the bottle and explaining how it worked—he is easily the most explanatory dentist I know—when there came a discreet knock at the door behind the screen. Daggett went to investigate. I notice his man never enters the room. Tact, I suppose.

There was a muttering behind me. Then he returned.

"Send him up when I ring," he said over his shoulder as he came back. To me he explained. "It's one of these men in a hurry. I suppose you wouldn't like to wait a few minutes?"

I confess that when I get settled down in the chair I like to get the job over and done with. I temporised.

"Who is it?" I asked.

Daggett was playing idly with the new anæsthetic bottle.

"It's a man called Quinton," he said. "Writes for *The Torch*, I think. Perhaps you know him."

I believe I smiled.

* * * * *

The next moment a brilliant idea suddenly came to me. I had never met the man Quinton, though, after seeing my review of his verses, he had written me an effusive letter of gratitude, in which he spoke of an undying friendship. That shows the sort of man he was.

I skipped out of the chair with extraordinary agility.

"Take him first by all means," I cried; for I had just noticed a curious glassy look about Daggett's eyes—a somnambulistic appearance, you might call it. I detected also a faint but curious smell.

It came to me all in a flash what I had to do. I was, in fact, just in time to catch Daggett as he subsided on the flap of the bureau behind him. I took the bottle from his hand, gave him one good sniff at it, and then screwed it up tight. Swiftly but quietly I picked him up and carried him to the far corner of the room, behind a screen, where he retires to wash his hands between visitors. Then I pressed the bell.

Steps were audible outside. The door opened and Mr. Shelley Quinton was

ushered in. He advanced towards me with outstretched hand.

"Ah, Mr. Daggett, how good of you! My friend Fussell recommended me to come here at once. Most terrible coward I am, I fear. Ha!"

His laughter was false, like the rest of him. I motioned him silently to the chair I had just vacated.

"Quite so, Mr. Quinton. Would you sit down a moment?"

He certainly was a nervous subject. His forehead was damp and his fingers kept drumming on the arms of the chair. I knew how he felt, because I generally do that myself.

I approached the man with an ingratiating smile.

"Now then," I said cheerfully, "as wide as you can, please."

The man had no real spirit. He opened his mouth at once, cavernously, without a sound.

That is the best of Daggett's talkative ways. He had shown me everything so clearly that I knew where to lay my hands on all the important properties. In one second I had a patent gag in Mr. Quinton's mouth. By a simultaneous action of the foot on a lever both his arms and feet were neatly pinioned. He gave a convulsive twitch, but was too late.

"Ah!" came faintly from the gagged mouth.

I do not know that I have ever felt a sensation of more complete triumph than at that moment—and I have had my triumphs. This man was so absolutely in my power. I selected carefully from the bright tray in front of his agonised eyes the most deadly drill I could find, and fixed it slowly in the nozzle of the ugly thing like a steel whip that Daggett keeps close beside the chair. He works it with his foot. Quite easy. I tried it.

"You observe that implement," I said pleasantly. "It looks to me as if it might hurt like the deuce if I tried it on a few sound teeth."

Quinton wrinkled up his forehead, no doubt wondering what I was talking about. But he began to look anxious. I could see he was trying to speak.

"You see," I explained candidly, "I am not a qualified dentist. My friend Daggett is ill, behind that screen. I happen to be an author. In fact, Mr. Quinton, you were kind enough to review my novel, *Fame and the Fairy*, in a paper called *The Torch*, only this very week."

It was with some difficulty that I refrained from saying "Aha!" at this point. But I have always maintained that the quiet manner is the more effective.

The man in the chair turned a curious colour—mottled, with a tinge of green.

I made the instrument in my hand buzz ferociously. "I have always wanted to test the powers of human endurance," I continued easily. "To a novelist, Mr. Quinton, experiments of this kind are sometimes not without value. Though perhaps a gentleman of robuster physique. . ."

I had to pause here a moment to readjust the chair, which Mr. Quinton was testing rather severely. Without being powerfully built he possessed what I should be inclined to call a fair amount of nervous force. In fact he imposed an almost unfair strain on the manacles.

As I came forward to tickle him up a second time he lunged at me violently with his head. I got a slight blow on the jaw.

* * * *

Then it seemed to me that I woke up suddenly. I was in the chair and Daggett was leaning over me.

"Well, we've fixed that all right," he said cheerily. "Thought it wouldn't take long. What d' you think of the new anæsthetic?"

"Great!" I said indistinctly, rinsing my mouth. "You wouldn't care to let me have another dose, I suppose?"



"I SELECTED CAREFULLY FROM THE BRIGHT TRAY IN FRONT OF HIS AGONISED EYES THE MOST DEADLY DRILL I COULD FIND."



"I MADE THE INSTRUMENT IN MY HAND BUZZ FEROCIOUSLY."

The Amenities of Bee-life.

Letter received by a South-African merchant from an Indian customer:—

"Kindly quote for wax nests for the bee where the bees comes and lay honey. Please quote also for any kinds nests where the bees lay honey and oblige."

From a letter in an Australian paper on barracking:—

"The most noise is made by a class of person who could not defend a haystack with a bat."

But we doubt if even HOBBS or SUTCLIFFE could do this feat.

"For each of the past three years the major scholarship in classics at Christ Church, Cambridge, has been won by students who entered secondary schools through junior scholarships."
Educational Paper.

Won't Christ's College, Oxford, be jealous?

From an interview with the Right Hon. ARTHUR HENDERSON:—

"I came down for three propaganda meetings, one of which was held in Exeter on Monday, and another in Plymouth last night, whilst I am speaking in Torquay to-night. These meetings have their significance."
Local Paper.

Oh, Uncle ARTHUR!



OUR YOUNG VETERANS.

First Antique. "Well, cheerioh!"
Second Ditto. "Toodle-oo!"

ABSENTEE GENIUS.

An Appeal and a Warning.

The laxity of the Government in allowing our trade to slip away from us is at last being realised by the public. There is another matter of at least equal gravity to which attention needs to be drawn and without delay. While the joint action of the Home Office and the Labour Ministry is very properly making it harder for foreigners to settle in England, nothing is being done to prevent the steady drift of English brains, our most precious national asset, to the Continent, to America and the Far East. *This voluntary expatriation of talent is a national danger and needs to be dealt with at once.*

The evidences of this centrifugal tendency meet us on every side. One of our most brilliant novelists has adopted the life of an island hermit. Our most famous caricaturist has for years made his home in Italy. Within the last few days the papers have announced the painful discovery that our greatest prophet has been in seclusion in a remote rural district of the Riviera. Our most distinguished dramatist has recently made a prolonged stay in Madeira. The lure of Capri of late years has become notorious. And sinister rumours are already afloat of further emigrations and expatriations. In particular we may note the soul-shaking report that the greatest of our living romancers contemplates a three-weeks' residence in Mecca in order to "get at the back of the Arab mind" as a preparation for a new Saga on Mesopotamy the Blest. *This sort of thing cannot be allowed to go on. Genius has its duties as well as its privileges. Great minds must be taught that England is a great country to live in, not to live out of.*

The logic of the situation is irresistible, yet it is flagrantly violated in practice. We deport undesirable aliens, yet we do nothing to prevent our most desirable natives from deporting themselves. The presence of great men in our midst is a constant stimulus to high endeavour. Their absence impoverishes us and lowers our vital energy. *It is a form of national suicide.* While they are with us, whether in the Adelphi or in the Isle of Man, we know that "all 's right with the world." Their removal impairs our self-confidence and diffuses an atmosphere of misgiving and apprehension. We appeal to their patriotism to desist from this deplorable desertion of their posts, but we warn them with all the solemnity at our command that, if our appeal remains unanswered, *the strongest pressure will be brought to bear on Parliament with the view of restricting their disastrous indulgence in the desire to be conspicuous by their absence.*

From a lecture on ventilation:—

"The short dry cough heard in church was an indication that the air was too dry."
New Zealand Paper.

Or the sermon.

AT THE PLAY.

"LITTLE MISS BLUEBEARD"
(WYNDHAM'S).

Little Miss Bluebeard, inaptly christened a comedy, is really a rollicking and most ingeniously constructed farce, which, however, declines to a sticky end. It is by Mr. AVERY HOPWOOD from the Hungarian of GABRIEL DESSERY, as the programme has it, and I think the Authors' Society of Hungary may yet lodge a protest against this insulting innuendo by type. No doubt the English translator-and-adapter has added and subtracted much. He has, for instance, brought his characters to London and given them, with the exception of the heroine, English names. Knowing little of Hungary, I readily suppose it to be conceivable there that two young men, one of whom has married a young Parisian lady in the assumed name of the other, insist on sleeping outside the door of the bride because neither can trust the other to behave with discretion. I imagine too that in Buda-Pesth the amorous but unmarrying composer whose name has been borrowed by his already married friend would be a little less respectable and a little more expansive than the bowdlerised Englishman actually presented to us, and would handle his inconvenient flames with more address.

It would be quite impossible to convey in a reasonable number of words the complexity of the plot; nor do I wish to spoil good sport by giving it away. This however is to be said, that, just as you feel it is all getting less and less plausible, even for farce, the ingenious author plays a card which he has hidden in his sleeve and which certainly gives him the trick.

The *Little Miss Bluebeard* of the title is a newcomer, Miss IRENE BORDONI. It is her business to be very bewitching and to sing several times (and perhaps just once too often) one of those haunting honeyed ballads of the day, "So this is Love," attributed to the composer who is in love with her, but in fact the work of Mr. E. RAY GOETZ.

It would, by the way, have been a better advertisement for the gramophone supplied by Messrs. Blank if the record as produced had been a little more like the song as she sang it into the machine for the adoring composer.

One clever and distinctly roguish number by Mr. IRVING BERLIN, "He Doesn't Know What It's All About," Miss BORDONI sang with admirable effect and mischievous point. A distinct acquisition this attractive visitor, we may allow.

Mr. ARTHUR MARGETSON might, I think, play his hero in a more fantastic and therefore more convincing manner. But he had his quite excellent moments. The part, however, does not quite fit the English skin. Mr. C. M. LOWNE, as *Sir John Barstow*, gave, as usual, an adroit imitation of Mr. C. M. LOWNE. Mr. GEORGE ELTON, clever veteran, was diverting in the unlikely part of the composer's man. I liked Mr. TOM NESBITT'S hesitating naturalness in a part that seemed too odd to be true till you learned the secret of the plot.

Miss DOROTHY DEBENHAM had a short effective innings as a young virago of the upper dancing classes. But the most attractive performance was that of Mr. ERIC BLORE as the *Hon. Bertie Bird*, a very, very silly ass. He contrived to prove how plausible are those collapsing types of Mr. FRANK REYNOLDS and those apparently impossible grotesques of Mr. BATEMAN; and altogether added to his growing reputation as a comedian of resource and subtlety.

There were plenty of excellent lines, and Mr. HOPWOOD left fewer raw edges than is usual with adaptations. Altogether rather a pleasantly uproarious evening. The knockabout business, of which there is much, will be better when practice has given it a slickness which will correct its present air of conscious and over-conscientious effort to remove gravity at all costs. T.

* * *

Madame AONA HENI is giving a Musical and Dramatic Recital of *Peer Gynt* on Tuesday, April 28th, 2.30 P.M., at 139, Piccadilly, on behalf of the funds of the Mothercraft Training Society, Cromwell House. Tickets (10/- and 5/-) may be obtained from The Hon. Mrs. ALEXANDER HARDINGE, or Mrs. DENMAN, at Lennox House, 43, Ovington Square, London, S.W.

FOUR-WHEEL BRAKES.

THE moment the words had slipped out of my mouth I knew that it was a stupid remark to have made.

We had just stopped smartly to avoid collision with a car which came out of a side turning.

"My word," I said, "what wonderful brakes you've got!"

"Oh, that's nothing," Grant answered. "With these brakes we can pull up dead in a few yards at fifty miles an hour, if need be."

And from then on we pulled up dead in a few yards (though there was no need) whenever we saw anything to pull up against. The brakes, as brakes, were splendid; they never looked like letting us down. But the sensation was most horrible. It was all right for Grant; he had the steering-wheel to protect him. He only got it in the stomach; I got it in the neck. Every time we pulled up suddenly I was jerked violently forward, and it was only by clinging on and keeping my whole mind on the business that I prevented my head from crashing clean through the wind-screen.

"Marvellous, isn't it?" said Grant. "Honestly, I can't think how we ever managed to drive with the old two-wheel brakes."

I was just going to tell him when my head was hurled forward again and I bit a piece off the end of my tongue.

He repeated his remark a little later on.

"We used," I answered, "to begin pulling up a quarter-of-a-mile sooner. And a jolly sight safer and more comfortable it was too."

But Grant was not listening. We had got on to a fine straight stretch, and he was working the car up to its maximum speed in order to bring off a really good coup at the end of it.

A chicken crossed the road. We charged it at sixty and stopped just in time to save its neck. Mine went with a click, but I said nothing. I held on tight, clenched my teeth and kept my tongue well inside my head until we romped into the garage at the Golf Club.

And then I got my own back. For, when it came to golf, Grant's stomach, having a natural tendency to leap prominently forward, and having been encouraged in this practice all the morning, and being no longer thwarted by the steering-wheel, got completely out of hand and preceded in a most ludicrous fashion every other movement of his body; with the result that his swing went all to pieces and, in his anxiety to perceive the mischief done by it, he looked up after every shot almost before his ball had started on its career. Whereas my head, wearied with so much exercise on the way down, was incapable of lifting itself and was only too glad to stay where it was put.

Another Impending Apology.

From a report of a burglary:—

"The public-house is near the town hall, and police are rarely absent from the spot night or day."—*Daily Paper.*

From a bookseller's catalogue:—

"Lt.-Col. ——, Soldering in Canada; Recollections and Experiences."

Recollections and experiences of "joining up," no doubt.

"Lost between Cork and Macroom a starting handle for Moon."—*Irish Paper.*

The property, we presume, of Mr. DE VALERA.

MANNERS AND MODES.



THE MANNISH MODES OF THE MOMENT ARE, WE ARE TOLD BY THE WRITERS ON FASHION, TO GIVE PLACE TO AN ORGY OF FRILLS, SCARVES, RIBBONS, LACES AND UNEVEN LINES.



OPTIMISTICALLY ONE PICTURES SUCH VISIONS AS ABOVE—



—WHILE IN PESSIMISTIC MOOD OTHER POSSIBILITIES PREDOMINATE.



AS HOWEVER THIS IS PROBABLY ALL THAT IT WILL AMOUNT TO, THERE IS NO NEED FOR IMMEDIATE WORRY.



[A Crusader, lately returned from a long sojourn in the East, makes an unsuccessful attempt at asserting masculine ascendancy in the Oriental manner.]

His Wife. "SARACEN STUFF, EH? WELL, IT WON'T DO *HERE*, JAMES."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

I AM far from saying that you will not appreciate "VERNON LEE'S" latest book if you do not take an interest in WALTER PATER. But if you do enjoy "Notre-Dame d'Amiens" and "The Child in the House" you will enjoy *The Golden Keys* (LANE) twice over; and, if you are revolted by the fine-spun felicities of PATER, you are extremely unlikely to relish those of his disciple. In both style and matter these close-wrought yet diaphanous little essays recall the older tradition. Even the almost over-righteous appositeness of their participles, in such phrases as "black walls teethed with fern," recalls the singularities of the master. Their main theme, the manifestations and memories vouchsafed by certain beautiful or pathetic places to "men of goodwill," is characteristically Pateresque. Again and again in "VERNON LEE'S" work, as in PATER'S, "the outward imagery identifies itself with unseen moralities," and when the actual picture has vanished the power of reinvoking it and its attendant emotions remains: "a grace," says the writer prettily, "rewarding that gratitude of disposition which comes, or ought to come, with age." Only once, in dealing with Vézelay, does "VERNON LEE" actually re-tread PATER'S ground; her other haunts, English, Scotch, French, German and Italian, being for the most part refreshingly untraversed. I could have wished she had not approached the more recondite in a car. The process strikes me not only as inimical to a close acquaintance with the *genius loci*, but as hardly befitting a writer who indicts the English countryside for being given over to the hangers-on of leisure. Still I envied her some of the objectives apparently thus secured; particularly her sight of Aquileia (or rather what is left of Aquileia), a city older than Constantinople, in the remote Italian province of Friuli. She has not gleaned the whole of the legend about the great hill at Udine from which ATTILA surveyed the burning of the older town. It was, say the Udinesi, made for the purpose, every soldier in the Hunnish army contributing a helmetful of earth.

For her book *Love* (MACMILLAN), the author of *Elizabeth and her German Garden* has chosen what is surely the most depressing of all possible themes in fiction—the marriage, for love, of a man with a woman old enough to be his mother. One does not in these cases speculate as to the issue of the adventure; one merely wonders at what point the author will recognise its inevitable failure. Nevertheless this book is not depressing, so exquisite is the writer's humour and so delicate the art with which she reveals to us, men and women alike, our very human frailties. The delineation of *Catherine*, the principal character of the book, is as good as anything this author has given us. With *Christopher*, the youthful husband, she has not been so successful. He had, of course, to be an almost inconceivable ass, or the story could not have been written, but he need not have been a cad as well. I have seldom met in fiction or in the flesh a son of Balliol so flown with insolence as this one. It is a gratuitous complication, unless we are expected to believe that a man cannot be young and in love and maintain towards others a decent polite-

ness. I regretted it all the more because I felt that *Christopher* and *Catherine*, embarking on so desperate a venture, needed all the sympathy I could give them. But, making all possible allowances for a youthful infatuation, I found *Christopher* just a little too much for me. The subsidiary characters are drawn with a legitimate touch of caricature and help to make this a most enjoyable book.

The most attractive quality of *A Player under Three Reigns* (T. Fisher Unwin), by Sir Johnston Forbes-Robertson, is the author's modesty, a most excellent thing in players. It is scarcely possible for us who have seen him playing of late years to believe him to have been born in 1853—a pre-Crimean veteran. In 1874 he began his career, being "led by the force of circumstances" (in pursuit of financial independence, not in any stage-struck mood), and appeared with Mrs. Rousby in a play of W. G. Wills's. A noble voice, a profile which a Greek god might have envied, and a native talent developed and enriched by intercourse with many of the most interesting men of his time, found him his assured place at once and he has done very little "resting" since. Sir Johnston has a ready pen, and, avoiding for the most part the *cliché*, the chestnut and the banalities of the dullest "shop" in the world, packs his chapters with interesting reminiscence, comment and anecdote. It is a kindly book. One thing alone rouses his ire—the attempts of modernist stage-decorators to take a hand in producing beauty. These efforts he sees as "sheer audacity and impudence"—a judgment that strikes me as rather disconcertingly narrow. He also finds it impossible not to speak of a German as a Hun, which isn't helpful. He is emphatic in protest against the backwardness of our people in not yet having either national or municipal theatre, and an actor-manager's support on this issue is doubly valuable. One puts down an interesting book with the impression of a lively, friendly and generous-minded man.

The rarest of all rare books nowadays (they were never, for that matter, common) are books of domestic romance: of home, with "the rightnesses only perceived, the felicities only remembered." Ruskin, in the fourteenth letter of *Fors*, published their praises, and translated much of Marmontel's eulogy of his peasant home to give point and substance to his preference. It is a far cry from "Bort on the Dordogne" to *Mårbacka* (Laurie) in Värmland, yet the Swedish homestead, whose quaint and beautiful annals Mlle. Selma Lagerlöv has interwoven with memories of her own childhood, has the same air of rightness and felicity that Ruskin (and I) found irresistible in Marmontel. A home which was originally the summer *säter* of a peasant farm, where you could not see to spin before spring began, where wolves (sometimes ghostly and premonitory) lumbered past your windows, and your larder had to be raised on stilts and grated against lynxes and bears, might not at first sight appear to have the makings of contentment. Yet contentment seems to have been a passion with the Lagerlövs—an appetitive, creative, distributive contentment, never an idle or tenacious one. The three generations of "pastors" who built up the estate live as vividly in their descendant's pages as the lieutenant father who broke the ecclesiastical tradition. And all her women are charming, if you except one wicked stepmother to give zest to sweet "*Mamselle Lovisa*" and an entirely exemplary grannie. Of the retainers, the cow-girl *Britta*, with her seventeen cats, was my own first favourite; and among the neighbours, the poor book-keeper who beguiled his enthusiasm for music by "playing"



Music-Master (to shrieking pupil). "Come, come! You are singing an invitation to Summer—begging it to come—not *daring* it."

a small deal table painted to represent a piano. The translation of this delightful book is excellent but American. I say "but" because such phrases as "a boss carpenter," "folks didn't have to forget" and "the habit of nooning" (taking a mid-day nap) hardly suggest a Scandinavian atmosphere to English readers.

Time was, some half-century ago, when Mr. W. L. COURTNEY was one of the best known of Oxford dons. Scholar of University, Fellow of Merton and afterwards of New, he was a shining light of the O.U.D.S. and one of the original promoters of the Greek Play cult which some of us may remember in our youth. He was, in fact, the *Watchman* in *Agamemnon* and the *Hercules* of *Alcestis*. Judging from photographs of that date he made a very muscular *Hercules* too. For, as *The Passing Hour* (HUTCHINSON) will clearly show you, he did not confine himself solely to intellectual pre-eminence. He believed in athletics, as befitted one who was "tried for the Trials" and caricatured in the act of coaching an eight from the banks of Isis. But his was a restless mind, and at the age of forty he suddenly decided to break loose from University life and enter the literary arena of London as journalist and writer of books and plays. Mr. COURTNEY'S reminiscences, both of Oxford and London, were bound to be interesting. The earlier part of his book is full of little pen-portraits of Oxford celebrities of his time—JOWETT, T. H. GREEN, HENRY SMITH, and a host of others; and his life in journalistic London is marked in the same way with pleasant sketches of friends made at the Garrick and Beefsteak Clubs and at the office of *The Daily Telegraph*. The stories told are generally fresh (he claims, by the way, to have invented one of the best known JOWETT specimens); but here and there I discovered indications of a perhaps excusable lapse of memory. It is a little surprising to find one who acted as Treasurer of the O.U.B.C. speaking of the Torpids as being rowed in boats "not outrigged."



The Optimist. "WELL, ANYHOW, WE 'RE MISSING THAT POLICE TRAP AT LITTLE DUMPTON."

I hope that Miss SHEILA KAYE-SMITH will take it for a compliment when I say that I was a little disappointed in *The George and the Crown* (CASSELL). It is not that her hand has lost its cunning, but this latest novel just lacks that air, peculiar to the best books, of having got itself written because it had come too vividly to life in its creator's consciousness to be denied. If it had been by anybody else—or at least any of a great many bodies else—I daresay that I should have been much less difficult to please. As it is I like and believe in her hero, *Dan*, and particularly enjoyed his sojourn in Sark and his year of lovely marriage with little *Rose Falla*; but I cannot say that I really wanted, as I ought, to be told very much more about him. The first chapters, where *Dan*, son of the man who kept the shabby "George," loses his blowzy beautiful sweetheart, *Belle*, to *Ernley*, son of the proprietor of the prosperous "Crown," made me hope for something in Miss KAYE-SMITH'S best vein; but I did not find it. I never expect her to let her men and women be false to their type, and that *Dan* should say to *Belle*, "I'll always be happier than you, but not so interesting," came as a shock. This is not how simple folk talk. Miss KAYE-SMITH has her own high record to blame if I appear to insist too much on blemishes which would seem negligible in a less fastidious writer.

The strong and anything but silent man of business is Mr. VACHELL'S hero in *Watlings for Worth* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON). Beneath the portentous shadow of *Mr. Watling*, the middle-aged benevolent despot, at the zenith of commercial success, intensely egoistic, for ever talking about himself, perpetually exploding in unexpected directions, the other persons of the story with difficulty support a harassed existence, and speedily become involved in the vast mechanism of the *Watling* emporium. If, as Mr. VACHELL so earnestly contends, the hustling, bustling tradesman (American model) owns redeeming virtues, the essential vulgarity of the whole affair remains inexpugnable. The squire's son and ex-Guardsman, *Captain Gerard Marrable*, who aspires to marry *Mr. Watling's* daughter, is represented as eagerly entering the emporium, and bending without a qualm his not too pliable intellect to invent new blatancies of advertisement to please his employer. His excuse was that he must, in the disagreeable phrase which is employed as a general justification or indulgence throughout the narrative, make good. Nevertheless it is a brisk lively story, moving rapidly and skilfully told, almost throughout in dialogue. Indeed I suspect Mr. VACHELL of entertaining a design to bring *Mr. Watling* to succeed *Mr. Quinney* in the theatre.

The Quisto-Box (PHILPOT) is an intriguing disappointment. Its idea is so excellent that Mr. HORACE B. SAMUEL starts with the game in his hands, and then, owing to excessive cleverness, he wastes his chances. By means of this little machine, which could be carried comfortably in the pocket, its possessors were able to read the thoughts of anyone who was talking to them. Such a powerful instrument, when exclusively held by *Gabriel Zaffrouli*, "a miscellaneous dabbler in financial oddments," *Lalage Marne*, whose Christian name precisely fitted her, and one *Lucian Swode*, who entered into a promiscuous alliance with the adventurous *Lalage*, was bound to lead to trouble. It was not however until the Quisto-Box had bestowed an enormous fortune upon its proprietors that the trouble really began. It is to Mr. SAMUEL'S method of dealing with the derangement of life which was caused by this machine that I object. At the outset I was ready to follow him wheresoever he wished to lead me; at the end I was a weary and reluctant attendant.

CHARIVARIA.

IT is stated that Mr. FORD himself was the author of the first Ford joke. Of course he was. He drove it home himself.

* * *

"Trousers," says a sartorial authority, "will be worn longer." Barristers, however, will stick to their brief bags.

* * *

During forty-eight hours last week the London Fire Brigade answered fifty-three calls, of which twenty-one were false alarms. We think it would be an excellent thing if persons calling the Brigade would indicate at the time whether it is a false alarm or not.

* * *

According to a weekly paper the natives of Kawiskos, an island in the Pacific, wear plus-fours. The explanation is quite simple. They don't know any better.

* * *

By an Army Order, military bands in future will play "God Save the King" strictly to the proper time and with the proper expression. Anybody using a trap-drum at "victorious" will be shot at dawn.

* * *

Now that a jazz band has been heard in a church there is a movement among the cherubim in the stained-glass windows to get shingled.

* * *

Some time ago the Community Singers' Association arranged for a festival week of song from May 3rd to 9th. For our part we should have waited to see what the Budget was like first.

* * *

One day recently the electric light failed in the University town of Oxford. It is thought that an undergraduate put both legs into one of his trousers and caused a short circuit.

* * *

A New York scientist has invented a process for restoring old statues. He is still at large.

* * *

The population of U.S.A. has increased by 1,627,000 in a year. It looks as if the bootleggers aren't really trying.

In a month a burglar in Berkshire entered twenty dwellings. Burglars are practically the only class of the community who don't seem to notice the shortage of houses.

* * *

In a London court a man said it was the wet weather that made him get drunk. Brewers must be producing stronger rain than we thought.

* * *

A temple in Peru, which was begun ten thousand years ago, has not been completed. No one seems to know what this particular building strike is about.

* * *

A resident of Stoke Newington, advertising for a domestic servant, announces that there is no washing, no cooking, no windows, no knives, no boots, no young children, own bedroom and sitting-room with wireless. He will have to do better than that.

* * *

We read that "it is not the duty of post-office officials to sling mud." But do they? We always thought they dumped it in their ink-wells.

* * *

For the thirty-second year in succession Mr. A. DODD, of Wye, Kent, has won the prize for the longest stick of rhubarb. Why do we make all that fuss about TOM MIX and take no notice of our own heroes?

* * *

A man recently complained to a London magistrate that his wife wouldn't speak to him. That sort of man doesn't deserve to have that sort of wife.

A new revolver which fires nine bullets simultaneously has been invented by Mr. I. HAVENUE, an English engineer. Just the weapon for dealing with our neighbour's cat—one life one bullet.

* * *

A well-known business man living in the North of England has had a serious nervous collapse, caused by cross-word puzzles. It is said that he worried too much over a word of five letters beginning with "P E" and ending with "C E," meaning "that which brings relief from war."

* * *

Sailors are objecting to *The Nautical Almanac* for 1925 because many well-known stars are left out, including Pegasus. The Horse Marines are particularly annoyed about it.

* * *

In order to solve the servant problem a lady suggests we should engage very young girls and train them up in the way they ought to go. Or, better still, train them up in the way they ought to stop.

* * *

An onion a day is said to be even more health-giving than an apple. But supposing the doctor wears a gas-mask?

* * *

We hear that the critic who got hold of a pamphlet entitled "The Collection and Disposal of Refuse" said that it was very much like other modern plays.

* * *

In spite of its attacks on the dole, a certain contemporary can claim to have done a great deal for the unemployed this year. It has tipped the winners of the first three big races.

* * *

A new fire alarm rings when operated by the smoke of a cigar. We don't know this fire alarm intimately, but we think we know the cigar.

With the PRINCE in Nigeria:—

"The whole scene was a delightful one under the African sun, and with the stars overhead."
Irish Paper.

The Milky Way union should note this case of stars working overtime after their night-shift.



MILK AND HONEY AND GRAPES.

Chief Spy (reporting at Headquarters). "BEHOLD THE FRUIT OF THE LAND."
Under-Secretary. "YOU CERTAINLY DESERVE A COMPLIMENTARY DINNER."

[Sir ALFRED MOND, in recognition of his visit to Palestine, will be entertained to dinner this evening (April 29) by the Palestine Foundation Fund and the Campaign Committee of the English Zionist Federation. Mr. ORMSBY-GORE, Under-Secretary for the Colonies, will be present.]

MY OLD FRIEND, FRIEND.

I OFTEN wondered whether people really noticed my old friend, Friend, as he clung to his little conjunction in the illustrated newspapers. And so I was glad when *Punch* the other day sang his sympathy for the man, and I have a feeling that Friend will appreciate that sympathy as he sits tucked in between a Marchioness and an Honourable at a point-to-point meeting or talking, mayhap, to a Cabinet Minister on the Riviera.

That is what I particularly like about Friend—the way he talks to people. He is never alone, but always with a Marchioness or an Earl or Sir Somebody-or-other, just talking to them shyly or laughing at the jokes they make, or simply listening patiently while he digs a shooting-seat into the ground or holds a tennis-racquet unostentatiously in his hand. I feel that he is an unselfish man, always ready, if he meets somebody with a title, to give them a word of cheer and comfort while they are being photographed by the Press.

During the early days of our acquaintanceship I used to be badly confused. The first time I saw Friend he was in Hyde Park, walking towards the camera with Lady What 's-her-name. He was tall and young and handsome, dressed splendidly in a morning-coat, silk hat and accessories, and taking a step forward, as they do in photographs, very carefully and funnily with the right foot. I liked him immediately. His name was what appealed to me.

I met him again a week later, and was appalled at the havoc which seven days had wrought in the man's appearance. He had aged by about twenty years and was at least eight inches shorter. His clothes had lost their fit, and his umbrella—he was at an agricultural show, talking to a well-known pig-breeder—was a deformed and over-fed travesty of the perfectly corsetted model which he had carried in Hyde Park. Moreover the plan of his face had entirely broken down, and but for his name I should never have recognised him as the same man.

A month later in the same paper I was again shocked to find that my friend, Friend, was not the man I took him to be. He was a woman—a good-looking young woman of twenty summers or thereby, talking to Sir George What 's-his-name, a descendant of the Patron Saint, and one of the Baronet's brothers, who by the way was engaged to the ninth daughter of the Earl of Slapperdash. Friend looked very cheerful as she sat on her shooting-seat with an air of assurance which he had lacked in his earlier pictures. I thought, in fact, that the photographer had made a mistake, and that Friend was Lady Somebody-or-other, and Sir George's brother was my old friend, Friend.

After that I never expected to see him looking the same in any two photographs, and I never did. There were occasions when he didn't seem to mind being snapped with the Countess, but appeared to be hoping that he would go in under his father's name—Somebody, one of the Sussex Somebodys. At other times he looked as if he found himself *de trop* and would sooner be out of the picture, but couldn't escape.

I like to feel that, although he occasionally has that hunted look, the man is apparently well-cared-for and leads, in fact, a not uncomfortable life. As a general rule he is at a race-meeting or on the Riviera, and not infrequently in a dozen different places at the same time. Born to this strenuous life, constantly talking, listening to jokes and taking steps forward with the right or left foot, I am always glad to see him in those moments of ease on his shooting-seat, resting.

I could not desert the subject without mentioning the finest photograph I ever saw of Friend. It was when he was with Miss Golightly, the well-known actress. He was sitting on a couch beside her, and in his appearance there was a nobility combined with a suggestion of inherent power and strong determination which instinctively moved me. His beautiful chest, stout muscular legs curving outward from one another, and large benevolent face endeared me to him. The grin which transfigured his broad muzzle into an expression of benign comprehension completely disarmed me, and, all points considered, I don't think I ever saw a better-looking bull-dog.

WASTE PAPER.

"Say not the struggle naught availeth."

[An ex-criminal declares that the best burglar-alarm is provided by strewing sheets of crumpled paper about the room.]

Jane, when, neglectful of all other duty,
In grief that we were parted for a time,
I sat me down to hymn your radiant beauty
And put my passion into deathless rhyme,
I found a consolation in the hope of
Paying to you your just poetic dues,
Nor dreamed the task would prove beyond the scope of
My rather flippant Muse.

"Those coral lips, those cheeks so smooth and peachy,
Those eyes, those teeth, I 'll celebrate the lot,
And she shall live, a bingled BEATRICE,
When all her young companions are forgot"—
'Twas thus I mused, naught recking that the theme laid
Too great a burden on a minor bard,
As, duly armed with several reams of cream-laid,
I started thinking (hard).

'Twas not until the search for worthy diction
Had left my head one agonising throb
That I was brought to reach the sad conviction
That mine was not the brain for such a job;
That it was vain for me to overtask it,
While paper equal to a goodly tome
Found, sheet by sheet, in my waste-paper basket
Its spiritual home.

Each with its few fond feeble lines upon it
Was cast aside in turn, because I knew
Those bits of ode or fragments of a sonnet
Were not at all an offering meet for you;
And all my frugal soul was sad and glum in
View of the waste in every crumpled ball,
Until I realised that they would come in
Quite useful after all.

Not empty-handed, darling, will I greet you,
As one whose love has been inclined to lag,
But when I next am privileged to meet you
I 'll bring my verses (in a carpet-bag);
I 'll make no fond request that you 'll peruse them,
But quote this extract of burglarious lore—
That she 'll be guarded well who nightly strews them
Upon her chamber floor.

The Burglar's Incantation.

"In the front room there was a safe, the door of which had been sung open."—*Evening Paper.*

Another Headache for the Historian.

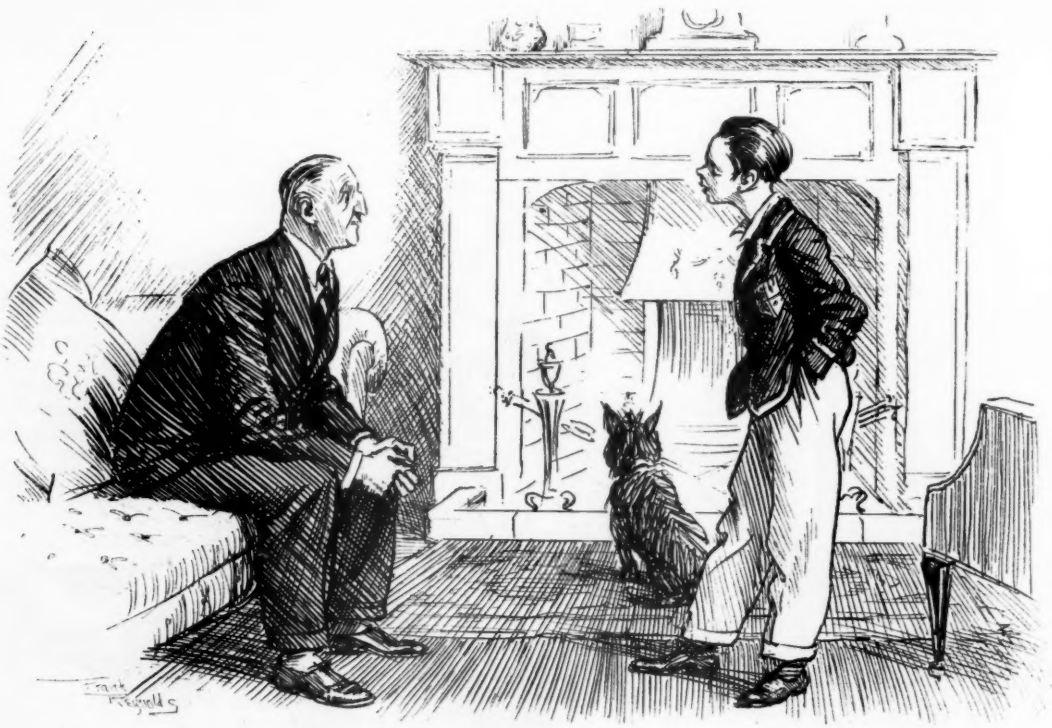
"HANOVER, SUNDAY.—Some 2,000 members of the Stahlhelm and other Nationalist organisations goose-stepped past Field Marshal von Hindenburg here this morning, and enthusiastically cheered the old warrior, who stood on the front doorsteps of his house for over an hour saluting and bowing."—*Manchester Paper.*

"The Field Marshal stood like a graven image without moving for over an hour."—*Same paper, same day.*



A DESPERATE REMEDY.

France. "YOU 'RE GOING TO HAVE ANOTHER DOCTOR, MY CHILD——M. CAILLAUX."
The Franc. "CAILLAUX! MON DIEU! AM I AS BAD AS ALL THAT?"



EQUIPPED.

Visitor. "WELL, YOUNG MAN, THE CRICKET SEASON IS UPON US. HAVE YOU OILED YOUR BAT?"
Boy. "NO; BUT I'VE GOT A BRAND-NEW AUTOGRAPH ALBUM."

HUSBANDS AND WIVES.

V.—THE LABOURS OF THE DAY.

(*It is a summer evening and* Caspar's *work is done; but his real name is* Robert. *He is sitting with* Millicent, *his wife.*)

Millicent (*languidly*). Yes, Robert, I'm thoroughly exhausted. I've scarcely had time to breathe since this morning.

Robert. I've had a bit of a day myself. Very big doings at the office.

M. (*with kind contempt*). Oh, the office!

R. Yes, dear. The place where your poor husband works. I've signed fifteen letters to-day. It's true it was my partner Jones who wrote the letters. He's terribly officious, is Jones.

M. (*unmoved*). I know all about offices. I've got seven brothers, and each of them has some kind of office, but they've all got time for a "quick one."

R. (*startled*). A "quick one"? Where on earth did you pick up that?

M. One of my seven brothers. I know lots of office slang—like "bronx" and "bodega."

R. Not in my office. In my office *we work*.

M. But you've piles of pretty secretaries. All you have to do is to sit in an armchair and talk. The secretaries do the rest. And I quite fail to see why it should be necessary for them to be pretty.

R. My dear, we've quite exploded the old superstition that competent women are necessarily plain or that plain women are necessarily competent. Besides, there's the moral effect to be considered.

M. I beg your pardon?

R. Experience shows that it is a good thing to have pretty cheerful faces about one. It has a heartening effect. The—er—*moral* of the office is brighter and more positive. Business is very much like war in some respects. One must foster the aggressive spirit. Sometimes one gets discouraged. One is apt to assume that the other fellow is going to win. On such occasions it is a real asset to have thoroughly cheerful secretaries—to be surrounded by bright young faces. Often it's the little ray of sunshine that saves the day.

M. And that's what you call *work?*

R. No, dear. That's what I call the atmosphere which is conducive to work.

M. My dear Robert, please don't tell me that men ever really work nowadays. Whenever I go into any office what do I see? Girls and women running about and working in all kinds of ways, while the men hide themselves away in an inner room and smoke cigars.

R. (*patiently*). One doesn't make five thousand pounds a year by smoking cigars. It's the results that tell. If *you* were to sit in an inner room and smoke cigars the results would be simply *nil*. Haven't you ever asked yourself how all those women and girls are able to run about like that? It's because, my dear Millicent, there is, in that inner room, a *brain*—a brain that works furiously and continuously. The amount of work a man does may be measured by the amount of running about which he inspires in his secretaries. The modern business man is like a general. My partner Jones, brave fellow, had at least three secretaries killed in our last great battle with Messrs. Perkins. I am more humane than my partner Jones. I do not kill my secretaries; I merely reduce them to tears.

M. A pretty test! What would you say if I made cook cry every morning

in order to prove that I was a good housekeeper?

R. I'm not at all sure that it wouldn't be a good thing for cook to cry occasionally. It would show that her mistress was taking an interest in the kitchen.

M. In any case, my dear Robert, a man's work is done when he leaves the office. A woman's work is never done. Look at me for example.

R. (*inspecting her carefully as she lies very much at ease*). Yes, dear, I 'm looking.

M. Anyone might think that at the present moment I was merely resting. But I 'm not. The strain on a woman is never for a moment relaxed. Who knows whether, even now as I sit here, cook is not quarrelling with the housemaid?

R. We don't know. So why be excited about it?

M. That 's like a man. He puts all his worries aside when he comes home. When he has finished his work——

R. And arranged an overdraft at the bank.

M. (*protesting*). Now, Robert, you can't say that I 'm at all extravagant. But the bills have to be paid, and Mary Ann tells me that no further reduction is possible.

R. And when Mary Ann says a thing like that it goes.

M. She shows me the accounts every Monday morning and I make all kinds of useful suggestions. I really do work very hard. I 'm always planning and scheming. Only this morning I found that she was ordering six dozen eggs. I at once asked her whether she could not possibly do with five dozen, and she said quite positively that she could not.

R. What does one do with all these eggs? I never eat eggs.

M. (*vaguely*). Oh, puddings and things. And then of course we do entertain a lot. It 's all very well for you. You just say very grandly, "Let 's have a little dance next Wednesday." But it 's I that have to do all the work. And I always telephone to Bunters myself. I tell them quite distinctly that it 's a party for seventeen, or twenty-seven, or whatever it may be. Something quite simple, I say, and not too expensive. I do my utmost to keep down the bills. But it would be absurd to order a buffet for sixteen for a party of seventeen, or a buffet for twenty-six for a party of twenty-seven.

R. Yes, but——

M. I know what you are going to say. Prudence Jenkins is always hinting that I 'm extravagant and that I don't take sufficient trouble. She would spend half the week arranging to buy cakes from one shop, sandwiches from another shop and chocolates from another. Well, I haven't time for all that, and I don't believe it would really be any cheaper in the long run. It 's much simpler just to ring up Bunters.

R. I 'm sure it is.

M. (*now thoroughly embarked*). The same with the servants. Some mistresses are always prying into the cupboards and wanting to know what became of the big joint that left the table the day before yesterday. But that kind of behaviour doesn't do. Things go much more smoothly if the servants are left to themselves—except, of course, that one keeps an eye.

R. I see. And that 's what you mean by scarcely having time to breathe?

M. Especially to-day.

R. Why to-day particularly?

M. You never notice, of course. But I do the flowers on Wednesday. That reminds me. Mary Ann broke the Venetian rose-bowl this morning and I had to talk to her very severely.

R. And what was Mary Ann doing with the rose-bowl? I thought you did the flowers yourself.

M. Of course I do. But Mary Ann helps. I mean, she fills the vases and cuts the stalks and does all the rough work.

R. I see.

M. Just like you when you hang pictures or mend the furniture. I mean everybody stands by, as it were.



Petty Officer (*to Officer of the watch*). "I GIVES 'IM AN ORDER, SIR, AN' 'E LAUGHS. I GIVES 'IM THE ORDER AGAIN, AN' 'E LAUGHS 'EARTILY."

R. Or like the PRIME MINISTER when he lays a foundation stone or launches a battleship.

M. Exactly. After all, as you said just now, one judges by results, and you can't deny that the flowers look very well to-night.

R. And nobody can deny that the letters I signed this afternoon were excellent letters.

M. So why worry?

R. My dear Millicent, do I ever worry? I know you think I never do any work, and you know I think you never do any work.

M. So we're quits.

R. And in any case the programme for the evening is beyond discussion.

M. Of course. By the way, what *is* the programme for the evening?

R. We shall spend the evening as we usually spend it.

M. You mean?

R. Taking a well-earned rest from the labours of the day.

LADDIE LONGLEGS.

["Professor Naccarati, of Columbia University, recently advanced the theory that as a rule long-legged men had the greatest brain capacity. It is now stated that Dr. W. H. Sheldon, psychologist at the University of Chicago, who believes in the theory, has undertaken to measure four hundred men at the University to put the professor's theory to scientific test."—*Manchester Guardian.*]

HAPLESS *Daddy Longlegs*
Suffered dreadful things—
So the ancient poet
Mercilessly sings—
Brutally man-handled,
Hurtled down the stairs
On the plea of failure
To repeat his prayers.

Lucky Laddie Longlegs,
In this happier day,
Free and unmolested
Joins in work and play;
Though in his devotions
He is sometimes lax,
He escapes from cruel
Corporal attacks.

Lucky Laddie Longlegs,
Sheltered from his foes,
To the spread of science
Liberation owes,
Which has now established,
Sure as eggs is eggs,
That our brains are measured
By our length of legs.

Earnest educators
Will with pleasure scan
This report, confirming
MONTESSORI'S ban
Laid on brutal legends
Of the ancient times,
Foolish fairy stories,
Cruel nursery rhymes.

OLYMPIAN FOOD.

THE English are the only temperamental eaters. France has standardised a certain kind of dinner and a certain kind of lunch, which has become cosmopolitan, and how monotonously so! There is nothing in them to correspond



WE EXPECTED TO SEE THIS SORT OF THING—

to subtle variations of mood. What Frenchman ever appreciates the midday emptiness that only cold beef and walnut pickles or cold beefsteak pie can properly appease? The fantasy that demands a dozen oysters and a pint of stout for lunch, grilled marrow-bones for supper, is not for foreigners



—BUT ONLY SAW THIS.

to know. "My country—how I leave my country!" said the dying PITT; but added, "I think I could eat one of Mr. BELLAMY'S pork-pies."

Long ago I projected an anthology which was to consist of the famous meals of fiction, one for every day in the year, and with a proper bias towards English meals. Most of the material collected has faded away, but I can remember something of its mighty scope. The meals from *The Fairchild Family*, from *The Cloister and the Hearth*, the collops of *Cluny*, that great panegyric on beef and beer in *Evan Harrington*, and that series of banquets summed up in GILBERT'S famous lines:

"Oh, I am a cook and a captain bold
And the mate of the *Nancy* brig,
And a bosun tight, *and* a midshipmite,
And the crew of the captain's gig:"

—lines too orgiastic for the then editor of this paper to use.

The notion of this book was that it should lie about in the drawing-room, and that one should pick it up idly when waiting for dinner to be served. How much more stimulating than cocktails! How far more provocative than *hors d'œuvres!* It contained also, I remember, that famous passage from MILTON'S *Paradise Lost* which describes the exact internal process by which angels assimilate their food. Ah, well!

What, to turn for a moment to the subject in hand, would one expect to find at an English Exhibition of Food? Stout, white-capped cooks engaged in carving immense sirloins, good wives helping apple-pudding and apple-tart, great venison pasties, a roasted peacock, a boar's head, a swan pie, some of those lampreys which laid HENRY BEAUCLERC low, peaches and ale that carried off the fiercest of all the Plantagenet Kings. The creation of Wensleydale and Double Gloucester should have been an exhibit: the curing of a Yorkshire ham, the rolling of Sussex bacon in suet, the building of a Bakewell tart, the many-storeyed structure of a Lancashire hot pot, the scalding of Devonshire cream.

Did the promoters of the Olympia Food Exhibition know that in Yorkshire there is still a Jam Pudding Eating Contest, and that men still lay wagers as to whether a pigeon (which is supposed to take thirty-six hours to digest) can be eaten every twenty-four hours for a week with impunity? I doubt not that many have died in the great cause. I would have had men at Olympia seated in corners devouring dumplings and Welsh rarebit and pancakes, and boys pulling the plums out of pies. And all about I should have let there be vast hogsheads of beer, for is not beer also a food?

But what did I actually see? I will tell you what I saw. Close to the entrance there was a man demonstrating a substance which prevented the hands from getting dirty in doing household work; or rather, which enabled them to become miraculously clean. He rubbed some of this stuff first on his hands, and then he smeared them with tar, and then with motor grease, and then

with blacking, so that he seemed to be wearing black gloves. Then he washed them lightly in cold water and ordinary soap, and behold they were as good as new!

I was a little annoyed; so also was the Illustrator.

"Look here, I thought this was a Food Exhibition," he said to the man.

"This is a skin food," he replied.

Skin foods!

There was another man using a peculiar instrument with which he fluted the edges of potatoes and beetroot and carrots. And there was a man with a machine which wrapped loaves of bread, previously made behind the scenes, in pieces of transparent paper and slid them along a kind of wooden tramway until they disappeared again. There was another man with a machine for making the little crenellated parapets round the edges of tarts. There was an electric cooker with red lights which you turned on and off to show which oven was in use, rather like the more facetious portions of the Underground Railway. And there were hosts and hosts of glass bottles and brightly-labelled tins. If there is anything that can make me feel that food is not the ideal, the goal of all desires, it is to find it incarcerated in glass bottles and tins, looking no different from physic and polish for the grate.

"None of this," I said sadly to the Illustrator, "is what I understand by Food."

Resentfully we wandered into the model farm, where there was a racehorse and two shire horses, all of which seemed to me far too good to be eaten, even if they had passed out of the stage of raw material into that of manufactured goods. But I will admit that there were also cattle and sheep and pigs, and a number of pedigree hens which had actually succeeded in laying some pedigree eggs. It was only upon our second tour of the Exhibition that we came at last to rest before a counter piled with fish and game, which made us feel that the English people do not live entirely upon machines and bottles and tins, and that our heritage is still partly of the deep. The Illustrator (amidst great excitement) bought a pot of caviare.

It was there that we saw the seal. Food Exhibitions may differ slightly from Ideal Home Exhibitions, and both of these from the Empire Exhibition at Wembley and from the Olympia Circus, but the seal remains. He is indifferent to the occasions of publicity. It was he who had barked in the background at the Wembley Temple of Neptune; he, I make no doubt, or if not, a twin brother, who had balanced balls on his nose for the benefit of children at Christmas-time; he who, for all I know, had figured as an Ideal Bathroom Pet for one of the Ideal Concrete Homes. When we saw him he was being led solemnly along one of the corridors of the Exhibition by two attendants, who fed him with herrings as he went. A seal is like a motor-car, only you use herrings, continuous herrings, instead of oil. He alone in all that gathering wore upon his face the hearty expression of the true gourmet. He alone (whether like the angels in *Paradise Lost* or by some other method) was actively engaged in assimilating food.



The Gourmet.

The Illustrator and I were at once reminded that even at an English exhibition of food it is possible to have lunch. The asparagus (which did not come out of bottles) was very nice indeed. . . .

For housewives and wholesalers no doubt an exhibition of food as staged in England to-day is a very useful affair, but, speaking as a glutton to gluttons, I have to confess that I left Olympia with a pulse that beat no quicker, with a heart almost wholly unstirred. Evoe.

ONE THING AFTER ANOTHER.

It was a revolting spectacle. I felt as if my hat was being lifted from my head, like a safety valve, by escaping indignation.

A small creature (and pretty, though that does not affect the matter) was standing in the Underground carriage with a large suitcase beside her while a Thing which overflowed its waistcoat and trousers remained spread over a seat immediately opposite.

Swaying from my strap I glared in silent reproof at the Thing—the only man nearby who occupied a seat—but it did not betray even a jelly-like quiver, and it made no attempt to offer her its place.

For five stations she stood, that small creature (and pretty, though that has nothing to do with it), with the suit-case beside her and the Thing lounging disgustingly before her.

Then the train slowed down for Richmond, the terminus. It was evident that the Thing was smugly ignorant of its offence and a wave of fury swept me. I decided to convey a well-deserved rebuke by setting it an example.

"Allow me," I said in a loud voice, and, grabbing the suitcase, I followed the girl on to the platform.

It was one of those leaden suitcases and it must have been terribly exhausting for a small creature (and pretty, though that does not enter into it) to handle. She looked round once, but I smiled reassuringly and simulated a swift elastic step. Immediately, as if confident that my strength was equal to the suitcase, she increased her pace.

At the ticket-collector's gate I lost sight of her in the crowd, and as I fumbled for my ticket someone touched me on the arm. It was the Thing.

"Thanks," it said, taking the suitcase, and then—intentionally, I believe—it pressed two pennies into my hand.

"A Skegness woman paid £190 for a site for a nice-cream stall on the beach."
Evening Paper.

We wonder how much the nasty-cream merchants pay for their sites?

"Thirty-six L.C.C. trams were held up at the Blackfriars Bridge at noon to-day owing to the fact that a tooting tram had become involved in the subterranean electrical conduit."—*Evening Paper.*

No wonder it tooted.

WET BLANKETS.

"GLORIOUS, glorious—what a view!" said Piggott and I to each other as we stood on the terrace of Kendrick's new house in the country.

"Why, that 's Tisbury Beacon over there, isn't it?" I asked as Kendrick joined us.

"Yes," he replied. "That 's bad. When you can see the Beacon, that means rain. The same with the church tower on your left. There 's bad weather ahead whenever that is visible."

"But it 's fine now," we protested, "and it looks as if it were going to last."

"No, no, not for long," he said. "You 'll see I 'm right."

Of course he was. People like that always are. In an hour the clouds had banked up, shut out everything, and settled down to create a record in rainfall. Kendrick was triumphant. He was also persuasive and hearty. No sitting indoors and playing mahjongg or reading a book. No, we whistled for the dogs, we found nobbly sticks, we put on thick boots and hot mackintoshes and prepared to tramp.

Kendrick began giving my wife a *résumé* of his last speech at the village political meeting, whereby he proved that women are not really men's equals, to which she listened or simulated listening. Piggott and I fell behind. Piggott was angry. He considered I had not given him sufficient support. He hated rain and hated walking, and pretended that if I had only helped him we might have avoided both. I pointed out that if Piggott had agreed to my wily suggestion that it might clear later, we could have waited indoors to see; whereas Piggott had feebly accepted Kendrick's assertion that it wouldn't clear.

The rain redoubled its vigour. Kendrick quickened his pace. We followed morosely. Then Piggott burst out.

"Kendrick wanted it to rain. He likes it raining. He made it rain this morning by moving all those hills and things near. He said it rained when the hills looked near, solely to gratify his sense of importance as a prophet. People who 've just taken a house in the country are always like that. They want to show they keep in touch with Mother Nature. It ministers to their feeling of proprietorship."

As it was Kendrick's salt that had flavoured our boiled eggs at breakfast, I tried to create a diversion, but Piggott would have none of it.

"Talk about advertisement hoardings spoiling the countryside," he continued, "these dismal prophets are just as bad, if not worse. There 's not a headland or picturesque landmark anywhere that they don't spoil by turning it into a regular wet blanket, a sign of rain. They are quite safe most of the time, because when you can't see the beastly things then, of course, it 's raining. It 's lucky for them the practice of carrying arms has died out."

"What do you mean?" I asked.

"Because if it had not, some exasperated person would run them through. You know that story about ROMULUS and REMUS?"

"About one killing the other because he saw more vultures from the top of a hill?"

"Something like that. Only they got the story wrong. What ROMULUS really said was, 'By Jove, I can see the Alban Hills,' and REMUS replied, 'Ah, that means rain.' Whereupon ROMULUS out with his sword and finished him."

Some six months later I went down to Piggott's newly-acquired old week-end cottage for a week-end. Sunday was a day like summer, the summer of olden time. We took rugs and hammocks into the orchard and lay basking in the sun. From afar came the sound of bells.

"Listen," I said. "Church bells. How dreary close at hand; how divine in the distance!" Piggott's face fell. "By gad, that 's bad!" he exclaimed. "Whenever you can hear those there 's bound to be rain."

As I do not wear sidearms, Piggott is still extant.

TITANIA'S COT.

(*London Hospital.*)

WHEN from the slums, by fays forgot,
Of Poplar, say, or Bermondsey,
Some tiny person comes to be
The tenant of Titania's cot,
With flurry of opal wings
And flash of a tiny sword,
Oberon—smallest of kings—
Scatters the gloom from the ward,
Marshals his armies and brings
His courtiers into the ward.

When in the night some tangled head
Tosses about from side to side,
While sleepless eyes are open wide,
There 'll be a glory round the bed;
With tinkle of fairy song
And lilt of a wee refrain,
Titania trips along
At the foot of the counterpane,
While her Maids-in-waiting throng
On the crumpled counterpane.

"—— WARD ELECTION.

SIR H. SLESSER SAYS LABOUR HAS CASE FOR FRESH POLE."

Local Paper.

Well, it would be a change from its stale Russians.

FROCK MARKET NEWS.

(*Owing to the indisposition of our Fashion expert, these Notes have been contributed by the City Editor.*)

THOUGH no material expansion in measurements was apparent in the Frock Markets to-day, business was reported to be good from all quarters.

SKIRTS HIGHER.

Skirts were the most interesting feature, and were distinctly higher. Calves were in evidence. Blouses were lower.

"Evenings" appeared to have very little support, but held up well, finishing slightly lower than at the start.

In the Bear market Shoulders were prominent. Backs were lower than ever, but owners managed to cover themselves by the end of the day.

There seemed to be some anxiety on the part of holders of Hips to reduce their commitments before the week-end, and Corsets slackened perceptibly.

KASHAS STRONG.

In materials Kashas were strongly supported at 25$\frac{1}{32}$*d.* to 26$\frac{3}{8}$*d.* per yard. Colours shaded off slightly in tone.

In the Underwear Group, "Cams" were tighter. Petticoats received a few inquiries, though none of this group was much in evidence. Woollens fell right away, there being no buyers.

Mannequins showed more life than usual and were closely watched.

MOVEMENT IN FOOTWEAR.

Footwear was quite a feature, Lizards, Patents and Suèdes all being asked for. Soles were still a trifle thin, though Heels maintained their high level.

BOOM IN FRENCH SILKS.

On a rumour that a new Seam had been discovered there was a rush to buy French Hose.

British Stockings, which fell during the morning, were pulled up again during the afternoon.

READY-MADES A FEATURE.

It was reported that a large number of Ready-mades changed hands during the day. This has been a consistently good Market for some time. A number of big buyers bought Models on offer, but found later that they were carrying too large figures, and sold again.

In this group Waistlines showed an upward tendency, but finished below the highest.

FEATHERS SUFFER.

In Hats the new issues were chiefly sought after, there being but little demand for Last Seasons.

During the morning Showers fell suddenly and, in the rush to cover, Feathers suffered. They were being freely dealt with in the street (Old Kent Road) up to a late hour.



Vicar. "AND HOW DO YOU LIKE SCHOOL?"
Little Girl. "WELL, TO BE QUITE TRUTHFUL, I RATHER HATE IT. YOU SEE, I'M NOT FOND OF CHILDREN."

MR. PUNCH'S MUSIC-HALL SONGS.

XVIII.—"HE DIDN'T OUGHTER. . . ."

I NEVER will complain of my dear husband, Mrs. Henn;
When Wilkinson is sober he 's no worse than other men;
We 've never had no serious unpleasantness, but there—
It 's little things, I 've always said, are cruellest to bear.

Well, he didn't oughter strike me, not at meals;
I told him of it only yesterday;
It 's little things like that a woman feels;
Why can't he wait till dinner 's cleared away?

Of course he takes a drop too much, I don't complain of that,
It 's what I call the bagatelles that knocks a woman flat;
I don't begrudge the man his beer, though now and then he 's blind,
But he doesn't seem to understand the workings of my mind.

Well, he didn't oughter come to bed in boots—
It 's little things that fidget me, you see;
I never mind his keeping on his suits,
But why can't he sleep in stockings, same as me?

The first two months, I *will* say, he was everything that 's good;
He 's carried on with one or two—well, anybody would;
The lodger's wife 's the latest, and I daresay she 's to blame—
Well, let him have his fun, I say, but can't he play the game?

Well, he didn't oughter kiss her when I 'm there;
A woman has her pride when all is said;
It 's little things are cruellest to bear—
Why can't he wait till I 've gone up to bed?

A. P. H.

NEW YORK CITY: A GUIDE FOR SETTLERS.

VII.—Laws: How they are Made and Ignored, Why, etc.

American laws are very different from the laws of most countries; unless the newly-arrived Englishman understands this he is likely to attempt to treat American laws with the same respect with which he treated the laws of his own country and find that he hasn't enough respect to go round, for there are an enormous number of American laws, and it takes a man with an enormous amount of respect to have enough to give a bit to each law.

The principle behind the making of laws in the United States is the typically American principle of experiment, of not being afraid to try anything once. The complete success of this principle is doubtless denied by foreign countries, which more often than not are a prey to jealousy.

Laws that Nobody Observes.

It is a mistake for foreigners to think of America as a chaotic nation of law-breakers. This idea originates, of course, in the fact that there are so many laws that are not observed. But the subtle point that foreigners are likely to overlook is that the number of laws that *are* observed tend more to civilize a country than the number that are *not* observed tend to reduce it to chaos. And of the laws that *are* observed in America there are just as many as, if not more than, in foreign countries. If a country observes six million out of seven million laws it is not a bit more orderly than a country observing six million out of fourteen million. The number of laws that *are* observed tend to give the citizens a feeling of security; the number that are *not* observed tend to give them a feeling of freedom. A foreigner, for example, must feel but a slight tinge of liberty if he knows there are only a million laws he may break with impunity; contrast this with the great surge of freedom which follows when a person knows he may break eight million. It is thus wisest for a country to have as large a number of both sorts of laws as possible. This is one of the ways in which a powerful sense of freedom is obtained in America without any real curtailment of civilisation.

Another great advantage in a country's having a large number of laws is that the more laws it passes the more chance there is of passing a good one, for laws are like eggs in that you can't tell much about them until you try them. And there is no sure way of knowing how many laws a country will obey except by giving the matter a practical test. Most foreign countries, I feel sure, could carry twice the number of laws that exist in them now. Most of them however are not equipped politically to produce laws in any quantity.

How to Produce Laws.

The process in America is this: A farmer walks along the edge of his cornfield looking at the amount of work that somebody has got to do, and wondering who is going to do it now that his wife is sick; he is overcome, and in the semi-delirium that follows an idea strikes him for a law; he writes to the member of Congress for his district and tells him about it. This statesman, with the help of a dictionary of legal terms, draws up the measure and writes to the man (postage free) who sent him the idea, saying that he expects to have it made a law, and that he hopes the man won't forget that he, the Congressman, is standing for re-election in the Fall. He probably won't be able to get Congress to pass it for a week or two, because they are busy passing the laws of other Congressmen standing for re-election in the Fall; but he will file it away with the special filing-away clerk and in time it will come up for debate. All the debate will be in praise of the measure unless this Congressman has during past debates opposed the passing of some colleague's measure; if he has helped his colleagues they will help him, and the Bill soon becomes a Law.

One advantage of this method is that the laws thus come from the citizens themselves, who are therefore privileged to do with them what they please and may obey them or not as they like. But perhaps the most important advantage is that it gives some employment to the legislative bodies of the various States and keeps them out of mischief; they can go on passing laws all day long, six days a week, from the beginning of the session until the end. Nobody cares and everybody is willing to try a law once.

What becomes of the Old Laws.

Now, doubtless the question has already occurred to you as to why the market is not flooded with laws, as it would be under such circumstances with some other commodity. You may think that the supply is kept normal by the repeal every year of a certain number of the older laws; but America has too much reverence for its forefathers to affront their intelligence by repealing any of their laws. What then, you ask me, does happen to old laws? And what, I ask you, happens to old Ford cars? You may answer that they go on running just like new ones; but I mean really aged Fords. They disappear; no one knows where they go. It is the same with old laws; they, to use the accepted phrase, "fall into disuse." There is something of the grandeur of Nature in the process: muscles that are not used are not violently torn out, they slowly fade away; laws that are not needed are not violently repealed, they silently steal off into obscurity.

There was many years ago, to be specific, a law passed in Illinois against killing people with a pistol; but the citizens of Illinois didn't like the law and it has now "fallen into disuse." There is a law in the South forbidding people to hang other people from trees by the neck, but it has "fallen into disuse." There is a law in the Great City against buying public offices, but it has "fallen into disuse." And so it goes.

The law against stealing is interesting as affording an example of transition. Once, probably, anyone who stole was punished; now, whether you will be punished or not depends on what you steal. If you steal a bag of potatoes or a ten-dollar bill you are in as serious a predicament as ever; but if in the course of business you can get away with five or six hundred thousand dollars the



"FIRE! FIRE!"

Enthusiastic Volunteer. "Luckily there 's a pump near at hand."



SCENE—*A practice rehearsal for the great Delhi Review. Cavalry galloping past by squadrons.*
Squadron Sergeant-Major of rear squadron. "TROOPER SMITH, WHERE THE BLANKETY-BLANK DO YOU THINK YOU 'RE GOING?"
Trooper Smith. "SAME WAY AS YOU, SERGEANT-MAJOR, ONLY A BIT FASTER."

chances are that nobody will say anything to you.

The transition as a rule progresses in three stages, each of about ten years' duration: (1) the police enforce it and the people obey it; (2) the police enforce it and the people disobey it; (3) the people disobey it and the police don't enforce it.

HOW TO TELL WHAT LAWS SHOULD BE OBEYED.

Now what will puzzle the newly-arrived Englishman is which of the three stages a given law happens to be in. How is he, for example, to know whether or not to pay any attention to the law in the Great City forbidding people to cross the streets except at corners? I can suggest only one way, and that is to go to the Curio Room in the Metropolitan Museum, or wherever they keep the statute-books, and find out how many years ago the law was passed. If it was passed less than ten years ago, he had better obey it; if more than ten but less than twenty, he may disobey it with ordinary care; if more than twenty he need not bother about it at all. In case of failure to trace their dates the easiest course for him to follow is to disobey all the laws. He would thus stand a better chance of doing the expected thing than if he obeyed them all.

So much, then, in a rough way, for the laws of the nation and the Great City. If the Englishman looks on them in the proper spirit he will find that they add a good deal of innocent zest and pleasure to what might otherwise be a tame and uneventful life.

U. S. A.

Our Cautious Journalists.

"I confess that this age imposes fewer restraints than did the Victorian . . . I am in doubt whether this is not because the level of restraint has been lowered."—*Sunday Paper.*

"Officer's wife going home has for sale Small medium size lady height 5 ft. 2 in. Bust 35 in., shd. to hem 48 in., waist 27 in. All V.-P.P."
Indian Paper.

We don't understand this, but hope it means All Very ProPer.

"The first fact is that there is no sign that the manual worker contemplates increasing his output. The second is that there is no sign that the manual worker contemplates increasing his output. And that, it seems to me, is all that need be said about the facts."
Financial Paper.

Almost more than all.

"Another interesting coincidence was the meeting of the *Oak Branch* going through the Canal to Balboa and the *Elder Branch*, bound through to Cristobal from Balboa. It is seldom that sister ships of two companies meet in the Canal on the same day."—*Panama Paper.*

More extraordinary still, they met in the *same place.*

A FIRST BIRTHDAY.

(*South India.*)

MARCH lent his open weather,
The sun a golden day,
The blue jay gave a feather,
The marigold a spray,
The squirrel brought a jungle fruit,
The myna sang a song;
Greatest and least, each bird and beast
Came bearing something for the feast
All the day long.

"Because," they said, "this baby
Came East to live with us
And won't be staying, maybe,
And so we 'll make a fuss
And fetish of him while he 's here
In case we 're soon to part;
Once he 's away we give this day
To others' care, but come what may—
Here 's a good start!" H. B.

"NEW GOLF NOSE.
FANCY TOPS."
Advt. in Chinese Paper.

Acquired, we fear, by too frequent visits to the nineteenth hole.

From a patent medicine testimonial:
"Mrs. —— writes: 'It is eleven-and-a-half years since my left leg first started.'"
Provincial Paper.

She seems to have married very young.



The Mother (by way of final instructions). "NOW, REMEMBER, OLIVIA! BE *MYSTERIOUS*, BE *DEEP*, BE *INWARD*. YOU DON'T KNOW ENOUGH TO TALK ABOUT ANYTHING."

THE RAIN-GAUGE.

Mr. Charles Shepton to the Editor of "The Mendip Advertiser."

DEAR SIR,—I observe that in your excellent paper you publish week by week particulars of the daily rainfall at various recording stations in this country. I have lately set up a rain-gauge in my garden here in this village, and if you care to add my records to your weekly statistics I shall be very glad to forward them.

I notice, somewhat to my surprise, that the recorders in this neighbourhood appear to be either noblemen or gentlemen of high social position. Although I had not previously regarded a rain-gauge as a patent of gentility I may say that the Sheptons can hold their own in any company, and that my father once did a cycling tour with the younger son of a baronet. This was of course many years ago, when both cycling and baronets were fashionable.

Yours very truly,
CHARLES SHEPTON.

The Editor of "The Mendip Advertiser" to Mr. C. Shepton.

DEAR SIR,—I shall be very glad to add your rainfall records to our weekly list. Please see that they reach me first post Thursday without fail.

I am sorry that pressure on our space will not permit us to publish your father's cycling reminiscences.

Yours truly, J. H., for EDITOR.

Sir Timothy Doulting, Bart., to Mr. C. Shepton.

SIR,—As the senior rainfall recorder in this district since the death of my dear old friend, Lord Dinder, I think it necessary to call your attention to the figure 3·57 inches which you show for Monday last, and to ask for an explanation. As no one else in the neighbourhood recorded more than ·62 inches on that day it is clear that there has been some mistake.

Yours faithfully, TIMOTHY DOULTING.

Mr. Charles Shepton to Sir Timothy Doulting.

SIR,—In reply to your letter I think you are undoubtedly right to question the figure 3·57 inches which I gave for Monday last. I have some reason to believe that while I was measuring the fall, in pouring rain, a good deal of water got into the instrument from the brim of my hat. At any rate I will in future wear a cap.

Yours faithfully, CHARLES SHEPTON.

Mr. Charles Shepton to the Editor of "The Mendip Advertiser."

DEAR SIR,—I enclose my figures for the week ending yesterday. Will you kindly note the asterisk against "Tuesday—17 inches" and see that a footnote is added in the following terms: "This figure is unreliable and should not be accepted without reserve"?

Yours very truly,
CHARLES SHEPTON.

The Editor of "The Mendip Advertiser" to Mr. C. Shepton.

DEAR SIR,—I have duly included your figures, but regret that owing to pressure on our space it was found necessary to hold over all footnotes for a subsequent issue.

Yours truly, J. H., for EDITOR.

Sir Timothy Doulting, Bart., to Mr. C. Shepton.

Sir,—A week ago I had occasion to question the accuracy of your rainfall records and I much regretted the spirit of levity which you introduced into your reply.

I now observe with astonishment that for Tuesday last you show a figure of no less than 17 inches. This is simply preposterous. Why, my dear Sir, I doubt whether Noah ever came within sight of it. My dear old friend, Lord Dinder, told me some weeks before his death that he once recorded 9·95 inches, but, as his memory was failing at the time, I could not regard the figure as accurate. I have had experience of cloud-bursts, both here and in India, but I have never known a greater precipitation than 9·27 inches, which I once registered at Poonajabwallah in 1893. This will convince you that your figure of 17 inches is ridiculous, and I hope to hear from you that it is merely a printer's error and not your own faulty reading of the instrument.

Yours faithfully,
Timothy Doulting.

Mr. C. Shepton to Sir T. Doulting.

Sir,—I am obliged to you for your letter, and I have now ascertained that my reading of 17 inches was due to the carelessness of my gardener, who admits that in passing the instrument last Monday with the watering-can he "spilt quite a drop into the durned thing and didn't think no more about it."

I have warned him that if he keeps on doing that sort of thing the whole countryside will be flooded. I do not think it will happen again.

Yours faithfully, C. Shepton.

Sir Timothy Doulting to Mr. C. Shepton.

Sir,—In view of the tone of your last letter I now write to say that if there should be any further irregularities in your returns I shall be compelled to warn the Secretary of the British Rainfall Association that no reliance should be placed on any figures your instrument may record. I shall greatly regret being compelled to take this very serious step, but I cannot allow the unseemly conduct of a newcomer to imperil the reputation for careful and scientific recording which this neighbourhood has always enjoyed.

I am, Sir, Yours faithfully,
Timothy Doulting.

Mr. C. Shepton to Mr. W. Farrington-Gurney.

Dear Sir,—I observe from *The Advertiser* that you keep a rain-gauge, and I wonder if you would mind telling me the amount you recorded for the twenty-four hours ending 9 A.M. this morning. My own instrument recorded either ·24 inches or ·42, but I cannot remember which, and I am particularly anxious to return an accurate figure. It occurs to me that, as you are only a few miles away, the amount you have recorded would tell me at once which of my two readings is correct.

Yours very truly,
Charles Shepton.

Mr. W. Farrington-Gurney to Mr. C. Shepton.

Mr. Farrington-Gurney presents his compliments to Mr. Shepton, and begs to inform him that the amount of rainfall he recorded on the date in question was ·33 inches.



Burglar (who is ransacking bedrooms while house-party is at breakfast). "Another empty jewel-case! When *will* these parvenus learn that it isn't done to wear jewels in the morning?"

Mr. Charles Shepton to Mr. Frank Shepton of "The Cedars," Torquay.

My dear Frank,—Why don't you keep a rain-gauge? It only needs open ground and an elementary knowledge of decimals, and you will find that the publication of your returns will bring you into touch with some very decent people in your neighbourhood. If you think of it let me know, as I have one I don't want. It records anything up to seventeen inches.

Your affectionate brother, Charles.

"The building-trade in London refuses to work the very moderate 46½ hours' day during summer-time."—*Morning Paper.*

Can you blame it?



THE BREAK-AWAY: A VISION OF THE NEAR FUTURE.

THE IDEAL DRINK.

(*By a Student of Liquid Nutrition.*)

In the clash of concurrent sensations events of the greatest significance often pass unnoticed. For example, no comment has, so far as I have seen, been evoked by the announcement in *The Morning Post* of the imminent advent of Pulque. As the Latin poet says, or ought to have said, *Nemo repente fuit pulquerrimus*. But, in the opinion of *The Morning Post*, Pulque may become the rage in England soon.

To avoid misconception it may be advisable to state that it is not a game or a new fabric. It is a wine which comes from Mexico, where it has been the national drink for over a thousand years, and as such may be regarded as having contributed to the formation of the admirable character of the inhabitants of that remarkable country. It has been suggested that, on the memorable occasion on which CORTES, the conqueror of Mexico, stood "silent upon a peak in Darien," he was under the influence of this beverage; but this is only a surmise, though not necessarily a wild surmise. As to its flavour, *The Morning Post* preserves a somewhat judicial attitude. "It may not fill wine-lovers with enthusiasm at first, but those who like it say the taste for it is acquired. It looks like milk, tastes bitter, and, although there is not a high percentage of alcohol in it, is very intoxicating." It is thus, at any rate, assured of the attention of the writers of modern and emancipated comedies of manners.

On the process of its manufacture there exists some divergence of opinion. *The Morning Post* declares that it is made from the giant cactus plant. Other authorities, cited by *The New English Dictionary*, say that it is made from the sap of the American aloe—called the maguey in Mexico—that admirable tree from which, according to the journal of ANSON'S voyage, the natives get (besides wine) vinegar, honey, thread, needles, stuffs for clothing or sails, and timber for building. But whether drawn from cactus or aloe the wine is the thing that counts, and for a thousand years we have been cut off from this exhilarating intoxicant by its refusal to leave its native soil and remain in good condition.

Happily this difficulty has now been surmounted. Dr. NATHAN of Zurich, who was called in by the Mexican Government to examine the situation, is now confident, after exhaustive experiments, of eliminating the defects which have hitherto prohibited its exportation. He is now in London, and has informed *The Morning Post* that Pulque, "besides being an ideal beverage, should be of great utility and be the most health-giving drink in existence." The arguments certainly seem to be incontestable. A drink which he compares to nectar but which tastes bitter; which looks like milk but has none of the insipidity of that fluid, and is at the same time "very intoxicating," seems destined to win the widest popularity in the shortest possible time. Once more the resources of the New World have been called in to redress the balance of the Old.

"SAUSAGE MYSTERY."
Headline in Welsh Paper.

But isn't it always?

"Wanted, smart Manager; good widow dresser, tactful salesman; multiple experience essential."—*Local Paper.*

One, obviously, who never took *Mr. Tony Weller's* advice.



THE INFANT HERCULES.

MR. MAXIMUS BEERBOHM.

IT is one of the penalties of Mr. BEERBOHM's greatness that the expression of an unbounded enthusiasm for his art has become one of the easiest ways for people of no particular intelligence to acquire a reputation for wit. Nor is he very well served by the lyrical ecstasies of the initiated. One would say that, being obviously a severe critic, he would not mistake indiscriminative gush for sound judgment, were it not that a man who is a very austere censor of other men's foibles can be a very lenient censor of his own. This may account for Mr. BEERBOHM's occasional lapses from good manners.

Allowance must of course be made for a caricaturist. His trade is an ungentle trade. He lives by the exposure and exaggeration of physical defects. Not content to satirize a man's politics or philosophy or craft or character, he must exploit those eccentricities or deformities of face and figure to which the decencies of ordinary social life do not permit attention to be called. In the sister art of Literature no such licence would be tolerated. What should we think of a parodist who embellished his criticisms of a man's work with facetious references to his long nose, his protruding eye, his hunched back?

You may say that the caricaturist cannot ignore physical defects because his art must needs express itself through the medium of physical form. But he is not obliged to insist on them; so far as they are faults of nature and not acquired, they have nothing to do with the question of a man's public life or character. And Mr. BEERBOHM has the less excuse for his ridicule of physical defects because his primary medium is literary. His forte is verbal criticism, in dialogue or some other form. Many of his legends would stand without any picture: few of his pictures could survive the loss of their words. Not often does he show himself a right cartoonist, letting his picture make its point with just a clinching title and no showman's verbiage. In his study of Signor MUSSOLINI—*Ménage à trois*—he achieves this rare feat. It is also the best piece of composition in the whole show, and I should like the Fascisti to have a chance of seeing it in the land of Mr. BEERBOHM's adoption. But there are limits to the valour of his indiscretions.



"MAX": "THE OLD AND THE YOUNG SELF."

The Young Self. "WHEN I PUBLISHED MY COLLECTED 'WORKS' IN 1896, I HOPED THAT YOU WOULD CARRY ON THE HIGH TRADITION THAT I HAD SET IN LITERATURE. I AM DISAPPOINTED IN YOU."

The Old Self. "THE QUALITY OF MY LITERARY GIFT REMAINS AS GOOD AS EVER, BUT I PREFER TO EXPRESS MYSELF IN CONCENTRATED TABLOID FORM FOR THE PURPOSES OF ILLUSTRATION. I FIND THE SISTER ART MORE LUCRATIVE."

The attack on Lord MILNER is at the other extreme. It consists of mere words; the four drawings, almost identical in motive, being nothing more than a perfunctory accompaniment to the verbal satire. What is a much worse fault, it is a cruel and dishonest satire, for it carefully selects those episodes of Lord MILNER's career in which his judgment may have been at fault, and ignores that splendid record of loyal service which in the late War crowned a life-time of devotion to his country. But patriotism seems to be something of an offence to Mr. BEERBOHM. Mr. KIPLING, in this connection, is not at all to his taste.

Nor does he care much for success—in others. Mr. ARNOLD BENNETT is far too prosperous for him. And if you would escape our satirist's ridicule (but perhaps you don't want to) it is best not to be a Conservative, especially a Conservative with ideals. His horse-laugh at Mr. BALDWIN's rise to the Premiership is a little crude—and belated at that.

Indeed a great deal of this exhibition is belated. You cannot, of course, expect a very intensely pulsating topicality in the work of one who lives so far away from the current of English life, brooding in the solitude of his retreat over events and movements which we have forgotten long ago, if we ever noticed them at all. One wonders where he gets his purview of home affairs; what kind of papers he feeds upon in the remote fastnesses of Rapallo. Some of them would seem to be rather obscure and esoteric. Does he really imagine that he is supplying an insistent demand on the part of the British breast when he portrays the facial peculiarities of the brothers SITWELL?

The *clou* of his gallery is, I suppose, the series of "The Old and the Young Self." Not a very happy title, since "Old Self" here stands for the Self of To-day and not, as in its common usage, for the Self of Other Days. This tends to confusion, which is not relieved by the fact that in some cases the two Selves seem both to be pretty Old. Though here and there perhaps a little too recondite and "exquisite," it is an admirable series. But I question the propriety of the picture in which the Young Self of Sir EDMUND GOSSE (wearing some very unworldly clothes and exhaling an air of revivalism) says to his Old Self (in

carnal evening dress, with decorations, and attended by a cloud of noble witnesses), "Are you saved?" It is very funny, but not very fair. For Mr. BEERBOHM is here apparently taking advantage of Sir EDMUND'S own revelations, in *Father and Son*, of the strait religious environment of his childhood, and that is not quite playing the game.

One comes away from the show with the impression that Mr. BEERBOHM'S temperament as a pictorial artist is not very well constructed for getting fun out of abstract ideas. It seems to need a concrete butt—either an individual or a type—to play upon. Perhaps he lacks imagination; certainly you need more of it to practise the kind of humour that can play by itself and at nobody's expense.

There never can have been a more striking exception to the rule that a prophet is without honour in his own country (if Mr. BEERBOHM is not too *dépaysé* to think of England as his country). Perhaps his long absences help to keep bright the vestal flame of his worshippers. But it is a fantastic thought to dwell upon, this of "MAX" deserting his dear fellow-countrymen, and then—to show that he has not forgotten them, but still bears them in his heart—coming home from time to time with the migratory swallow to plant his arrows in their bosoms. I can't help thinking that they are very good-natured about it.

Of course we who know him, or remember to have known him before he hid himself away, can speak with confidence of the geniality of his nature, even if we hadn't his personal assurance that he would never wittingly hurt a fly. But, if he has no malice of his own to gratify, he is the cause of much gratification of malice in others. And as for his victims, well, you may derive as much discomfort from manslaughter as from deliberate murder.

But, when all is said, one must still gratefully confess the delight and refreshment that he has given to even the least malicious of us. As a professor of the hybrid art of literary-pictorial satire, it is safe to say that he has no rival to-day in England. And I don't suppose there is anybody quite like him in Rapallo either. O. S.

A WALKING-STICK FOR GEORGE.

WHEN a friend of mine is about to be married and I am more than common broke—in other words, when a friend of mine is about to be married—it is my unvarying custom to give him a walking-stick. I am in that position with regard to George. A fine fellow, George, and to be led to the altar next week. It was to buy this tribute that I was starting out this morning when a sudden and disquieting thought came into my head. I remembered that some time ago an American, I think, and a Rhodes scholar, gave forth that he was leaving us in disgust. He had seen men, he declared, who paraded Bond Street adorned with monocles and carrying walking-sticks. These signs of national depravity were too much for him, and he was proposing to shake the mud of England from his feet and return to a purer land where such things could not be.



Athletic Outfitter. "AND HOW DID YOU FIND THE GOLF-BALLS I HAD THE PLEASURE OF SELLING YOU LAST WEEK?"
Golf Novice. "THAT'S WHAT BRINGS ME HERE AGAIN—I DIDN'T."

Now, granting that he is given away by his reference to the monocle, a feature hardly to be found except on the English lord of his own films, accompanied too often by a morning-coat and a soft hat—there is no getting out of the walking-stick. The startling thing was to find it regarded as an emblem of degeneracy. Is this true? I asked. Plainly it would never do for me to weaken George's fibres, especially when he was entering matrimony, a state that has been defined as the collision of the sexes. Is the walking-stick pernicious? After all, how did it get here? I turned to trace its natural history.

The walking-stick of to-day, I reflected, comes down, no doubt, from the long clouded cane of ampler days. But that, with other dressy details, has long departed. So has the rapier; and there is no clear reason why one should have a descendant more than the other. Probably the sword-stick was a hybrid scion of the two. That too, owing to our increased love of order and the efforts of our agile police, has gone from us. At least the manly sword has; the effete stick remains. It began to look as if our American friend had the root of the matter in him. Things were awkward for George. I tried again.

The English boy, when his hands are out of his pockets, has generally got something in one of them to hit a ball with. Habit clings, and when he grows up he feels ill-balanced without a stick of some kind to hold on to. Hence the walking-stick. This theory gains support from the observation of sailors, the only class who move easily (though plantigrade) with empty hands; their bodies are accustomed continually to be doing the balancing-act owing to the uncertainty of their natural platform. If sailors did carry a stick it would no doubt be a long wand, such as tight-rope persons affect. It is a pity they don't; the neighbourhood of the Admiralty on a fine morning would afford a pleasing spectacle.

Unfortunately at this point the bottom of my argument fell in. As a fact sailors in London conform to custom and carry walking-sticks, like other people. Things looked worse for George. He is a Londoner.

At this point, however, I found salvation. I had all along been on the wrong tack. The walking-stick has not developed from the long cane, the sword-stick or any other stick. It owes its existence to the top-hat. That strange form of protection is still worn; in quite recent days it was universal, and to go out without an umbrella was as much as your hat was worth. In the memory of living men to buy new hats and flaunt them abroad without umbrellas was the surest way of breaking up a drought. So from constant use the umbrella grew ultimately into a kind of extra limb, detachable at will. When it was discarded a substitute of similar weight and hang had to be assumed or



Patient (admiringly, to dentist who has had to use great violence in the course of extraction). "CAVE-MAN!"

the organism was upset. And there you get the walking-stick.

It is the emblem, not of degeneracy, but of beastly weather. It is the creation of our infernal climate. All is well for George. He shall have his—no, I shall send him an umbrella.

DUM-DUM.

TRAFFIC RHYMES.

X.—HEADLIGHTS.

THE traffic has a thousand eyes
That gaze and gleam and glare;
They never wink,
They never blink,
They only stare and stare;
Such evil eyes
Can hypnotise
Poor country folk like us,
And that is why
My wife and I
Are underneath this bus.

"BOSTON.—The men fought at catch-weight, Greb weighing 168 6 lb. and Wilson 164½ lb."
Scots Paper.

Not much catch for WILSON.

"... Laundries made dress shirt-fronts so stiff that they push the coast ... completely out of shape."—*Daily Paper.*

We don't worry about that so much as the erosion of our collars.

SCIENCE *v.* SENTIMENT.

["WANTED, Mistletoe, grown on oak for chemical research."
"Times" Agony Column, April 18th.]

LONG since has medicine laid its ban
Upon promiscuous osculation,
As running counter to the plan
Of hygienic education
And shortening our earthly span
By deadly germ-dissemination;
While even bards have voiced their fear
of kisses
Bestowed by innocent and gentle misses.

Moreover there have always been
In England persons of both sexes
Reserved and reticent and serene,
Untroubled by obscure "complexes,"
Whom all extravagance of mien
Or of emotion deeply vexes;
Who, at the time of greeting or leave-taking,
Consistently refrain from all hand-shaking.

Yet, though the cult of science thrives,
Though we have safeguards that are racial,
The barbarous habit still survives
Of contact labial and facial,
And husbands still salute their wives
In houses homely or palatial;
While every Christmas brings recurrent dangers
To those who are (comparatively) strangers.

At last, however, hopeful signs
We welcome of a mode of dealing
With mistletoe on wiser lines—
Not as a spur to hectic feeling
When age, unbent, with youth combines
In saturnalian romp and squealing;
Not as a goad to gestures of affection,
But as the raw material for dissection.

No more an emblem of delight
Wholly barbaric in its essence;
Dissociated from a rite
Fast lapsing into obsolescence,
The mistletoe—a parasite,
A mere arboreal excrescence—
Redeemed at last from its ignoble uses
May foster commerce by its chemic juices.

Another Glimpse of the Obvious.

"One thing the new roads want, and certainly will not get while the present Government lasts, is a century or two of mellowing."
Sunday Paper.

Even the most sanguine Conservative will probably be prepared to admit this.

A CROSS WORD.

"BARST!" exclaimed Albert, my son, as he stubbed his toe painfully against a bed-post.

I was shaving at the time, and Albert, who is three-and-a-half years of age, always assists at this function. Unlike a great many of the child's efforts at self-expression, no doubt whatever was left in the mind of the hearer as to the precise significance of his remark. The term used was an obvious expletive. It was uttered hotly and with relish. It brought evident relief to him who spoke it. It all but cost me the lobe of my left ear.

It so happened that James, upon whose burly shoulders rests the responsibility of being my wife's brother, our Albert's uncle and incidentally the host of all three of us, had just entered my dressing-room in order to inform me that I was late for breakfast and that I was a lazy hound, an assertion which I should have been inclined to dispute with some heat but for the intervention of Albert. James went suddenly pale.

As brother, brother-in-law, uncle or host, James is a good man; but he has one fault, which from time to time has threatened to be the cause of strained relations between him and his sister, namely a tendency to be careless in his selection of words in front of the child.

On more than one occasion Ruth has had to warn him as to the possibility of a contingency of this nature arising.

"If you will persist in using bad language in front of the child, James," she would admonish, "a day will come when you will find him repeating it. And I'll never forgive you if the poor little innocent starts learning evil habits from his uncle in his babyhood!"

But James, although expressing contrition, had gone his way unperturbed, in the firm conviction that the boy was too young as yet to come by any harm.

And now the time of reckoning had arrived. Albert had added to his limited but fast increasing vocabulary a new word, and that one of ill-repute, such as only his uncle could have taught him. At least the circumstantial evidence to this effect was likely to be regarded as overwhelming by the only person who mattered. It is an unfortunate habit of Albert's, when once he has achieved a new word, to ensure that he does not lose it by practising it with the utmost assiduity for a period of hours, sometimes of days, to the exclusion of all save purely essential items of conversation, until he feels that its intricacies have been definitely mastered.

James lifted a haggard face to mine, his eyes expressive of poignant appeal. Fortunately Ruth was not within hearing when the incident occurred. I motioned, with my finger on my lips, to the wretched culprit to say nothing. Any attempt to check the child, I was fully aware, would merely have created an incentive in his young mind to go and try it on Mummy at the earliest opportunity.

"Leave me to think, James," I murmured and continued to shave, pondering deeply. My unhappy host slunk off downstairs to toy with an egg that had lost its allure.

* * * * *

About eleven o'clock on the same morning the entire house-party happened to find itself in the nursery. James, on the floor, was initiating his nephew into the mysteries of the building trade. It was unnerving to think that the child, whose feelings for his large and cheery uncle practically amounted to idolatry, might unconsciously at any moment speak the word which would result in his idol being shivered into small pieces by my wife. She was knitting intermittently, whilst I was absorbed in the solution of a cross-word puzzle. Suddenly the Big Idea flashed across my mind.

"Ruth," I asked, "what is a word of five letters, beginning with B and ending with ST, synonymous with 'fierce wind'?"

"Blizzard," she replied helpfully in the fatuous manner that seems to be peculiar to people whose aid is invoked by the earnest cross-word enthusiast.

"Typhoon," suggested James from the floor—an even more fatuous contribution.

"Five letters," I repeated patiently, at the same time scowling at James—"five letters beginning with B and ending with ST. Give your mind to it a minute."

"Blast!" exclaimed Ruth obligingly a moment later.

I could see James, stung by a guilty conscience, suddenly go rigid on the floor. I also noted Albert's eyes lighting up intelligently, and I could almost see the anticipated reaction beginning to take place within him.

"I beg your pardon, darling," I said; "I didn't quite catch what you said."

"Blast," repeated Ruth, this time in a clear bell-like tone.

With triumph I read imminent articulation in the child's face. It was a tense moment. The words which were for ever to remove suspicion from James trembled on my lips.

Then the blow fell.

"Why did you say 'barst,' Mummy?" cried Albert. "Me and Uncle James only say 'barst' when we're vewy angwy."



"A CORNER OF MY STUDIO" (*J. Dauber*).

A SUGGESTION FOR DEFEATING THE ACADEMY RULE WHICH LIMITS THE SENDER TO THREE PICTURES.

Mr. Punch's Child-Songs.

A book of ten *Songs from "Punch" for Children* is being published to-day. They have been set to music—suitable for the range of a child's voice—by Miss ELEANOR FARJEON, whose own verses have often appeared in these pages. The book, which costs 3*s.* 6*d.*, can be obtained from the "Punch" Offices, 10, Bouverie Street, E.C.4, or from the joint publishers, Messrs. J. SAVILLE AND CO., 5, Gower Street, W.C.1.

AT THE PLAY.

"ARIADNE; OR, BUSINESS FIRST" (HAYMARKET).

THERE seems no end to the funny things, I mean the really funny silly things, that A.A.M. always finds to say even about the most ordinary people in the most ordinary situations. Is there any greater benefactor of the poor human race in this essentially dull and drab if superficially brilliant and overwhelmingly noisy age than a man who can poke quiet fun at us, show us our foibles, and better still, much better, the foibles of other people, accompanying it all with a merry counterpoint of jokes that look so easy to make (and are not) and are so happily easy to laugh at? And this is why I have a grudge against my colleagues for hounding the creator of *Miss Middleton* and *Simpson* and the adorable *Belinda*, the discoverer of the splendid fact that "oranges don't point," into being serious.

This is a jolly good play of Mr. MILNE'S, they say, *but*—we are as a tribe addicted to "buts" and should, I can hear our disgruntled author saying, be drowned in them, like CLARENCE—*but* isn't it a little thin? Now, who seriously wants him to be thick? Isn't the whole point of his achievement, not its thinness, which implies weakness, but its lightness and subtle whimsicality?

All this as preamble to the consideration of a play which for all its amusingness—the continuous ripples of laughter of the first-night audience answered for that—makes its chief and, from the point of view of artistry, its fundamental mistake in attempting—thickness.

John Winter, a solicitor of Melchester, has an important rich client. He may have had others, but I doubt it. So probably does the author, for I don't think he really likes *John*. He had a most beautiful wife, *Ariadne*, with an inconveniently developed sense of humour. The rich client, *Horace Meldrum*, is a master bounder and builder—bounder first, builder a long way afterwards. And he is of the kind that, after a week's hard work, goes up to London on the Saturday to see his doctor, L. B. Fun: "Little Bit o' Fun. See?" The treatment includes lunch with something in pink muslin and, if possible, a return with the same or other muslin in a first-class carriage of the last train, the guard of which is a particular friend of his.

And he is by way of making love in his grotesque complacent way to his solicitor's wife. She does not like it, and asks the fatuous dullard *John* not to bring the prosperous *Horace* to her house. Whereupon he promptly asks him to dinner. After all, the practice is the important thing. *Business first* is his motto.

He finds a letter addressed to *Ariadne* from the rich client pinned to an immense bunch of exquisite roses—the profiteer's established gambit. She has not opened it. Why? Oh, well, she knows what is in it and doesn't like it. *John* had better open it, she says, and see for himself another side of his versatile and resilient client.

John, drawing himself up to full height, will do no such dishonourable thing. He tears the letter across and puts it into the waste-paper basket.

Ariadne, the jester, thinks he had better have his lesson. She arranges to go up to London and be met at her club by *Horace* the builder, who insinuates all manner of diversions, which include missing trains and writing letters to say that *Uncle Tom* has had a stroke and she is detained in London. *Ariadne* leaves a note for *John* to say she has "gone into the unknown" with *Horace*.

Horace, however, having had a little bit of business (which comes before fun) on that Saturday morning, misses his lunch appointment. *Ariadne* therefore returns in time for tea, blandly explaining to her imbecile why she has returned. If her *Horace* puts business first, she might as well return to her *John*. All this, of course, tongue in cheek. The solicitor's noblest instinct of possession now thoroughly roused, he is all for breaking *Horace's* neck, which, when you compared *Horace* and *John*, looked as if it would take a bit of doing. And in fact, when *Horace*, who knows nothing of *Ariadne's* puckish invention about "the unknown" and was merely after his usual tonic from L. B. Fun, Esquire, is so moved with laughter that *John* simply cannot get at his neck.

And all this, with a staccato accompaniment by *John's* completely fatuous brother-in-law and unpleasant-minded sister, is quite excellent fooling. None of these people as they stand is in the least credible—which does not matter a button so long as they move on their fantastic exaggerated plane. On the contrary they are extremely and consistently diverting.

But when *Ariadne* turns to her repentant spouse, explaining that they really loved one another all the time in the highest possible way, that marriage is worth keeping sacred because it is so high and difficult an adventure, that love is really first in both their minds—then I felt the bottom really drop out of the play.

That of course comes of putting thickness when the strains have not been calculated.

For an author can move about his grotesques for our diversion, he can give them the most impossible temperaments and reactions, but, I submit, he can't build highly moral and senti-



Outraged Husband. "I WON'T HAVE ANY OLD BACCHUS CONSOLING MY ARIADNE. THIS IS NOT NAXOS."

John Winter . . . . . Mr. ION SWINLEY.
Horace Meldrum . . . . . Mr. ALLAN AYNESWORTH.
Ariadne Winter . . . . . Miss FAY COMPTON.

mental conclusions and expect them to be taken seriously. I think this all comes of taking critics—other critics—seriously.

Miss FAY COMPTON as *Ariadne* is a delight; the character is original and charming in the best A. A. M. vein. It is, of course, quite inconceivable that she should return to her sordid dullard *John* with any hope of making a success of him. Even *Horace* would been more possible as a mate with whom you could perhaps do something, because he was alive and in his own splendidly vulgar manner human. He could, I feel sure, have been induced by so clever a woman to consult *L. B. Ariadne*—and stick to her. Mr. *Ion Swinley* did all that was possible with *John*, though he did it rather as if he had stepped out of *Mirage*, where he was also a stupid lawyer.

Mr. AYNESWORTH was entirely admirable as the unspeakable *Horace*, a real creation of both author and actor. Mr. JOHN DEVERELL as *Hector Chadwick*, the prize bore and railway statistician of Melchester, was diverting in his highly competent, protected and patented way.

Miss LOUISE HAMPTON presented with her usual well-studied finish the acid *Hester Chadwick*; and Miss JOYCE KENNEDY gave a competent little study of one of the grosser *jeunes filles* of this enlightened decade. T.

"FALLEN ANGELS" (GLOBE).

Julia and *Jane* are two very, very modern young women who discuss anything and everything if not with greater knowledge (as they think) than their Victorian sisters, at least with indefinitely greater candour. They are the closest friends, and they have one unique link in their friendship. Each has had a serious temporary love affair with a conquering French gentleman, the one in Pisa and the other in Venice.

Each has married meanwhile one of those immense, pleasant, unreflective golfers who go to swell the volume of our unemployed. *Julia* has her *Fred*; *Jane* her *Will*. They are happy, they agree, and they love their husbands; but they are no longer in love. There is no devastating excitement about it.

Julia has waked that morning with a presentiment. She has distractedly sent off her own *Frederick* and *Jane's Will*—the two are inseparable—to their golf. *Jane* bursts in obviously agitated. She also had waked with a presentiment, and the post brought her a picture-postcard from Venice (or Pisa). *Maurice* is coming to London "this week." And this is Saturday. What shall they do? And while they are debating it *Saunders*, the new maid, brings in a picture-postcard from Pisa (or Venice). *Maurice* hopes to do himself the honour of calling upon *Julia*.

They must both take flight — to Brighton. *Jane* has come with her suitcase; *Saunders* is to pack *Julia's*. *Saunders*, knowing her Brighton (not the Brighton of A. P. H. but the other Brighton of popular legend) packs with a selective emphasis—for which she is duly reproved. Here are two honest wives flying from an adventure they would love, and do in fact fear for the sake of their faithful *Fred* and *Willie*. "Wouldn't it be awful if *Fred* and *Willie* were killed by a tree falling on the golf-course?"



"I WISH HE WOULDN'T CALL US 'FALLEN'; IT'S SO DÉMODÉ!"
"YES; AND 'ANGELS' TOO—SO VICTORIAN!"
Jane Banbury . . . . MISS EDNA BEST.
Julia Sterroll . . . . MISS TALLULAH BANKHEAD.

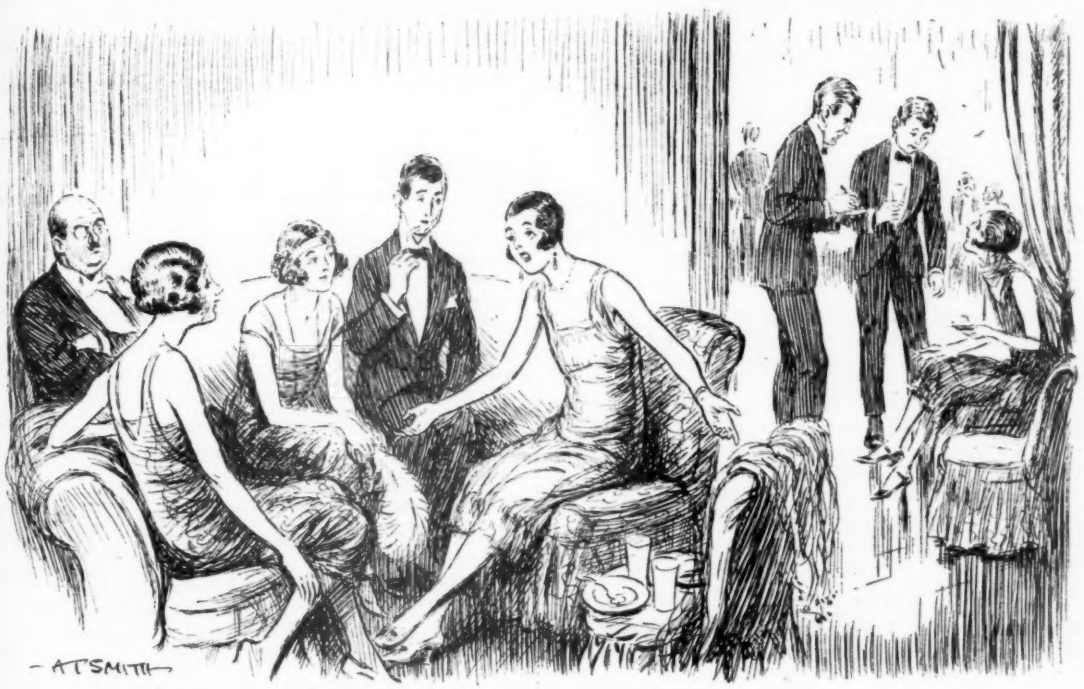
And just as the two irresolutely virtuous dears are passing out to the taxi a ring is heard. *Maurice!* As a fact it is the plumber. But the pause is enough to check the expedition. They will meet their man with courage, each fortified by the other's resolution, and each watching the other as cat watches cat.

And so a hectic day passes with many false alarms from telephone and door-bell, till, practically starved owing to anxiety mingled with suspicion of each other's good faith, two overwrought young women sit down to a dinner preceded by a particularly potent cocktail; to peck at excellent food and to split with unwise enthusiasm a large bottle of champagne, followed by a generous liqueur.

This is no diet for "angels." They reach, *viâ* friendly stages of excessive wisdom, dignity and careful inaccuracy of speech—"Bring the Saunders right away, coffee"—a mood of mutual recrimination. Charges and counter-charges are made. "*Julia*, you're unhinged;" "I'm perfectly hinged"—which strikes me as an entirely pleasant retort. Still no *Maurice*.

Jane, asserting (falsely as it happens) that she knows where that Lothario is and is forthwith going to him, falters out of her friend's house, declaring herself unable any longer to put up with Julia's insults. In fact she spends the night in an hotel in Bayswater, "because that was where the taxi-man took her," and arrives next morning in evening dress to find a tangle of trouble. The infuriated *Julia* has betrayed her to the disturbed golfer, *William*, whose brain does not work quickly enough to make him very difficult. *Jane*, however, retorts by telling tales of Pisa and the Grand Lagoon. *Contretemps de quatre!* A bell. The bland and debonair *Maurice* is announced. Grasping intuitively the essence of the situation, he declares the whole thing a diverting and ingenious jest, and his unconquerable politeness effectively stymies the hardly-convinced husbands. Will they all come up and help him to choose his curtains? He has taken the flat just above. The men, sulking but baulked, will not. The two angels will. And in a few moments is heard that fruity and infectious *Liebeslied* which the wives have been humming all day and the husbands trying to play with one finger on the piano—*Maurice's* seductive tenor mingling with the quavering sopranos of the angels.

An unpleasant subject, you may say? Well, not edifying or elevating, certainly, but Mr. NOEL COWARD has written it so gaily and wittily and they play it so lightly and briskly that it is relieved of all offensiveness. Many a play that draws carefully to a sunny and happy ending can be and has been furtively offensive all through. We ought really to rid our minds of cant in these matters. I don't remember a better piece of stage-craft in this type



"WHAT ABOUT ANOTHER SUBSCRIPTION DANCE ON MONDAY THE ELEVENTH?"
"MY *DEAR*, THAT 'S TOO LATE. ALL THE DANCING MEN WILL HAVE GONE BACK TO SCHOOL BY THEN."

of play since Mr. MAUGHAM'S *Home and Beauty*, with the ever-to-be-lamented HAWTREY.

The dialogue goes like a fencing bout. Nice silly jokes and flashes of audacious wit, candour and gaiety and an appropriate air of fantastic unreality, with the absence of false and hedging sentiment, to save it from any real unwholesomeness. Perhaps I am too simple a soul, or, on the other hand, too depraved, but that is my impression. A brilliant performance, not for *vieilles filles* perhaps, but certainly harmless to the inoculated.

This was emphatically a play for the two women. They will be envied of their sister artists. The men are mere foils. Even *Maurice*, who dominates the situation, is withheld till the last few moments by a very judicious artistry.

Miss EDNA BEST, whose escape from fatuous parts has made an actress of her, or rather allowed her talent to appear, made a delicious thing of her *Jane*. Miss TALLULAH BANKHEAD, who played, at four days' notice, the part allotted to Miss MARGARET BANNERMAN, was as effective in her very different mood. There was no sign of hesitation in a long and exacting part. A *tour de force* indeed.

Miss MONA HARRISON'S *Saunders*, who was "rather grand," deserves commendation. Mr. ARTHUR WELLESLEY and Mr. GERALD AMES were very plausible husbands in this queer world; and Mr. AUSTIN TREVOR, who always brings intelligence to his parts, made an engaging thing of the reprehensible and absolutely imperturbable *Maurice*.

The production was admirable. Speed is of the essence of this *genre*. The smartest ping-pong rally would be slow compared with it. T.

THE BARD AND THE BUTTERFLIES.

WHEN may-tree boughs were blossom-starred
Within their fragrance walked a bard,
Who set his poor wits hunting hard
For dreams, that he might make one
Into a song; before his eyes
The day-dreams danced like butterflies,
And to and fro they 'd tantalise,
But never could he take one.

First after one, whose fleeting grace
Seemed made for him, his thoughts did race,
Then, unsuccessful in the chase,
He heaved a sigh, a sad "Oh,"
But found her sister fair to see
And passing fit for poetry,
So stalked her hopefully till she
Just faded like a shadow.

Then "Butterflies," our bard did call,
"My little dreams, elusive all,
Elusive and ephemeral,
You 'll *die*, as sure as never;
But only let yourselves be *caught*—
If poets can accomplish aught
By taking pains and loving thought,
Then shall you live for ever.

"No pins have I," he said, "nor net
For your fragilities, and yet
Into collections they may get,
Correctly punctuated;
So don't you think it nicer seems
To live, your poet's printed themes,
Than die, his mere unpublished dreams,
Unsigned and uncollated?"

A fair young dream his promise heard
And took the fellow at his word;
He, singing like a singing-bird,
Scanned, scribbled and indented,
And made her famous on the spot,
Or she made him, I 've quite forgot
Just how it was, which matters not,
For both were quite contented.

But this I know—where, blossom-boughed,
The may-trees surged in foam and cloud,
Our poet kept the faith he vowed—
Fair dream, he 'd never cheat her;
For, though he died long, long ago,
Still does she flicker to and fro,
A winged grace, alive, aglow,
When you and I repeat her.

TO A FRIEND INDEED.

["Henry Carpenter, of Westdean, Sussex, who retires next week from the staff of Chichester Post Office, has walked 153,300 miles and cycled 80,000 miles during his forty-two years' service as a postman." *The Times.*]

DEAR HENRY CARPENTER,—I don't know whether you are expecting sympathy after such a strenuous career,

But you will get none from me.

My feeling for you is one of envy.

All these forty-two years, while I have been working in offices and other stuffy places, for the most part urging a pen, you have been walking in the open-air.

And such open-air,

The open-air of Sussex,

West Sussex too, which some of us think the best Sussex.

(SHEILA KAYE SMITH may not; but some of us do.)

No, I am not sorry for you in the least, HENRY CARPENTER of Westdean; I envy you.

Such poor arithmetic as I have indicates that you have walked ten miles a day, apart altogether from cycling.

But as an unimaginative Government long since cut off Sunday letters you have really walked more than that.

I wonder if you were among the postmen who would like the Sunday delivery and its extra wage restored;

Someone who knows tells me that many of them would.

But even ten miles a day for forty-two years, in Sussex, is a glorious thought;

It is better than all the Rolls-Royces.

There is nothing that I, personally, could so look forward to;

And so again, HENRY CARPENTER, let me express my envy.

* * * *

The reticent old *Times* doesn't say where your beat was and therefore I have to guess.

But as a matter of fact I rather like guessing, because it brings back so much good country to the memory and to the inward eye.

Perhaps your work lay on the Levels towards the Witterings?

If so, you would be among the gulls and sandpipers as you did your round: with the south-west wind always blowing, and the trees bending one way.

Or perhaps you were in Chichester itself, that spreading, leisurely, thirsty city of steeples and divines, shops and farmers' wives, and inn after inn.

There are some fine shining knockers there for a postman to hammer at——

And I am sure you must miss your hammering.

There are some odd little red brick streets to thread; while you may even have delivered a letter now and then, chiefly from dutiful grandchildren, at that queerest of all Harbours of Refuge, where the little almshouses are all inside one big one.

Or perhaps your beat was Halnaker way, and even included the Great House itself, which is so gay and even royal in Goodwood week? (I hope you had something on CHARLEY HOWARD'S horse last year.)

In this case you will have walked many of your miles on the famous Roman road; and I expect you know that little inn on the left as you go north, built over a stream.

Or perhaps it was your own home district that you served, all about Westdean?

And, if so, I think that was most fortunate of all, because you were among the hills.

Your beat may have taken you near Kingley Vale, with its sombre velvety yews,

And the views of the silver Channel, with the black tramps on the horizon and the little white sails of Bosham among the fields.

And oh, the thyme on the summer breeze!

Oh, the little pricklies when you sit down!

Or your beat may have reached a point where to the north the purple weald opens out.

I don't care, HENRY CARPENTER, which way you walked, I envy you your walking, and in that country most of all: in West Sussex, which some of us think is best Sussex.

* * * *

And I envy you furthermore your task.

Because it is a splendid thing to be a postman and carry letters.

They may not all be good letters or welcome letters, but there are more good than bad, more welcome than unwanted.

And the men who carry them about, in wet weather or dry, in hot weather or cold, day in and day out for all their lives, are our friends indeed.

And that's what you have been, HENRY, for forty-two years—a friend indeed—and I am proud of you.

A jolly sight better life-work than writing books.

E. V. L.

THE GOLD RESERVE.

"Pyrrha the Maiden, Pyrrha the fair,
Wooed in a rose-hung arbour,
What did they do with your golden hair
When you had it removed by the barber?"

"What did they do with my golden locks
Which have been so lately scissored?
They were carefully tied and put in a box
By the great tonsorial wizard."

"Pyrrha the lovely, what will you do
When the feverish fashion changes?
How will the hair come back to you
That the barber's shear estranges?"

"Oh, I am not such a fool as I seem,"
Pyrrha the maiden blubbered;
"The golden hair that was once my dream
Will be still in the barber's cupboard.

"The mode may alter, the mode may turn
To bustles and buns and ear-rings—
I shall go back without concern
And ask for my vanished shearings."

"You told the barber to cut off your mane
For a moment's mad sensation,
And then you will have it stuck on again
In the shape of a transformation?"

"Are we not slaves of the passing whim,
For Fashion was ever a rover?
And as for the barber it's good for him,
For the barber's paid twice over."

"Pyrrha the maiden, don't be a pig,
This is to me revolting,
What if the barber's changed your wig
For somebody else's moulting?

"Pyrrha" (the swain implored the fair),
"Lest you should chance to lose it
Give me the box with your golden hair
Till you require to use it."

EVOE.

"The Ship of State is blown hither and thither by the Apples of Discord."—*Canadian Paper.*

This is unusual, but there seems to have been a good precedent for it. It was the marriage feast of a marine goddess, you will remember, that was blasted by the Apple of Discord.



MY THREE 'BUSES.

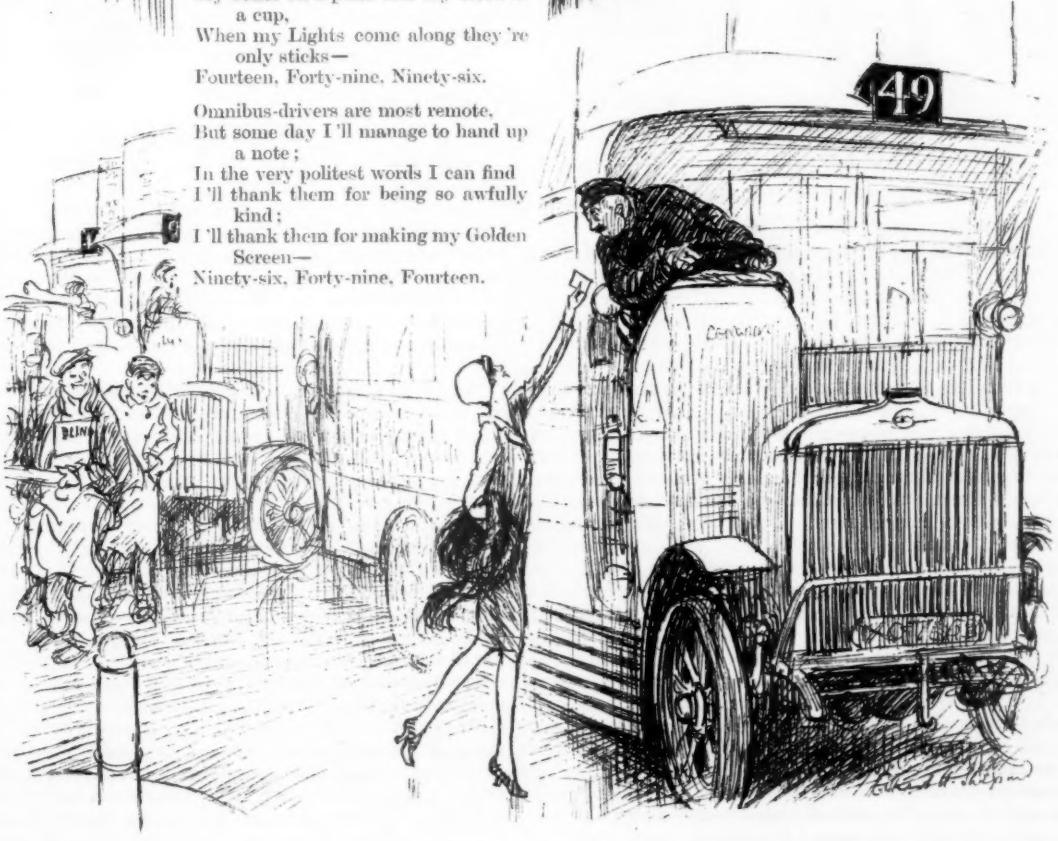
THE trees are black in Onslow Square;
Evening shadows come early there;
But I 'm never afraid of the trees at nights,
For I 'm always saved by my Chain of Lights—
Three big 'buses in between,
Ninety-six, Forty-nine, Fourteen.

There 's an awful face where the branches crook,
Like you see in the ARTHUR RACKHAM book;
There 's a wailing maiden hung by the hair
At the top sometimes when the sky is clear;
But they never can cross my Gleaming Line—
Ninety-six, Fourteen, Forty-nine.

They shriek and jibber, they strain and shake,
But I never trouble to keep awake;
Though they 'd like to grab me and eat me up,
My bones on a plate and my blood in a cup,
When my Lights come along they 're only sticks—
Fourteen, Forty-nine, Ninety-six.

Omnibus-drivers are most remote,
But some day I 'll manage to hand up a note;
In the very politest words I can find
I 'll thank them for being so awfully kind;
I 'll thank them for making my Golden Screen—
Ninety-six, Forty-nine, Fourteen.







MAY-DAY CELEBRATIONS.

Native (to Visitor). "IT 'S BEEN THE CUSTOM HERE FROM TIME IMMEMORIAL OR THEREABOUTS——"

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

CASTING about to ascertain why Miss MARJORIE BOWEN's *Five People* (WARD, LOCK) reminded me of *Villette*, I hit upon the obvious reason that the scene of both novels was largely laid in Belgium. But this would not do, for Miss BOWEN's Belgium is not a *pensionnat de demoiselles* but an ancestral *château* among sand-dunes and woods; and the atmosphere (or whatever it is) was as noticeable, I remembered, in a former novel with an Italian setting. Finally I put the suggestion down to her intense preoccupation with problems of passion and duty, and to their embodiment in characters and among scenery penetrated, sometimes almost to distortion, by a sensitive (occasionally hyper-sensitive) imagination. These elements have their charm, and, though I do not feel that they are combined quite so skilfully here as they were in *Stinging Nettles*, yet the new story contains so many interesting ingredients that I should not like to set it down as less acceptable. Its heroine is certainly engaging. We first meet *Helen St. Luc* in Paris, a fashionable widow whose English middle-class origin is condoned for the sake of her money and her charm. She is about to marry a wealthy and fastidious Belgian, *Louis Van Quellin*, when a hitherto submerged cousin turns up and claims her protection. *Pauline's* father, *Helen's* paternal uncle, is now, luckily, dead. In the flesh he was a drunken waster who embittered his brother's life by claiming the latter's successful patent as his own. No one, of course, credited his claim; but *Helen*, pitiful and conscientious, adopts his daughter and treats her as a sister. The effect of *Pauline's* ruthless and unscrupulous personality on *Van Quellin*, his invalid sister, *Helen* herself and a middle-aged English archæologist, makes very attractive reading. The archæologist, I felt, put in his appearance rather suddenly and ostentatiously. But his good offices were so necessary to an ingenious and satisfactory *dénouement* that I for one would not grudge him his trap-door and limelight.

Sir ARTHUR GRIFFITH-BOSCAWEN shamelessly proclaims himself a politician. Certainly he has had dallyings with other loves, with agriculture, for instance, and soldiering, and more recently with literature, but he makes it no secret that politics as a great game has been his real delight. Though he has travelled round the world with open eyes and a note-book, has helped to clean out the slums of Southwark, has even, in the Great War, served as a Commandant of Base Details, yet he has always come back to Westminster as one coming home, and his latest volume—*Memories* (MURRAY)—is mainly concerned with the personalities and the prejudices, the funny stories and the living paradoxes, that he has encountered there. Whether in the irresponsibility of opposition or as a mere voting machine under a Government Whip, or later when burdened with the spoils of office, he has enjoyed it all, never wandering far perhaps into dangerous ways of originality, but certainly gathering more good-humour than bitterness as he has gone. Only occasionally, as when he describes a meeting of the Coalition Cabinet, of which he was a member, does he call to mind much that has not been recollected before, and in-

deed he not only likes his stories ripe and old, but fairly revels in a hackneyed phrase. The most piquant feature in his book is that it embodies the point of view of a life-long Tory who yet became, and I think still remains, an almost fervent admirer of his fellow-Welshman, Mr. Lloyd George.

R. B. Townshend's *Bullwhack Jo*
Is a book of bounce and go;
Is a book of nineteen tales
Suitable for youthful males,
Fit for tastes like yours and mine
Who have read our Ballantyne.

Mr. Townshend knows the way
Plainsmen in the saddle sway;
Knows how, down in Colorado,
Horsemen jingle with bravado,
Axles creak and stock-whips crack:
Yes, he has the happy knack.

Splendid chaps his pages fill,
All with names like *Broncho Bill*:
Splendid chaps who 'd take your life
With a Colt or bowie knife,
And with just as little fuss
As I 'd take a Putney 'bus.

Here are sweet young girls (like *Sue*),
And they use revolvers too,
Prompt to "inculcate a lesson"
With a Winchester or Wesson:
Sweet young things who say "Vamoose!"
Meaning "Make, Sir, your adieus."

There, I 've surely said enough
Just to show what stirring stuff
You will find if you but go
On the trail with *Bullwhack Jo*,
Who has swaggered, be it said,
Lately from The Bodley Head.

After a somewhat dizzying perusal of the *Adventures of the D.C.I.* (Hurst and Blackett), related by Major C. E. Russell, I am driven to conclude that where Americans are, there life becomes exactly like the cinema, American version. For, as these lurid episodes are stated (by the publishers) to be drawn from the official records of the American Army, it is clear that Major Russell did not invent them for the film, although they would be highly appropriate to that vehicle of melodrama. The initials D.C.I. stand for Department of Criminal Investigation, of which Major Russell seems to have been Provost-Marshal, charged, as he says, with the duty "of policing France for the Americans" during the War. I cannot but think it would be more accurate to describe the D.C.I. as policing the Americans for France, which country must have been rather torn up in the process. The Provost-Marshal, however, seems to consider it quite natural to pursue deserters from the American Army, and various criminals, such as coiners, thieves, spies and a murderess, all over the country. Detachments of horse and foot, a fleet of motor-cars, a whole corps of detectives were enthusiastically indulging in the pleasures of the chase. It may surprise the English reader to learn that several pretty French girls were of the party, and that these young ladies were employed to serve as decoys in the vilest surroundings. Did the French police, I wonder, regard the frantic internecine crusade of the D.C.I. as a necessary element in winning the War? It almost seems a pity that a proportion at least of the terrific energy, desperate valour and infinite resource of Major Russell's sleuths (if that be the right word) was not employed in dealing with the enemy.



Wife (*in a panic*). "Oh, Jack, Jack! Baby 's been and swallowed a sixpence!"
Husband. "Oh, well, my dear, one can't buy *much* for sixpence nowadays."

I can quite believe that the modern novelist's artist exists, if only because he is too socially unnecessary to have been invented. But I have never met him yet outside the printed page; and my affections being (like *Miranda's*) most humble I have no particular ambition to do so. *The Twelve Saints* (Christophers) is simply chockful of him. There is *Gregory Dunn*, who owns an "artistic furniture" emporium, and *John Bone*, who does the designing

for *Gregory Dunn*, and *Simon Strick*, who paints portraits, and *James Barnabas Hooker*, who cooks cow-heels and polishes his studio floor for dances, while his particular *genre* is vaguely indicated as combining advanced views and "figures." *Strick* has a wife called *Elizabeth*, who is the daughter of a minister. He also philanders with a wealthy widow who is "making" his career. *Elizabeth* herself affects *Hooker*; while *Ann*, her unmarried sister, is courted by *Dunn* on the ground that her seduction does not come within the range of practical politics. *Dunn's* overtures to *Ann* infuriate *Bone*, an unlucky degenerate who entertains an unselfish admiration for the woman his employer fancies; so he attempts to murder *Dunn* and, under the impression that he has succeeded, commits suicide. All these activities take place in a Cornish port, which boasts a malarious studio-quarter between the town slums and some derelict herring-sheds. Miss RUTH MANNING-SANDERS has evidently lavished considerable pains on both her characters and their surroundings; but I do not find her exertions repaid except in the case of *Ann*, a very successful study of honest but hopelessly embarrassed Puritanism. As for the titular saints, they are merely the stony appurtenances of a local ruin, and, except as providing the occasion of a quarrel between *Bone* and *Dunn*, and matter for a *rapprochement* between *Dunn* and *Ann*, they have little or nothing to do with the story.

With each succeeding example of his prowess I confess to an increasing admiration for the work of that remarkable veteran, Mr. W. E. NORRIS. It is perhaps ungracious to refer so persistently to his years, but some writers, like good wine, improve with age, and certainly I cannot remember reading any novel of his (even in those early days when critics seriously debated his claims as a rival to Mr. THOMAS HARDY) better done than *Trevalion* (HUTCHINSON). It combines the merits of the old school with an outlook on life that is modern enough for anyone. The characters, for instance, have no trace of Victorianism about them. *Evelyn Trevalion*, the introspective heir, crippled mentally and physically by the War, is essentially a product of our own times; so too, in an even greater degree, is that surprising young schoolmistress, *Miss Lintern*, who climbs on the stepping-stones of her dead lovers, so to speak, to a miraculous stage success as *Elsie Conquest*. The most advanced writer of them all could not have given us a more non-moral young lady. The book has a good gallery of characters. I like *Miss Lois Belton* and that terrible old lady, *Aunt Betty* (you must certainly read her encounter with *Lady Polwhele*), and *Evelyn* himself and his father, to say nothing of *Elsie*. I am perhaps a trifle uncertain about *Hugh*. He had a difficult part to play, for the ordinary reader finds it hard to visualise a gallant blue-eyed athlete, Number 4 in the Cambridge boat among other things, as a Jacob who supplants his brother. Also I found *Ezra Pensilver* the sort of Cornish fisherman one invariably meets in books like these—the religiously vengeful sort that is so useful when the wrong man has to die a violent death in order to let the other fellow marry the girl. With these petty exceptions I call *Trevalion* a real good story, and affirm boldly that it would puzzle any of our younger novelists to better its narrative or construction.

In *Arabella in Africa* (LANE) Sir FRANK SWETTENHAM has described a motoring tour along the Northern coast of Africa which he undertook in the company of a certain *Arabella*, a beautiful young widow of twenty-six. *Arabella* is one of those wayward, inconsequent and elusive women who are always delightful to read about if at times a little irritating to meet. As a travelling companion she seems to have tried Sir FRANK'S patience rather highly on several occasions, but no one can regret that he persevered with her. In fact I could personally have done with more of *Arabella*, even if it meant rather less of Africa. Sir FRANK has striven overmuch to make things easy and intelligible for those who may be contemplating a similar journey. In so doing he has overlooked the claims of a much larger public to whom it is of little interest that a certain hotel, for example, is not in the centre of the bay but nearer to the west. By giving to *Arabella* some of the attention he has spared for these details he might have induced her to become a little more communicative about the things that really matter. I am sure that with a little pressing she would have given us at least the outlines of the game of "sardines" as played at certain country houses in Scotland by way of a substitute for treasure-hunting. Her explanation that it was not the tinned variety is merely exasperating.



THE DETACHABLE BUTTON-HOLE FOR BORES.

I don't know whether it is my fancy, but I do think that the sleuths of detective fiction are less arrogant than they used to be. I can remember one or two pre-War mystery-solvers who were so sniffy that their company in every-day life would have been most undesirable, but I should always be delighted to spend an evening with such men as our old friend *Professor Wells* and *Inspector Sims* of *Secret Judges* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON). Jolly fellows, these, though still mightily clever at their work. In Mr. FRANCIS GRIERSON'S story they were engaged upon tracking down a megalomaniac. For schemes of his own *Bitterne Craig* operated a small society whose professed aim was to reform abuses and remedy injustice by ridicule and other means, his colleagues having no suspicion that *Craig's* object was to divert attention from his real and very sinister designs. It is a good plot that *Wells* and *Sims* have to expose, though in handling its climax Mr. GRIERSON is not quite at the top of his form. But I am judging him by the high standard which his previous work in these fields of mystery gives us the right to expect.

A Carpet Knight.

"A Gentleman offers good terms for Board-Residence in private house where he could have daily exercise on horse-back."—*Provincial Paper.*

We have unfortunately disposed of our rocking-horse.

"Two youths were remanded at Andover on Tuesday on a charge of stealing a bicycle, valued at £4, 2½d. from the offertory box at Quarley."—*Local Paper.*

A great improvement on waistcoat buttons.

CHARIVARIA.

"A BOY of nineteen in the Royal Academy," says a headline. In the best Chelsea circles this is regarded as an awful fate for one so young.

* * *

Some horses at Newmarket are reported to have been coughing. The erratic running of the present season may explain why backers do not protect them from the risk of a chill by putting more shirts on them.

* * *

Mr. PHILIP KERR says that Germany, once prostrate on her back, is rising to her knees. Yes, and proposing to stay there in front of a wooden idol.

* * *

Mr. NONYA BING, an Eskimo visitor to London, is shortly returning to his native land. The call of the sun, we suppose.

* * *

Mr. CHAUNCEY M. DEPEW says, "To-day is a better day than yesterday." All we can say is that *Punch* is published to-day.

* * *

Mr. CHURCHILL, in his Budget, proposes that hops shall be protected. This may obviate the danger of their getting into the beer.

* * *

The Bookman says that these new "sex" novelists do no more than offer a mess of facts that were familiar to NOAH. This is hardly accurate. NOAH had only two of every beast.

* * *

Mr. J. C. SQUIRE writes: "If three men came to me with three acting masterpieces, I should not know to whom to tell them to go." We can quite believe this. He would be far too polite.

* * *

Three prisoners in succession charged at Coventry were making their fifteenth appearance. Police courts built up on a nice steady trade and regular customers have nothing to fear from competition.

* * *

The ambition of the ex-Sultan of Morocco is to find a quiet refuge near Versailles where he can settle down and write poetry. We should have thought he was old enough to know better.

* * *

New capital for a whisky firm is reported to have been over-subscribed. It is evident that somebody omitted to say "When."

According to a contemporary it is calculated that there is room to bury the House of Commons in the excavations round about Piccadilly. We are beginning to get rather tired of this sort of thing. Similar places are continually being found but nothing is ever done about it.

* * *

Now that a South American scientist claims to hear, by means of a microphone, the noise of a worm eating an apple, we understand that in future all young worms will be taught that it is rude to smack their lips while eating.



Footpad (with vigour). "NAH, THEN, WHAT ABAHT IT?"
Nervous Citizen. "WH–WHAT DO YOU MEAN?"
Footpad (ferociously). "THAT TANNER WINSTON GIVE YER."

An American film actor has announced that he is bringing his wife to London. Any wife of an American film actor is always welcome.

* * *

Telephone subscribers in Leningrad are addressed by the girls at the exchanges as "Comrade." One thing about Communism is that it makes the upper classes polite to you.

* * *

Over four thousand tools were recently discovered in a cave thought to date from Pleistocene times. This concerted downing of tools has a very modern look.

* * *

We understand that Mr. ALEC WAUGH has said that he can tie his tie as quickly as any millionaire; but does he know that very many millionaires can afford to buy their neck-gear ready tied?

* * *

Witness at Mansfield Police Court: "I both saw and heard the obtuse language the man used." The man must have spoken his mind quite bluntly.

* * *

A writer in *The Atlantic Monthly* says that we are advancing to the time when a four-hour day will suffice for the needs of physical life. But it does now. We work the rest of the time for the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER.

* * *

A writer in *The Times* says, "We shall never join the ranks of those who believe that progress is necessarily arrested by past achievement." But have you ever tried to pass further down the car, please?

* * *

Fifteen years ago MUSSOLINI wrote the first Act of a play of which he has now completed the second Act. We understand that attempts are being made in Rome to find a castor-oil-proof critic.

* * *

A man who applied for a post as a chemist's assistant admitted that he could not read. But surely it is intuition rather than ability to read that is wanted when you deal with doctors' prescriptions?

* * *

An elephant was recently very seasick during a voyage. We understand that what made matters worse was that the boat listed even more every time the poor beast made its way to the rail.

* * *

Stockings with illuminated clocks are being sold in Paris. This should mean trouble when you think of what the mouse did in the Nursery Rhyme.

* * *

Gramophone records of speeches made by politicians are being preserved in the British Museum. It is only right that posterity should know what we had to put up with.

* * *

Aerial taxis within the reach of all are promised. As constituting a peril to the public we think these low-fliers should be discouraged.

* * *

It is pointed out that real liquor is never used on the stage. In some theatres this rule is also enforced in the bars.

WHERE THE MONEY GOES.

SOB-STUFF FROM THE UNDERGROUND.

I LIKE the Underground. It has such an engaging way of telling you the most intimate details about itself.

Nobody could resist the appeal of its latest poster, "What Becomes of Your Fares;" it is worth while going down to the Tube to see it, even if you mean to come up again and take a bus.

At first sight it looks like a calendar—like a real one, like one of those that every firm sends to every other firm at Christmas-time, for the benefit chiefly of the cleaners. But you soon notice that, instead of figures, there are symbols. The days of January and part of February, for instance, are shown as petrol cans, for it takes 40 days' receipts to pay the year's petrol bill. You are surprised. You are meant to be.

Worse follows. It takes 222 days' fares to pay the wages (the symbol for these days being, quite rightly, an open hand); 10 days are eaten up in rates and taxes, 34 in stores, 10 in tyres; and so it goes on.

Ah! Now we come to it. Now we know what they are after. It's our sympathy they want. The bitter fact is then disclosed that at the end of the year the poor old firm has only 13 days' receipts for its little self—13 days' out of 365! Aren't you sorry for them? You'll never grumble again at the price of fares, will you? It's too tragic.

But there is nothing so catching as a sense of grievance. While I was yet sorrowing for the sad fate of the Underground the question naturally arose, "Out of a year's salary how many days do I, do you, do any of the other world's workers, get for our very own? Thirteen?"

"Bring me pens, ink and paper," I cried on reaching home; "I am going to prepare a statement."

The family were immensely impressed. I am always wondering where the money goes and this was their opportunity of showing me. As we keep household accounts (very accurate accounts too, except for faggots) we soon arrived at the most astonishing results. And let me tell the Underground right away that, far from being an object deserving of pity, they should consider themselves jolly lucky. Look at this:—

WHAT BECOMES OF DADDY'S MONEY.

(*A Summary of Expenditure showing not only where it goes but that it all goes.*)

Food, etc., family, for the use of	160	days' salary.
Lodging, light and plumbers	85	" "
Clothes (wife and children)	65	" "
Clothes (self, couple of hours for a new hat)	$\frac{1}{2}$	" "
Family holidays. Amusements, including theatre (I don't know why; it never does)	10	" "
Travelling (Underground)	19	" "
Doctors, dentists and toothpaste	15	" "
Miscellaneous items, millions of, including nibs and pipe-cleaners	11	" "
TOTAL	$365\frac{1}{2}$	days' salary.

We have examined these accounts and have found them substantially correct.

WILLIAM and MARY. JUDY and Friend. } Auditors (*by appointment*).

It is but natural that discoverers of great home-truths should seek to enlighten others. We accordingly addressed a letter to the Underground in the following dignified terms:—

To the Underground, Underground, London.

O SIRS,—You have been kind enough in your poster "What Becomes of Your Fares" to give us many interesting details of your intimate affairs, and we feel that we should reciprocate. We enclose a copy of our own statement by which you will see that whereas you are fortunate enough to have 13 days' receipts at your disposal (a tidy sum, we expect, judging by the price of your excellent season-tickets) we ourselves have nothing whatever left over at the end of the year. Indeed we are a bowler hat down on the year's workings, showings, doings or whatever the right term is.

We must therefore congratulate you on your splendid position, but we should like to draw your attention to the item "travelling" in our statement, and to point out that a reduction here would put us in a position bordering on solvency.

As might be expected we got very little change out of the Underground. We seldom do. But we didn't need it. Judy's MONTESSORI-fed friend struck a brilliant idea. He pointed out that once every four years there was such a thing as leap-year.

"Three hundred and sixty-six days! This leaves you a bit of a balance on the right side."

"Nonsense," I said sternly, "the three hundred and sixty-sixth day must bear its proportion of general expenses."

"Why, we don't pay extra rent."

"We can wear the same clothes."

"Your season ticket will be available."

"We needn't buy a single nib or a bit of toothpaste."

"And," said Judy, "we needn't eat a lot, so leap-year costs us very little extra."

My heart leapt. All our hearts leapt. But was it true? Were we solvent, or were we worse off than ever?

As I failed to take honours in mathematics and as none of the children know their vulgar fractions really well, goodness knows how we should have solved the problem.

But Judy found a way out. Bless her, she went right past mathematics to the heart of the matter; said just the right thing, just what I was trying to work round to suggesting myself. Daddy, she thought, should be allowed (after deducting, I suppose, two hours per annum overdraft for the new hat) to take at least a "pretend" half-holiday whenever there is a 29th of February.

Well, well, it's not a lot. But I shall do it. And anyhow it's sure to be wet.

L.

Another Glimpse of the Obvious.

"When William the Conqueror set sail . . . for Pevensey Bay he little thought that among his knights was a man destined to be the ancestor of a future President of the United States of America."
Daily Paper.

Even if he had, we doubt if it would have stopped him.

"Spare the Rod and . . ."

The news that three prizes have been won in a Diocesan Examination by the scholars of Much Birch School should rejoice the souls of Dr. KEATE and Dr. BUSBY, formerly of Eton and Westminster respectively.

"Being unable to produce a passport, a member of the Esher Rugby team which recently visited Havre was arrested and detained until his captain had satisfied the police as to his nationality. The visitor wore exceptionally loose Oxford trousers, which made a gendarme regard him as a dangerous Apache."—*Daily Paper.*

We fear the visitor did not read "Charivaria" on April 22nd.

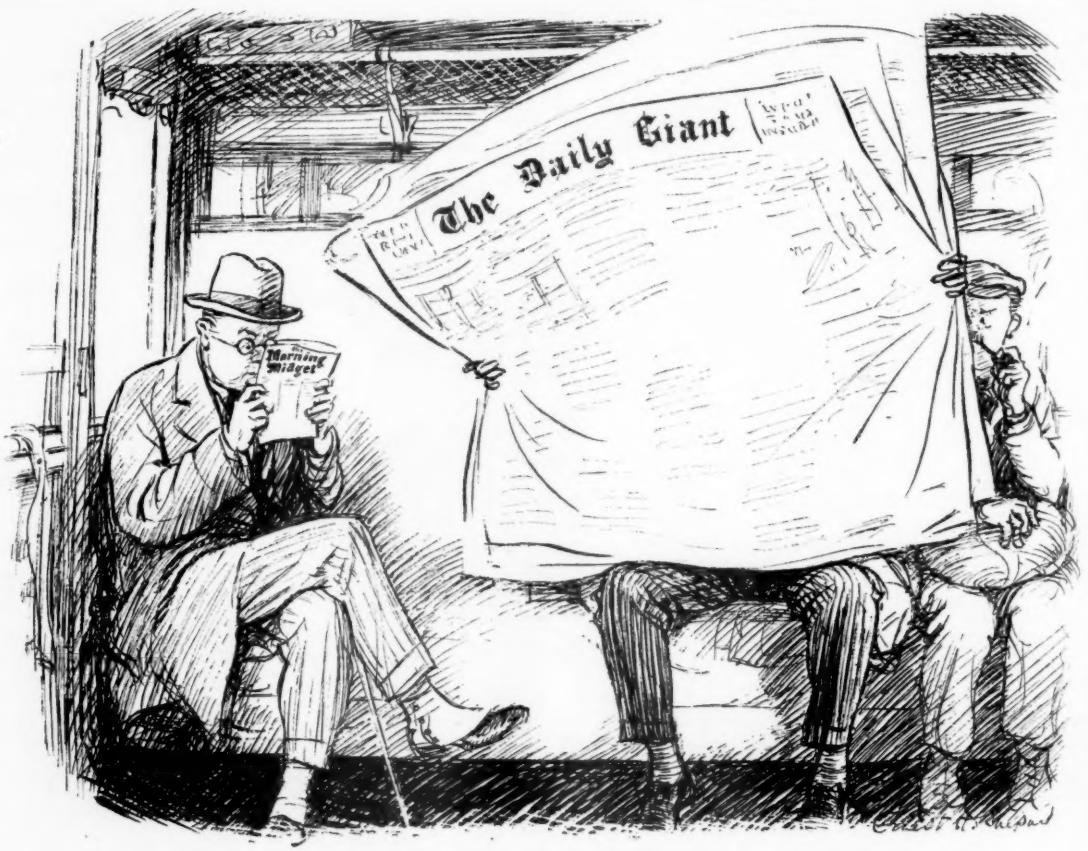
"The great Scottish Rugby half-back of other days, A. R. Don Wauchope, will be sixty-four on Wednesday, April 29th. It would be idle to attempt to compare him with his predecessors of to-day."
Sporting Paper.

But he had no peer among his successors of sixty years ago.



THE WOMEN'S IDOL.

FEMALE GERMANY (*to the President of the German Republic*): "YOU *WILL* WEAR UNIFORM SOMETIMES, WON'T YOU?"



THE QUESTION OF THE HOUR: WHAT IS THE IDEAL SIZE FOR A DAILY PAPER?

DIARY OF A MONDAINE.

Mayfair Mansions.

HAD some hectic weeks round about Easter at Dashmore Park. Dashmore and Pixie both there.

"Lovely to find you together, dearest," I said to her. "Has all the charm of novelty."

"Yes, it 's a beautiful sight," agreed Pixie.

Several of the leaders of the League of Jolly Juveniles were of the party—Oswy and Edelfleda Saxonbury, the Arkwrights' boy, Rosebud Rushington, Vortigern and Boadicea Pendragon. (Vorty and Bobo were always very much alike, but with Bobo drastically cropped and wearing plus-fours all day it was almost impossible to tell them apart, and I heard that Rosebud Rushington, slipping her arm through what she thought was Vorty's and saying "What 's the row, boy? You 're not so sweet to me just lately," found she was speaking to Bobo; and the Arkwright boy, embracing a tweed waist and addressing its owner (in the dreffully high-brow way that he sometimes affects) as "Fair Queen of the Iceni!" was shoved away by Vorty!)

I was simply *épatée* to find, of *all* people, Lady Humbore, Marian Arkwright's last-century aunt, at Dashmore Park.

"Is your great-aunt here to take care of *you*, Archangel?" I asked Michael Arkwright.

"No," he said; "she 's taken a fancy to our Pixie and has a hunch that she can influence her and make her a nice serious last-century young woman."

"*C'est vrai*," said Pixie; "one of your amusements here, dear friends, will be to see that dear old thing 'influencing' me, and me playing up to her." And a shout went up from the Jolly Juveniles.

One of our evening amusements was a moonlight paper-chase. There was an old moon that rose after midnight, and when it was giving enough light the hare (one of the St. Adrian boys) started. Then presently we all took partners and set off. Oswy Saxonbury devoted himself to me, lifting me over stiles, helping me to run across fields by putting his arm round me and so on. It was great fun; and I didn't mind the others rushing on ahead and leaving us behind.

Next morning I was thinking a good deal about Oswy and how attentive he 'd been and was wondering whether by any chance he didn't care for those noisy obvious girls and perhaps was attracted by something more subtle and mature, when my daydream was interrupted by hearing Rosebud Rushington say to him (they were on the terrace and didn't know I was just inside the morning-room), "We 'd a simply luscious rag when we ran the hare down last night. You poor fish, why did you let Anno Domini grab you and keep you out of the fun?"

And Oswy answered, "I couldn't let the poor old dear go floundering on alone. Really, you know, when they 're so keen on youthful sports, especially flirting, it amounts to cruelty to dowagers not to humour 'em a bit. *You* 'll be like that some day, Rosebud."

"Not me!" cried Rosebud; "when

I'm an old 'un, I'll *keep* with the old 'uns."

What a simply horrible girl Rosebud Rushington is! To speak so of anyone looking and feeling as young as I do! What can I do to punish her? Nothing, nothing! Her position is impregnable. And who knows *who* she may be this time next year? As for Oswy, I'm disgusted and disappointed. He's just as obvious and commonplace as the girls.

Another night we unburied the treasure-hunt complex, just for once. Pixie announced that she'd hidden ten pounds, and that, when midnight had struck, we were to look for the first clue in the library. I took Chatty Soame's arm and made him my cavalier.

"How about me?" asked Oswy, coming up and making eyes, while the other Jolly Juveniles looked on with scarcely concealed grins; "am I to be turned down?"

"Yes," I said; "consider yourself jilted. In a treasure-hunt one wants a partner with *brains*!" (Got back a bit of my own there.)

The clues took us far and wide—into the park with electric torches, back to the house, down into the cellars. The last clue divided us. Only four, Rosebud, Bobo, the Arkwright boy and me, followed it rightly, and, after various turnings, it led us to the room, dimly lit by a night-lamp, where the last-century aunt, according to her custom, had been in bed and asleep since eleven P.M.

"Behold!" said Michael Arkwright in a low voice, indicating with a dramatic gesture the slumbering form of his great-aunt. "Behold, where the formal somnolent nineteenth-century practises the lost art of night-sleeping, while the vernal, pranksome twencent sports round the couch!"

"My garters!" exclaimed Rosebud, who was bending over the sleeper; "look at the two big curl-papers in her front hair! The poor ancient darling has some of the old Eve in her after all."

Bobo was also bending over her, and suddenly, with a deft movement, she undid the two big curl-papers, spread them out, looked closely at them by the dim light and then, catching Rosebud's hands, spun her round in a dance of triumph. "The treasure! The treasure!" she cried. "Pixie's clever, but *this* little girl's still more cleverer."

Each of the curl-papers was a fiver!

Lady Humbore, who was awake by this time and sitting up, demanded angrily, "What's all this? What are you all doing in my room? Is that my great-nephew Michael?"

"Yes, aunt," he said meekly; "it's only a little treasure-hunt and the last clue led us here, and it's found."



Betty (checked for showing undue curiosity as to visitor's age). "WELL, ANYHOW, EVERYBODY 'LL SOON SEE IT ON HER TOMBSTONE."

"*What*'s found? What do you mean?" she demanded.

"The treasure, dear Lady Humbore," said that naughty Rosebud. "Our clever Pixie stole in after you'd gone bye-bye and put two five-pound curl-papers in your front hair."

And then she and Bobo fled from the room, and I heard her say, "*I* ought to have one of those fivers, Bobo. I saw the curl-papers first."

"But you stopped at *seeing* them," said Bobo. "It was my penetrative sub-consciousness that found out what they really were."

I did what I could to soothe the poor dear great-aunt, but she turned upon me with the fierceness that the unco' guid often show, and said, "*You*, Lady Dolgelly! At *your* age to be aiding and abetting the young ones in such doings! You ought to be ashamed of yourself."

It was *my* turn to flee from the room then, and I heard her say, "As for *you*, great-nephew Michael, you and your people will have cause to regret having taken part in such a disgraceful business."

And it was so. She left next day, and will never again try to "influence" Pixie, who has had a reproachful letter from Marian Arkwright saying that the treasure-hunt that ended in her aunt's front hair is likely to cost them some very good expectations. "For she has a large fortune," wrote Marian, "and up to now has certainly disliked us less than any of her other relatives."

Our Candid House-Agents.

"Compact Villa Residence in excellent order, close to sea; two deception rooms."
Advt. in Provincial Paper.

Extract from an Essay on Theseus by Smith Mi.:—

". . . inside this Minotaur was a labyrinth . . ."

"When I read the letter from 'Young Bristol' I felt the nail was struck on the head up to a point."—*Local Paper.*

Always the best way to strike it, we think.

MR. HONEYBUBBLE.

I.—FIRST BLOOD.

I FIRST met Mr. Honeybubble in a liner crossing the Atlantic. Generally the Ship's Bore does not impress himself upon you till about the second day out, but the *Cecic* had scarcely sidled away from the Landing-stage before I heard his unmistakable tones. He stood beside me at the rail with a young woman, to whom, in a high-pitched, harsh but kindly voice, like a benevolent saw, he pointed out the various objects of interest on the Liverpool shore. Evidently he was an old traveller, for he had already hidden away his bowler and wore the dingy cloth cap in black and white checks which is considered suitable for heavy weather on the promenade deck. He had mild and watery blue eyes and a melancholy moustache which drooped.

"That 's the Līver building, my dear," he was saying. "The birds on the roof are līvers, and they say that 's how Liverpool got its name, though of course they don't call it Līverpool, but Liverpool—well, it doesn't sound right, somehow, the other way. Some people say there never was such a bird, but I don't know about that. Anyhow, I never heard of anyone who 'd seen a liver, to my recollection. And that 's the Cunard building—the Cunard steamers, you know. We shan't see the cathedral to-day, I dare say, because of the mist, but it 's up on the hill there; you 'd see it well if it wasn't for the mist. Take care, my dear, you 'll drop your bag in the water."

The young lady seemed to pay very little attention to these remarks, and soon I felt rather than saw that the gentleman was proposing to address himself to me. Possessed by that distrust and loathing of my fellow-passengers with which every good Englishman begins a journey I declined to look his way, more especially as I suspected him of belonging to that most deadly species, the Bore Benevolent, to whom it is impossible to be rude, from whom there is no escape. With six days in a ship ahead of him a man cannot be too careful about his acquaintances.

And presently my worst fears were confirmed.

I felt a gentle pressure on my arm, and the Voice said, "Excuse me, Sir, but if you 're not careful you 'll lose your hat."

The Voice was so full of good intention that I could not ignore it.

"Oh, thanks," I said meekly, and jammed my hat more firmly on my head.

"You 'll find there 's a lot more wind before very long, out in the river. And it catches a hat before a man knows where he is."

"Oh, thanks. I shan't be here very long," I said with conviction.

"You 'll excuse my speaking, won't you? I 've seen so many hats lost that way."

"Very kind of you," I murmured helplessly, feeling the toils grow tighter.



Novice (*who has been unseated*). "HAVE YOU SEEN A LOOSE HORSE ABOUT HERE—A WILD BAD-TEMPERED-LOOKING BEAST?"

Rustic. "AY, ZUR—'E 'VE JEST GONE BACK-ALONG UP LANE WI' THREE OF TH' VILLAGE LADS ON 'IS BACK."

"I generally wear a cap myself. You haven't brought a cap, perhaps?"

"No."

"Pity. It looks funny arriving in a foreign country with no hat. A man feels a fool."

I had no intention of arriving in a foreign country with no hat, but did not think it worth while to say so. I wanted to go away, but my fatal good-nature detained me.

"Yes," I said.

"I remember a very dear friend of mine," went on the nameless monster, whom I now know to be Mr. Honeybubble; "he lost his hat in Southampton Water. Just such another hat as yours."

"Really?" I said.

"Yes. A grey felt hat. Oh, dear, we did laugh! And only the minute before I 'd warned him too. 'Put your cap on,' I said, 'Mr. Rugg, or use a hat-guard.' And that reminds me. Pansy," he said, turning back to the young lady—"did you pack the hat-guard, my dear?"

"I think so, father—in the green bag."

"First time I 've crossed without it if you didn't, my dear. But I 'm forgetting myself. This is my daughter, Sir. And while I 'm about it I 'd better introduce myself. My name 's Honeybubble. Ben Honeybubble. Pansy, my dear, this is—Mr.—— But I don't think I got your name, Sir?"

In all my experience of steamships this was the quickest thing yet. Here we were, not a mile from Water Street, and already I was practically a member of the man's family. And the whole Atlantic before us!

I played with the notion of giving a false name and address; but such is the sweetness of my character and such was the disarming geniality of Mr. Honeybubble that I had not the heart.

"Haddock," I said. And "Penrose Haddock" I added, for I felt that it would not be long before we got to Christian names.

"Haddock. Ah!" said Mr. Honeybubble with a contented sigh. "Miss Honeybubble—Mr. Haddock. And now we 're all correct. I was just telling Mr. Haddock, my dear, that he ought to be careful of his hat. He put me in mind of Tom Rugg, who lost his hat in Southampton Water. I've told you that story, I dare say?"

"Yes, father," said Pansy, a shade hurriedly, I thought.

"Which reminds me. I wonder if you 'd be so kind as to run down and see if that hat-guard 's in the bag. I dare say Mr. Haddock would like the loan of it."

"Certainly, father," said Pansy, tearing herself away from her wistful contemplation of the shore.

"Oh, *please* no!" I cried.

"Oh, but of course!" said Pansy.

"You really mustn't——"

"Oh, but I 'd like to——"

"She doesn't mind," said Honeybubble, patting her cheek. "She 's a good girl—aren't you, Pansy?"

"But perhaps Mr. Haddock doesn't *want* it, father."

At this horrid thought a little cloud



CONVERSATION À LA MODE.

Friend (who is seeing small boy off to school). "WELL, PIPSY-PIP, OLD WURZEL. HOPE YOU WON'T BE TOO BORED THIS TERM."
Small Boy. "OH, I'LL SURVIVE. BY THE WAY, YOU MIGHT PRACTISE THAT 'FEATHER' AND 'BRUSH' IN THE FOX-TROT AGAINST MY RETURN."

so sad passed over Honeybubble's brow that I hastened to reassure him.

"I'd love it," I said, though indeed I had hideous visions of a long black elastic contrivance with nickel clips at either end by which, in my extreme youth, the straw hat was tethered to the Eton jacket. "It's awfully kind of you. But as a matter of fact I shan't be on deck much longer. I'm—er—I'm going below."

"Not squeamish, I hope?" said Honeybubble.

"No, no," I said hastily, for fear that Pansy should be despatched for a sea-sick remedy. "I'm going to write some letters."

"Oh, well, you may need it to-morrow. There—run along, my dear."

"Very well, father;" and the dutiful child departed.

"A good girl, Pansy," said Honeybubble. "And a great one for reading. You wouldn't believe what that girl reads. SCOTT and DOOMAS partic'ly. You're going over to America, I take it, Mr. Haddock?"

Since the ship, so far as I knew, was not to call at any other continent I could not well deny this.

"Oh, well," said he, "perhaps we'll see something of you. It's wonderful, I always say, what friendships one makes on board ship."

"Wonderful," I murmured absently. I was considering how I could tactfully escape; for, once Pansy returned with the hat-guard, so great already was my respect for Honeybubble's powers that I knew nothing could prevent him from fitting the thing to my hat. And I should then suffer for six days the indescribable humiliation of an anchored hat. I saw myself the mock of all the female passengers—the absurd young man who has his hat tied on. I saw my hat, my new gent's Homburg, blowing off in mid-Atlantic and dangling round my legs at the end of its string, or soaring skywards like a toy balloon. It was too much.

"There's generally somebody," Mr. Honeybubble was saying, "I take a fancy to. And I somehow cottoned to you at once."

"I'm awfully glad," I murmured feebly and wildly looked about me. One cannot simply leave a man while he is in the middle of that kind of remark.

"Yes," he continued; "and I was just wondering if we couldn't meal together, perhaps."

"I don't think——" I began.

"Here you are, father," said a breathless voice behind us. And there was Pansy, and in her hand the hat-guard. It was just what I expected, only the clips were gunmetal instead of nickel.

"Thank you, my dear. Now let me fit it on for you, Mr. Haddock," said Mr. Honeybubble. "I know the way of it."

Helpless, I raised my hand to remove the hat.

And the extraordinary thing was that at that moment *my hat did blow off.*

My hat, my new Homburg, swooped down to the Mersey and merrily bobbed astern at a good ten knots. We gazed at it in silence.

"Well, there now!" said Mr. Honeybubble at last, half in triumph and half in tears.

"Well, did you ever?" said Pansy.

"But I thought you had *hold* of it," said Honeybubble. "'Pon my word, it almost looked as if you did it on purpose. Ha!"

"Ha, ha!" I replied. "What an idea, Mr. Honeybubble!" A. P. H.

A NORTHERN MEMORY.

Oh, Southern streams they softly flow
Through meadows starred with daisies,
And trout are stout that, dimpling, show
By beaches where one lazes;
The cuckoos all cry carnival,
Each placid pool a swallow 's kissing;
And yet, fair streams of April dreams
And gentle airs, you 've something missing,
You 've aye a something missing.

That Northern water leaping down
It lacks your April graces,
For still the chill packed snow-wreaths crown
The high and windy places;
There, up the brae and far away,
The little black-face lambs and ewes 'll
Bleat i' the cold, but there's my bold,
My unforgotten Water-ousel,
Dear dipping Water-ousel.

There, granite stone to granite stone,
He shows life an alert front;
There, sit or flit, he holds his own
In sable and white shirt-front;
He 'll dart and dash and in he 'll splash
And out, his tail one corky quiver;
Thus, Dove to Dee, still northward he
Bobs up in beck and burn and river,
In every burn and river.

But, when I walk by Thames or Test,
Or take a trout in Kennet,
Or dry a fly o'er Lambourn's breast
Or that of Pang, why, then it
Is clearly seen, is crystalline,
That I, of Walton's joys a sipper,
One of 'em miss, just this, just this,
His aunty little joy, the Dipper,
His dapper joy, the Dipper.

SILK.

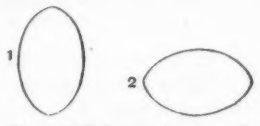
Very little, I find, is known by the ordinary female consumer about silk. Now that Mr. Winston Churchill's Budget gives me a reasonable excuse I propose to enlighten her ignorance.

I shall only deal in this article with natural silk, and reserve for some future occasion those varieties which are made of cotton, cottonette, silkette, wood-shavings, mercerised tinfoil, or by gumming the hair of the domestic cat on to a piece of cardboard or cloth.

Silk, like knowledge, came originally from the East, and has only been manufactured in Europe for about fourteen hundred years, a mere drop in the ocean of time. But here let me note a small error in the Chancellor of the Exchequer's otherwise brilliant speech last week. He stated that no natural silk is manufactured in this country. This is a mistake. I had a silkworm, many years ago, named Murgatroyd, which spun very nearly half a cocoon, and would, I think, have completed its appointed task if some one had not spilt benzine into the box. This little one-worm industry was started in the neighbourhood of a Midland town, and even to-day, when the ravages of wireless telegraphy have ousted home handicrafts, there must be many such small factories dotted about the land. But one cannot expect even a Chancellor of the Exchequer to be infallible.

To return to the story of silk. We are informed by the well-known Chinese writer Ha-wae-nan-tse that the first person to rear silkworms as a hobby was Se-ling-she, the principal queen of the Emperor Hwang-te (who lived in b.c. 2640), and that the Emperor himself was induced to invent robes and garments owing to this very circumstance. If that is so he has a lot to answer for.

It was more than three thousand years later when silkworms were first brought from China to Constantinople, carefully concealed in the luggage of two Persian monks. In Constantinople they spun their cocoons in the presence of the Emperor Justinian—it is strange how silk and empire seem always to have marched hand-in-hand—and this monarch afterwards gave every encouragement to the introduction of the valuable pest.



The figures I have drawn above represent two silkworm cocoons, one standing up and the other lying down; and I should have included also a picture of the Emperor Justinian (whose head was very much the same shape) if this article had not been finished too late to send out to an illustrator. It would be a far greater convenience to me by the way if the Budget were produced on a Monday rather than a Tuesday afternoon. But I make no complaints.

There are a very large number of species of silkworms, whose principal article of diet is the leaves of the mulberry-tree. But, following the example of Mr. Winston Churchill himself in dealing with the scale of import duties, I do not propose to examine them all in detail in the present paper. The common silkworm, known as the *Bombyx mori*, and to be distinguished carefully from the *Memento mori*, is domesticated in China, Bokhara, Afghanistan, Persia, Egypt, Italy, France, Hampstead and Spain. It makes an excellent, if undemonstrative, pet. I do not propose to discuss the *Boro Boloo* of Bengal, which produces a white and more fluffy cocoon than the *Bombyx mori*; still less the wild silkworm of the North-West Himalayas, which feeds on the indigenous mulberry of the mountain forests, but rarely, if ever, attacks mankind.

When about to spin its cocoon the silkworm ceases to eat (a point in which it compares favourably with workers in other textile industries, who often continue to masticate during the most delicate processes of manufacture), and about five days are occupied in the spinning of the cocoon. After this, if left to itself, the animal would change into a moth and eat its way out, thus preventing the proper reeling of the silk. The wary silk producer, however, is alive to this piece of sabotage, and prevents it by throwing the cocoon into boiling water, or else into an oven, preserving only as many male and female insects as are required for breeding purposes. This teaches the silkworm to know its place.

On the diseases to which the silkworm is subject, numerous as they are, I shall not linger unduly. Suffice it to mention that the most important are *muscadine*, *pebrine*, *flachesie*, *guttine* and *grasserie*. *Muscadine* is the result of a growth in the silkworm of a microscopic fungus named *Botrytis bassiona*. I think it must have been *muscadine* that Murgatroyd had.

We now come to the preparation of silk . . .

On second thoughts, we will not discuss the preparation of silk. Like all the more important textile operations it is absolutely impossible to understand, partly owing to the ridiculous nature of the terminology employed and partly owing to the confusing way in which the various threads or strands keep dodging about. A great deal more good would be done to the world, in my opinion, by an exhibition of slow-motion cinema films showing the manufacture of a piece of silk or cotton than by photographs of the legs of lady tennis-players slowly soaring up into the air like angels in order to smash a volley. As it is, even after a visit to a silk-mill, we are left very much in the dark in this matter, and not without a feeling of resentment at the number of times that such words as "bobbin," "hank," "warp," "woof" and "weft" have been introduced with a jarring effect into the dialogue.

Let us pass on, then, to statistics. 100 lb. of cocoons are usually raised from 1 oz. of eggs, and 12 lb. to 14 lb. of cocoons yield 1 lb. of raw silk, from which it will be easily seen that a larger number of moths perish in the production of a silk jumper than in the demolition of a fur coat. This is one of



Hostess. "I HOPE YOU HAD A GOOD NIGHT, MR. JONES?"
Jones. "PERFECT, THANKS—SLEPT LIKE A LOG."
Hostess. "AH! NATURAL SLEEP IS SUCH A BLESSING."

the laws of compensation which makes us wonder, when we think of it, not only at the inscrutable mysteries of nature but at the various ingenuity of the mind of man. We never did anything, I remember, with Murgatroyd's silk.

In 1901 the quantities of unmanufactured silk imported into the United Kingdom were:—

Knubs or husks and waste . .	48,162 cwt.
Raw	1,332,480 lb.
Thrown and spun	624,859 lb.

This was in the first year of the reign of KING EDWARD VII. when skirts were worn long and silk stockings seldom mentioned, except in music-halls as an improper joke. What the effect of the present Budget will be it is a little difficult to say. It may cause a revolution in the morals of the present drama or it may not. Personally I see no reason why women should wear silk, when thick woolly homespun would keep them far warmer in the winter, and black or white cotton look cool and attractive in the summer time. But in that case we should have a falling off of the estimated revenue and unemployment not only amongst silkworms, but amongst the various subsidiary operatives who depend for a living upon the labour of these gallant little vermin. I am inclined to think that a very considerable number of knubs will continue to be imported into this country and that the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER has judged rightly in selecting this particular industry for taxation.

I think I forgot to mention that the antennæ of the *Bombycidæ* are pectinated, and that vegetable silk, which, like silk cotton, is only suitable for stuffing, is made from the covering of the seeds of *Corisia speciosa*, a highly ornamental Brazilian tree. EVOE.

HUSBANDS AND WIVES.

VI.—THE DRAG ON THE WHEEL.

(Dorothy, *arriving for breakfast, helps herself to scrambled eggs and coffee.* Richard, *having blunted the edge of the morning with bacon and grilled tomatoes, is approaching the marmalade, and has already digested the weather report.*)

Dorothy. Good morning, dear.

Richard. Morning.

D. Any news?

R. Fair to middling. There is a depression off the south-west of Ireland.

D. Well, dear, let 's hope it will stay there.

R. Depressions never do. I have a feeling that this one will shortly be responsible for local showers. And only yesterday I left my umbrella in the train.

D. What a baby you are, Richard! You 'd be utterly lost without a wife.

R. (*shortly*). Not at all. I should buy a new umbrella.

D. You couldn't buy a new umbrella every day.

R. I shouldn't lose my umbrella every day. Why do I lose my umbrella? I 'm not naturally careless.

D. You 'll be saying next that you lose your umbrella because you are a married man.

R. Precisely.

D. Oh, come. You can't possibly make that out. I know it amuses you to pretend that married life is responsible for all your troubles. I don't mind, of course, because you don't really mean it. But I don't think you can prove it this time.

R. I forget my umbrella because as a married man my mind is full of the worries and responsibilities of an establishment. If I were a bachelor my mind would be free of care. I can't exactly remember why I forgot my umbrella. Probably I was thinking about the price of coal.

D. Did you never forget your umbrella in the days before you took the fatal step—I mean before you were married?

R. I don't remember.

D. (*cheerfully*). So that 's that. Seen your letters this morning?

R. There 's one from Aunt Rosina. She recommends "The Dolphin;" says it 's the most comfortable hotel in Torquay.

D. Isn't it rather expensive?

R. I expect it is. But we haven't had a holiday for ages and I can't ask you to put up at just any sort of place.

D. Please don't worry about me.

R. Of course I must worry about you. Personally I rather like a simple holiday—an inn by the wayside; no troublesome plans, but taking anything that comes along.

D. If you were a bachelor, of course.

R. I didn't say so.

D. But it was in your mind.

R. Well, if it comes to the point, there 's no avoiding it. I can't help being made as I am. I 'm by nature a vagabond. I like to roam about and take the rough with the smooth. But destiny has decreed otherwise.

D. And destiny means me. Poor old Richard! Is destiny so very terrible?



Cockney Child (*on Sunday-School outing, hearing cuckoo for the first time*). "THEY DO 'AVE SOME FUNNY WAYS IN THE COUNTRY, DON'T THEY, MISS?"
Teacher. "WHY, DEAR?"
Cockney Child. "I JUST 'EARD A CLOCK STRIKE SIXTEEN."

R. I 'm not complaining.

D. Of course not. It 's merely that you rather like to talk about it now and then.

R. (*dimly suspecting irony*). Please don't think I 'm reproaching you. That would be absurd.

D. I suppose so. After all, it 's as much your fault as mine.

R. My fault?

D. Well, you did *ask* me to marry you. It was a mistake, of course. But how was I to know? So I very stupidly said "Yes," and the mischief was done. I 'm sorry, Richard.

R. I 'm not blaming you, Dorothy.

D. (*meekly*). I ought to have refused you, Richard. I ought to have realised that yours was not a nature to be tied to a house and a wife. I ought not to have taken advantage of your youthful blunder. But again I ask you: how could I know? I was misled by appearances. Yet I ought to have been forewarned. Already you were getting a little stout.

R. (*outraged*). Stout? I never was stout.

D. It was the summer you sprained your ankle and could not take any exercise. You put on six pounds in as many months. So I accepted you, Richard. After all, I was only a young girl, and I was taken rather by surprise.

R. (*testily*). Don't be absurd, Dorothy. Anybody would think I regretted our marriage. I—er—don't regret it. You know quite well that I 'm—er—very fond of you, Dorothy. But a bachelor is a bachelor, and can do things that a married man is unable to do.

D. You 're not bound to stay in the best hotel in Torquay.

R. I am bound, morally bound, to provide in every way for the comfort of my wife.

D. Why not that pretty little inn just outside—where we used to lunch on fishing days?

R. I couldn't possibly ask you to stay there. Not a decent bottle of wine in the place.

D. But, Richard dear, you know quite well that I never drink it.

R. Besides there 's no hot water in the bathroom. You couldn't possibly do without a hot bath.

D. (*mildly*). I would venture to point out, dear Richard, that it isn't your pampered wife who steams herself in the bathroom every morning for half-an-hour.

R. You will need a hot bath occasionally, I suppose.

D. (*with resignation*). Very well, Richard; we won't go to that pretty little inn just outside.

R. (*feeling that somehow he has not quite justified himself*). A married man necessarily has a different standard of comfort. The question is no longer what is good enough for him. He has his wife to consider. He must be continually asking himself whether she has everything that she needs.

D. Very nice of you, Richard. And you might pass me the marmalade when you have a moment to spare.

R. (*passing the marmalade*). Now if I had been going away alone . . .

D. (*casually helping herself to marmalade*). Why not?



Intense Lady. "TELL ME—HAVE YOU EVER BEEN PSYCHOED?"

R. (*startled*). I beg your pardon?

D. Why not go away alone?

R. (*perceiving new dangers*). But, my dear, I couldn't possibly do that.

D. (*slyly*). There would be nobody to look after you, would there, Richard? Nobody to pack the trunks and write out the labels and hear how you went round the course in seven over bogey.

R. Now you're talking nonsense, my dear! Naturally, we must take our holiday together.

D. Why?

R. Husbands and wives usually do.

D. Not always.

R. It's the ordinary practice.

D. Then why not be extraordinary for once in a way? Go away by yourself. Be a bachelor, Richard. And then you can come back and tell how you like it.

R. Impossible. You surely don't imagine that I'm going to take a holiday, leaving you to grub away all by yourself at home.

D. But you needn't be leaving me at home, dear.

R. (*blankly*). I beg your pardon?

D. I could take a holiday too.

R. But where would you go?

D. There are lots of places.

R. My dear Dorothy, you know very well that I should be worrying about you all the time. I couldn't possibly leave you to fend for yourself.

D. It might be rather jolly—for a change.

R. (*sternly*). Dorothy, you've been reading too many of these modern books. I don't hold with these advanced ideas—husbands and wives flying off in opposite directions. It's the beginning of the end; the break-up of family life, bolshevism in the home.

D. Surely not for once in a way. Think how you would enjoy it.

R. You know very well that it's impossible. Why, it's only during the holidays that we have any real time to be companionable. (*With feeling*) I value those times together. I value them very highly.

D. Very well. But I insist on your having the holiday you really want—something hardy and bracing. You surely don't suppose I could be happy wallowing in a comfort which to you is hateful and degenerate. As you refuse to go away by yourself, there is only one possible alternative.

R. (*suspiciously*). And what is that?

D. We will rough it together, Richard.

R. Dorothy, it's not a bit of use your trying to be unselfish. I won't have it. You're not going to sacrifice yourself on my account.

D. But I *want* a simple holiday. Let's go on a walking tour together. We might take the train to Exeter and work down towards Land's End.

R. Nonsense, my dear. You're much too delicate.

D. I'm not delicate. And I promise you faithfully, Richard, that I'll do my thirty miles a day with pleasure.

R. Have you any idea what thirty miles is like?

D. I suppose one gets nicely tired towards the end of the day.

R. Nicely tired! You would be positively crippled. You simply don't realise what it means.

D. But the adventure; the luck of the road; the excitement of never knowing where, if anywhere, you will be laying your head in the evening; the frugal meal at the end of a heavy day . . .

R. (*putting his foot down*). Now, Dorothy, I'm beginning to see that it's not a bit of use my arguing with you. I



"DON'T WASTE NO MORE BREATH ON 'IM, JOE. IF YER MUST GET RID OF IT, COME HOME AN' BLOW THE KIDS' FOOTBALL UP."

must be really firm. I shall refuse to let you play ducks and drakes with your health. You need good food, gentle exercise and a quiet time. And you are going to have them. I decline to let you go slogging the roads like a gipsy. That sort of thing is all very well for men and boys. But it isn't good enough for my wife. You see what I mean?

D. (*innocently*). You mean—that you'll be walking alone after all?

R. I mean that I'm going to send a telegram at once—this morning.

D. A telegram?

R. Yes, my dear. To engage a comfortable suite of rooms at "The Dolphin."

Accommodating.

"English nurse requires post, light duties not objected to."—*Continental Paper.*

Stable Finance.

Newspaper placards observed side by side:—

"THE £. TO-DAY'S LEAP." "GUINEAS GALLOP."

PERSONAL.

I HAVE often wondered how many of those poignant notices in the Personal columns of the Press come in time and season to the eyes for which they were intended. The relatives, last heard of in Australia, of Isaac Inchpin, deceased—does the news really penetrate to them, as they squat beneath a burning sun, that application to Staid, Holdforth & Lumpett, Solicitors, of Lincoln's Inn, will reveal to them something to their advantage? I hope it does. I dearly hope it does. For Fate has thrust me suddenly into the position of wishing to communicate with somebody whose identity and whereabouts are alike a mystery to me, and what way is there for me other than the way of the solicitors of Isaac Inchpin?

Therefore I take this opportunity of declaring to the lady who, last Wednesday, between the hours of three and three-thirty P.M. bought a raincoat from the mantua-maker on the right-hand side of the Via dei Broccoli, in the city of Florence, Italy, that I am heartily and sincerely sorry for any share I had in the transaction.

If she is in any temper to hear more upon that head I would humbly lay the truth of the affair before her.

* * * * *

In spite of the record-holders' natural jealousy in the matter, there is no denying that the badness of the winter has not been confined to England. In most parts of Italy for the last three weeks it has rained steadily and with purpose. By last Wednesday it had rained enough to bring the Arno down in a whirling torrent and to unstick the collar of my waterproof to the extent of requiring a re-stitch in order to become seaworthy again.

Mine is the kind of waterproof that stamps me, if it should happen that my shoes were not testimony enough, as British. It is one of those garments that cannot be bought on the Continent, except for the price of rubies to suit an

American's whim. Because, of course, abroad they do not believe in waterproofs. They do not believe that anything ever comes out of the sky to warrant shrouding the human form, especially the female human form, in indiarubber and ugliness. Æsthetically speaking, there is something to be said for their point of view. But for the last three weeks it has been too downright wet for æsthetics. It has been the kind of weather in which the owners of waterproofs have had the laugh of the owners of umbrellas, and the owners of waterproofs by the celebrated British firm of McIntosh and McIntosh have had the laugh of the owners of all other waterproofs. For three weeks past it has been a source of quiet satisfaction to me that, when I was preparing against the winter's rages, I put down the extra guinea and made it a McIntosh.

The weather, however, having located the chink in even this irreproachable armour, I took it to a modest cloak-maker in the Via dei Broccoli, and was charmed, as usual, with the national willingness to undertake an insignificant piece of work. Business was evidently bad. The job was to be done not only *subito*, which does not, of course, mean anything particular except that the Italian behind the counter wishes you well, but actually *subitissimo*—in fact it was to be finished within an hour.

At three o'clock precisely I returned for the coat, and found it waiting, whole and inviting, on the back of a chair. I cast my eye over the collar, which was most satisfactorily itself again, and, having been treated with loving and fastidious courtesy, I exchanged a few *complimenti* with the shop-lady and passed out into the rain and so on down to the Ponte Vecchio.

It was five o'clock when I returned home, and took off my McIntosh and McIntosh and hung it up to dry. Only then did I happen to glance inside it and observe that its own distinguished trade-mark had been cut away, and the rather smarter tab of my mantua-maker, Spizzi Carolina, inserted in its stead. Scenting foul play, I hurried back to the Via dei Broccoli and, laying the garment once more upon the counter, I invited an explanation.

Spizzi Carolina, if she it was, heard me to an end with an ox-eyed innocence.

Yes, Signora, it was certainly her doing; but surely the Signora would not be annoyed about a little thing like that? She had not, she trusted, done the elegant coat any harm nor damaged its impermeability. Would the Signora grudge her, a poor woman, the present of a little label, which she had removed and stitched inside that old raincoat that had been hanging up in the shop for years, yes, ever since the days of the War, and which she had never been able to sell? Was not the Signora glad to hear that within half-an-hour, no more, of her leaving the shop, she had actually sold it to another Signora, a person so distinguished—an Inglese without doubt—with just so fine a carriage as the Signora's own? She had thought the Signora would be pleased that she had had this good fortune, she, a poor woman, with the old coat so long on her hands, and her three babies, and her husband out of work, and her ancient mother——

* * * * *

This is the story. And you, Madam Victim, who stepped into the mantua-maker's on the right-hand side of the Via dei Broccoli, in the City of Florence, Italy, between the hours of three and three-thirty last Wednesday afternoon, and have probably by now discovered what kind of a raincoat you bought as a McIntosh and McIntosh, please believe I am sincerely sorry.



Commissionaire (to pleasure-seekers). "DON'T MISS THIS MARVELLOUS FILM, SIR. I GUARANTEE IT 'LL FRIGHTEN YOU OUT OF YER LIFE."

Before the Cup Final:—

"One party arriving in the early hours brought its own jazz band, dressed carnival fashion, which performed to an amused crow at Euston."—*North-Country Paper.*

A bird notoriously partial to harsh music.



GETTING IN THE FIRST WORD.

Child (plaintively). "OH, MOTHER, CAN'T YOU KEEP ME UNDER CONTROL?"

IDOLS.

THE head of HINDENBURG is square,
Due to the way he does his hair,
And HINDENBURG is standing where
In former days he stood:
They made an idol long ago
To HINDENBURG, who beat the foe:
The people walked like ants below;
The statue was of wood.

The people walking up and down
Could honour HINDENBURG'S renown
By beating nails into his crown
Of varying price and grade;
Their worship to the god they lent
And, since the contributions went
Entirely to the Government,
No doubt the statue paid.

Time passed; the people found it odd
That HINDENBURG, although a god,
And now with nails entirely shod
And nailed in every limb,
Had failed to bring the business off
And Germany was in the trough;
His worshippers began to scoff;
That was the end of him.

Or so it seemed. The man retires;
The statue which the world admires
Is cut in bits for making fires:
How small a thing is fame!

The Germans, thinking some release
Was due from idols during peace,
Supposed they had been rather geese;
They had not learnt the game.

They had not learnt how little more
In days like these it proves a score
To win than lose a mighty war—
Though neither does much good.
The head of HINDENBURG is square,
Due to the way he does his hair,
And HINDENBURG is standing where
In former days he stood. EVOE.

MR. PUNCH REGRETS.

IN an article entitled "When Verse is Dry," which appeared in the issue of *Punch* for March 25th, the writer quoted the authority of *The New York Herald*, as reported in a London daily paper, for the statement that Messrs. SCRIBNER were about to publish an edition of the Bible in which, wherever the word "wine" occurred in the Authorised Version, the words "raisin cake" were to be substituted.

We now have the assurance of Messrs. CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS that they have no such intention. The false report seems to have arisen out of the fact that in the Shorter Bible, which they have already published, the substitution of "raisin cake" for wine occurs twice. But it only occurs twice, and in each case they were following the English Revised Version, which was published in England under high ecclesiastical authority forty years ago. We beg to offer our best apologies to Messrs. CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS for having repeated, and based a frivolous article upon, a statement which was incorrect.

Another Reverse for British Trade.

"The position at the moment is melancholy. At the beginning of this year every British film studio was closed."
Daily Paper.

"Charles I. created one of them [the BARDENELL-BRUCES] Earl of Ailesbury for his aid in promoting the Restoration."—*Daily Paper.*

For once CHARLES I. showed great foresight.

"Mr. ——, the Rubber Propagandist, in an interview, stated that there were great possibilities in China if she could produce locally cheap rubber scandals."
Straits Settlements Paper.

If we know anything of China's elastic conscience, she will.



THE PICTURE OF THE YEAR.

JOHN BULL. "AH—'A SUMMER EVENING,' BY WINSTON CHURCHILL. EXCELLENT. I PARTICULARLY LIKE THE TREATMENT OF DARBY AND JOAN. BUT I CAN'T HELP THINKING THAT A SECOND SWALLOW WOULD HAVE MADE THE TITLE MORE CONVINCING."

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Tuesday, April 28th.—Both Houses reassembled after the Easter Recess. In the Lords the chief business was Lord NOVAR'S Scottish Licensing Bill, which was frowned upon by all the three Front Benches, but nevertheless received a Second Reading. This may have been due to a powerful defence of "the trade" by the Bishop of DURHAM; not on personal grounds, of course—though his remark, "When my steps are led to Glasgow on a Saturday evening," sounded a little ambiguous—but for similar reasons to those which inspired Archbishop MAGEE'S famous declaration that he would sooner see England free than England sober.

Lord DARLING also secured the Lords' approval for the Protection of Birds Bill. It was nearly impaled on a split infinitive in the clause providing that a caged songster should have room "to freely exercise itself," but was rescued by Lord STUART OF WORTLEY, who declared, on the authority of Dean INGE, that the supposed solecism had the authority of the most famous English writers.

Mr. CHURCHILL had a splendid audience for his first Budget. The Peers' Gallery was so congested that Lord BALFOUR (now again Lord President of the Council) could find no room there. The Distinguished Strangers included Sir EDWARD CLARKE, the GOVERNOR OF THE BANK OF ENGLAND, Mr. HAROLD COX and other financial authorities. By Mr. CHURCHILL'S side on the Front Bench sat three ex-Chancellors, Mr. BALDWIN and the Brothers CHAMBERLAIN; on his flank was another, Sir ROBERT HORNE; and opposite two more, Mr. LLOYD GEORGE and Mr. SNOWDEN. On none of these distinguished predecessors however did his first glance rest when he entered the House, but on a small boy who sat in the Public Gallery with his mother and sister—Master RANDOLPH CHURCHILL.

The CHANCELLOR wasted little time in discussing the details of the past year's finance. He mentioned, however, that the revenue from beer had increased by a million—one proof, at any rate, that "the consuming power of our people is maintained."

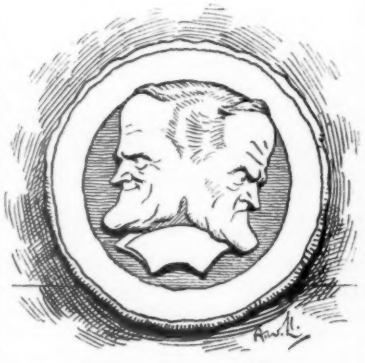
Having set forth his two objectives—"(i) The security of the home of the wage-earner against exceptional misfortune, and (ii) The encouragement of enterprise through a relief of the burdens resting upon industry," he explained that a prospective surplus of twenty-six millions was not enough. "It is imperative," he said, "that I should fortify the revenue," and, suiting action to word, he took a drink—to the huge delight of RANDOLPH junior.



APRIL WEATHER.

THE 29TH—SUNSHINE. THE 30TH—SHOWERS.

The remainder of the speech rather resembled a cross-word puzzle, "Across" being represented by proposed increases in taxation, and "Down" by remissions and other boons. But the whole was skilfully interwoven, and it was easy to follow the clues. Thus the increase in death-duties was balanced by a reduction in super-tax, and the new impost on luxuries (ranging, appropriately, from silk stockings to hops) by concessions to the possessors of "earned" income.



THE LABOUR JANUS.

(After a Roman coin).

TUESDAY'S FACE AND WEDNESDAY'S FACE.

MR. PHILIP SNOWDEN.

Twenty years ago the Unionists talked about Old Age Pensions, but funked the cost and left the Liberals to earn credit with the electorate by introducing them. Mr. CHURCHILL evidently does not mean to let his old (and new) party make the same mistake again. His scheme for widows' and other pensions is of the most far-reaching character. "Ninepence for fourpence" has been completely outdone. A man of sixty who begins to pay his fourpence a week now will get something like sixteen shillings and eightpence a week in return. "Such are the miracles of nation-wide insurance," said Mr. CHURCHILL, with a special tribute to Mr. LLOYD GEORGE, its originator.

As time sped on and Mr. CHURCHILL said nothing about the standard rate of income-tax, some Members must have feared that the expected sixpence was not to be forthcoming and that they were to be treated as the *Friend of Humanity* treated the *Needy Knife-Grinder*. But at last came the announcement, and so ended one of the clearest, best-delivered and most interesting Budget-speeches of modern times.

It elicited charming compliments from Mr. SNOWDEN, who was sure that, if the spirits of the departed visited their old haunts, Lord RANDOLPH'S must be rejoicing over his son's success; and from Mr. LLOYD GEORGE, who saw in the Budget the working of "an ingenious, resourceful and exceedingly audacious mind." Both took exception to the Protectionist flavour of some of the new taxes and both approved (with reserve) the insurance proposals. Mr. JACK JONES, however, would have nothing to do with a contributory scheme. With his usual engaging frankness he announced that he drank beer and therefore already paid more than his share of national taxation.

Wednesday, April 29th.—Mr. CHURCHILL is too old a Parliamentarian to be deceived by the compliments that were paid him yesterday into supposing that his Budget was going to have an easy passage. But less experienced Members must, I think, have been surprised by the facility with which Mr. SNOWDEN transformed the bouquets of Tuesday into the brickbats of Wednesday, and the calculated ferocity with which he hurled them at the CHANCELLOR'S head.

First, having given himself an ap-

proving pat on the back for the accuracy of his estimates last year, he expressed doubts as to whether his successor would turn out an equally good prophet. The argument that sixpence off the income-tax would lead to the revival of trade, was dismissed as a sort of thing only fit for perorations—"places where speakers said things they could not prove." To his own peroration, I observe, Mr. SNOWDEN relegated the remark that "no more of a rich man's Budget has ever been presented."

This description was not endorsed by Sir ALFRED MOND, who pleasantly remarked that Mr. SNOWDEN's anger was due to jealousy of the present Government for bringing in an insurance scheme which the Labour Party had talked about but had not the skill to carry out. His own criticisms were however sharp enough.

Sir ROBERT HORNE had nothing but good to say of Mr. CHURCHILL's remissions and as a practical man quite approved of the new duties which the previous speakers had condemned. But he too was doubtful whether industry, which already provided some sixty millions a year for health and unemployment, could support the further burden which Mr. CHURCHILL proposed. He feared it might prove the last straw.

Thursday, April 30th.—The Commons learned with satisfaction from Lord EUSTACE PERCY that he had no intention to compel British school-children to learn Esperanto or any other international language; and from Mr. NEVILLE CHAMBERLAIN that seventy thousand houses had been "completed" under the Act that he passed two years ago.

It is fortunate for Mr. CHURCHILL that his critics do not see eye to eye with one another. Mr. RUNCIMAN traversed Sir A. MOND's attitude to the gold-standard, and refused to adopt Mr. SNOWDEN's description, "a rich man's Budget," preferring the term "a *rentier's* Budget." His chief objection was to the duty on silk. It would not make Mr. CHURCHILL more popular in France or, he thought, in England.

A lively reply came from the SECRETARY OF THE TREASURY, who revealed an astonishing acquaintance with feminine tastes in dress, and the relative advantages and drawbacks of artificial silk, cotton and lisle thread.

From another point of view Miss WILKINSON and Mr. MACDONALD took up this theme; the former declaring that the silk-tax hit the poor more hardly than the rich, and the latter asking rhetorically why working-women should be compelled to be dowdy and frowsy.

At ten o'clock Mr. CHURCHILL rose to wind up the debate, and, to judge from his opening sentences, to enjoy the congenial task of knocking his critics' heads together. But a section of the Labour Party was evidently determined not to afford him the chance. A casual remark—almost a truism—to the effect that it was the interest of Trade Unionists not to encourage the professional "dole"-hunter, gave them their chance. Cries of "Shame!" "Withdraw!" and "Divide!" drowned Mr. CHURCHILL's attempts to resume his speech. The CHAIRMAN endeavoured in vain to secure him a hearing; and Mr. MACDONALD made no effort, so far as one could gather, to restrain his Hooligans. At last Mr. CHURCHILL sat down. Order was restored, oddly enough, by Mr. SAKLATVALA with a characteristic speech attacking all parties indiscriminately; and then—strange climax!—the Budget resolution was passed *nem. con.*



The McPhœnix. "I WONDER HOW OFTEN I SHALL BE EXPECTED TO REPEAT THIS STUNT?"

"A Good Iron Dresser . . . Society men only need apply."
"Wanted" Advt. in Provincial Paper.

Must be men of blood as well as iron.

DRAMATISTS, PLEASE NOTE.

I HAVE received one of the most dangerously fascinating presents that anyone could give; and it comes from practically total strangers—gentlemen whose names I have, it is true, long known in connection with their agreeable business and in particular with a slogan that is half boast and half divination; gentlemen whose services I have employed and shall now probably employ more frequently; but, none the less, gentlemen with whom I am not on such terms as ever to expect a gift from them.

Briefly, it is a portly album containing the seating plans of every London theatre.

How long these books of fate have been circulated in this way I have not a notion; mine is the first I ever saw outside a ticket-office. But you see how welcome and ingenious and insidious is this tribute, because although, as it is, it is often an exciting enough experience to ring up for seats, how much more thrilling to have before your eyes as you ring the exact spot where you will be sitting! Such words as "Thirteen and Fourteen, Row D," when spoken in the dark, so to speak, convey very little information; you don't know how long Row D is; you don't know from which end it is numbered. How much stronger your position when you can ask for exactly what you know you would like best, and perhaps get it! Of course I am not talking about impossibilities like *No, no, Nanette*, for which I understand there are no seats till October, but one of those reasonably popular plays that can be seen on an impulse.

Until October comes I must be satisfied with such accounts of this masterpiece as I can collect from those who booked their places before it was written, and with such memories of the strains of "Tea for Two" as I have failed to exorcise. Thus armed, and with the plan of the Palace Theatre open before me, and the two seats which I should purchase if I could plainly visible, I must do what I can to construct the entertainment. Not having been born yesterday I have a certain idea as to how Mr. GEORGE GROSSMITH utters and how Mr. JOSEPH COYNE dances: I am familiar with the jaunty self-assurance of the one and the debonair gracelessness of the other; but I cannot with any certainty re-create the vivacity and unexpectednesses of Miss BINNIE HALE.

Seriously, though, this book is a terrible snare; and if, after many years



Excited Knight-Errant. "BOY! RUN QUICKLY AND BRING AN ARMOURER! THERE IS A DEED OF DARING TO DO HERE AND SOME OF MY BOLTS HAVE GOT RUSTED IN."

of moderate interest in the stage, I suddenly become a confirmed playgoer, Messrs. Blank, Blank & Co. will have only themselves to blame.

But for the full enjoyment of Messrs. Blank, Blank & Co.'s boon the dramatists must come into line. Just now they are all in fault; they all make the same mistake, which everyone must have deplored. They begin too soon. I don't mean that the curtain rises too soon; there must be a definite hour and it is well to keep to it; but either the interest of the play begins too soon and must be delayed, or some means must be devised by which late-comers can be informed of what has happened. As it is, nothing is done for the late-comers at all; and both they and we suffer. What difficulties they have undergone and overcome before they can reach the theatre at all, who shall say? That there must have been many is certain, for nobody would come late and cause so much discomfort on purpose: not merely for a second liqueur. Their expressions of regret—"Sorry to trouble you"—prove that. But late they are, and they suffer for it by losing ten or fifteen minutes of the play and getting to their seats—which, remember, they have been to the pains of booking in advance and paying for—only with a struggle; while we who were punctual also suffer by being buffeted, disarranged and trampled upon and in the process having our grip on the story relaxed.

Recent visits to the play convince me that lateness is on the increase. At *The Farmer's Wife* the other evening, for example, the curtain rose on stalls half empty. But in the first ten minutes several of them were filled, and in twenty minutes there was not a gap. Not a gap! Considering that the Court Theatre has to be reached either by foot, train, cab, 'bus or private car, this is a very notable achievement. But, since the Court has been provided with seats which flap and bang with a curious resonance, the effect of each arrival on Mr. EDEN PHILLPOTTS' comedy is, in a manner of speaking, disturbing. Both its humour and its plot are endangered.

Now what I want to know is why does not Mr. PHILLPOTTS provide some inessential amusing stop-gap stuff for those first twenty minutes, so that we can all start fair when the last straggler is settled and the last seat has clattered? And all the other dramatists—why cannot they be induced to do so too, if not for the sake of the late-comers, then for the sake of those others who, when they go to a play, like to hear it all, from overture to "God Save the King"? (only I observe that in certain theatres, the Court for one and the St. Martin's for another, the time-honoured custom of finishing with the National Anthem has been allowed to drop out). Those who are ready and eager for the rise of the curtain, being the dramatists' best friends, surely are worth a little consideration. So let there be a quarter-of-an-hour's preamble which can be missed without detriment, and then everyone will be pleased.

If there were any chance of punctuality becoming the rule, one would not mind. As there is not, let the dramatists recognise the situation and grapple with it. Otherwise there will have to arise a manager strong enough to close the doors as the curtain goes up—as they do at the Queen's Hall. But this would be solely for the sake of the punctual ones and is therefore an incredible thought.

To return to my book of plans, I am thinking of putting it to a further use and, by marking the seats that I occupied, the name of the play and the date, making a personal theatrical record of it. No one can keep a diary, but anyone might discipline himself to go as far as that. The practice should help you enormously in recollecting the events of each evening—if you want to. E. V. L.

THE SINGING POLICEMAN.

I was just going out to post some belated letters at the pillar-box. It was a glorious night, and I stood on my doorstep gazing at the Man-in-the-Moon and wondering why he always looks,



SENTIMENT.

in London, as though he spoke with a Cockney accent.

Suddenly the strains of a soft rich-toned tenor came floating faintly over my front-garden palings and I recognised the air of "I'll sing thee so-ongs of Araby-y-y."

Street-music is prohibited in the Square, but the stern though mis-spelt notice announcing this was hidden by the deep shade of overhanging plane-trees. The singer however was no beery-throated wastrel; he knew his job, and was putting a lot of feeling—almost a *tremolo*—into every note. The moment too was romantic. Filmy clouds fluttered across the listening moon like moods across a pretty woman's face, and the stars twinkled more brightly even than the picture-palace lights in the adjacent main street.

Nearer and nearer came the gentle melody, and what piqued my curiosity was that no footfalls accompanied it to betray its human origin. Like the ship-wrecked *Ferdinand* in *The Tempest* I asked myself, "Where should this music be? i' the earth or the air?" A very *Ariel* seemed at work transforming the dingy square into an isle of mystery and enchantment.

Softly I opened my gate, intrigued to discover whence came this elfin minstrelsy, and, stepping forth, ran into—a policeman!

As suddenly as a switched-off gramophone the singing stopped and the familiar uniformed figure gave way before me with a muttered "Beg pardon, Sir," quite different from the dulcet tones of a second ago. I had scarcely time to mumble something about the night being fine, when he was gone; noiseless and rubber-soled and merging stealthily into the obscurity of the shadows.

But he did not resume his serenading—if such it was—and no sound now broke the midnight stillness except a snoring solo from the open window of a neighbouring second-floor front. A singing policeman! I laughed aloud. The thing somehow seemed so extraordinary, so very funny. A bobby bursting into song—on duty too. What a scream! Well, no, scarcely that, for his voice was soft and tuneful. But still, a *policeman!* I *ask* you.

And yet why should it seem so comic? Why shouldn't policemen sing? Sailors, even if only Volga boatmen, sing at their work; it is almost expected of them: "Yeo-heave-er-ho!" and so forth. And soldiers too; though the acoustics of the trenches, to say nothing of the *capriccioso* effect produced by wearing a gas-mask, are trying to a musician. But a policeman on night-duty—the thing struck one as having no precedent. Somehow one never considers the Force in connection with *arias*—at any rate spelt like that—and ballads don't seem to fit in with bull's-eye lanterns or carols with constabulary duty.

Of course there was GILBERT'S *Sergeant* in *The Pirates*, but modern policemen seldom come in contact with anything so romantic as pirates, except when on point-duty in a 'bus-choked thoroughfare. *Dogberry* didn't sing, though it 's true that the old watchmen had a melodious cry: "Past four o'clock and a rainy mor—ning!" But nowadays, if there 's one thing more than another that people don't want to be reminded of when they 're snug in bed it is the weather.

Still, after all, why shouldn't a policeman sing on his beat in Bayswater? Songs in the street at night are inevitably associated with cats, so why not with cat-burglars? Perhaps the man was a decoy? Or it may have been just the artistic temperament in uniform. For Music, Painting and the Dance are sister-arts; and was there not once a constable who challenged unavoidable comparison with an older Master by running his pictures in to the Royal Academy? And we know how the dancing of sub-divisional-inspectors is admired in the night-clubs of Soho.

But are the English really so musical a nation that their very policemen sing? In Paris recently I saw an *agent* who, I felt sure, was singing, though one's hearing is not at its best in the *inferno* that they still call the *Champs Élysées*. His mouth was certainly open and his jaws were moving convulsively, while he seemed to be beating time with a fat little white *bâton*. It is possible, of course, that this may only have been his method of controlling the traffic; still, his gestures were musical. In Italy too, where the policemen all look like opera-singers as they walk about in pairs wearing plumed cocked-hats, no one would be surprised to hear them suddenly breaking into duets, say from *Roberto il Diavolo*.

And then, again, singing not only expands the chest but it stirs the finer feelings and allays the criminal instinct. If I had been a blackmailer, for instance, I might have been touched by this tenor instead of touching somebody else, and I should probably have melted into tears and torn up my ill-gotten cheques or endorsed them "Return to drawer."

Decidedly policemen should sing. But what? Let our composers get busy at once with "Song-cycles for Station-Sergeants," or "Canzonets for



JAZZ.

Constables" or "Folk-songs for the F Division." Not that I considered my own policeman's selection as inappropriate. Far from it. He sang "Songs of Araby" with feeling and conviction. He was no commonplace "copper," no soulless "slop," but an artist; and as he



Gladys. "MUMMY, DADDY TAKES TWELVES IN SHOES BECAUSE HE HAS BIG FEET, DOESN'T HE?"
Mummy. "YES, DEAR."
Gladys. "AND YOU TAKE TWOS BECAUSE YOU HAVE LITTLE FEET?"
Mummy. YES, DARLING."
Gladys. "THEN WHY DOES DADDY HAVE HUGE HANDKERCHIEFS AND YOU TINY ONES, MUMMY?"

sang he probably pictured himself as a Sheikh—ardent, amorous, a swinger of Infidel fair ones across his shoulder, his beat the illimitable desert, his helmet a jewelled turban, his boots—but here the largest imagination might be strained.

Reflections like these were drifting pleasantly through my brain as, my letters posted, I reopened my front-gate. Then all at once I heard the voice again, but coming now from the opposite side of the Square, muted and refined by the intervening lamp-posts and laburnum-bushes. Glowing with anticipation, I stopped once more to listen.

"'Way back to ole Kentucky,
I'd like to cut my lucky,
Back to my ole Kentucky ho—ome!"

Great Scotland Yard! the fellow was bawling rag-time—ragtime! as though my respectable Bayswater Square were a common dancing-hall in Bond Street or St. James's. "Infamous!" I said to myself; "and, what 's more, tending to a breach of the very peace that he 's supposed to guard? I'll report him to the Inspector first thing to-morrow morning." And I went in and slammed the door.

SUN-WORSHIP AT STRUBBY.

["The managers of the village school of Strubby, in Lincolnshire, have posted upon the door of the school an intimation embodying their loyalty to Sun time and their defiance of the Summer Time Act."
Manchester Guardian, April 30th.]

Oh, say not that our rural life
Is void of noble themes
That rouse the clarion and the fife
And prompt to daring dreams;
You cannot call it mean and grubby
In face of this affair at Strubby.

The population is but small—
Two hundred souls all told;
But they are people, one and all,
Cast in heroic mould,
Not living lazily or sloppily,
But like the Spartans of Thermopylæ.

The men, although no more they wear
The garb of Lincoln green,
Are stalwart, and the maids are fair
But resolute of mien;
The children are red-cheeked and chubby—
There are no squalid slums in Strubby.

And now we see them, stern and staunch,
United in revolt
Under the chiefs who dare to launch
A genuine thunderbolt
At those who for nefarious reasons
Have monkeyed with our times and seasons.

Yes, here is something quite unique
In days of lassitude,
A parallel to which we seek
In the unconquered mood,
Ingenium nulli secundum,
Of *Athanasius contra mundum.*

The upshot of this fearless act
Is for a while obscure;
But, viewing the accomplished fact,
Of this at least we 're sure,
That naught unworthy, mean or scrubby
Will soil the splendid name of Strubby.

"It is officially estimated that on March 10 last 3,064,844,598,270 marks of the old Polish currency had still not been exchanged for the new zlotys. After April 31 banknotes in marks will no longer be redeemed, and will have no value."—*Daily Paper.*

Unfortunately we missed the date.

AT THE PLAY.

"ON WITH THE DANCE" (LONDON PAVILION).

"There was a sound of revelry by night [the start, at eight o'clock, being a little too early for our stomachs' comfort],
And England's capital had gathered then
Her Beauty and her Chivalry [including quite a number of smart people] and bright
The lamps shone o'er fair women and brave men [giving us the rare chance of reading our programmes];
A thousand hearts [anyhow it was a very full house] beat happily; and when
Music arose with its voluptuous swell [namely, Mr. ERNEST THESIGER in mauve evening clothes, with hat to match],
Soft eyes [belonging to Mlle. DELYSIA as a *Cosmopolitan Lady* at the Café de la Paix] looked love to eyes which spake again,
And all went merry as a marriage bell [or else a Free Love saxophone] . . .
On with the dance! let joy be unconfined!"

AND so it was. I have seldom heard such enthusiasm, though I wouldn't go so far as to say that it was very intelligent or that it distinguished very nicely between the subtleties of Mr. NOEL COWARD'S humour and his condescension to the broad and vulgar-obvious. Thus the house was enormously pleased with a scene in which Mr. THESIGER in turn condescended to be one of two actors, disguised as women, who undressed for bed before our eyes. And they seemed to appreciate very keenly a reproduction of the Gaiety *pas de quatre* of 1888, and another of the Moulin Rouge of the same period, though not one in ten of them had ever seen the originals.

Not enough use was made of the admirable sense of humour possessed by a large number of the cast; but there was a clever couple of scenes (pleasantly introduced by Mr. THESIGER in a preface before the curtain) showing the contrasted attitudes of the New Poor and the New Rich towards the same catastrophic event in the domestic circle—the first escapade of the family flapper, followed by her devastating enunciation of the doctrine of Free Love. Miss HERMIONE BADDELEY'S humour was excellent here and elsewhere. And there was a really funny burlesque of a musical comedy treatment of a vicarage garden-party ("*Fête Galante*").

For myself, I found the most excruciating fun of all in the one scene that was designed to be taken *au grand sérieux*. Here a rich young girl, addicted to frivolous courses, and now in act to join a gay company of wasters at a night club, is solemnly exhorted by her maid (Mlle. DELYSIA, of all people) to desist from pursuing the primrose path. This turn, which might have been called "Off with the Dance," was a curious reflection on the greater part of an entertainment in which dance followed dance in a swift succession that left us dazed.

Acrobacy and contortion were the



"FÊTE GALANTE."
Nellie . . . . MISS HERMIONE BADDELEY.
The Curate . MR. ERNEST THESIGER.



"CRESCENDO."
The Film Star . . MLLE. ALICE DELYSIA.
Bobo . . . . . M. LEONIDE MASSINE.

chief motives; there was little attempt at grace and charm, and many of the men's feats were frankly hideous. Once, when we were offered a promise of beauty in the manner of *Les Sylphides*, it gave way immediately to the modern vogue of ugliness. This scene, entitled "Crescendo," is apparently intended to illustrate the gospel of M. MASSINE, who was responsible for its choreography; and an excerpt from that gospel is set out in the programme. The humour of it would seem to be undesigned, though you might at first suppose that it was meant for satire. "In an age," we are told, "when the romance of Machinery is superseding the lilies and languors of Victorianism, Art must of necessity reflect the angular tendencies of the time. Man becomes a puppet, and Beauty a slave to the new forms of the relentless progress of civilization . . . The general tranquillity of 'Les Sylphides' is rudely shattered by the insistent clamour of modernity. . . . MASSINE as the Spirit of the age dominates the scene, and his puppets jig to the tune of cocktails and jazz."

I don't know how the "romance of Machinery," which came in long before "the lilies and languors" of the last generation, bears upon the question. And, if we are to talk of jazz as reflecting the "new forms of the relentless progress of civilisation," is this novelty so very new? What of the ancient choreographic traditions of the African negro? Is M. MASSINE sufficiently grateful to his predecessors in the art of this kind of orgy?

"The Rake" was a clever impression of the grotesqueries of the HOGARTH period; and here the dances (arranged by M. MASSINE) weren't really much uglier than his illustrations, in "Crescendo," of modern developments. Yet M. MASSINE can give us beauty when he chooses, as in the scene of "A Hungarian Wedding;" but that was probably a concession to the weaklings; he knows something better than that.

This, I own, is heavy stuff to write of so light an entertainment; but my excuse is the portentous tosh they talk about Art being compelled to conform to "the spirit of the age" and "the relentless progress of civilization." What have the Great Arts—and I suppose M. MASSINE counts his own among them—what have the Great Arts, which mock our little span of life, got to do with the freaks and vulgar little vices of any particular period—with cocktails, for instance, or any other "spirit of the age"?

Mlle. DELYSIA didn't dance, but she did everything else, and we saw a great deal of her—in more senses than one. She was at her best in "Travelling Light"—a night scene in a Continental train—where her nice sense of comedy tempered the crudity of the idea. Mr. ERNEST THESIGER, as I hinted, stooped to conquer, and (after *St. Joan*) had

sometimes to bend rather low for it. Mr. NOEL COWARD, who made the book, hadn't to stoop quite so far, having already shown himself an authority on "Fallen Angels." His lyrics (as far as they reached me) seemed above the average in their kind; but in his dialogue he accommodated his wit to the conditions, seldom attempting more refinement than a Pavilion audience could bear.

The costumes were admirably designed and without extravagance, and the *décor*, handled with sound economy, was never allowed to distract attention from the performance itself. In the one scene—HOGARTH'S *Rake*—where some imagination was demanded, both the setting and the costumes were in the capable hands of Mr. WILLIAM NICHOLSON.

The whole entertainment was carried through with the extreme of *verve* and vivacity; and there was every indication that it will grip the popular heart for an indefinite period. I hope so for the sake of what Mr. COCHRAN, in a little speech, described as his "renaissance." I trust that the title of his new show, taken from BYRON'S lines on the Night before Waterloo, will serve for a good omen, and that the first night of *On with the Dance* will prove to be the eve of a resounding triumph.

O. S.

MR. CHURCHILL AND THE ENTENTE.

FAR be it from me to criticise the Budget. As Budgets go, it is doubtless a very good one. It includes nearly all the unexpected things my daily newspaper told me it would.

No, it is not because I am disappointed with or hostile to the Budget that I venture to make a respectful suggestion to Mr. CHURCHILL. I have searched the Budget in vain for any mention of assistance to our gallant ally, France, and yet I feel it could be so easily included, and at the same time bring down blessings on Mr. CHURCHILL'S head from the British taxpayer.

Our trouble at home, as Mr. CHURCHILL recognises, is that our taxation in the past has been too heavy; while the trouble with France is that she is incapable of collecting the taxes that she has levied. Why should not the British Government make a real gesture of friendship? Let Mr. CHURCHILL lend the French for one year our own Inland Revenue Department—inspectors, supervisors, the whole jolly lot, including the man who keeps sending me forms about once a week. Let them all go to France.

The fillip caused to our own trade by such a breathing-space would put it even more firmly on its feet than the whole of Mr. CHURCHILL'S present proposals; while the problem of collecting taxes, which the French apparently find so difficult, would be solved for them by the greatest experts that the world has ever seen.

I present this idea to Mr. CHURCHILL in an entirely non-party spirit; and, while of course I should like it to be suitably recognised, yet even if it is not, so long as it is acted on, I shall feel well rewarded with twelve months' freedom from the attentions of the gentlemen who send out the different coloured forms.



"SATISFIED WITH THE BUDGET, CHARLIE?"
"YUS. SHAN'T 'AVE TO PAY SO MUCH CONSCIENCE-MONEY NOW."

". . . The bulk of the churchyard belongs to the Middle Temple. The two Inns have now put their heads together, and are busy covering the black waste with crazy pavement."
Morning Paper.

But it was SYDNEY SMITH who first thought of this method of paving.

"The —— Angling Club had their first competition of the season yesterday. . . . There was a good tipple from the east in the early part of the day. . . . On the whole conditions were fairly good."—*Scots Paper.*

They certainly sound all right.

FRANCIS TOP.

[Among the old English houses that have recently come on the market is Broxtow Hall, four miles from Nottingham, "bestowed by William Cavendish, first Earl of Newcastle, on Francis Top," as a reward for loyal service during the Civil War.]

When men fell out—as men will fall
Who have little else to do—
And the land was cleft by that bitter brawl
Of sixteen-forty-two,
Some cocked a caliver for King Charles,
For Noll some bared a blade,
But the men of the Trent they turned their noses
Where my Lord Newcastle bade.

What did they reck of Parliament,
Of Noll what did they know?
Enough it was for the men o' the Trent
To go where my lord said "Go!"
And Francis Top went where he said,
To do what he would have done;
When my lord's men fought at York and Lincoln
Then Francis Top was one.

To him Old Noll was an uncouth name
And the King but a glistering word;
But my lord—well, Alexander's fame
Was dim to that of my lord.
Not yet had he proved his valiant mind
By wedding a poetess,
But north o' the Trent he was chief of the army,
And south he was little less.

My lord's men marched through the winter mire,
Through the summer dust marched they;
Sometimes they answered the Roundhead fire,
Sometimes they ran away;
But till Marston Moor he never lost
His faith serene and blind;
Then heart-sick he hied him beyond the ocean,
And Top was left behind.

Now, wot you, my lord had taken heed
Of honest Frank of yore,
In the good quiet days ere the dragon's seed
Was sown all England o'er;
And when to Antwerp he had passed
It came unto his ken
That the fellow had lost his beeves and acres,
Like scores of loyal men.

When the King returned in happy case
And old wrongs were made right,
My Lord Newcastle became His Grace,
To his lady's vast delight;
Then the towers of the Trent rang merry chimes
As if they would never stop;
And the Duke took thought to reward his henchmen,
Not least of them Francis Top.

To honest Frank he did assign
A house upon Broxtow lea;
"Good fellow," he said, "this place is thine
And thy children's after thee."
Pasture and cornland, barn and garth,
Orchard and beechen copse,
And the grey stone house with the great black rafters
Thenceforth were Francis Top's.

So the King enjoyed his own again
And His Grace enjoyed his own,
And the loyal folk o' the Trent were fain
That the storm was over-blown.

I think that Francis drank to the King,
To the Duke he drank I'll swear,
At his manor of Broxtow hard by Nottingham
In the Restoration year.

D. M. S.

THE NEXT WAR.

The next war (you've heard, of course, that there's going to be another war? Everyone's saying so) is going to be a most horrible business. It is to be held entirely in the air; and there will be nothing on earth to do but die. There will be no safe place left except deep down in the waters under the earth or right up in the sky, higher than where the war is coming from, and this of course will be inaccessible because of the war. So you will just inhale your ration of stink bomb like a man (or woman) and die like a dog. There will be no khaki, no heroes, no brass bands, no waving of handkerchiefs, no "Tipperary," no casualty lists, no *Army Gazette*, no white feathers, no profiteers, no coupons—none of the things that make a war exciting or even excusable. For the war will be over in a few days. One bomb—one city wiped out.

And it is on the way now. Why it is on the way I cannot tell you; nor can anyone else. But it is. Everyone is getting ready for it. That is to say, everyone is arranging to have plenty of aeroplanes and plenty of filthy things for the aeroplanes to drop all over everyone else. Which is all anyone can arrange; for obviously you can't do anything about the sky. The sky is an enormous place and entirely devoid of suitable sites for trenches and funk-holes, and consequently a hopelessly unsporting place to hold a war in. And it is terribly hard to hit things in the sky from the land, even if you get a fair shot at them; and when you are asphyxiated before you've taken aim it becomes clearly impossible.

So there's no use bothering about guns.

As for the sea, it won't come into the war a bit. A person who talks about ruling the waves will be looked on as a colossal imbecile. Anyone can have the sea and do what he likes with it. It will be as easy to drop bombs on ships as on streets.

And then there'll be nobody left in the world but the people who won the war from the sky. What will happen to them I cannot say. It is awkward work signing treaties in the air; and obviously none of these people will dare to land while the others are still flying about with poison bombs to drop on them. Presumably they'll all have to go on flying about until they crash for want of petrol. But we are not concerned with them. We are concerned only with ourselves; wondering what to do.

There is only one thing to do. I have found it myself this last week—in the sky. It is to abolish aeroplanes by every form of national and international law. To clear the sky once more; to give it back to the birds and the sun and the moon and the stars; to be content to be sick on the sea rather than in the air; to endure the discomforts of our forefathers rather than invent new ones for ourselves; to go back to the land and down to the sea in ships.

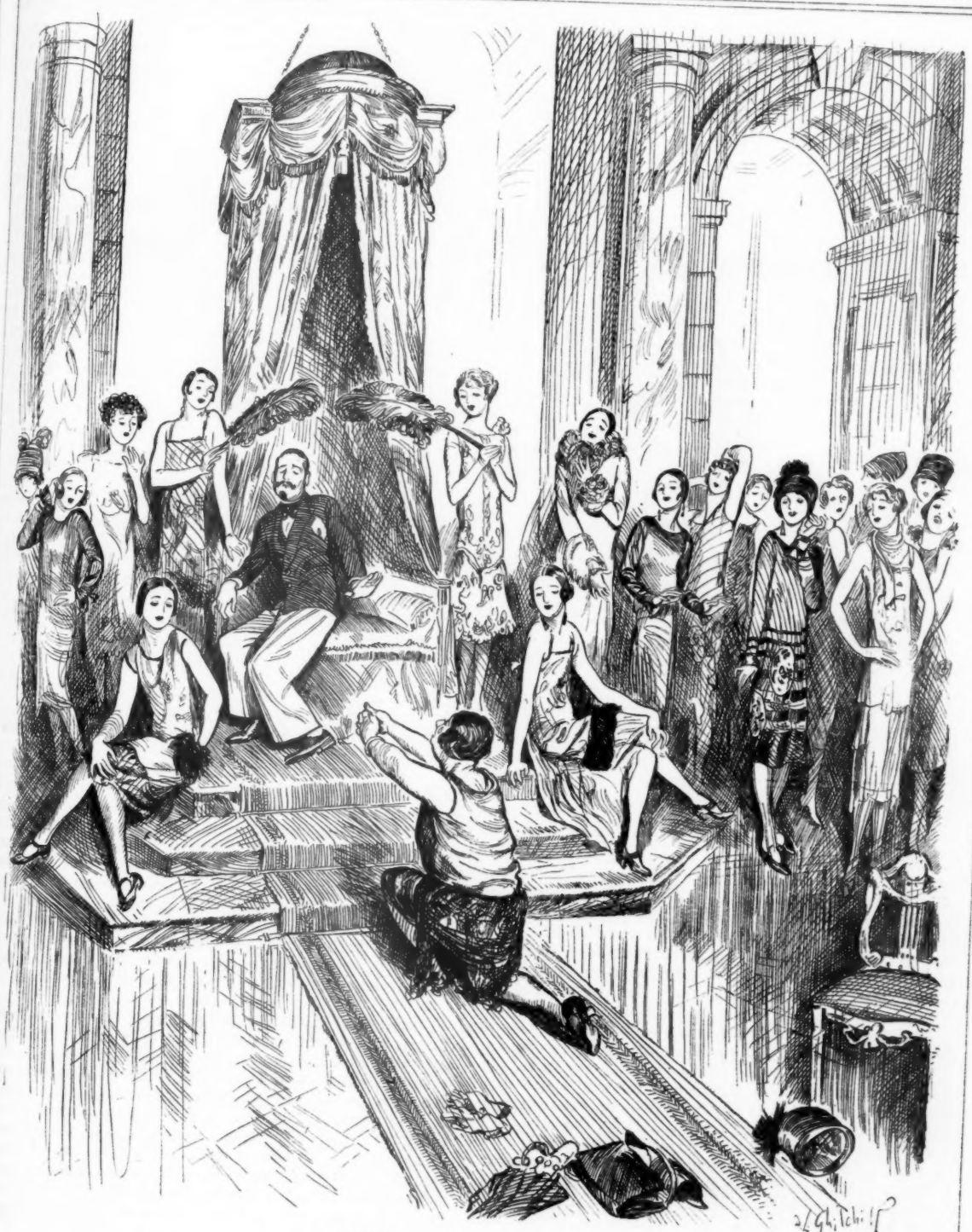
The Reward of Merit.

At a meeting of a Nursing Association:—

"Letters of appreciation of Nurse ——'s services were read. On the motion of the secretary it was decided to provide Nurse with a bath."
Local Paper.

"Many complaints were paid to the retiring president for his varied abilities. It was declared that he could discuss with equal facility the history of the Oxford movement or the metaphysics of the Oxford trousers."—*Scots Paper.*

Then we can understand one of the "complaints."



MANNERS AND MODES.

SCENE—*Throne-Room of Fashion-King.*

MONARCH REFUSING TO ACCEPT EXALTED LADY AS CLIENT OWING TO HER UNFASHIONABLE PROPORTIONS.



"'OW BE YOU GETTIN' ON WI' THAT LEDDY AS TOOK THE OLD FARM NEX' TO YOU?"
"WULL, SHE BOUGHT OLD JOE'S SPAVINED MARE AN' MY OLD 'OSS AN' THEY TWO OLD COWS O' JIM'S, AN' JARGE SAYS THEM MIDDLE-WHITE PIGS IS 'IS, AN' SHE SAYS THEY 'SCAPED OUT O' 'ER FARM, AN' OLD BATES WOT CUT 'ER COPSE AN' SOLD THE STUFF CAN'T BE FOUND, AN' ONE WAY AN' ANOTHER SHE BE GETTIN' TERRIBLE SUSPICIOUS TO DEAL WITH."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

APPLIED religion in England has produced two notable types of parson, CHAUCER'S and GOLDSMITH'S; and the modern *curé de campagne* is expected to combine both. Personally I do not think it can be done satisfactorily; and I believe Miss MAY SINCLAIR, though she does not say so explicitly in *The Rector of Wyck* (HUTCHINSON), is inclined to share my opinion. At any rate her story (the noblest she has ever written) is a sad one. Her Cotswold parson, *John Crawford*, leads a harassed, discouraged and largely defeated life, and because he is a born apostle it is on the *Primrose* side of his path, and especially in his dealings with his children, that his failure is most apparent. His story is set in the 'eighties, when those who wrote themselves down as lovers of their fellow-men were comparatively common. *John* explains to *Matty*, the enchanting Society girl he marries, that he became a parson as the shortest cut to succouring the under-dog; and in fact it was a chance revelation of *Matty's* sensibility to other people's sorrows that fired him, in love as he was, to propose to her. *Matty's* philosophy is a second-hand brand of free-thought, while *John's* dogma belongs to the benevolent and nebulous school of FREDERICK DENISON MAURICE. However, *Matty* and her denials are easily absorbed by *John* and his affirmatives, the more so as, once the couple are married and settled in Wyck, neither has leisure for meditation. Two children are born; but *Derek's* chances are undermined by his father's extra-domestic generosities, while *Millicent*, unendowed with her mother's grace of sympathy, degenerates into a professional charity-monger. Both are cleverly presented, the "technique" of *Millicent's* settlement work being particularly amusing; but both are mere pendants to the portraits of their father and mother. In these Miss SINCLAIR has drawn, with exquisite passion and without a shadow of prejudice, types wholly extraneous to her own genius and quite without parallel in her previous work. She is to be congratulated on a very fine achievement.

I find that life has hitherto denied me two delightful things: an acquaintance with Miss FRANCES PITT'S books and the possession of a pet otter. In *Waterside Creatures* (GEORGE ALLEN AND UNWIN) Miss PITT introduces us to two water-babies who have fascinated me almost as much as the immortal *Tom* did. I should like to quote largely about these heavenly twins, and would do so were there not so many other people to think of in this charming book who are only less intriguing because they do not happen to be baby otters. The water-vole, for instance, the little vegetarian in brown velvet, though not a success as a pet, is a treasure to read about; and the same can be said of that minute and murderous Nimrod, the water-shrew. In fact, putting *Aaron* and *Moses*, the two otters (little lady otters, by the way, both of them), *hors concours*, I don't know which of Miss PITT'S diversity of creatures I like best; and

their range is wide, for she and her camera have sought them from the tides and tarns of Shetland south to the Severn; and from the grey seal to the tiny red-necked phalarope I have found them all worth her seeking. The book is, in fact, joyful reading, not only for the knowledge, kindliness and poetry that have gone to the making of it, but also for its literary style and its humour. Moreover, at the end of each chapter the author sinks poetess in pedagogue and gives us a paragraph full of the usual Latin words and facts beloved of Natural Historians in the concisest and most informative of nut-shells. I want to say one word about otters. Miss PITT says that, owing to the extreme rapidity of an otter's digestion, he is always hungry, and that those kept in Zoos are in consequence half-starved and short-lived. Will the authorities of such places please note?

Mr. A. C. BENSON must, I suppose, be accounted a Victorian, and there is nothing in his latest novel, *The House of Menerdue* (HEINEMANN), to suggest that he would have it otherwise. From its first page to its last there is not an incident or an allusion, or even the turn of a phrase, which the historian could definitely assign to the twentieth century. It is a quiet story, always interesting and at times moving, of the love of a young girl for a rising politician who has quarrelled with his wife and lives apart from her. The gradual reconciliation of husband and wife, with all its implications, is cleverly drawn and, if the way out which the heroine finds for herself is not altogether convincing, it is a good deal better than the life of unhappiness to which at one time she seemed to be inevitably doomed. The scene is laid for the most part in an old English manor-house, where Mr. BENSON is always perfectly at home, and I could have wished that the occupation of his hero had not compelled him to make even a brief incursion into the world of affairs, where Mr. BENSON'S touch is so much less sure. His thumb-nail sketch of the permanent head of the Colonial Office will, I fear, send a shudder through Whitehall. I cannot, moreover, conceive how that great Department carried on its business with both its political chiefs in the House of Lords (or was *Lord Picton's* a courtesy title?). I mention these points only to dismiss them. They did not in the smallest degree lessen my enjoyment of the story or my admiration for a sincere and skilful piece of work. I am left with the conviction that some of our younger writers might sit with profit at the feet of this Master of Magdalene if only to learn from him that it is possible to achieve self-expression without being either ungrammatical or unclean.

Who would have suspected the witty and ironical author of *The Silence of Colonel Bramble* and of *Ariel* of a penetrating, if not too profound, philosophy? And yet, upon consideration, what more natural? For what is philosophy but an examination into the nature of mankind? And only a shrewd analyst could have depicted the British soldier and the wild poet as M. ANDRÉ MAUROIS has so admirably portrayed these so diverse characters. In *Captains and Kings* (JOHN LANE) M. MAUROIS, in the best Socratic manner, discusses in what the qualities of a great leader of men should consist. The dialogue is conducted between a young and ardent soldier and an elderly urbane professor of philosophy, both of whom eagerly array in support of their arguments the captains and kings of the past and of the present. Armed and august figures start forth, revealed by a sudden beam of intuition: JOSHUA, CÆSAR, POMPEY, WELLINGTON, NAPOLEON, LYAUTEY, LUDENDORFF, FOCH, PÉTAIN, JOFFRE, BUGEAUD, KITCHENER, FRENCH. What is their secret? The lieutenant and the professor pursue that fugitive thing like hounds on a trail, and there is never a dull moment in the chase. Our two hunters do not run down their quarry at the last. The soldier returns to his



Stern Parent (to modern daughter). "NOW THEN, YOUNG WOMAN, WHAT'S THE MEANING OF THIS LONG DARK HAIR ON YOUR SHOULDER?"

regiment in the desert; the professor strolls back to his Lycée. Who indeed has ever achieved that quest? THACKERAY, speaking through *Colonel Esmond*, relates that Mr. JOSEPH ADDISON said of the tremendous Duke of MARLBOROUGH that "one of the greatest of a great man's qualities is success; 'tis the result of all the others; 'tis a latent power in him which compels the favour of the gods and subjugates fortune." M. MAUROIS can say no more. Nevertheless, as nothing is more fascinating than the study of a great man's methods, so M. MAUROIS' book, excellently translated by Mr. J. LEWIS MAY, is wholly charming.

Stories with a musical motive have often suffered from the fact that their authors did not know enough about music. *Charles Auchester*, inspired by sentimental hero-worship of MENDELSSOHN, is almost forgotten. *Consuelo*, the best of them all, in which the heroine was based on PAULINE VIARDOT-GARCIA, is still read; and BALZAC, who was no musician, wrote two wonderful short stories in which he in great measure foreshadowed the methods of WAGNER and STRAUSS. Miss MARJORIE STRACHEY in *The Nightingale* (LONGMANS), a biographical novel on CHOPIN, takes for her model the *Ariel* of M. ANDRÉ MAUROIS rather than the studies in polished iconoclasm of her "eminent" brother. (It is worthy of note, in parenthesis, that CHOPIN was hailed as the Ariel of the pianoforte by his admirers.) The wealth of material at Miss STRACHEY'S disposal is embarrassingly rich and even confusing, but she has handled it with discretion. "Much of the detail is invented, but there is authority for nearly every incident." The worst of it is, as the laborious Dr. NIECKS points out in his exhaustive Life, that the authorities are often in conflict; eye-witnesses differ as to what happened at such dramatic moments as the death-bed scene. Miss STRACHEY'S attitude is one of sympathetic admiration rather than idolatry. She brings out CHOPIN'S charm, his exquisite fastidious genius; she does not forget his enigmatic reserve. All the famous and brilliant people come in: the lovely Polish countesses and beauties—MARIE WODZINSKA and the adorable DELPHINE POTOCKA—MENDELSSOHN and SCHUMANN, LISZT and HEINE and BALZAC. As for GEORGE SAND, in whose relations with CHOPIN the story culminates, Miss STRACHEY, fortified by evidence which has come to light of recent years, takes a far more benevolent view of that extraordinary woman than did Dr. NIECKS—or SWINBURNE, who once said of her affair with ALFRED DE MUSSET that she did not behave as a perfect gentleman.



Weary Prisoner (*who is longing to sit down*). "HURRY UP! IS THIS WHAT YOU CALL *THROWING* A MAN INTO PRISON?"

Miss BEATRICE KEAN SEYMOUR'S new book, *The Romantic Tradition* (CHAPMAN AND HALL), is a rather tragic history, but is also remarkably well told and pleasant to read. I must confess that, though I might discover by careful examination a justification for its very attractive title, it has not exactly forced itself upon my mind; but that hardly seems to matter. I have been quite satisfied with the story of *Ken* and *Enid Armfield* as told by *Adela Stokes*, the novelist, for the benefit of their children. It is one of those stories which the best novelists of our day excel in telling, stories in which it is not the doings of the characters or what is done to them, but the impact of their personalities which makes the real action of the tale. *Adela*, loving *Ken* herself, is always on his side, but her picture of *Enid* is scrupulously fair. The convictions which lead her to cut him out of her life and so leave him a prey to *Sophie Birch*, in search of masculine support, are what might be expected of a woman of her type, and the final tragedy is really less tragic than the breach between *Ken* and *Enid* and its superficial healing. As a matter of fact I didn't really like *Ken* quite so much as Miss SEYMOUR and *Miss Stokes* evidently expected me to. I feel myself that any mother might find it hard to forgive her husband for leaving their idiot child to perish through an escape of gas, particularly as it was not pity for baby *Johnnie* but horror at having to endure his existence which inspired *Ken* to do it. I am on *Enid's* side myself all the way, although she was a bit tiresome with her theories at times. Miss SEYMOUR may not like this, but it is at least a tribute to the life of her creations that I should feel so much inclined to wrangle about their rights and wrongs.

The scene of Mr. HENRY BAERLEIN'S *Here are Dragons* (PARSONS) is laid in Bohemia at the end of the War. "Ask an Englishman," I read on the inside of its jacket, "about Bohemia; if he is rather well-informed he will tell you brightly that it has no seacoast." I cannot say whether Mr. BAERLEIN shares this caption-writer's belief that a "rather well-informed" Englishman's acquaintance with Bohemia is confined to a knowledge of SHAKESPEARE'S ignorance on the subject, but, anyhow, in his characteristically attractive manner he has come to our aid and should be helpful even to those who are more than rather well-informed about the Bohemia of recent times. I particularly like the apology he offers to those "who started to peruse this chronicle because they felt it must contain some gory episodes." At the end of the War it is true that relations between Czechs and Germans in Bohemia were critically strained, but common-sense and war-weariness combined to prevent actual hostilities. In opposition to this strong desire for peace, we are shown an old die-hard of a Prince, who would have preferred no State at all to one in which the Czechs were the dominant party; and with him Mr. BAERLEIN makes some pretty play. An attractive love-story and an abundant amount of legend are so deftly woven into this tale of a state in the making that, whether you are in pursuit of education or of mere enjoyment (or of both), I recommend you to take an early opportunity to improve your acquaintance with this Vie de Bohème.

Slaying the Slain.

An Eastern merchant on the Budget:—

"'The trade with China and Japan is as dead as a door-nail,' he said, 'and I think a duty would kill it.'"—*Daily Paper.*

CHARIVARIA.

THIS Budget has shown us one thing, that even a silk-worm will turn.

* * *

There is one man who is quite pleased with the Budget and Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL isn't afraid to say who it is.

* * *

We mentioned the other week the case of a messenger-boy who was seen running in Moorgate, and now a member of the Jockey Club suggests that a sample of his saliva should be taken.

* * *

A new play produced in London last week is described as being wholesome and having no sex appeal. A very daring experiment.

* * *

It is stated that the House of Commons could be cleared in seven minutes in case of fire. The late Mr. GUY FAWKES was more ambitious than that.

* * *

While admitting that he had struck his wife with a piece of gas-piping a man charged at Old Street police-court indignantly denied using a poker. He feels that if the latter story got about it would give him a bad name.

* * *

A defendant at Shoreditch police-court told the magistrate that wives need to be beaten frequently. A correspondent writing from the New Cut says that once a week is quite adequate in his opinion.

* * *

A new Bill for the Protection of Wild Birds has been introduced into Parliament. It is not yet decided whether people who wear Oxford trousers will come within its scope.

* * *

The body of a grey wolf has been found at Peterhead in Aberdeenshire. He is believed to have died of a broken heart brought about by his being kept from somebody's door too long.

* * *

Mr. LLOYD GEORGE has received the freedom of thirty-five cities and boroughs, and fifteen others are waiting for him. He only wants fifty more for game.

* * *

A fish has been discovered in Bengal which comes out of the river and looks for worms. We are not told whether the worms are on hooks, but if so this fish should fill a long-felt want in angling circles.

* * *

A new drug known as Caapi, exhibited at the Chemists' Exhibition, is reputed to make cowards very brave. One meek-looking man who tried a sample rushed out of the building shouting, "Where's that tax-collector?"

* * *

The London, Midland and Scottish Railway has just issued a new type of time-table which is so easy to understand that travellers are beginning to suspect that there's a catch in it.

* * *

Dr. C. S. THOMSON, the Medical Officer of Health for Deptford, says that if we want to live long we should visit the dentist every six months. On mature deliberation we don't want to live long.

* * *

Madame EDVINA, the prima donna, says that the audience is nothing but the fourth wall of the room. And it is often very well papered.

* * *

On the subject of railways, *The Daily Chronicle* says the need is for boldness, boldness always, and still more boldness. We shall remember this next time we leave our season at home.

* * *

In the opinion of Mr. BILLY MERSON jazz is dying. Judging by the noise it is making, it is a painful death.

* * *

"In France I want French music and in Italy I want Italian music," says Mr. ALBERT COATES. What we all want is American music in America.

"A saxophone will last as long as fifteen years," declares a trade journal. Not if we can help it.

* * *

"Could a man," asks the Rev. Dr. A. C. HILL, "move to-day in the world of commerce with the self-possession of the Victorian?" Not unless he got the police to stop the traffic first.

* * *

Hampstead deaths in the last quarter included forty-eight persons of between eighty and ninety-two. We have always contended that this was an unhealthy age.

* * *

At the Wembley Amusement Park the visitor, by sitting on a daïs, may see his own skeleton. It is hoped that this attraction will encourage people to patronise the restaurants extensively.

* * *

A London actress is learning to box in her spare time. Others are learning to act—in the public's time.

* * *

The latest fashion is for brides to wear a turban. This is only a new development of the Sheikh craze.

* * *

The Housewives' Union has issued a pamphlet entitled, "How women can bring down the price of food." All we want now is a Husbands' Union that will tell us how to raise it.

* * *

A man has been summoned for drawing unemployment pay while working for two employers. To avoid suspicion you should never ask one employer for time off to go on strike against the other and add that you want to draw your dole on the way.



Mistress. "WHY DON'T YOU LIGHT THE FIRE?"
Maid. "BECAUSE THERE AIN'T NO COAL."
Mistress. "WHY DIDN'T YOU LET ME KNOW BEFORE?"
Maid. "BECAUSE WE 'AD SOME BEFORE."

"Don't they know that when the money-lending octopus gets his talons into anybody he sucks till the creature is dry?"
Sunday Paper.

We believe this will be news even to Lord CARSON.

"Datu Alip, a Moro, has just won the chess championship of the Philippine Islands. His victory was overwhelming. Out of 34 games played, he won 32, lost one, and one was a draw.

Datu Alip, who can neither read nor write any language, sings continually while engaged in a chess game."—*Chinese Paper.*

Hence, no doubt, his overwhelming victory.

LABOUR AND LOGIC.

On reading a report of Mr. RAMSAY MACDONALD'S speech, as President, to the University Labour Club, at the Guildhall, Cambridge.

BY way of preface let me state
I have no doubts concerning
The justice of the general view
That Cambridge, ay, and Oxford too,
Are useful seats of learning.

But, while I much appreciate
This source of their attraction,
I am a little pained that here
I seem to sniff an atmosphere
Redolent of reaction.

I simply can't imagine why
These haunts of Wisdom, sage and hoary,
The natural home, you'd think, of Truth,
Tend to produce among our youth
That lowest type, the Tory.

Why don't the dons that sit on high
In lecture-halls consult your
True welfare, making each instead
A forcing-house, a potting-shed,
For Socialistic culture?

Had this been done, our ranks to-day
Might well have been supported
By feats of academic skill
Against this putrid Pensions Bill
And got its menace thwarted.

Lacking that help, my logic may
Be carped at when I mention
How much I loathe the burden laid
Upon the hump of British trade
To raise the poor man's pension.

To Capital, our dear old friend,
A felon blow most scathing!
Nay, more—to us a cruel wrong,
Since it was our suit all along
And pinched while we were bathing.

Subtle the gifts that we shall spend
To prove how bad (or worse) it is;
But, oh! I wish that we could get
The aid of logic, subtler yet,
Taught at the Universities.

O. S.

The Housing Question.

"APARTMENTS.

Youth wishes to spend 14th to 22nd June on Dog Kennel; full boarding accommodation required."—*Weekly Paper.*

"HOUSES FOR SALE.

Pram, substantial; any reasonable offer accepted."—*Provincial Paper.*

A Warning to Hindenburg.

"Marlborough and Wellington added nothing to their fame by their political careers, and each might have stood higher in history had he retired into public life."—*Manchester Paper.*

But perhaps that is what the new German President is really doing.

An Ultra-Polar Expedition.

From an account of AMUNDSEN'S projected flight to the North Pole:—

"Both 'planes were to fly side by side, and were estimated to take 45 minutes from King's Bay, Spitzbergen, to the Pole, but it is possible they will extend the trip further north in order to observe the ice conditions."—*Daily Paper.*

And get off the map altogether.

THE HARLEQUIN CUSHION.

"THAT 's really rather a jolly pink jumper you 're wearing," I said to my niece.

Marjorie expressed her approval of my approval. "Though, of course, Uncle, it isn't a jumper and isn't pink," she added.

"Jumper it mayn't be," I replied a little heatedly, "but colour-blind I'm not. In the R.N.V.R. I was a perfect nailer at picking out bits of wool."

"It 's shrimp," said Marjorie. "Men don't understand colours. Do you mind if we go into the stores for a minute, Uncle?"

"We came out for a walk in the park," I protested. "It was your idea. Fresh air and ultra-violet rays and those kinds of things."

"I shan't be a minute. I'm making mother a harlequin cushion for a surprise birthday present and I must get some ribbons."

At the ribbon counter I stood humbly by while my eighteen-year-old niece made her imperious wishes known. The shingled assistant was delighted with the cushion idea. She could see a wholesale order.

"The pieces of ribbon radiating out from the centre," Marjorie explained.

"Precisely. Charming. Modom will appreciate our new shades," said the assistant and produced half-a-dozen boxes with ribbons of amazing colours. Marjorie's eyes glistened.

"The canary and peacock of course I must have, but I don't see any mole," said she.

"We sold the last yard of it half-an-hour ago. Beaver and gazelle you will want. . . ."

"Yes."

"And I 'd like Modom to see the new camel."

A morning-coated shop-walker, not recognising that I was with Marjorie, asked politely if he could direct me anywhere.

"If you 'd kindly show me the way to the Mappin Terraces," I said, "I 'd be infinitely obliged."

"To the where, Sir?" he asked.

I repeated my request, and he turned away saddened.

By the time I had returned to the counter Marjorie and the assistant had grown tired of the Zoo (women get bored so easily) and their minds were elsewhere. A hillock of ribbons was mounting up in front of Marjorie.

"Modom has chosen the Wedgwoods and saxe and mauresque, I see. The helio and tango are pleasing and quite fadeless. Does champagne appeal to you?"

I groaned. Not a mention of the vintage.

Marjorie shook her head. "I 'm tired of it," she said.

"The putty and toast are quite new," went on the assistant.

"I really think I 've got enough," Marjorie decided.

The assistant looked disappointed. "Surely Modom will want a little flesh," she said.

I put my foot down firmly. "Look here, Marjorie," I protested, "this has got to stop. You don't want a little flesh. Even a man knows that girls are being worn slim this year. Get those things put into a pantechnicon and come."

Out in the park, with the warm spring air in my lungs, I breathed more freely.

"Rather a priceless day, isn't it, Uncle?" said my niece.

"Wonderful!" I agreed. "The grass, the flowers, the young leaves on the trees. And the sky! Did you ever see such a vivid——"

With the remembrance of the ribbon-counter before me I hesitated.

"By-the-by, what colour *is* the sky, Marjorie?" I asked.

Marjorie looked at me in amazement. "Don't be silly, Uncle," she said; "sky is blue, of course."



LEO *v.* J. PLUVIUS

(Wembley Stadium).

AN OPTIMISTIC FORECAST OF THE RETURN COMBAT.



Factory Girl (*to Lady interested in girls' club*). "WAS THAT YER BLOKE OR YER COVE, LIDY?"
Lady. "YOU MEAN THE GENTLEMAN WHO CAME WITH ME? I DON'T QUITE UNDERSTAND."
Factory Girl. "YER SEE, IT 'S LIKE THIS: YER BLOKE 'S THE COVE WOT TIKES YER AHT, AN' YER COVE 'S THE BLOKE WOT YER *ENGIGED* TER."

MR. HONEYBUBBLE.

II.—THE BENEFACTOR.

I NEVER knew a bore so benevolent as Mr. Honeybubble. He oozes goodness, loving-kindness and *ennui*. He longs to succour or to benefit his fellows, particularly that unfortunate to whom he has for the moment attached himself. Though he may be driving his victim mad, he does it with the best intentions. Never in my acquaintance with the man have I been blind to this noble side of his character. But "side"? Do I say "side"? The whole man is good. And even when he has bored me most I have always at the same time guiltily rebuked myself for not loving him. Indeed the more frightfully he is boring me the more heartily do I remind myself of his fundamental benignity and good-nature, which, after all, in the long account, we know are qualities more valuable than mere charm, and so forth.

After my hat had been blown into the Mersey from the deck of the *R.M.S. Cecic* Mr. Honeybubble's remorse and sympathy knew no bounds. So concerned was he lest I should catch cold uncovered on deck that I was base enough to take him seriously and seized the opportunity to escape below. I felt guilty about doing this; but I did it.

Once below I went straight to the saloon, sought out the Chief Steward and made sure that Mr. Honeybubble and I were not at the same table. I blamed myself while I did this; the stings of conscience and humanity pricked me severely, I can assure you; however, I did it.

I then went up to the smoking-room with a book. I went to the smoking-room because I had an instinct that Honeybubble did not smoke, though I was less sure of the daughter. Out on deck the sun shone. The last view of Liverpool receding up the Mersey was fine and striking. I should have liked very much to go out and look at the water and the ships. But Honeybubble and Pansy were on deck. So I went to the smoking-room.

For this action, for these thoughts, I reproached myself bitterly at the time. As I do now.

My instinct, as instinct usually is, was hopelessly at fault.

Almost immediately I heard the now familiar tones, resonant, though grating, and in came Honeybubble filling a pipe. He stopped to hold open the door for a very old gentleman and proceeded to help him off with his coat, talking kindly the while. By the time he had finished I could see that the object of his attentions was in a condition of speechless fury; and I felt sorry for Honeybubble.

I watched him covertly.

His eyes roamed the room anxiously, and when they fell upon me, to my intense dismay I saw his face light up like a cornfield on a distant hill in fitful April when the sun falls suddenly upon it from behind a cloud and the heart of the husbandman is gladdened. I had not till then thought much of his remark that he had "cottoned to me;" it now took on a most serious significance.

He came straight across to me, beaming under his woolly moustache.

"*Having a bit of a read?*" he cried. "That 's right." And he settled himself comfortably in the next chair.

"Yes," I said, and, as one engrossed, I glued my eyes to my book, which I discovered to be upside down.

"You 're not a smoker, Mr. Haddock?" he said, lighting his pipe.

"Yes, I am," I said.

"Don't fancy it just now, perhaps?"

"Oh, well," I said, "I think I will—"

In fact I had been deliberately denying myself a smoke; but somehow, now that Honeybubble was with me, I felt that I must smoke or die. I pulled out my pipe and pouch.

"'Baccy?" said Honeybubble kindly.

"Thanks; I have some."

"Try some of mine, won't you?"

"Oh, thanks. I have my own here."

I hastily rammed a great wad of tobacco into my pipe. Other men's tobaccos are invariably vile.

But not so easily are the Honeybubbles of this world prevented from doing good.

"Now do. I insist!" he said, holding out his wretched pouch. "You'll find it a nice cool smoke. It's the Sweet Pea mixture. I've smoked it for twenty-five years."

"No, really," I protested, "I'm filled already."

"Oh, well, that's easy remedied," said my benefactor. "Allow me;" and, seizing my pouch and pipe from my nerveless fingers, he carefully with a pen-knife extracted from my pipe my own tobacco, returned it to my pouch and held out his own again with so radiant a beam upon his countenance that, as usual, I had not the heart to be annoyed. One had the impression that by making me smoke his detestable Sweet Pea he was spreading happiness throughout the ship.

I slowly filled my pipe with Sweet Pea, which was black and coarse and full of objects like pistachio-nuts.

Nor was I compelled to light my pipe unaided. Honeybubble produced a patent petrol-lighter (interestingly constructed out of a German shell), and after that what is called, I believe, a "Smoker's Companion," an ingenious metal contrivance with a tool for the ramming of tobacco into a pipe and another for the poking of it when it will not draw. Honeybubble made me employ all these weapons till I was spent with saying "Thank you" and nearly mad with the suppression of other sentiments.

When he had got my pipe going for me at last I returned to my book and read fourteen words.

"You're fond of reading, I expect, Mr. Haddock?" shouted Honeybubble then.

"Yes," I said—not rudely, you understand, but still not raising my eyes.

"My daughter Pansy's a great one for reading," the steam-roller continued undaunted. "SCOTT and DOOMAS, partic'ly. A very fine writer, SCOTT—so she tells me."

I had that curious vivid sensation that what was happening had somewhere or other happened to me before.

This time, for an exception, I was able to identify the experience. It had happened about twenty minutes earlier, on the promenade-deck.

"Oh," I said vaguely.

"Did you ever read *The Talisman*, now, Mr. Haddock?"

"No," I said incautiously.

"I've brought *The Talisman* with me this trip. Pansy told me I ought to read it and I said I'd try. Fine tale. But I don't seem to get very far with it. You've not read it, you say?"

"No," I said again, kicking myself; for I foresaw that in about ten minutes I should be reading *The Talisman*.

"Well, I must lend it to you," said Honeybubble. "I'll slip down to the cabin in a minute and get it."

My spirit was by now so nearly pulp that I did not even protest.

"It's funny how your face struck me the moment I saw you," he continued. "'There's a man after your own heart, Honeybubble,' I said; and it's very seldom I make a mistake with faces. How d'you like the smoke?"

"Charming—charming!" I murmured eagerly, anxious that the dear creature should not discover his mistake—at least not yet.

At that moment one of the pistachio-nuts in my pipe caught fire and burned with a great crackling—emitting foul fumes. I smoked on heroically, not moving a muscle.

"Good," said Honeybubble. "It's a pity we can't meal together," he mused.

I looked about the crowded room. Just Heaven, what had I done that of all the teeming passengers in the ship this well-intentioned monster should have "cottoned to" *me*? I saw about me a dozen elderly gentlemen, each of whom, I felt, would gladly fraternise with Honeybubble. But *mine—mine*



"TELL ME—HAVE ALL YOU LITTLE BOYS TO BE TRAINED ON DARTMOOR?"

was the face that struck him. Oh, Destiny!

"Pity we can't meal together," he said again. "Your table's fixed, I suppose?"

"Yes," I said thankfully—but of course reproached myself as usual.

"Pity," he replied. "I'm at the Captain's table, I fancy. I generally get a seat there. It's difficult, but a word to the Purser does wonders."

I could imagine that "word."

"Very nice," I said, more thankful than ever.

"I wonder, now——" he mused. "Well, I'll just slip down and get that book for you."

Left to myself, I knocked out the awful Sweet Pea and wondered what base weakness in me it was that prevented me from telling Mr. Honeybubble how in just an hour his society had put me in a frenzy, and that, if I saw much more of him, I should certainly scream like a woman. Other men, I reflected, less worthy men too, would have known how to deal with him. But I——

"Well, there's *The Talisman*," said that Voice behind me. "And I've got a piece of news for you."

Mr. Honeybubble's face was radiant with happiness. His eyes glistened with emotion.

"Great news," he continued, shining all over. "I've seen the Purser and he's promised to put you at the Captain's table—next to me. *Isn't that great?*"

"My dear fellow!" I cried, and I wrung him by the hand. I could say no more, my heart was too full.

A. P. H.

Our Tactless Advertisers.

"Cook and House-Parlourmaid, experienced, plain, wanted."—*Advt. in Provincial Paper.*

We've heard of a plain cook before, but never of a plain parlourmaid.

Notice in Welsh lodging-house:—

"Visitors are requested not to do any washing in the bathroom."

We hope they're allowed to sing.

"During the signing of the register the choir sang the anthem 'How lovely is Thy Cross Hills, Keighley.'"—*Local Paper.*

The choir appears to have been affected by the *genius loci*.

THE FOOD OF LOVE.

I HAVE just returned from Cremov-Tartary.

You remember Róber Tsón, the great Cremov-Tartar violinist? Well, I interviewed this leader of the Neo-Pugilistic school of composers during his last visit to England.

"What is the matter," I inquired, "with British music?"

"British music!" he replied; "look at your conservatoires . . . I have see your schools of music. Zey are bourgeois. You must go to Cremov-Tartary. You will see."

* * * * *

I arrived at the capital of Cremov-Tartary as dusk was falling and went straight to the conservatoire. I was met by a representative of the professorial staff.

"You are hungry?" he asked. "Come, we will go downstairs and eat."

He led the way through a number of corridors and we entered the restaurant.

Seated cross-legged on the sawdust floor, with their backs against the wall, were half-a-dozen male students strumming the nectarine—an instrument not unlike a troika. In the middle of the room a beautiful Spanish girl (people of all nationalities come here to study) was dancing the languorous Haverbañana. We sat down; but before our food arrived an immense figure of a man strode through the door.

"Our great basso-profondo—a Frenchman," said the professor.

The singer went to the Spanish girl, kissed her savagely and flung her into a corner.

"Mille tonnerres!" he roared, "I tire myself of women."

"Vive Glacseau!" cried the students in chorus. "Sing to us," yelled one of them. "Yes, yes," they all shouted.

The basso-profondo smiled grimly. "You shall hear my new Rhapsodie."

He went to the piano that stood in the corner, and taking a spanner from behind his ear, where it had been hidden in his masses of bushy hair, began to tune the instrument in the Parisian mode amid the respectful silence of his audience. Then he struck the keyboard with his right elbow and commenced a ground bass in glissandic seventeenths with his left. Then he let his voice go.

During the performance two people went mad; my host swallowed his fork and had to be patted on the back several times before he recovered.

These are the words of the song:—

Où est le canif du jardinier
de mon oncle?
C'est dans la tante
de ma femme.

Qui a tué ma tante?
Moi, j'ai tué
ma tante.
Mon Dieu.

Il y avait beaucoup de sang.
Aujourd'hui aussi
j'ai soif.

Où est le canif du jardinier
de mon oncle?



"KISSED HER SAVAGELY AND FLUNG HER INTO A CORNER."



"HURLED HERSELF INTO EIKIMO'S EMBRACE."

Dans
mon
oncle.
Quelle heure est-il ?

At the conclusion, Glaceau, ignoring the tumultuous applause, went to the bar and, after inadvertently swallowing two cocaine meringues, sat down and sipped his absinthe moodily. An hysterical young woman, a compatriot of mine from Golder's Green, was heard to remark that she was overcome with emotion. A young Cremov-Tartar regarded her with scorn.

"In music there is no emotion," he said. "There is only the juxtaposition of timbres."

There was silence for a moment. Then there entered a slim youngster whose long hair and aquiline nose proclaimed him a scion of the aristocracy of Czorditsch. The professor's eye lit up.

"My best pupil," he said, and called to the new-comer. "Eikimo, play for our English visitor."

Without a word Eikimo turned away and deftly caught a fiddle and bow thrown to him by a student. He looked about him for a moment as though seeking inspiration. Then, perceiving the Spanish girl in the corner, he began a fandango. The dancer rose and began to sway with the music. Faster and madder grew her dancing, while the fiddler kept his eagle eye fixed on her. I watched Glaceau's expression darken and, as the music finished and the Spaniard amid thunderous applause hurled herself into Eikimo's embrace, the mighty Frenchman rose with an oath.

"Comrades," he vociferated, "I have long suspected Eikimo of infidelity to the cause. He has justified my suspicions. Into the keen air of ruthless Neo-Pugilism he is wafting the exotic perfume of a music even more cloying than the skirling of bagpipes."

Eikimo shrugged his shoulders contemptuously.

"What does this fat bourgeois, this sentimental rhapsodist, this man who uses pre-revolutionary verse in his songs for milk-sops, know of ruthlessness?" he inquired of the company.

Glaceau, inarticulate with wrath, flung the dancer away once again, and picking up the violinist in one hand held him in mid-air. But his brute force was to be met by cunning. With a quick movement Eikimo sank his teeth into the basso-profondo's jugular vein. As he collapsed the giant broke the fiddler across his knee. The two heroes together fell down dead.

My companion in a frenzy of inspiration seized the violin where it had fallen, discarded the useless bow, and improvised a syncopated death-march which he played pizzicato. (Now published by the Donnerwetter Musikverlag of Berlin in an album entitled "Esquisses.")



"IMPROVISED A SYNCOPATED DEATH-MARCH WHICH HE PLAYED PIZZICATO."

Commercial Candour..

Notice in provincial restaurant :—

"Our Rough-Cut Brown Bread unequalled for indigestion."

"Lord Haldane has always been regarded as the champion short-sleeper of his time. He declares that in his waking adult life he never slept more than four hours and hardly ever less."—*Evening Paper.*

We always sleep best during our non-waking life.

"POLICE BAGS.

DANGER ON THE NEW SOUTHEND ROAD."
Motoring Correspondent, Sunday Paper.

Have our guardians of the peace adopted the new Oxford fashion to camouflage their feet?

"The text, from Philistines, 4, 5 (R.V.) was 'In Nothing Be Anxious.'"—*Weekly Paper.*

And the proof-reader took it to heart.

At the New Scala Theatre on Thursday evening, May 14, at 8.0, a Dramatic Entertainment will be given by The Company of Jesters in aid of the British Hospital for Mothers and Babies, Woolwich, a fine institution which is crippled for lack of funds to complete the building. Tickets (stalls 12*s.* 6*d.* and 10*s.* 6*d.*, dress circle 7*s.* 6*d.* and 5*s.* 9*d.*) can be obtained from the Hospital or the Theatre.

COURT MANNERS.

(Wishing success to the attempts of the Lawn Tennis Association to put an end to the exhibitions of bad manners, bad temper and bad language which were too much in evidence at Lawn Tennis Tournaments last year.)

I KNEW Lawn Tennis as a child,
An inoffensive game and mild;
The players moved with easy grace
And at a staid and sober pace;
No heat nor haste was seen at all,
But, on the contrary, the ball
Was patted gently to and fro,
And no one ever whispered "Blow!"
Or even "Bother!" did he get
His service mostly in the net.

There came a change. A race arose
Of stalwarts who with frightful blows
Propelled the ball at hideous speed
And leapt like antelopes. Indeed,
The placid sport of old became
A battle rather than a game.
And I regard with some dismay
The strenuous specialist to-day,
All brawn and concentrated will,
Lusting to volley, smash and kill.

And then one learned that manners too
Had altered. Gone the charm we knew
Which crowned the game in former days
With leisured grace and courtly ways.
The players of the present glare,
Argue, expostulate and swear,
Lift hands in anguish to the skies
And blank the umpire's blinking eyes.
It is a saddening thing to state
That one can only indicate
By rows of starry symbols—thus * * *
The way these horrid fellows cuss.

No wonder that the L. T. A.
Has warned photographers away,
Lest scenes like these might live to be
Eyesores to shocked posterity.
Good luck to them! May triumph greet
Their promised efforts to defeat
The evil spreading through the sport
And drive it fairly out of court,
To beat this last and worst abuse
Before the game has gone to deuce.

"The Chairman said that Mr.——, their esteemed schoolmaster, took a never flogging interest in all affairs connected with the school and its pupils."—*New Zealand Paper.*

Smith Minor says this is the type of master that is long overdue.

Two balconies collapsed in the West End recently. Cat-burglars, we understand, have called an urgent meeting of their union to demand that balconies be kept in a state of adequate repair.

BRIGHTER RUSSIA.

Nicolas Dimitri Rusczx, playwright and social reformer, was born in 1900 on the Röthen Prospekt in Bolsk. Miserably poor, he conceived at an early age a hatred of his parents, a distaste amounting almost to loathing for his brothers and sisters, who numbered nine (exclusive of four others who perished in infancy of famine, frostbite and political intrigue), together with a precocious contempt for the doctrine of the infallibility of the Kremlin. At ten Rusczx believed in nothing. His nature was hard, even dry. At thirteen his Slav temperament became violently attracted to a Madame Krädlsnacher, afterwards wife of the notorious Baron von (and zu and unter) Linden. This unhappy episode but confirmed his innate austerity, and at seventeen he fled his home and in voluntary retreat wrote during the years 1918—1922 his three famous dramatic works, *Sins of the Mothers*, *The Half-Wit* and *The Daughter of the House*. In 1922 he married the beautiful and dissolute Sofia Divaneff, by whom he had one posthumous child of weak intellect.

The idol of his suffering country, Rusczx, with all his stupendous gifts of head and heart, died mad, divorced, penniless and a drug addict in the winter of 1922, just a week after completing his masterpiece, *The Daughter of the House*. The lesson it contains, the sermon it preaches, together with the exquisite language in which it is expressed may be obscure to the Philistine; to the sensitives it can bear but one interpretation, call for but one verdict.

Cast.

Alexis Grauss.
Semolina Slopovna, *Naptha*, *Atischoo* } his daughters.
Tante Angina Pectorovna.
General Anton Tschuksky.
Doctor Bolm.
Olga, a servant.

The Sitting-Room of Grauss's *house, Odessa.*

Enter Olga. *She drops the samovar, which breaks into fragments.*

Atischoo (*merrily*). You dream of your lover, Olga Skivvi.

[Olga, *paling, retires to background.*

Enter Semolina Slopovna.

Semolina. If our mother had but died before our birth this would not have happened. Just as I was so tired. What does life really mean?

Naptha (*coaxing, white-lipped*). An accident, Semolina Slopovna.

Sem. You are young. I am your eldest sister. I am older than you, older even than Atischoo Vera, the youngest of us all. This house—— Never mind. The Neva is deep. The Dnieper is deeper.

Nap. How good you are! Let us run and put some cossacks on the table.

Sem. What is the use? I shall not be with you long—now.

Atisch. No. Anton Volinin will speak to-day.

Nap. (*clapping her hands*). Oh, he will, he must! [*She rushes out.*

Olga. He would love well. But men can be very silent, I know that. It is a way they have, these men.

Atisch. Run, Olga, and put the best kettle on the stove. Oh, how excited I am! Kiss me, Semolusha. You will look beautiful and I will part your hair again.

Sem. Do not speak of partings, little one. There—do not cry. Look, I will smile. I may laugh before the day is over.

Atisch. When Anton Volinin speaks tell me what he said, how he looked. Oh, he is fine! And he will take you away and you will see the world. How pleased I am! And Naptha is pleased too. She is all nerves.

Sem. The soldiers are forming up in the square. If there is trouble, Anton Volinin will go to Moscow within the week.

Atisch. If he goes he will no longer be with us here.

Sem. But he may remain, Atischoo Vera, and then perhaps he will stay. He must! Even heaven could not be so cruel. When heaven is cruel it makes me so tired.

Naptha *hurries in.*

Nap. The table! It is finished. There is tunny-fish, anchovies stuffed with pine-kernels and liver in raspberry jam.

Sem. It is these awful disillusionments, this waiting upon Fate . . . What does it mean? I sometimes think Tante Angina knows, for she hates me. Ah, kiss me. Do not shrink so. Do I blast all I touch?

Enter Tante Angina.

Tante. So it is your birthday, Semolina Slopovna, and the Doctor is sharing our meal.

Sem. Do you want to drive me mad, Tante Angina Pectorovna?

Tante. I mean nothing. Is it not natural he should often call?

[*She laughs and, hobbling to the stove, puts down a saucer of arrack for the cat.*

Sem. (*white*). What is your secret? (*To herself*) We must get rid of her.

Nap. Oh, how happy I am! Let us have a cup of tea.

Atisch. Made with boiling water!

[Tante Angina *goes to sleep on the matuscha.* Olga *wakes with a start on the palota. Stray shots are heard outside in the Mirkoselo.* Semolina Slopovna *watches with clasped hands.*

Enter General Anton Tschuksky *from the morning-room and* Doctor Bolm *from the pantry.*

Nap. Anton! We are going to be so very happy.

Anton. How gloomy this house is! Blighted.

Doctor. Take no notice. I came a verst or so in an armoured car . . . cried "Long live the Soviet" or I should have had to walk, like a peasant.

[*They gather round the sideboard.*

Anton. See, Naptha, our pine-kernels are a pair. [*They burst out laughing.*

Atisch. (*to* Semolina). Sister, caviare to the General.

Sem. He does not need it.

[*She throws her helping out of the window. The political meeting outside disperses.*

Anton. So your sympathies are with the reactionaries?

Sem. I have no sympathies, Anton Vasiloff.

Atisch. We have begun without my father. Do not allude to it, he terrifies me. [*She rushes from the room, weeping.*

Enter Alexis Grauss *from the study.*

Anton. He is very old. But he has a miasmic dignity.

Alex. So the Holy Revolution has broken out and we choose this time to fill the house with guests when in a week there may not be bread for all. *Eeay, hopet!* You have brought your balalaika, Anton Volinin? We must try to be merry to-day.

Anton. I could bring no present, Alexis Ratislaus; the shops are shuttered. The Sedlitzplaz reeked of powder.

Tante. I saw a man shot once in 1812 . . . dead . . . dead. . . .

Nap. You will not go to Moscow, Anton Volinin?

Anton. Let me tell you the story of my life; it may help you to understand me. [*They draw apart, talking.*

Doctor (*to* Semolina). You are pale. This excitement, this thoughtless merry-making, is too much. Oh if I might tell you all that is in my heart!

Sem. The heart is a dark forest.

Doctor. Anton! Has he spoken? You have guessed his intentions, of course?

Sem. Yes, I have guessed. But he has not spoken yet. Did you ever know my mother?

Doctor (*uneasily*). Did *you*?

Sem. No.

Doctor. Then you are very like her.

Sem. She died. But how? Why does Tante Angina creep about the house and torture me with those dead eyes of hers? (*Screaming*) Why do you look at me so?

(*Continued on page 514.*)

ROYAL ACADEMY—FIRST DEPRESSIONS.

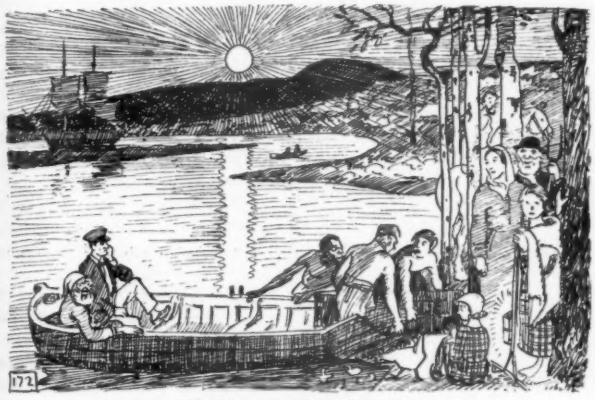


Centaur (teaching a friend the two-step). "THIS IS WHERE THE BIPEDS HAVE THE PULL OVER US."



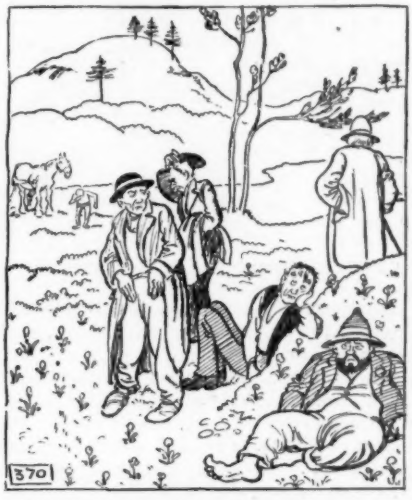
"THE OUTING."

Depressed Holiday-maker (centre). "CALL THIS AN 'OUTING'! SEEMS TO ME MORE LIKE A DOWN-AND-OUTING."



"CALL OF THE SEA."

Ancient Mariner (left). "THE SEA MAY CALL TILL IT'S BLUE IN THE FACE, BUT WE CAN'T MOVE OUT O' THIS TILL SOMEBODY FINDS THE OARS."



VICTIMS OF THE CROSS-WORD CRAZE UNDERGOING A REST-CURE AT A SURREY SANATORIUM.



PORTRAIT OF A GENTLEMAN WITH A GLAD EYE.



The Professor. "I HAVE BEEN MUCH ADMIRED IN MY PRESENT PART OF MEPHISTOPHELES. BUT YOU SHOULD SEE ME AS HAMLET!"



"NO. I'M SORRY! THERE ARE NO AUGUSTUS JOHNS THIS YEAR. BUT IN THE MEANTIME *I'M* CARRYING ON."



Father. "THERE YOU ARE! I TOLD YOU WHAT WOULD HAPPEN WHEN YOU GOT HIM AN UNBREAKABLE DOLL AND AN UNTEARABLE BOOK AND AN UNBURSTABLE BALL."

Doctor (*pale*). You are the eldest. Join your guests.

Alex. Here is a little bottle of vodka I have hidden. Let us drink to the health of my eldest daughter. (*Raging*) Drink, you fools! Drink, you old cackling witch in your corner mouthing malice! I am old, and because of that you defy me. No, no! Anton—Doctor, I am all confused . . .

[*He falls down in a fit.*

Doctor. I will not drink that toast.

[*He leaves the house.*

ACT II.—*A Week Later.*

(*From the open windows rough barricades are seen. There is a distant sound of musketry.* Semolina Slopovna *listens with clasped hands. A jewelled ivelcon is round her neck.*)

Atisch. Dear, dear sister, let us run very quickly downstairs and bring the summer-house into the winter-garden. It is the rainy season.

Nap. If Anton were only here!

Sem. (*harshly*). What is Anton to you? (*Clasping her*) Oh, little sister, little sister! Oh, if I were not so tired!

Atisch. Let us hurry out and have a good talk in the bath-room.

[*They rush away, laughing.*

Enter Doctor Bolm.

Sem. Deodor Fumigansk!

Doctor. You must know the truth, now that you love Anton Vasiloff.

Sem. I will not believe it.

Doctor. Oh, philosophy! Is not the whole of life a chimera, a chimera obscura of the soul?

Sem. You are insolent.

Doctor. Because I love you. But I must not marry you, and Anton Vasiloff will not. Your mother . . .

Sem. Ah!

Doctor. Tell me—do you wake every night screaming, your brow bedewed—

Sem. Yes, yes, what of it? Speak, or you will drive me mad.

Doctor. It will not be I, Semolina Slopovna.

Sem. I am an idiot?

Doctor. No, no. Only hereditarily insane.

[*The firing grows nearer. On the Volga a barque passes poled by Communist fishermen. Their song comes faintly through the further window.*

"Yoh—heave ô, yoh—heave ô,
One and one and one make three—
Ai—yah hô, ai—yah hô,
Twice two are four, my mates,
Twice two are four."

Sem. What does it all *mean*?

[*A shot comes through the window and hits* Tante Angina.

Tante. Again, little Brothers, again . . . that was how *he* died in 1812 . . .

Sem. Had you waited but a week I might have been Anton's wife! You are all against me—all, all!

Doctor. He knows. And it is Naptha whom he loves.

[*The firing grows nearer. The dying rays of the sunset glow redly upon the body of the old woman, and a thin trickle of blood escapes from the room and, taking the first turning to the right, penetrates the pantry.*

(CURTAIN.)

Our Picturesque Reporters.

"Harem lilies had been used in a chaste scheme of decoration."—*Lancashire Paper.*

"BLACKLEGS IN SILK STOCKINGS."
Headline in Weekly Paper.

These cheap dyes *will* come off.

From a cinema advertisement:—

"Sinners in Silk. A brilliant production."
Daily Paper.

No doubt featuring the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER in the part of the principal sinner.

MORE BUDGET NOTES.

GOLD.

GOLD is a non-rusting, malleable, ductile metal of high specific gravity, which theological writers have stigmatised as dross and ballad-makers have spoken of as red. Both these statements are barefaced untruths: the stuff is yellow and has intrinsic worth. It may be found in nearly every part of the world if you choose to dig for it, and there is a great deal of it in Wales. Suspicions have arisen that in making the curious and uncomfortable excavations which have completely disorganised the passenger service of London, especially in the Hampstead Tube, the directors of the underground railways are in reality searching for gold, and that the Bank of England is being rebuilt to accommodate it. The constant mining operations in Victoria Street and other important thoroughfares probably indicate the existence of surface lodes.

However this may be, nothing has disappointed the admirers of the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER so bitterly as the realisation that England's return to the gold standard will not enable us to handle any gold.

"Why should we send all the gold in the Bank to the foreigner," asks the man in the street, "and have nothing but paper for ourselves? Why again," he asks, "in an empire that teems with gold, especially in the Dominion of South Africa, where our own PRINCE is now being so hospitably entertained, do we not dig up all the gold that there is and become rich and prosperous for ever without doing any work at all?" These two questions show a complete ignorance on the part of the man in the street of Banking, Currency, Bullion, Foreign Trade, Numismatics, Bi-metallism, Money, Prices, Value and Bills of Exchange. They prove that he does not understand the Coinage Act of 1870 (which is in substance the same as the Coinage Act of 1816). They prove that he has never read the works of RICARDO or ADAM SMITH. They prove, in fact, that the fellow is little better than a half-wit or a dolt. The best thing to do is to twit him without mercy on the dulness of his intellect. It will prove a kindness in the end.

Beard or, better still, button-hole the first shabby-looking passer-by in the Strand, Piccadilly or any other crowded part of London, and put to him quietly and firmly the question, "Have you any adequate reason for preferring sovereigns to Treasury notes?"

What will happen? He will wrench himself free, touch his forehead with his right forefinger and go on without taking any further notice. It will now be necessary to beard or button-hole the next. When, after due perseverance, a capture has at last been made the following dialogue will most likely ensue:—

Yourself (*repeating your question*). Have you any reason, my good man, for preferring sovereigns to Treasury notes?

Your good Man. Yus.

Yourself. Why?

Y. G. M. Because they 're worf more.

Yourself. How do you mean "worf more"?

Y. G. M. What I sez. Gold 's worf more nor wot paper is.

Yourself (*condescendingly*). In some senses that may be true. Yet what exactly constitutes worth? Is gold more valuable than platinum, than love, than diamonds, than a contented heart, than a good appetite, than a conscience free from sin? Can you, not being SOLOMON or a Standard Oil King, build a house of it? Can you eat it? Have you never heard the story of Midas the Phrygian, the son of Gordius and Cybele?

Y. G. M. (*accompanying the remark by a short sharp blow aimed at the side of your face with his clenched fist*). Come orf of it, guv'nor.

Parrying or, better still, lightly returning the blow, remark to him, "Have



FLOWERS OF SPEECH.

Young Woman (*greeting fiancé*). "GOSH, JIMMY! SOME JEMIMA-BAGS!"



Londoner (discussing traffic congestion). "NOW HERE WE HAVE ONE OF THE WORST BOTTLE-NECKS IN LONDON."

you never yet learned that the value of gold depends really on its acceptability as a medium of exchange? And that this again is due to a fortuitous combination of circumstances, chief amongst which are portability in small bulk, durability, sameness of quality, divisibility, stability of value, and cognisability? In various parts of the world at the present time the standard of currency is oxen, or cowrie shells, or whisky, or wives. If gold were minted in such quantities as to be as common as blackberries—you know what a blackberry is, eh?—what would be the value of sovereigns represented in terms of commodities or goods?"

There will now result one of those curious scenes described in newspapers as a *fracas*, which provide the police-court magistrates of London with so many opportunities of pointing morals, and the reading public with so much daily literature of a light and pleasant kind.

Profiting, however, by the fact that you occupy an adjoining cell and speaking in a loud voice, you may continue to discuss the importance of gold as a standard of international exchange, at the same time pointing out how little value it has on a desert island or amongst the Eskimo tribes. Sleep supervening, the fine to which you are sentenced next morning, if not more than forty shillings, will be payable in silver, which is legal tender up to that amount. If more, it must be defrayed in Treasury notes. But the man will have had his lesson. He will never afterwards speak ignorantly about gold.

Apart from the education of the public, however, there are one or two points to be stated about the use of a paper currency. In former days the gold coinage was carried by the consumer either loose in some pocket of the coat, trousers or waistcoat, or alternatively in a small metal receptacle known as a sovereign purse, attached, in conjunction with the latch-key, to the right-hand extremity of the albert or watch-chain. The disadvantage of the first method of transport was that, in moments of excitement or unusual haste, a mistake was occasionally made by the consumer between the values of "standard" and "token" money; as, to take a common case, when the railway porter was observed from the carriage window to be smiling at the half-sovereign deposited in his open palm.

The use of the purse, on the other hand, owing to an optimistic trait in the human psychology, led to equal disadvantages, since the possessor of one sovereign or one half-sovereign almost invariably believed that there was another one concealed immediately below it. This hope, on proving vain, often caused the greatest dissatisfaction to restaurant proprietors.

With a paper currency, on the other hand, the possibilities of error are even more serious. Pocket-books are commonly used to contain it, but a single pocket-book, unattached by any rope, card or chain, can be very easily purloined or mislaid, in which case the game is up, and the consumer must return to his bank or club. Loose paper money, on the other hand, can be separated into various units and stuffed in different places all over the person. Treasury notes, however, owing to their smooth glossy surface, are apt, by a a motion contrary to the laws of gravitation, to force themselves insensibly upwards from the pocket, and eventually to slide out on to the road, where they are found and give great joy to the so-called working-classes. The plan of crumpling them up in order to increase frictional resistance may cause them to be confused with bills, love-letters, cloak-room tickets and memoranda of engagements, when they will almost certainly be thrown, in moments of irritation, into the waste-paper basket

or, during the months of May and June, into the fire.

For myself, I try to preserve an open mind on this as on all other important economic questions, merely regretting that it is no longer possible to take standard gold to the Mint and get it coined into sovereigns or half-sovereigns free of charge, 20 lbs. weight being coined into 934 sovereigns and one half-sovereign. The only necessary qualification for this transaction was to have some standard gold and to be able to get through the traffic block which barred one's way to the Mint.

It is, however, still possible to take a fur overcoat to the right quarter and convert it into a variable number of Treasury notes. Later on, of course, there is the Old Age Pension. EVOE.

A VICTORIAN SINGER.

(IN MEMORIAM C. M. H.)

For twenty years she played her part
In public, honourably earning
By faithful service of her art
The eulogy of the discerning;
Not born to dominate the scene
With dazzling or dramatic splendour,
But shining with a ray serene,
Gracious and exquisite and tender.

For twenty years and more she taught,
Finding true pleasure in her duty,
That song was in its essence naught
Divorced from purity and beauty;
She spent her strength to help and guide
The blessèd young, and was rewarded
By love and honour, ere she died,
Rarely to those who teach accorded.

She never stooped or bowed the knee
To the new vogue of strident clamour,
Or faltered in her fealty
To BACH or GLUCK's Elysian glamour;
And she had virtues far beyond
The graces that she never flaunted;
Her friends were proud as well as fond
Of one so steadfast and undaunted.

Her presence cast a peaceful shade,
Yet, as became a soldier's daughter,
With valiant front and undismayed
She faced the shocks bereavement brought her;
Schooled in the discipline of grief,
But to self-pity unaddicted,
With generous hand she lent relief
To the distressed and the afflicted.

Last week we laid her in the grave,
Heaped with the flowers she loved so dearly,
And, as we mourned her, kind and brave,
The birds sang joyously and clearly,
Not in the tones of sad complaint
But welcoming in God's own Acre
The happy passing of a saint
To the safe keeping of her Maker.



"ARE YE GUID AT FINDIN' BA'S?"
"AY!"
"THEN FIND ONE NOO, AND WE 'LL START."

Our Erudite Contemporaries.

"On Friday and Saturday, 'Jane Eyre,' adapted from Geo. Elliot's well-known novel of that name, will be screened."—*Irish Paper.*

From a sale catalogue:—

"100 PADDED LEATHER POETS.
Whittier, Tennyson, Wordsworth, Cowper, Mrs. Browning, Arnold, etc."

Genius, of course, is akin to madness.

"Miss ——, the sole bridesmaid, was nearly attired in a cinnamon brown costume, with ermine fur, and hat to accord."
Provincial Paper.

Judging by modern standards we should have said "quite."

"Wanted, young Man for Ice-cream Barrow; live in."—*Provincial Paper.*

We trust he will be allowed a hot-water-bottle.

"As the police court were gaining on them the men pulled up, jumped out, and escaped down a side turning."—*Evening Paper.*

These fast-moving police-courts should prove very useful.

"Having pushed a wheelbarrow 7,640 miles from Johannesburg, which they left in 1822, Mr. and Mrs. Le Roux are now in London on a world tour, which they expect to finish in 1926."—*Provincial Paper.*

They will have to mend their pace.



Anxious Partner (at critical stage in four-handed game). "NOW, 'AROLD, 'IT YER BALL 'IGH, 'OLD THE CUE LIGHT AN' DON'T BREATHE SO 'EAVY."

CROSS-WORD ASYLUMS.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—Several little private asylums which sprang to life hopefully during the cross-word mania, and are now beginning to feel the pinch, have appealed to me. I haven't any money, but I've thought of a perfectly good substitute for restoring their prosperity. I tried it on my sister at lunch yesterday and the result surpassed my wildest hopes. It's so simple too, and you can have fishes or birds or animals or plants or anything, so that it goes on indefinitely and could keep the asylums going just as well as the cross-words did.

I'm sending it to you because you are always so generous about helping good causes.

The game is simply this: to make a new "Who killed Cock Robin?" story. For instance, using animals:—

"Who killed Cock Robin?"

"I," said the rabbit; "I'm afraid it's a habit, I killed Cock Robin."

"Who'll make his shroud?"

"I," said the beaver, "because I'm a weaver."

"Who'll be chief mourner?"

"I," said the antelope, because I'm the man to mope."

And you could add lots of new questions like this:—

"Who'll break the news?" (to his mother).

"I," said the yak, "because I have tack."

"Who'll drive the hearse?"

"Us," said the bisons, "because we've a licence."

"Who'll put flowers on his grave?"

"I," said the dolphin, "when I'm not golfin'; I'll put flowers on his grave."

My sister became fearfully expert and thought of topping ones in her bath, which proved to me that it didn't need brains, and that the "merest tyro," as my garden-book says, could excel with it. On the other hand, brains needn't be a bar either. Indeed the clever people who know heaps of Natural History would be rushed after, like the Oxford Dictionary in the old cross-word days.

Think of those poor asylums with their paying-guests simply pouring back to their homes. I have a tiresome old aunt myself who—— But you can help everyone by publishing my letter.

Dare I thank you in anticipation, dear Mr. Punch? I shall. I do. Yours gratefully, META MCCOSH.

ELEGY AND EULOGY.

MOST learned of poets, reserved and fastidious,
Despising the crowd as ignoble and hideous,
Unable to flatter, no patronage courting,
And only with scholars and students consorting,
GRAY wrote, all the same, though aloof and unnoted,
The poem that is most extensively quoted—
A poem that's read and recited and conned
By thousands in England and over the pond,
Who know just as little of BRIDGES or MASEFIELD
As nuns in a nunnery know of a race-field.
Well, once in a way there's no cause to upbraid
The ironical tricks that Dame Fortune has played.
GRAY'S "Churchyard" is safe in its peaceful seclusion
From villadom's ever-increasing intrusion.
Punch welcomes "GREY'S Eulogy," happy and just,
And honours the work of the National Trust;
While only the cynic is tempted to say
That, ere this mad century passes away,
The public may come to imagine that GRAY
Was a Viscount, and spelt with an "e" not an "a."



THE PHILOSOPHIC MARTYR.

LABOUR. "DOWN WITH THE BURDEN ON THE POOR WAGE-EARNER!" (*shoots*).
CAPITAL. "DOWN WITH THE BURDEN ON THE POOR EMPLOYER!" (*shoots*).
FLAPPER. "DOWN WITH THE BURDEN ON THE POOR SILK-STOCKING WEARER!" (*shoots*).
ST. BUDGET. "WELL, WELL, I SUPPOSE ONE CAN'T EXPECT TO PLEASE EVERYBODY."

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Monday, May 4th.—The Lords sat for three minutes and gave a First Reading to the Wembley Guarantee Bill.

Will Wembley be wet? is the question of the hour. The answer is in the affirmative—so far as the Exhibition restaurants are concerned. Mr. SAMUEL informed Captain GARRO-JONES that alcoholic beverages would be obtainable at all but three of the forty-six refreshment places provided.

On the Gold Standard Bill Mr. WALTER GUINNESS eloquently defended the clauses designed to prevent the return of gold into general circulation. Only persons of exceptional power, physical as well as financial, are likely to carry their pocket-money in the form of ingots weighing four hundred ounces.

In moving the official Labour Amendment, accusing the Government of having acted with "undue precipitancy," Mr. SNOWDEN confessed that he approached the question "with the utmost diffidence and humility." There was certainly little apparent connection between his brief and his speech. A casual listener might have supposed that he was supporting rather than opposing the Government's policy, which indeed (as Sir ROBERT HORNE unkindly reminded him) he had himself recommended in a recent newspaper article.

Mr. CHURCHILL, having mopped up what remained of Mr. SNOWDEN after previous speakers had done with him, drily observed that a flood of gold was not the problem that had been troubling him but rather the possibility of a rise in the bank-rate; but he comforted himself with the reflection that if it came it would mean a fall in prices, to the advantage of wage-earners.

This argument failed to convince Sir ALFRED MOND, but it extorted the unwilling admiration of Lieut.-Commander KENWORTHY; and Mr. SNOWDEN allowed his amendment to be negatived without a division.

Tuesday, May 5th.—The House of Commons almost invariably respects the statement of a Minister that to give certain information "is not in the public interest." But Sir LAMING WORTHINGTON-EVANS somewhat strained its complacence when he used this formula in reply to Mr. SNELL's request for the cost of small-arms ammunition produced at Woolwich as compared with that supplied by private firms. One could not help wondering, with Mr. THORNE, how without the information the public is to gauge the relative value of public and private enterprise.

The CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER did not smile upon Lieut.-Commander KENWORTHY's suggestion that he should tax imported furs, feathers and precious stones. Probably he thinks that the duty on silk stockings has put a sufficient strain for this year on the allegiance of his feminine supporters.



THE WORSHIPPERS OF THE GOLDEN IMAGE.
LORD HUGH CECIL AND SIR CHARLES OMAN.

Mr. LANSBURY inquired whether the sanctity of diplomatic mail-bags was respected in the case of the Soviet representatives in this country, particularly in regard to Russian newspapers sent to the Legation. Mr. CHAMBERLAIN replied that, as the contents of bags containing newspapers addressed to H.M. Chargé d'Affaires at Moscow were examined by the Soviet Customs Authorities, we had "on occasion" exercised a similar right. In other words, sauce for the British goose is sauce also for the Soviet propaganda.



"MILK-OH!"
LORD ASTOR.

The Members for Oxford University might have taken the old song—

> "Though a guinea will sink and a note will float
> I'd rather have a guinea than a one-pound note—"

as the text for their discourses on the desirability of a gold currency. Lord HUGH CECIL argued it on the abstract ground that the whole basis of the value of gold is the human taste for using it as coin, while Sir C. OMAN adduced concrete examples of his own sufferings with dirty and dishevelled Treasury notes. But Mr. CHURCHILL, though sympathetic, was inexorable; a gold currency is at present a luxury that we cannot afford.

Wednesday, May 6th.—Frontal attacks upon the liquor industry find the House of Lords an unfavourable *terrain* for their development. Better fortune may attend the flank movement which Lord ASTOR initiated to-day when he urged the Government to stimulate the use of liquid milk. The cows in this country have not kept pace with the growth in population, and the nutritive value of their product is sometimes lessened by imperfect pasteurisation. Less PASTEUR and more pasture would, in his view, conduce to the welfare of British babes.

His case was not much helped, perhaps, by Lord DE LA WARR, who in his new-found zeal for Socialism advocated the transference of the milk business to the municipal authorities, and complained, oddly enough, that its administration by private firms caused "overlapping." Lord BLEDISLOE, for the Government, was sympathetic to Lord ASTOR's aspirations, but thought they could be realised without taking the trade out of its present hands. Provided those hands were clean, perfectly pure milk could be produced in the ordinary farmer's cowhouse.

Lord DANESFORT secured general assent to his proposition that the emancipation of women should include liability for their own torts. At present, except

in Scotland, the husband is liable for his spouse's misdemeanours; and even in Scotland, to quote Lord DUNEDIN's racy illustration, "if, in settling the butcher's book, she called the butcher a swindling thief because he had charged for a haggis a price that was only proper to collops," it was the husband who would have to stand the subsequent action for slander. Lord CAVE promised that the Government would, "at a convenient time" bring in a Bill to remove such anomalies.

The Lords having dealt with milk, the Commons followed with tea. It fell to Mr. CHARLETON to move the annual Amendment for the reduction of duty, and to the SECRETARY OF THE TREASURY to point out that the wide incidence of the tea-duty constituted part of its advantage to the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER. It fell upon the just and the unjust alike, whereas "duties on the more fortifying types of beverages"—Mr. GUINNESS modestly did not name them more specifically—were paid only by limited sections.

Captain WEDGWOOD BENN failed to convince the SPEAKER that the term "McKENNA duties" was unParliamentary, and ought to be replaced by "CHURCHILL duties;" but was more successful in his protest against the duties in question being lumped together in one resolution. Mr. CHURCHILL was in conciliatory mood and promised that in the Finance Bill facilities should be given for debating each of them separately.

Much humour was expended upon the CHANCELLOR'S alleged change of front on the fiscal question. It has not, however, been sufficient to satisfy that ardent Tariff Reformer, Sir H. PAGE CROFT, who roundly declared that, "if this niggling thing was Protection," he did not give a "Thank you" for it.

Thursday, May 7th.—The Protection of Birds Bill, after being purged by Lord RAGLAN'S exertions of the "split infinitive" that endangered its progress last week, passed through Committee in the Lords.

So did the Agricultural Returns Bill, in spite of some persistent attempts to amend it by Lord BANBURY, the arch-enemy of bureaucracy, who met Lord BLEDISLOE'S mild assertion, "Some officials, I think we all admit, are necessary," with an uncompromising "I think not."

The stouter Peers sympathised, I doubt not, with Lord SHANDON'S plea that a lift should be provided in the British Museum. But the evergreen Archbishop of CANTERBURY, as one of the Trustees, did not think the matter was urgent, and pointed out that the ascent of the staircase, which Lord SHANDON had compared to JACOB'S ladder, was alleviated by the existence of a number of landings, where interesting exhibits were displayed for the distraction of weary climbers.

The Commons learned without perceptible emotion that the promised Night Clubs Bill was not to be introduced this Session. There was a trace of heat, however, in the HOME SECRETARY'S denial of the suggestion that the postponement was due to any doubt as to the nature of these institutions. He has satisfied himself (by personal inspection?) as to what a bogus night club is.



"THE TAX THAT CHEERS."
COLONEL WALTER GUINNESS.

Sir ARCHIBALD SINCLAIR'S declaration from the Liberal Benches that the Budget, with all its flaws, "was the best that had ever been introduced by a Conservative Chancellor of the Exchequer," acted like a tonic upon Mr. CHURCHILL. His history of the genesis of the McKENNA duties was a brilliant pyrotechnic display. They had been approved by Sir JOHN SIMON, "whose scutcheon is otherwise stainless," and in supporting them even Sir ALFRED MOND "had bowed the knee in the house of Rimmon." The present controversy was entirely due to Mr. SNOWDEN, who had dragged them into the political arena in order to create "a sham bond between those who were not really agreed." Mr. SNOWDEN, having accused his successor of adopting the old device of abusing the plaintiff's attorney, proceeded to reply in kind, and challenged Mr. CHURCHILL to declare his real attitude to the fiscal question. At present he was "a sort of Siamese twin, both Free Trader and Protectionist." This eleventh-hour attempt to throw the apple of discord into the Ministerial ranks did not succeed, for the Budget Resolutions were passed by majorities varying between 156 and 192.



THE McKENNA DUTIES.
MR. CHURCHILL REHEARSES A RETROSPECTIVE ATTITUDE.

MY SHIP.

(For Captain Slocum, who built a boat with his own hands and in her sailed round the world alone.)

My ship is my delight,
And she 's the one I woo
When in the shiny night
I lonely roam the blue,
With whispering sail and spar
As live as ladies are,
And twenty times as true.

My ship is my delight,
I made her—she is mine,
I built her trim and tight,
I dreamed her gracious line;
No wooden thing is she
But some proud part of me;
I made her—she is mine.

Then at the helm I stand,
And two alone are we,
Two lovers hand-in-hand
That ask no company.
So, by some lover's art,
I think she knows my heart
And sings or sighs with me.

A. P. H.

"A few genuine pieces of Queen Anne for Sale."—*Daily Paper.*

We seem to remember hearing that something tragic had happened to the poor dear.

"WHAT HUNTSMEN SHOT.

LONDON, April 18.—Members of the Bicester hunt have been compelled to pay $10,000 damage to poultry owners of that district."
American Paper.

There is still room, evidently, for that "more rational understanding of each other" which Mr. BALDWIN advocated at the Pilgrims' dinner to the new American Ambassador.

THE ETERNAL FEMININE.

WHEREVER the ordinary man goes he is aware that he is surrounded by the pictured faces of beautiful girls. On the hoardings, on the bookstalls, in the newspapers, between the windows of the train—consciously or sub-consciously, he is influenced by them wherever he turns. For some occult reason they indicate the reliability of goods. It is hardly possible to purchase any article, with the exception of whisky, pipe, tobacco or shaving-soap, without the sanction and advice of a popular actress or some beauty unknown.

It is not absolutely clear to a logical mind what connection there is between beauty and baking-powder, between beauty and monthly magazines, between beauty and fountain-pens. But some subtle link there must be. One might have supposed, considering the number of feminine purchasers of most of the articles in daily use, that the portrait of a sheik riding a bicycle, or eating marmalade or washing his hands with scented soap, would prove the irresistible lure; or that Mr. DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS might guarantee the advantages of a breakfast food or a gas fire in the home. But that is not so. And since it is not so, we can only wonder that some of those businesses and institutions which still cling to the graver methods of advertising, or those, again, like the Government, which still tremble on the brink of publicity, do not yet employ this charming method of making their services known.

There is the Southern Railway, for instance. How much simpler, how much prettier, than those long wordy excuses in *The Times* would a portrait of a happy smiling maiden be with the words underneath:—

SHE ALWAYS GOES S.R.!

Or even:—

SHE NEVER FINDS S.R. TOO SLOW.

That would be enough, I take it. People would not really worry about their comfort in travelling, nor what they were eating, nor whether the ink leaked out of their pens in pools upon the table. Give them the face of a beautiful girl and the thing is as good as done.

Banks and insurance societies might well follow this example:—

SHE BANKS WITH BARKINS.

Or again:—

HER LIFE IS INSURED WITH *THE SETTING SUN.*

And when the State is driven to publicity in all its departments, as it must soon be, what pleasanter advertisement for the Post Office could we have than Miss GLADYS COOPER with a sheaf of penny-ha'penny stamps in her hand:—

HER FAVOURITE STAMP!

Or again:—

MLLE. DELYSIA AND MISS EDNA BEST SPEAK ECSTATICALLY OF THE POST OFFICE TELEPHONE.

Or thus:—

PRETTY ENTHUSIASTS FILLING UP SCHEDULE D.

with a picture of a group of fair women so engaged?

Far away in the future perhaps we can discern a State-endowed Academy of Art entirely hung with compositions of this admirable kind.



Village Dame. "THE AULD LAIRD HADNA SEEN YE FOR THRETTY-FIVE YEARS, AND HE KENNED YE? WEEL, WEEL!"
Sandy. "NA, I WUNNA SAY THAT, BUT HE KENNED MA COAT AN' BREEKS."

"BOWLERS ON TOP."
Provincial Paper.

Where else should they be worn?

"Lost, White Sealyham Dog. Answers name Bubbles.—Finder well rewarded by bringing dog to —— Street, ——, S.W."
Daily Paper.

Virtue once more its own reward.

From an official Guide to the Isle of Man:—

"Douglas Bay is said to rival the famous bay of Milan in spectacular charm."

We await the reply to this challenge. Will Milan beard the Douglas in his bay?

NEW YORK CITY: A GUIDE FOR SETTLERS.

VIII.—GERMS: VISIBLE, INVISIBLE, LAMENTABLE STATE OF FORMER, ETC.

IF the Englishman develops any illness after he has come to America, he may comfort himself with the assurance that the germs are British. He brought them over with him. There are very few germs left in America, and those that still exist are so weak through lack of nourishing food as to be practically harmless.

Since somebody's discovery that germs couldn't live anywhere near waxed paper, everything has either been made of waxed paper itself or wrapped in wax paper, and the number of able-bodied male germs of fighting age has been reduced, as I say, to practically *nil*.

The truth of the matter, I believe, is that the habitat of these germs has been fundamentally changed by the march of civilization. The original copper-coloured inhabitants, as I have explained in another chapter, were gradually driven out of their haunts along the Atlantic coast and pushed into the western mountains; a similar thing has happened to the original germs; one by one their hunting grounds have been converted to waxed paper or sealed in waxed paper, until about the only place they have left to them to-day is among the leaves of the books in the public libraries; and in the middle-West, which is supposed to be one of the more fumigated parts of the country, there was some talk recently of having the public libraries installed with sterilizing apparatus through which all the books would be passed before being returned to the shelves, thus depriving the germs of another of the very few places they have left to go to. This probably won't be done for a decade, however, if it is ever done, because everybody's time is now completely occupied, some with sealing articles up in waxed paper, and the rest with removing the waxed paper preparatory to using the article.

FIRST STRONGHOLD SEIZED.

Among the first strongholds of American germs to fall was the drinking-glass. It was almost totally annihilated and the place where it was knew it no more. The expression "a glass of water" is rarely, if ever, to be found in the vocabulary of the rising generation; they speak of "a cup of water" or "a swallow of water" (which means the same thing), and, if they were given a glass with water in it, they would probably take it for a new sort of receptacle for gold-fish. Drinking-glasses are never seen in public, though now and then they may be seen on the tables of some of the old conservative families.

For some time after the disappearance of glasses the water faucets were left to shift for themselves; there was no law against providing water, but there was a law against providing glasses, so they provided only water.

This custom still exists in many places, but the majority of faucets have now been furnished with an instrument nailed to a near-by wall, consisting of a small box with a lever attached to the side, surmounted by a long glass tube about the size of a man's arm; a cent is dropped in a slot and the lever is pulled. Nothing happens, but, if the long glass tube were filled with waxed-paper drinking-cups, one waxed-paper drinking-cup might drop out. Some people, wanting two swallows of water, use the same cup over again, but this is obviously about as foolhardy as using a drinking-glass.



"YOU OUGHT TO HAVE PUT ON YOUR BLACK COAT, FRED. THEY'LL THINK WE HAVEN'T PAID FOR OUR SEATS."

"I DON'T CARE WHAT THEY THINK AS LONG AS THEY DON'T THINK I'M THE AUTHOR."

OTHER STRONGHOLDS TO FALL.

The other strongholds fell almost simultaneously. Sandwiches fell with a great fall. As it was not then known how to make attractive sandwiches out of waxed paper, the next most sanitary course was followed and waxed paper was used for wrapping. The fall of the sandwich germ was accelerated by the fact that the waxed paper was supposed to exert a preservative effect on the sandwiches, making their age undetectable.

Crackers are served in small waxed-paper envelopes, each envelope containing a pair. Sugar is served in the same way, though I have never seen a package containing more than one lump. The greatest caution is necessary with such things as tooth-powder and shaving-soap, these having to be put first in the centre of a roll of printed matter, then in a pasteboard box, and finally in waxed paper. Handkerchiefs are sold sealed in waxed-paper envelopes; so are, if you will pardon me for being perfectly frank, underclothes. In this way such germ-ambushes as napkins and towels have been completely sterilised. In fact, as I have said, the American germ is gradually being starved to death—that is, the visible American germ.

THE INVISIBLE GERM.

There is another sort of germ that is still wreaking great havoc in the larger American cities, and it is to this that the Waxed-Paper League, which has done such execution on the visible germ, is now turning its indefatigable attention. I refer, of course, to the so-called mental or moral germ, found almost exclusively in a certain type of book or play. The destruction of this germ presents a more difficult but no less entertaining problem. How can the principle of waxed paper be applied to literature and the theatre?

It is intrinsically more difficult because the consumers of a certain type of drama, for example, have not yet been educated up to the point of demanding that it be germ-proof. The consumers of sandwiches won't buy a sandwich not wrapped in waxed paper, and the producers of the sandwiches are therefore compelled to wrap them so; with the drama, however, the consumers rather prefer that the article be presented to them without covering of any kind, and the producers therefore hesitate to try to keep out the germs. The first task of the Waxed-Paper League, then, was to create in the consumers of the drama a demand for sterilized products.

The League, being composed largely of women, reasoned that if they created a supply there would soon be a demand. The theory by which they attempted to create the supply was sound; they did not actually try to produce sterilized plays themselves, but they thought that, if they could ban every play *not* sterilized, the theatres, since plays of *some*



Dry-fly Expert. "NOW BEFORE I CAN CATCH ANY OF THE FISH HERE I 'VE GOT TO IMITATE THE FLY THAT 'S ON THE WATER."
Boy. "OH, PLEASE, SIR, MAY I SEE YOU LOOKING LIKE A FLY ON THE WATER?"

sort have to be produced, would be compelled to confine themselves to those which had undergone sterilization.

THE HUMAN GUINEA-PIG.

In order to discover which plays should be banned, the League resorted to an old and time-honoured theory. Medicine having made great advances by trying its experiments out on guinea-pigs, it was thought that the same principle might be applied with advantage to the theatre. The majority of guinea-pigs being reserved for the medical profession, the League had to select some other animal, and decided on man. It asked for volunteers, calling upon them in the name of the love they bore to their fellow-creatures to offer themselves up for possible poisoning that their fellow-creatures might be saved. With whole-hearted self-sacrifice, not hesitating an instant to think of their own moral safety, the whole country to a soul offered to be victims.

A great boom in the sale of theatre tickets took place at once, because the names of only a few of the plays under examination by the "play jury" were printed in the papers, and so the citizen who had offered himself to be sacrificed but had been rejected felt himself compelled to buy tickets for a great many plays in order that he might be sure he had seen the plays which the jury was examining in secret. Thus a large number of plays were saved from failure through so many people going to see them on the chance of having the jury come along later and expurgate them.

The examination is still going on and will probably continue to go on for some time, both because there are so many managers waiting to have their products examined and because the jurors themselves are so intent on absorbing poison. It is therefore not known at this time how the sterilizing experiment will end. There are symptoms of an unforeseen development; everybody wants a chance of being a juror, and this means that, unless the size of the juries is indefinitely increased, the producers of plays, having to respond to public demand, will be bound to keep the market supplied with plays suitable for the juries to expurgate.

It seems then that the exterminating of this species of germ will mean long and hard work, and I doubt if it ever reaches the stage of perfection which the extermination of the visible germ has reached. It will be long before the Englishman emigrating to New York need have any apprehension that he will not find enough germ-infected plays and books and periodicals to keep him interested in Art.

U. S. A.

Fi-Fire!

At a Parish Council meeting:—

"A discussion took place on the fir-fie fiafip-fiplfiiances. A sub-ficommittee was appointed to deal with the question, fithe terms of the inquiry being: fi (1) The number of fire appliances and where they are kept."
Provincial Paper.

"Even Queen Elizabeth was only speaking figuratively when she declared that after her death 'Calais' would be found written on her heart."—*Evening Paper.*

All the more reason for her sister MARY to suspect her of plagiarism.

"For such seeds there is no need to draw drills. They are best scattered on the surface and then lightly raked in—merely with the tips of the teeth."—*Daily Paper.*

In the course of this delicate operation, one should be very careful not to bite the dust.

FIVE IN A ROW.

I recently attended a concert given by an orchestra that I have long shunned. It is highly distinguished; and for Wagnerian outpourings, to which it was, and is, much addicted, might be said to consist of five trombones, banked up bang in a row facing the audience, and other instruments. I used to go to it pretty often some time back; but those trombones did so blare and blaze and blast their message into my face and through my brain as to threaten that organ, never too robust, with a risk of softening that it would have been folly to ignore. The other day, however, there was no getting out of it. Besides, there was a good deal of 'flu about, and I hoped that the trombones might be afflicted. But there they were, the whole five of them. And the menu was Wagnerian.

I know nothing about orchestration (bar trombones), but on this occasion the band seemed to be oddly made up. I counted, I believe accurately, fourteen brass instruments to nine reeds. Let us count each trombone as ten. There is a great throat, whose name I don't know, which, under the sway of sound, keeps up an unemotional monosyllabic pig-like commentary, like an old non-smoking curmudgeon in a smoking-carriage full of lively wags. To this we may fairly allot another ten. Allow three apiece to the other horns and you get a round total of eighty-four. The rest of the band, including the percussion gentleman, who, I suppose, is there frankly for noise, would total about sixty-five points. This obviously is not fair.

Talking of percussion, at a moment when a nerve-shattering *fortissimo* seemed to have reached human bounds, I happened to open my eyes and saw a member of the orchestra shaking what looked like a tambourine. Oddly enough, though the excerpt was familiar, I had never noticed this before. On the principle that every little helps, no doubt its presence was all right. But the performer did not clap it against his head, his knee, his elbow, or any nodes of the human frame. He did not dance with long boots in front of the conductor. He did not cry out to him in the name of Bones or Massa Johnson, nor did he yell a riddle at him. Even his face was not blacked. The man was ineffective.

Certainly just then there was a devastating shindy. There is a tunnel between Par and Fowey which is supposed locally to be the noisiest place in England. It is noisy, too. But compared with those five trombones when really warmed up it is as moonlight unto sunlight and as water unto wine. The other players were doing their best, but they were not in it. Nor was the conductor. When his stentorian five are for the moment out of action it is a joy to see him bend to the other parts of the band and with delicate fingers draw invisible hairs from the air around him. But when he gets his trombones fairly going they are, as one may say, good enough for him. And no wonder.

It is an interesting question, Why are trombonists? How do they come into being? I put it once to a friend of mine who, as an opera-singer, would, I thought, have had good cause for brooding on the mystery, and he briefly referred me to a Higher Intelligence, Who, he said, only knew. That didn't help one much, and one would like to learn. For example, it is incredible that the trombonist is, like the poet, born to the job. Surely no boy on earth has from early childhood felt an imperative call to be a trombonist and to that sole end has scorned delights and lived laborious days. Fiddler, yes; engine-driver, yes; trombonist, no! But if the craving comes to a man in his maturity how does it start? Does it arise from a bilious temperament or being crossed in love, causes of misanthropy that make a man look darkly on his fellows and hunt out an instrument for getting even with a good many at one go? Or does the trombonist hate music other than his own noise? Or is he just a vain proud man who always wants to be top dog?

Whatever the cause of his being, he must be a lonely soul in the world of music. The musical calling is the only one I know of in which a man carries his business into his leisure. If four surgeons meet after a hard day, they don't send out the footman for a subject and start in on it. They play bridge. Soldiers and sailors, after dinner, don't fight. But musicians, when their work is over, are happy if they can get together and make music. But I don't see the trombonist there. If they found room for him in these relaxations, he'd blow the room out. And Heaven alone knows where he practises. Not near me, thank goodness.

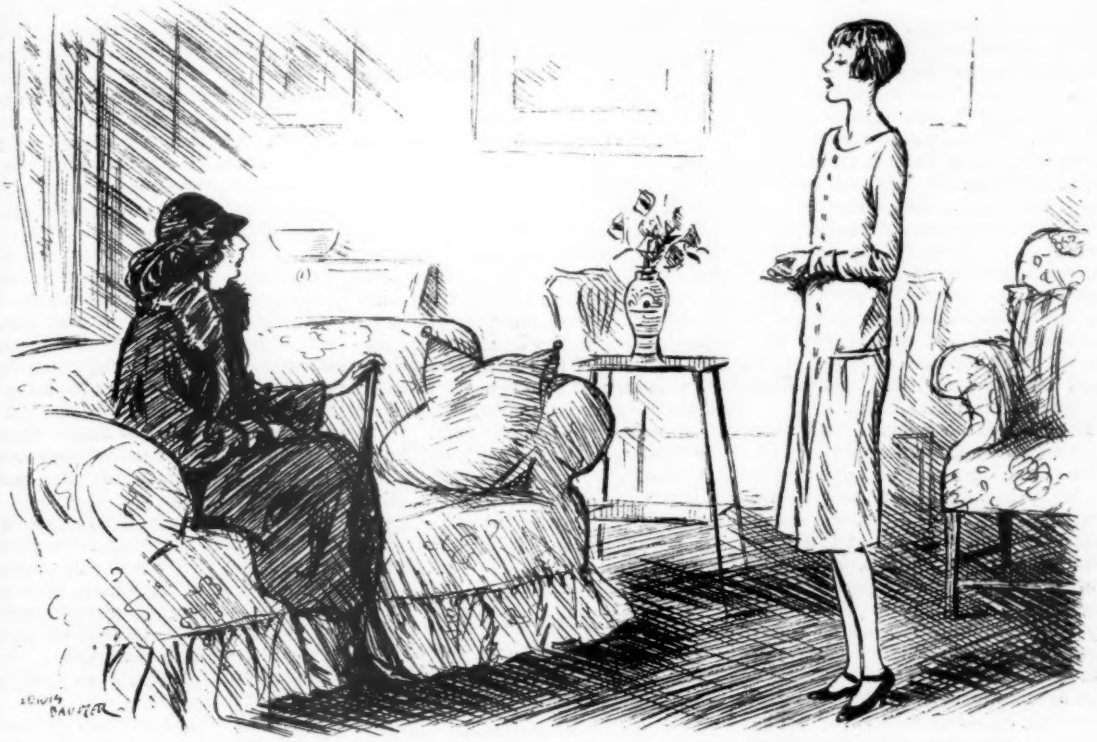
I have been told by persons who know about these things that there is no real necessity for blowing trombones *fortissimo*. Possibly: but surely restraint is unnatural. The reed, which is developed from the pastoral pipe of Daphnis and others, can be tootled. Its player breathes through it with a long face and elongated upper lip. But,



FOLK-DANCING IN THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.

To the memory of Cecil Sharp.

A public meeting will be held at the Mansion House (the Right Hon. H. A. L. Fisher, M.P., in the Chair), on Monday, May 18th, at 3 p.m., in support of a Memorial to Cecil Sharp, who spent the last twenty-five years of his life in finding and reviving old English folk-songs and dances. This Memorial is to take the form of a building in London which will serve as a national centre for the teaching and practising of these arts. The movement is being promoted by the English Folk-Dance Society, founded by Cecil Sharp for the purpose of spreading the knowledge of our native songs and dances and stimulating pride in them. Mr. Punch hopes that this national tribute, for which a sum of £25,000 is needed, will find generous support among his readers. Cheques, made payable to "The Cecil Sharp Memorial Fund, or Bearer," and crossed "The Midland Bank, Bloomsbury Branch," should be addressed to the Hon. Secretary of the English Folk-Dance Society, 2, Buckland Crescent, Hampstead, N.W.3.



Important Personage (calling on new neighbour). "WILL YOU TELL YOUR MOTHER I'D LIKE TO SEE HER, MY DEAR?"
Very Youthful Bride (with hauteur). "I AM MY MOTHER."

letting alone the trombone, you watch the cornet-soloist of a seaside-band braying a Lost Chord or, for that matter, a man on a coach. His cheeks are inflated, his lips pursed; vehemence is the very essence of his joy. You have no right to put a thing like a trombone into a man's hands and expect him to hold himself in.

Still, under inscrutable Providence—and queer things are done in that name—the trombone is with us; and the important thing is, what is to be done about it? In the first place, its number should be limited; one in a band is heaps, and I don't care how big the band is. And it should be allowed only so many notes per minute. Again, WAGNER, though he may have scored for five, knew what he was up to and had the decency to bury them. In a concert-room, where there is no grave—I mean, pit—the single trombonist should be turned round so as to present his back to us. The instrument too should be fitted with a safety-valve; not a whistle, because composers would be quite capable of scoring for it, and that would be dreadful. The valve, on a certain pressure being reached, would allow the air to escape and thereby make the music mute. That would settle them. This of course presupposes that the trombone is still regarded as a musical instrument. It really should be looked upon in relation to other instruments much as the anthropoid ape is in relation to humanity. Indeed, if you got rid of the idea that it is one of the higher family, it might become useful in many ways. For instance, to frighten hyenas from Mahommedan graveyards——

To return to our five trombones, I used to wonder how on earth the conductor stood it. He is nearer to them than the audience, and slap in the line of fire. But as I write the truth has been given to me. It is a matter of self-preservation. A shell moving at great velocity may penetrate an unarmoured ship and go on its way; a slow-moving shell will explode. He is the unarmoured ship. As long as he can keep those trombones at their maximum force, the noise—their form of projectile—will go clean through his body and come out on the other side without harming him. If for a moment he lets them falter it will impinge upon his soft person, and get him.

DUM-DUM.

THE CELEBRITY'S PLEA.

O Unknown Ladies, you who send
Me letters, tributes to the Known,
Still kinder 'twere would you append
Your status: wed or lone.

I like your frank impulsive ways,
As warming as a cordial wine,
Your sound discriminating praise,
But not the way you sign.

Fay North, Joan South, Rose East, Jane West,
Though "Your admiring" come before,
Ladies, you do not pass the test;
More detail I implore.

Psychologist, graphologist,
I scrutinize your tone, your style:
"Is that," I ask, "a single fist?
Is this a married wile?"

Why all this fuss? I'll tell you why:
Unless I know the right address
How can I ever gratify
My greed for politesse?

And so, of courtesy a dream,
Through ignorance that's far from bliss
The prince of boors I'm forced to seem
To Mrs. and to Miss.

THE PERFECT FATHER.

WHEN I was a little boy I remember that I used to look on my father as a completely model man. He was not just a good man, like other old men; he was absolutely perfect. His perfection made you stand in positive awe of him, and caused him to seem aloof from the rest of mankind. One did not hope to grow up like him, though of course one would have loved to do so; one knew that it was hopelessly out of the question. In a vague subconscious sort of way one wondered how he had ever got like this; but the problem was unfathomable, like those problems of space and time and life and birth and death. He just stood out—a great, big, marvellous, mysteriously faultless being.

That would be when I was about eight and my father thirty-five.

Now I have a son of eight; and I am thirty-five. And I am very worried about the whole thing. There is such a difference between me at thirty-five and my father at thirty-five. Physically, to start with, there are important differences. I am not big. I am just an ordinary-sized person. Then I haven't one of those large bushy moustaches; I haven't a moustache at all. And of course no sign of a side-whisker. Again, I dress differently. I dress rather well, though loosely; whereas my father dressed very badly, though tightly—a heavy black frock-coat, with a big white stiff collar and starched shirt.

Then, too, I am much younger than my father was at my age. I am much too young. I am so young that it is inconceivable I could command the respect, let alone reverence, of anybody. How could I command respect? I am not good, like my father. If I am not thoroughly bad I am at least bad. I have always been bad. I had bad ways as an undergraduate; I had bad ways when I came down from the 'Varsity; I had bad ways as a soldier in the War; I have got bad ways now—at any rate compared with my father at thirty-five. Anyone can see this; I have never attempted to conceal it because hitherto it has never seemed to matter.

But suddenly it has begun to matter very much. How can I go on facing my son Jack knowing that he regards me as just an ordinary irresponsible happy-go-lucky sort of person, not even as good as Uncle Donald and people like that? And how bad for him! How bad for him as he grows a little older—for his *amour propre*, for his own self-respect. Yet what can I do? I am too old to change. And, anyhow, it would be extremely inconvenient.

* * * * *

Strange that so soon after musing on these things I should have overheard the question put to Jack by Jill in the night nursery (and you can imagine the anxiety with which I heard it):—

"Who is the best man in the world, Jack?"

"God."

The answer came back pat and decided.

"Who is the next best?"

"The KING."

I breathed hard as I realised that the awful truth of my own forebodings was about to be revealed. I trembled to think of the long list of Cabinet Ministers and uncles and film stars and clergymen and schoolmasters and doctors that would be run through before my name would be reached. It would probably never be reached that night. Then came the question again.

"Well, who is the next best?"

"Daddy."

And with one bound and a stifled shout of joy I was into the dining-room, mixing a celebratory cocktail for Mummy and myself. L. B. G.

A BLIGHTED CHILDHOOD.

[An American millionaire is reported to have given his infant son a skyscraper "in order to encourage him to have high ideals."]

IF wonderment should wake in you
At faults my character displays,
My all too cynic point of view,
My unregenerate ways,
Remember it was mine to be
Neglected in my infancy.

My parents' unenlightened state
Deprived me of the toys that start
A passion for the good and great
Within an infant heart,
And I am still (poor little chap!)
Impeded by this handicap.

To me they were content to bring
A rubber ball, a jumping frog
And whatsoever fluffy thing
Foreran the gollywog;
I carried Noah in my pram
And sucked the paint off Shem and Ham.

In short, my toys were not designed
To serve a high and heavenly end
By hinting how my baby mind
Might take an upward trend;
No common monkey-up-a-stick
Possesses this inspiring trick.

Our Scaremongers.

"SLEEPING GIRLS ATTACKED BY RATS.
200 KILLED IN ONE DAY IN WAREHOUSE."
Rats! *Daily Paper.*

"Dancing continued until the early hours to music discorded by the —— Band."
Provincial Paper.

A high compliment in these jazz days.

EAVES' GAZETTE.

AMID a multitude of twitterings it was possible by degrees to distinguish a meaning. After all, if *Dr. Dolittle*, a mere country practitioner, could learn the language of animals, why should not a clever cultured fellow like myself? *Dr. Dolittle*, you will remember, acquired his knowledge from Polynesia the parrot. I decline to give the name of my tutor.

You know how glad you are when they come, even though you should once again, in your gladness, fall into the old but so very natural error of assuming that one of them can make a summer. At last, after all those dreary months, here they are, to bring not necessarily warmer weather but the assurance of it. How they have made the journey from Africa, who can say? How they can find their way back to the same house——

But here they are, darting, swooping, flashing. And chattering. They chatter in mid-air; they chatter as they build and rebuild. But where they spend their nights I have never yet learned.

"Was it a decent winter with you?" I heard one of them inquire.

"Not bad. Makes it very cold here, though."

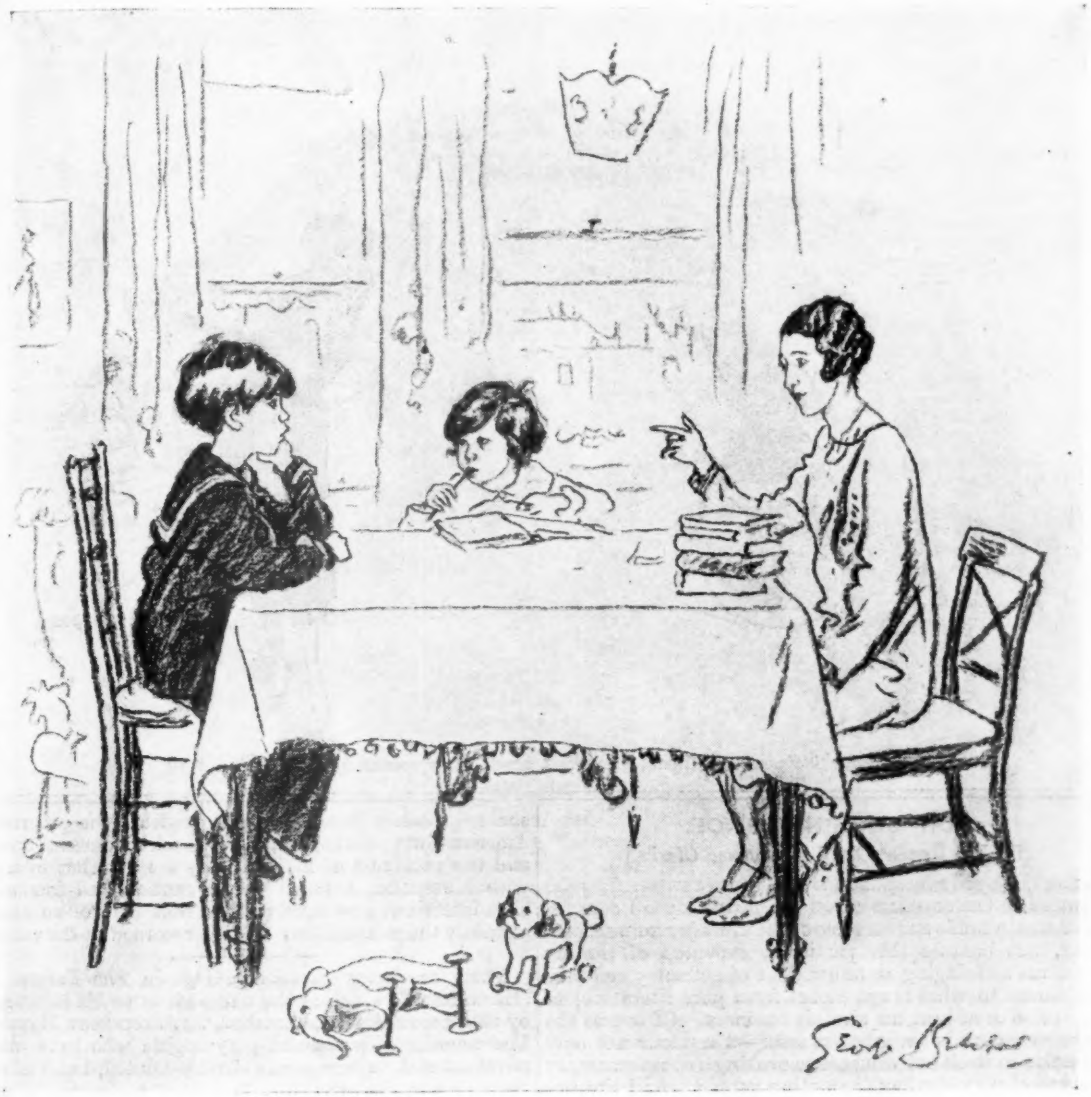
"What's happened to England anyway?" the first one asked. "I used to hear stories of the beautiful English spring, but now it's bitter. Hail and frost on May Day—did you notice?"

"Did I not? I wonder year after year why we come back? I suppose it's the quality of the food. There's something about an English insect that beats all the others."

"Yes, and the English mud. The mud here sticks. By the way, what kind of a state was your nest in? Any use?"

"Not too dusty. I've managed to keep quite a lot of the old walls. But how can one work in this cold? I met a quite intelligent seagull on the voyage, and asked him if he had any theory about it, and he thought it was the North Pole's fault. The North Pole's tired of exploring parties going to him, so now he's come to explore us. But, cold or warm, I'm for England every time. We're more or less sacred here. Not exactly ibises, I know, but very nearly. It's most soothing."

"Yes," said the other, "so different from Italy. I had an awful time at Rimini resting on the journey. The way those Italians try to kill us is a disgrace. Fancy cooking swallows for dinner! On a skewer too! The English don't do that, and only very occasionally do they put up wire-netting to keep us from building. If only they knew what risks they run when they do that!



Governess. "SPELL 'OYSTER,' DENNIS."
Dennis. "O-Y-S-T-E."
Governess. "R."
Dennis. "THERE ISN'T ANY 'R' IN 'OYSTER' THIS MONTH."

I'm not old enough myself to have seen much disaster in consequence, but my grandfather can tell you of family after family that has come to ruin through discouraging us. It 's very rare, though. Most people know we 're lucky."

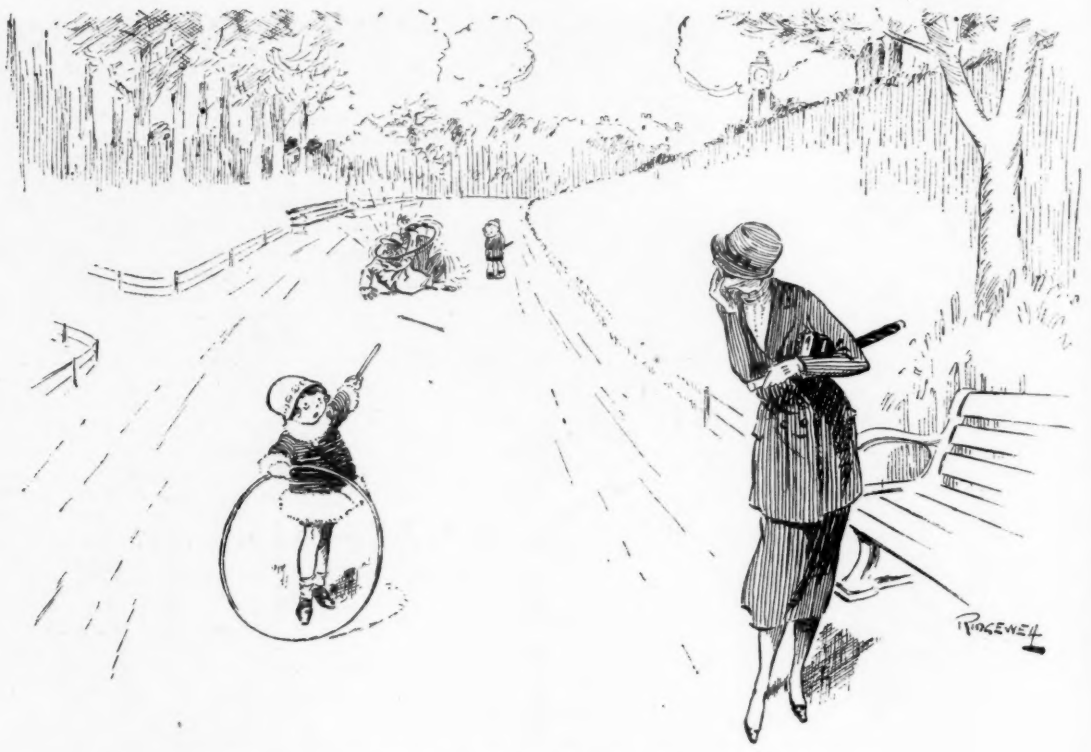
"I don't belong here really," said a newcomer. "My nest is over there at the Manor. But I can't rebuild it. There was a little girl there last year whose bedroom was just under it, and she used to come to the window and watch me. A perfect pet. I remember she used to say we were like fish, all swimming, rather than flying, up to the eaves. 'The darling fish-birds!' she called us, and she used to laugh at my white waistcoat because I wore it all day, whereas her father wore his only when there was a grand party. Well, she died just after Christmas, I hear. I couldn't build there again, so I 've come here. They 're nice people here, aren't they?"

"Yes, they 're all right," said the other. "No children, though."

"The bedroom furniture looks to be in excellent taste," said the first. "I 'm fussy about that. The bedrooms are the only rooms we really see, and it 's hateful when they 're untidy and cheap. Has the woman got pretty hair?"

"Very," said the other. "I watch her brush it every morning."

"Then it 's not that silly new short stuff," said the first marten. "Good. What a pity they did that! I like the long, long tresses and the brush going under and over. But there 's little enough left. What a pity!" E. V. L.



Betty (indignantly). "LOOK, MUMMY, A GEMPL'UM 'S TOOKED FLEDDY'S HOOP!"

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

I HAVE enjoyed *Places and Persons* (BUTTERWORTH), by the Countess of OXFORD AND ASQUITH, not because I care for the alternate amble and caracole of the average reminiscence-writer, but because this particular exponent of the art strikes me as bringing an unusual air of gallantry and purposefulness to what is apt (apart from pure literature) to be a sordid or at best an aimless business. Of course the writer's candour is her greatest asset—a candour not only attractive in itself but valuable as evoking a complementary measure of plain-dealing from other people. And she has the wit to "like what I have thought out for myself better than what I discover," an excellent preference in one who, after all, discovers very little of unique or exceptional interest. The present book deals with four journeys: to Egypt in 1891, to America in 1922, to Spain in 1923 and to Italy in 1924. The first girlish pilgrimage is recorded with great verve: "Papa and Mamma" sharing with ALFRED MILNER, Colonel KITCHENER, the SCAWEN BLUNTS and other notabilities an incisive, if on the whole kindly, appraisement. KITCHENER's sum-total is perhaps the shrewdest: "a man of energy and ambition, a little complacent over his defects, he has not got an interesting mind." The same insight, handicapped by "horrible trains" and the exhaustion of lecturing, accompanies the writer to America. Here her plucky tilt against Prohibition certainly made her task no easier; and she abundantly justifies her tenderness for individual Americans and her distaste for "the complete lack of freedom" under which the whole nation lives. Spain she approaches from the right angle: "the progress of America is not so interesting as the backwardness of Spain;" and the problems of modern Italy are, like her interview with MUSSOLINI, handled "with caution and frankness." This interview, prolonged for the best part of an hour, is certainly the greatest *tour de force* recorded in the volume.

There are many excellent things in *The Painted Veil* (HEINEMANN), which is the name given to his latest novel by that accomplished dramatist, Mr. SOMERSET MAUGHAM. The number of successful playwrights who have written novels of real importance is strictly limited, but I have no hesitation in declaring Mr. MAUGHAM to be one of them. It is, of course, a commonplace of criticism that the sense of the theatre may be a curse as well as a blessing; that your dramatist, if he sees a chance of a brilliant situation, will never consent to imperil its success by asking too curiously whether his characters are likely to act or speak in such a fashion as the stage seems to demand. We have our doubts once or twice whether the too attractive *Kitty* and her very unattractive husband, *Walter Fane*, are not being handled a shade too openly by that accomplished puppet-master who wrote *Jack Straw*. On the other hand, how excellent is the opening of the book! None but an experienced dramatist could have contrived it so effectively—the two lovers in the darkened room, watching with terrified eyes the slow turning of the white china knob on the verandah window, and then left in their uncertainty whether it was the outraged husband outside or merely a Chinese servant. The story moves from the start; there is no doubt about that. And that picture of the cholera-stricken

city of Mei-tan-fu is extraordinarily interesting and powerful, with the convent and *Mr. Waddington*, and their joint effect on the gradually developing *Kitty*. But the author is led astray once more towards the end by this unholy hankering after a sensational effect. I do not think he should have allowed *Kitty* to fall a second time, after all she had been through, on such very slight provocation. It gives the conclusion a cynical note. But for all that the novel remains very well worth reading.

The jacket of *Sally in her Alley* (COLLINS) is very informing. On it can be seen the picture of a big man holding a red-haired girl by the wrist, and underneath are the words, "The Taming of Turbulent Sally." "Turbulent" describes accurately enough this ungovernable young person, who had gone her tempestuous way unchecked until *Shane Melrosse* arrived in London from the Wild West and decided, for reasons I cannot stop to explain, to marry her first and control her afterwards. To the marriage she consented, but the subsequent attempts at control she rejected with fury. *Shane* took her back with him to Arizona, and there he found that it was far easier to break in the wildest of local horses than to subdue his *Sally*. On one occasion he gave expression to his annoyance by smashing up his own furniture (like the gentleman in *Iris*). This cyclonic action may have been a part of his scheme to educate *Sally*, but, as he had to sweep up the mess, it was not without its ridiculous side. I am not going to pretend that Madame ALBANESI's art is at its happiest in describing this domestic warfare, but the charm of her style remains unstaled and her portrait of an old governess is better than anything she has done in this kind.



Ardent Amateur Astronomer. "THAT METEOR IS MOVING AT FORTY MILES A SECOND."
Phlegmatic Motorist. "WELL, IT 'S ALL DOWNHILL."

NISBET AND COMPANY have published *High Explosive*;
GORDON PHILLIPS wrote it and he wears the cap and bells;
Mountainous its spirits are, its fun is non-corrosive,
It wouldn't hurt a bluebottle; and here 's the tale it tells:
Mr. Harold Wimperley invents a dread solution
(*Harold* 's on research for Whitehall), finds a secret mode
Very apt for dealing with "a Roosian or a Proosian"—
Foes have but to drink it and they 'll presently explode.

But, ere it functions are days of grace, whose glad sum
May haply be a fortnight or a longer term of weeks;
Harold thinks his brother (*Edward*)'s been and gone and had some;
Edward hasn't really, yet he hides, and Whitehall seeks;
Whitehall seeks to find him lest he burst in Piccadilly,
Blow up poor pedestrians—and "blow" the secret too;
Edward, since his landlady would wed him willy-nilly,
Has bolted down to Berkshire, but the C.I.D. pursue.

Edward, who thinks that the "traps" on his traces
Follow but to drag him to an altar that 's a dread,
Skips across to Paris, hunted still, and then the chase is
Carried back to London, but the run is well-nigh sped;
Edward meets with *Harold* and due explanations follow.
Does such cheerful rot amuse you—folly at the tilt?
Then taste of the solution, of this *High Explosive* swallow,
'Twill explode you into laughter—if 'tis that way that you 're built.

A further instalment of the *Official History of The Great War: Military Operations, France and Belgium, Volume II.* (MACMILLAN) carries the marvellous story on through the second half of the 1914 fighting, which means that it is almost wholly taken up with the group of stubborn actions collectively known as the First Battle of Ypres. As is proper in an official historian having access to all possible sources of information, Brigadier-General J. E. EDMONDS is mainly concerned to produce an account of events that shall be quite impartially correct, and for the most part he pins himself down to a manner of narrative as matter-of-fact as a grocer's statement of account. Yet, in spite of all his self-restraint the human intensity of the story will at

times gleam through his facts and figures, and this all the more because the First Ypres, in which the rifle, perhaps for the last time in earth's unpeaceful history, was the deciding weapon, gave more play to individual initiative than did most of the later fighting. He cannot refrain from telling how a party of Scots Fusiliers when armed only with shovels attacked a house and took twenty prisoners, while, when he comes to such infinitely stirring episodes as the counter-attack of the Second Worcesters after the loss of Gheluvelt, he almost quite forgets to be "official." The narrative makes it clear beyond dispute that it was only the straight shooting of British regulars (in conjunction with the skill of the Higher Command in "puttying up" incipient breaks in the line as fast as they occurred) that checked the German rush, in which the odds on the side of the attack were more than two to one. The narrowness of the margin by which the Channel ports were saved is perhaps the dominant impression this volume conveys. It was a crowning mercy that the enemy was never able to guess how near he had come to success.

Their sting is so largely drawn by modern conditions that one hardly realizes how unpleasant a selfish squirarchy can make country life until one encounters a remnant of the old guard suitably embalmed in fiction. The *Campbells*, as described by Major-General L. C. DUNSTERVILLE, are the terrors of a small West-country hamlet, and, though their title to its domination reaches no further back than the eighteenth century, they claim and exercise a right to make or mar the social fortunes of every more recent immigrant. Within a five-mile radius of their seat only two or three households have succeeded, so to speak, in satisfying the examiners; and among these a certain *Colonel Mandersfield*, his wife and his daughter *Beatrice*, head the list. Unfortunately, while the *Mandersfields* are two miles away from the *Campbells*, the *Coles*, a North-country family still implicated in trade, and on this and other counts *tabu*, are more or less on the door-step. The Vicar and his wife, who provides, with an old soldier turned fruit-grower, some of the most attractive passages in the book, have a notion that the *Coles* and the *Campbells* should pull together, if only on public occasions. The young *Coles* and at least one of the young *Campbells* are willing to fraternize. And the first half of the book is devoted to a general offensive of charity and youth against the *Campbell-Mandersfield* line. The second is mainly concerned with the wooing of *Beatrice Mandersfield* by *John Cole*, during which the War intervenes. Finally, *John* distinguishes himself in India and establishes his claim to *Beatrice*, whose puerile objections to the marriage service should not, I feel, have been allowed to give so unrepresentative a title as *And Obey?* (ARNOLD) to a pleasant and thoughtful book, which I can forgive for being a trifle diffuse.



THE PEDANT.

ERUDITE GENTLEMAN, WITH THE COURAGE OF HIS CONVICTIONS, WHO HOLDS THAT THERE IS A SINGULAR NUMBER OF THE NOUN "TROUSERS."

Dartmoor books are apt to be sombre. "CHRISTIAN HAYS," the author of *Under the Thatch* (MURRAY), has taken the same bleak road as the rest, and we note the customary features of the landscape as we cross the blasted heath. *Esther Loveday* is discovered in the ancestral farm with a grandfather, two old aunts who are a curious blend of the sinister and the ridiculous, and a half-witted cousin called *Eli*. To them enters the usual scheming attorney of fiction, *Andrew Foote*, who has designs on the farm itself, with *Esther* thrown in. Curious the family resemblance that runs through all these rascally country attorneys! *Foote* has been with us ever since we first began to read of farms in the West Country; almost invariably he is repulsed by the high-spirited girl with a sounding smack on his lantern jaws, for which she has to pay heavily later, when the poor old grandfather is carried out to the neighbouring churchyard. For your Dartmoor farmer has an almost ineradicable habit of signing away his property to shady lawyers. I confess it is a little difficult in this particular instance to discover the exact nature of the document that *Mr. Foote* carried away with him to Eggebury, but it makes a starting-point for *Esther's* misfortunes, and we have, at all events, the satisfaction of finding that it brings no advantage in the end to her enemy. It is quite possible that the author of *Under the Thatch* may do good work in the future. This book strikes me as rather a dreary exercise. But I admit I have always nourished a certain prejudice against novels that are full of dialect.

The Mystery of the Summerhouse (HUTCHINSON) puts before us a nice point in casuistry. I cannot enter into details without spoiling the pleasure you ought to get from Mr. HORACE HUTCHINSON'S tale, but, as on its jacket you will read, "A vividly-written story showing how easily the innocent may be found guilty," I shall perhaps be allowed to add that the word innocent is here used in a strictly legal sense. The convicted man, though he did not actually commit the crime, was the chief cause of it. The question raised by the author is this: If you are aware of the true facts of a crime, is there any justification for being silent about them? In the "hard case" which he presents to us, if A. speaks out, then B., the real villain of the piece, goes free, and C., who has suffered intolerably through B.'s treachery, is at once arrested. If A. and C. holds their tongues, then B. is hanged for a crime which he did not actually commit. For myself I think there is only one answer, and Mr. HUTCHINSON gets it right. It is an ingenious and well-told tale of mystery.

CHARIVARIA.

WHEN she left London for Manchester last week Miss EVELYN LAYE is reported to have taken her pet parrot with her. Many other musical-comedy stars are greatly attached to their Press-agents.

* * *

A world conference of policemen is meeting in New York. Perhaps the idea is to take one consideration with another when constabulary duty 's to be done.

* * *

A critic says that the best singers come from Lancashire. But that was before the mention of any duty on artificial silk.

* * *

"The very great and the perfect," says Lord GREY, "render us silent." Perhaps we shall have a Budget like that some day.

* * *

A man in London was recently summoned for appearing at an open window with insufficient clothing. Probably, owing to the sunshine, he was training for the clout-casting championship.

* * *

A twelve-year-old schoolboy of Bexhill has expressed the desire to become a Member of Parliament. Morbidity in one so young is a very bad sign.

* * *

A reformer is advising manual workers to give up drinking intoxicants. They should drink beer instead.

* * *

Mr. RAMSAY MACDONALD thinks that Labour needs a new rallying march. Has he ever thought of having Mr. KIRKWOOD set to music?

* * *

Fifty motorists were caught recently in Winchester by police traps. A correspondent writes to say that if live pedestrians are used as bait in these traps it should not be allowed.

* * *

Mosquitoes are being fought in America by means of aeroplanes. The aviator collides with the insect and this stuns it.

* * *

A certain poet is reputed to write his poems on the top of a mountain. A good deal of paper can be saved by this practice.

* * *

A house in Birmingham has been burgled four times in the last three weeks. This looks as if even burglars are now feeling the effects of our house-shortage.

* * *

A twelve-year-old boy named FREDERICK CLARKE, who swallowed a penny, was operated on at the Norwich Hospital and the coin recovered. Scottish papers please copy.

* * *

A steer recently chased some boys from the playing fields of Eton. No doubt it was practising for its Waterloo.

* * *

Speaking of biographies, Dr. A. C. BENSON says that most human beings prefer the figure to be idealised. It seems a pity they can't use the same thing on biographies as they do on the human figure for the same purpose. There is nothing like rubber.

* * *

A cinema critic says that only an Englishman can portray a sailor on the films. Americans are afraid to hoist their slacks in case they disturb the sacred contents of the hip-pocket.

* * *

It is said that fifty tons of soot fall on London every month. These sky-writers really ought not to dot so many "i's."

* * *

In a London play now running an actress smokes a corn-cob pipe throughout the performance. We know a few plays in which she would be useful for purposes of fumigation.

* * *

Man, according to a contemporary, is a rational animal and knows that he cannot live by race-consciousness alone. Unless, of course, he is a bookmaker.

* * *

A girl without any clothing on was recently arrested on the footplate of a railway-engine. It is thought that she was qualifying for a job as a motor mascot.

* * *

It is known now that the sparrows found in Dorchester wearing turbans made from red flannel were the victims of a practical joker. The introduction of this sheik business into the HARDY country seems to have struck him as very funny.

* * *

A Jazz band recently played in a church. Isn't it extraordinary what clergymen have to do to keep their congregations awake?

* * *

It is the business of a publicity agent to adopt new stunts when the old ones are wearing thin. An actress is reported to have *found* a string of pearls.



"DO YOU KNOW WHY I RUB OIL INTO MY BAT, SONNY?"
"YES, TO KEEP OUT THE RAIN."

In the Bear-Pit.

Mr. Punch acknowledges with thanks the following invitation:—

"May 12th, 1925.

DEAR SIR,—With the object of observing the effect of prehistoric monsters on various wild animals of to-day, the screen version of Sir Arthur Conan Doyle's 'The Lost World' will be exhibited to an audience of lions, tigers, bears, monkeys, pumas, leopards, etc., at the Crystal Palace at 9.30 P.M. (night) on Monday next, May 18th, and we shall be glad if a representative of your paper will attend. Yours very truly,

—— —— PICTURES, LTD.,
Publicity Department."

Mr. Punch handed this invitation to his office Lion, but he pleaded a previous engagement to dine with one of his relatives at the Wembley Garden Club.

"Protecting the pitch for the twenty-four hours preceding the start of play should make for more cricket, although it might be argued that in certain cases it tends to penalise the bowler at the expense of the batsman."
Provincial Paper.

We wish the writer had explained this a little more fully.

"Corn Crusher . . . work by hand or power."
Advt. in Evening Paper.

Those we encounter in the Tube operate by foot-power.

LORD BIRKENHEAD, JOURNALIST.

["Mr. T. Johnston is to ask the Prime Minister on Monday (the 18th): Whether . . . he is aware that the Secretary of State for India is a voluminous contributor to the newspaper Press upon matters affecting public policy, and what steps, if any, he proposes to take."
The Times.]

WHEN Mr. JOHNSTON drops a hint
(For public ends—no party stab in it)
That to expose itself in print
Is unbecoming in a Cabinet,
I trust his words may not be read
To mean he wants a mark recorded
Against the Earl of BIRKENHEAD
For doing something low and sordid.

Let no man dare to wag his tongue
With the intent of fouling *my* nest—
Namely, the Press, which ranks among
Britain's Estates the fourth—and finest;
If any Minister can write
The stuff that he may read who races,
A glory of reflected light
Streams on the Government he graces.

Great are the men who build our laws;
It is a noble occupation;
But they deserve still more applause
Who build its ballads for the nation;
And, if my lord is one of those
Who never with the Muse philandered,
Why mayn't he do his bit of prose
And stick it in *The Evening Standard*?

For here, upon a higher plane,
Removed from faction's heat and rancour,
He 's free to range that pure inane
For which the rarer spirits hanker;
To preach the Truth in language such
As suits the average imbecility,
Purged of the academic touch
Demanded by our old nobility.

An ampler audience too he gets
And more advertisement than when at
The hour of 5 P.M. he sets
Out to convince a yawning Senate;
Why should his views about divorce
Be wasted on a few bored gapers
When he can take the street by force
(And what a penn'orth!) in the papers?

O. S.

THE RULING PASSION.

YES, my dears, if you really wish so much to hear it, I will tell you how I came to marry your grandfather.

You must know that before him there was Another. My early love was given to—dear me, the name escapes me! It is many years ago. Ah, yes—George was his name.

It was about five o'clock on a cold afternoon in March, 1925, when George first took his earphones off in my presence. We were alone . . . I recollect that a shudder ran through me, for there was something almost pointed in his action, and besides—his ears! How much of the real George had been hidden by those receivers! I had then, I remember, an intuition that he meant something more than the mere muttered words, "Confound! I 'm oscillating."

I was not mistaken. I had just time to accept him before he switched over to the Eiffel Tower for the mean velocity of the wind. . . .

At first I was very happy in just gazing at him and in thinking he was mine, for in those days, my dears, the words of the poet, "A man's a man for a' that," had some real meaning.

And, when I especially asked him to, he voluntarily gave up all the Women's Hours to me. Of course I could not expect to keep him after six o'clock, because he could never eat his dinner if he had not first been over to Rome, Zurich and Oporto.

But you must not think that George was entirely neglectful of me. He more than made up for any little deficiencies by the delightful letters he used to write while he was waiting up for New York.

For a month or two I lived for his letters. They were nothing wonderful, of course. He would talk about my radiant eyes and the attraction that they exercised over his being's very core; he would praise the undistorted sweetness of my voice, and he was never tired of telling me that our souls vibrated in tune. Perhaps I might have preferred something a little less technical, but I kept my dissatisfaction to myself until one miserable morning these words met my eye: "Dearest Girl, my little Indoor Aerial." An icy hand seemed to clutch my heart.

Why follow the pitiful story further? "The dearest Earth I have," he would call me; "Height of my Frequency," and finally, "Bright Filament of my Dull-Emitter Valve."

Poetry too . . . I can only remember fragments and odd lines. Naturally I returned all George's letters when I married your dear grandfather, but this piece I always remember:—

"Her eyes, like crystals ever functioning,
Transmit on varying wave-lengths messages
Through that accumulator, her quick brain."

And a few more lines from the same poem, which ran thus:—

"Her golden hair
Like twin inductance coils clusters about
Those sweetly-tuned receivers, her small ears."

I used to do my hair in coils, you see, my dears, before the rising tide of shingling swept over us all, young and old.

He wrote many poems. "The Passionate Broadcaster to his Love" was one of them. It began:—

"Come live with me and be my love
And we will all the stations prove
From Hull to Chelmsford, Leeds to Birmingham."

The rest escapes me.

I cannot tell you what would have been the upshot of it all if I had not happened to meet your dear grandfather, to whom I was married within a fortnight.

Of course, if I had not led such an indoor life during my engagement to George, I should have grasped the full significance of certain expressions which your grandfather made use of when I accepted him. His eyes shone and he almost shouted, "With you, my precious little Mashie, what do I care for life's bunkers?" And then he added, in a softer tone, "Darling, with you beside me I shall never be far away from the pretty."

Perhaps if I had realised . . . But no doubt it has all been for the best.

"A revival of Sir James Barrie's 'Rose Marie' (no connection with 'Marie Rose') is in prospect."—*Sunday Paper.*

And no connection with Sir JAMES BARRIE either.

At Wembley:—

"Ample shelter is provided for rain and refreshments."
Local Paper.

We hope the authorities will be careful not to allow them to get mixed up.



THE STOCKING IN THE CHIMNEY.



Hostess. "I DIDN'T QUITE CATCH YOUR NAME."
Nervous Young Man. "DOXBY."
Hostess. "DOXBY—DOXBY—I DON'T THINK I KNOW ANY DOXBYS."
Nervous Young Man. "WELL, WE PRONOUNCE IT 'DOXBY,' BUT WE SPELL IT D-O-G-S-B-O-D-Y."

THE FLASH-BOARD.

PROVIDENCE presented the man Henry at birth with a complete pair of legs, to which the encouragement of his parents presently added the (then) difficult art of swinging them backwards and forwards in an orderly and progressive sequence; "instead of which" he goes about the country buying cars. Hitherto they have been what are known technically, I believe, as "utility" vehicles; but he has now launched forth into what I should call a bobby-dazzler.

It looks to me about the length and width of a Pullman coach, and it is certainly as profusely upholstered. To ride in it is like purring about the countryside, an incarnate sigh of comfort, in one of the largest examples of those lush settees which are found in modern lounges. Shut your eyes and you might imagine yourself buried in one of those settees, so quietly and smoothly does this monster ooze over the highway; but open them (that is, if you are sitting in front and beside Henry as he drives) and you realise at once that you are in a bobby-dazzler. For before you lie the gleaming splendours of the dash-board (or do I mean the flash-board?—or possibly the splash-board?—for they all seem equally indicative of ostentation), and I defy any man of sensibility to look on those and remain unimpressed.

Never (except about that ominous contraption which flanks the reclining victim in a dentist's chair) have I seen so many mysterious gadgets, bright and gleaming, as are thickly clustered on the dash-splash-or-flash-board of Henry's new car. For several miles I regarded them—plugs and knobs and switches and dials and meters—in a becoming silence.

"What's that one for, Henry?" I said at last in a low voice.

"That's the oil," said Henry briskly (or it may have been the compression, or perhaps the snifting-plug; I cannot remember now).

"And that one?"

"Shows the r.p.m. of the stroodle-crank."

"Ah!" said I, without committing myself further. "And what's this one, Henry?"

"That's a clock," said Henry (rather shortly, I thought).

"Just a clock, Henry? Are you quite sure?"

"Of course I'm sure, you ass! What does it look like?"

"A clock," I admitted sadly. "But isn't there a sort of a *je-ne-sais-quoi de comme-ci-comme-ça* (shall we say) about a mere clock? I mean to say, isn't it a bit *vieux jeu* on a flash-board? After all, I've got one at home myself on the mantelpiece. Now, if you hadn't cluttered the thing up with that clock, Henry, you might have had room for a stethoscope or a range-finder. Even a roulette wheel or a bridge-marker would have been more distinguished. And where do you keep the billiard chalk?"

"Don't be a fool," said Henry rudely.

We purred onwards in silence for several miles. And then—

"Where's the loud-speaker, Henry?" I asked meekly.

"This is the horn," said Henry, pressing something which let off a howl that ripped the evening sky like somebody "pooping" off a 9·2 howitzer in the bad old days.

"Thank you," I roared gratefully. "Can it stop now, please? But I didn't mean the horn, Henry. I meant

the loud-speaker—the valve set. You know?"

He shook his head.

"You don't mean to tell me we haven't got wireless aboard? I'm sure it's a Board of Trade requirement, Henry, on cars of this tonnage."

Henry scowled. And shall I tell you why he scowled? It is because in very truth at this minute the man does not know with certainty what he has and has not got aboard his bobby-dazzler. There are knobs and things on the flash-board the precise function of which at present eludes him. And he is too proud to go back to the shop and ask. He wants them to think that he has been driving bobby-dazzlers ever since he was breeched. I know Henry.

And I got to know him better still when at dusk we descended and, as I wandered round to the rear of our floating palace, my eye was taken by an illuminated sign above the tail-lamp. In red letters against a black ground shone the single word—"STOP."

"But we *have* stopped, Henry. Won't you turn it off now?"

"That's for cars coming up behind," said Henry, really very testily indeed.

"How considerate! And what does it say when we're going? 'COME ON'?"

"How do I know what it says when we're going?" said Henry unwarily. "I can't look at the tail-light and drive at the same time, you goat."

Well, I may be a goat, but, believe me, I had stumbled on the skeleton in the flash-board. The man doesn't (or didn't) know what made it say "Stop." Nor does he know whether "Stop" exhausts its repertory. It may be able to say "Pretty Poll," or "Post Early in the Day," or "This Side up with Care." Henry wouldn't know, because he never sees it say anything but "Stop." It may change every minute, delivering, like that electric device above Trafalgar Square, a full evening news service; it may (very unwisely) be flickering derision and abuse at the policeman on point-duty; it may be advertising somebody's soap. There's a situation for you. Figure yourself riding about the country on a sort of sky-sign that you can't control! A man is in law, I believe, responsible for the slander uttered by his wife, but imagine being responsible for the back chat of a bobby-dazzler!

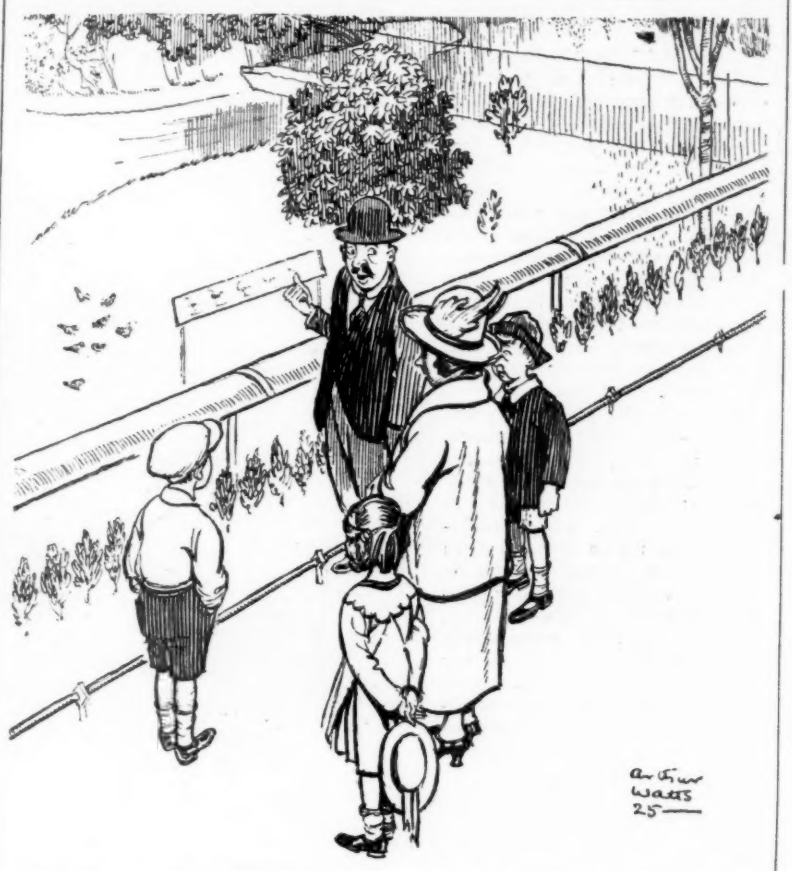
It seemed my duty to draw Henry's attention to the risks of his position.

He was not only ungrateful; he was impatient. He was not only impatient; he was abusive. He was not only abusive; *he was profane.* Taking him gently by the arm I led him round again to the rear of his magnificent possession. Indicating its still illuminated notice, "Let us learn where possible," I said firmly, "from the example of the lower (or should I say the higher?) creatures. Henry, STOP."

It is the kind of example he could understand. He stopped, and we went in amicably for a quiet drink.

* * * * *

STOP PRESS.—Henry informed me to-day that he has solved the mystery. It has, he says, nothing to do with the flash-board; the thing says "STOP" when he puts the brakes on. That however is not the question. The question is, what does it say when he takes the brakes off? And there I still have him. *He doesn't know.*



Disappointed Visitor (halting at untenanted enclosure). "'ERE'S A CHEAT, EMMA! FLAMINGOES, INDEED! I TELL YER THEY 'RE COMMON SPARRERS."

"A new play, 'The Masque of Venice,' referred to in this column last week, is not, as was stated, by Mr. George Gunning Dribble, but by Mr. George Dunning Gribble."
Sunday Paper.

There is, we understand, no truth in the rumour that the late Warden of New College has joined the staff of our contemporary.

THE BLUE PIG.

A SKY-BLUE Pig with purple eyes
Broods on the spare-room mantelshelf;
His look is sorrowful and wise;
He waits in hope his own demise,
Unable to destroy himself.

Turbulent housemaids come and go;
Spring-cleanings take their yearly toll;
But still he bears his secret woe.
Small children push him to and fro,
And still he's hideous and whole.

Patient and motionless sits he;
Deformed, ashamed, he hardly sighs;
Only he murmured once to me,
"It is a bitter thing to be
A sky-blue Pig with purple eyes."

"The judge awarded plaintiffs £250, and said that the greatest skill had been shown by —— in navigating the vessel on a N.N.E. course into the harbour in the teeth of a S.S.W. gale."
Shipping Paper.

To laymen like ourselves it sounds an incredibly skilful feat.

WEMBLEY REGAINED.

I.—THE STADIUM DEFENDED.

YOU may arrive at the Wembley Stadium in a hauberk, in a gabardine, in a smock; you may arrive as CHARLES II. or as *Peter Pan;* you may arrive, I should think, in your dressing-gown and pyjamas or in woad, without exciting any particular comment. The Stadium is so used to these mild extravagances of attire. But beware of arriving without your ticket and attempting to explain that you left it at home out of mere forgetfulness or because there were no pockets in your woad.

The custodians of our great pleasure-keep are as adamant, or, at any rate, as concrete and steel. They are also incorruptible—or no; that is a hard thing to say of any man. They are incorruptible up to any price to which I have been willing to go.

On the opening night of "London Defended" (as it was called), janitor after janitor looked coldly on my bribes, my entreaties, my threats, my prayers. I asked them what damage any conscientious malefactor willing to pay money was likely to do to their Stadium, so massive, so indestructible, so huge; but they merely gazed at me with that stolid expression which seems to say, "We have heard that tale before."

A creditable firmness, and yet a little curious when one considered that whatever glories may be concealed behind the ramparts of the Stadium (with the single exception of a "Soccer" Cup Final) there are always at least fifty thousand concrete seats unoccupied.

At last, and in the main office, when we were almost reduced to despair, "Look here," I said to the Illustrator, "you were always an enthusiastic Volunteer; let us employ the tactics of a feint. Engage this man in conversation and I will leap lightly over the barrier; when you see me well clear, plunge between his legs, come up for a moment to blow, and then double rapidly in my wake."

"Right you are, my boy," he replied.

Alas! the ruse failed. I sprang over the counter, but just as the Illustrator was doubling for his dive a long arm shot out and I was seized ignominiously by the coat-collar. "You 'll come at once and see the Commander," said the commissionaire.



JOY-RIDING AT WEMBLEY
(Not in the Amusement Park).

Trembling I was led along galleries and up staircases innumerable to the orderly-room, where I had to begin my laborious explanations all over again.

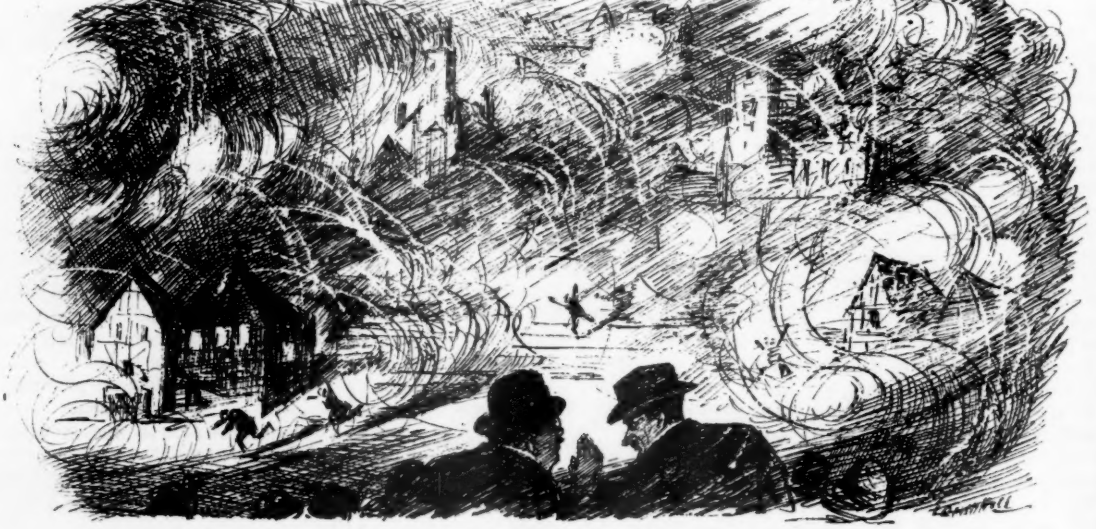
"Have you got a card on you?" inquired the Commanding Officer rather shrewdly. "We're obliged to be pretty careful, you know."

Of course I had not. I already saw myself flung into one of those underground cells in which are stored the spare parts of imperial pageantry and the disguises for escaping referees when I had a brilliant inspiration. "Come and look at my companion," I suggested, and we went down to where the Illustrator, still a little flustered, stood waiting indignantly outside the pale.

The Commanding Officer raised his hands in astonishment.

"Why, I should know that face in a million," he said. "When the project of altering the design of the Wembley lion, and turning it into a man-headed beast came up before the Council, his were the very features we intended to use."

So we came glorious to our appointed



"I THINK I SHALL JOIN THE SMOKE ABATEMENT SOCIETY."

partition, and there I found another old inhabitant of Wembley whom I knew.

"So you've rolled up at last, have you?" he said indulgently.

"Rolled up!" I exclaimed. "Do you know the lines

'When Godfrey led the foremost of the Franks
And young Lord Raymond stormed Jerusalem'?

Or was it Lord BALFOUR? I don't remember. But anyway that's how I got into the Wembley Stadium."

I then turned to consider the plot of the pageant that was being unfolded in the arena. I think it went like this: All London had gone the way of St. Paul's, the Middlesex Hospital and Waterloo Bridge. That is to say, it had fallen down. Only Wembley remained, and the only safe part of Wembley was the Stadium. There the Metropolitan mounted police were amusing themselves by holding a little Rodeo entertainment just to show the Americans that they are not the only people who can do this kind of thing. One of these centaurs was riding three horses at once (which I call greedy), and another was dancing on horseback up and down a burning bridge (which I call the dancing-fever run mad). Meanwhile the fire-engines of London were rushing madly round and round the cinder-track and not giving a hoot for anybody.

Quite suddenly the Stadium was besieged and invaded by an army of Picts and Scots. They had come by excursion train from Aberdeen (carrying sandwiches) and had refused to pay any entrance money. They had broken through the turnstiles, uttering barbaric yells. To add to the horror they had come in native costume and brought their pipers as well. They danced native dances and made merry all over the good greensward. The Stadium authorities were panic-stricken; but while they still gasped a worse thing occurred. Some little gang or other, probably Welshmen (refused a free pass), had conceived the foul design of entering the Stadium by aeroplane. There was a dreadful rumbling above the metal roofs. A huge cardboard building was on fire. It was intended to represent either SELFRIDGE'S or the British Museum. I am not sure which. Anyhow, it was on fire. And now the brave defenders of the Stadium rallied and got splendidly to their task! The firemen clambered up the building with grip-ladders and rescued the mannequins or the "manuscript readers," whichever they were; hoses played high into the heavens. The mounted police drove out the Picts and Scots. Searchlights swept the arena and the sky. An anti-aircraft gun fired shot after shot at the celestial marauders. The flames were quenched; the aeroplanes with their burning red eyes were driven away into the dusk which was now struggling valiantly, in the face of official summer time, to arrive. The Stadium was secure.

What wonder that there was then



A COOL DEFENCE.

a grand musical ride of triumph conducted by the mounted police, followed by a tremendous torchlight tattoo which roused the spectators to the wildest applause I have ever yet heard in the Stadium! It was indeed a noble spectacle and a marvellous mass of sound.

And now followed an allegory. We were shown the panorama of old London, the London of CHARLES II., picturesque but how liable to mishap. We saw it catch fire; shadow pictures of terror were flung upon painted scenes; we saw it burn down. Exit old St. Paul's, and behold in its place a new St. Paul's sprang suddenly before our eyes, the last pinnacle coming into position with a conscious flop. Yet how flimsy, after all, is even the new London; how prone to crumble to pieces; how exposed to raids from the air!

In the last scene of all we were shown KING CHARLES II. riding amongst his people, prophetically promising them a stronger place than London in which they might gather, a place of asbestos and concrete, impregnable to hostile assault.

"London may perish," said the monarch, "but a fairer city will arise to westward approachable by three railway lines, not to mention bus and tram; it will be called Wembley. And in that city will be a citadel called the Stadium, so magnificent and so strong that no one without a ticket can enter into it."

Perhaps I ought really to have bought a programme, but that was how it appealed to me. EVOE.

THEATRE RHYMES.

I.—CHOCOLATES.

HERE the seats are; George, old man,
Get some chocolates while you can.

Quick, the curtain's going to rise
(Either Bradbury's or Spry's).

"*The Castle ramparts, Elsinore*"
(That's not sufficient, get some more).

There's the *Ghost:* he does look wan
(Help yourself and pass them on).

Doesn't *Hamlet* do it well?
(This one is a caramel).

Polonius's beard is fine
(Don't you grab; that big one's mine).

Look, the *King* can't bear the play
(Throw that squashy one away).

Now the *King* is at his prayers
(Splendid! there are two more layers).

Hamlet's going for his mother
(Come on, Tony, have another).

Poor *Ophelia!* Look, she's mad
(However many's Betty had?).

The *Queen* is dead and so's the *King*
(Keep that lovely silver string).

Now even *Hamlet* can no more
(Pig! You've dropped it on the floor).

That last Act's simply full of shocks
(There's several left, so bring the box).

YET ONE MORE GARLAND.

FROM time to time I endeavour to keep the readers of this paper in touch with the latest and best movements in Anglo-Saxon literature, and I should like to-day to give some faint idea of the contents of *This Quarter* (Vol. I., No. 1), a paper-bound publication produced in Paris, and costing, to annual subscribers in France, eighty francs; in Great Britain, twenty-four shillings (post free), and in the United States (of America), four dollars.

The number is dedicated to Mr. EZRA POUND (the troubadour poet), "who by his creative work" (say the joint editors) "comes first to our mind as meriting the gratitude of this generation." He has indeed obtained an astonishing reward.

Besides the many fine flowers of fancy both in prose and in verse there are dramatic sketches and there is an Art supplement. But it is the poetry which pleases me most, ranging as it does from the poor outmoded methods of early neo-Georgianism to far better and more beautiful things.

"Through my hair,"

sings EMANUEL CARNEVALI,

"The comb passes
Quickly, quickly."

That is a **complete poem**, entitled (and very justly) *A Warning from Age*. It is followed by 6—*Song*, in which occur the lines:—

"Let me find my heart:
Is it perhaps on the rocks of the Ponente
Riviera in a dark blue hole
Together with a tiny octopus that I shall
find it?"

There can, I think, be little doubt.

"A glass vial
Cries 'NO!' to space,
Skims meadows, mountain-breath
And hill-side hay
To a fractioned, conscious span."

This is the voice of MARK TURBYFILL, and when he also ends, after two more stanzas on a note of sudden bewilderment:—

"Suddenly wafted
As out of a brake
Timorosity on a hair-spring;
What creature
From a thicket flown?"

we can but echo his wonder.

The Fourth Dimension might seem a baffling subject for poetry, but not so to the gifted writers whose work finds a place in *This Quarter*:—

"Nowness looms and subsides like a line in
perspective
takes lineament and expression
like the sad eyes of bays and louring lips of
land
(complaining the aversion of heaven)—
nowness, abutting somewhere, the presence
of light
bringing to quick bloom the mocking flowers
of shadows—
nowness, wholing existence,
spreads me a lawn of peace, quiets an old
homesickness."

This is ISIDOR SCHNEIDER (speaking). He also says (of love):—

"love that ornaments the earthbig ego of
Monsignor Man
with hopegauds of an Allinal in headshe
defeoffed and predelivered from Nature."

Which seems to me an almost perfect description of the thing.

"Me," by CECIL GIBSON, beginning (perhaps a little abruptly) thus:—

"like a sharp knife light pared off a thick layer of darkness, dark splashes of red on pillow-whiteness wiped the sleepiness from sleeper's eyes, moved their loose white legs arms slackened waist"

is allotted to the prose section of the periodical; but GERTRUDE STEIN's contribution, called "Capital, Capitals," is adjudged on some principle, which I cannot exactly analyse, to be poetry or verse. It begins very well:—

"Capitally be.
Capitally see.
It would appear that capital is adapted to
this and that.
Capitals are capitals here.
Capital very good.
Capital Place where those go when they go.
Capital. He has Capital."

And it ends very well:—

"I know why I say what I do say. I say it because I feel a great deal of pleasure of satisfaction of repetition of indication of separation of direction of preparation of declaration of stability of precaution of accentuation and of attraction. And why do you spare little silver mats? Little silver mats are very useful and silver is very pretty as to colour."

And there are eight pages in between.

I refrain from commenting on the Art section of *This Quarter*, except to note that one of the appreciations of Mr. EZRA POUND, and there are three of these appreciations, is illustrated by a pen-and-ink drawing of the troubadour poet's face. Mr. EZRA POUND (in this drawing) has two quite large eyes, a little side-hair over the ears, but no nose, no mouth and no top to his head.

This is the more peculiar because Mr. ERNEST HEMINGWAY, in the first of the appreciations, which is entitled "Homage to Ezra," writes:—

"Many people hate him and he plays a fine game of tennis. He would live much longer if he did not eat so fast."

I cannot help thinking therefore that Mr. EZRA POUND must really have a mouth. It is the only adverse criticism that I can find to make on any of the contributions to *This Quarter*.

"This practical little frock spells chick in every sense of the word."—*Local Paper*.

But, in the French sense, does not spell it very well.

RHYMES OF THE R.A.F.

XVIII.—THE AIRCRAFT APPRENTICE.

THE A/A is a lucky boy;
His life is just one round of joy.
His work he deems a form of play
Devised to pass the time away
Until he 's old enough to be
Proclaimed a full-blown L.A.C.*
His N.C.O.'s are all in league
To save him from the least fatigue;
Bluff sergeant-majors love to share
His morning frolics on the Square,
And use their noted vocal powers
To entertain the lad for hours;
While corporals do the best they can
To pet and spoil the little man,
Who thus pursues his natural bent
Uncurbed by fears of punishment,
For only one *non compos mentis*
Would dare to chide a boy apprentice.

When tired of marbles, balls or tops,
He seeks amusement in the shops,
And finds it pleasant to beguile
An idle hour with lathe or file,
Whilst close at hand instructors lurk
To see he doesn't overwork.
In school his luck is just as good;
His youthful needs are understood.
The jovial education staff
Divert him with good-humoured chaff,
And beam upon him while he looks
At interesting picture-books.

Although he finds both shops and
school
Quite entertaining as a rule,
P.T. remains his chief delight;
And oh! it is a cheerful sight
To see him with his little friends
Performing complicated bends,
Or doubling at a breathless pace
With radiant smiles upon his face.
And what a loud indignant hiss
Will greet the hateful word "Dismiss"!
"Not yet, Instructor; fie, for shame!"
The young apprentices exclaim;
"Just one 'Knees bend' before we
part;
You can't deny us—have a heart!"

The A/A *is* a lucky boy;
No cares his daily peace destroy;
No dull fatigues restrict his leisure,
He lives a life of simple pleasure;
And every Friday, come what may,
He 's on the spot to draw his pay.

Another Headache for the Historian.

"The golden dais at the end of the Stadium is gradually filling up with plumed and scarlet figures. Then there is a cheer from the whole assembly as the Duke and Duchess of York arrive."—*Evening Paper*.

"Contrary to expectation, the Duchess of York was not present at the opening ceremony at Wembley to-day owing to a cold."
Same Paper, same day.

* Leading Aircraftsman.

ROYAL ACADEMY—SECOND DEPRESSIONS.



DESIGN FOR A RAILWAY POSTER BEARING THE WORDS: "COME TO CORNWALL FOR PEACE AND QUIET AND SOUL-HEALING RESTFULNESS."



THE URBAN DISTRICT COUNCIL OF LITTLE PADDLETON ARE PUSHING FORWARD THE WORK ON THE NEW ESPLANADE. PLIGHT OF LADY-BATHER WHO TOOK HER HOLIDAY TOO EARLY IN THE SEASON.



THE NEW POOR.

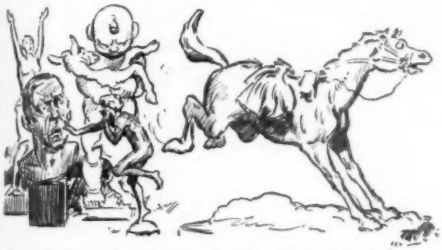
Despondent Wife. "WE CAN'T GET A HOUSE AND I CAN'T AFFORD TO DRESS. WE REALLY *MUST* SELL OFF SOME OF OUR PETS."



SAYING IT WITH EYEBROWS.



THE MARIONETTES.



A HOT CORNER IN THE SCULPTURE ROOM.



"I DON'T THINK THESE ANGULAR GREEN APPLES CAN BE THE KIND THAT KEEP THE DOCTOR AWAY."



"IF WE SHOULD HAVE A *REALLY* HOT SUMMER THIS YEAR! PHEW!"

MR. HONEYBUBBLE.

III.—THE CONSTITUTIONAL.

ON the second day out from Liverpool I lay about noon in a deck-chair in that blissful lethargy which is the whole art and object of travel in an Ocean Greyhound. The last meal still a pleasant recollection, the next meal already near enough to be contemplated with decency, the sun shining, the ship's motion steady and comfortable, the air fresh but not offensive. Moreover it is at this hour that the most lovely of the lady passengers are generally to be seen pacing the deck, their faces flushed, their hair and dress artistically disordered by the Atlantic breeze. Moreover, at this hour their mothers, as a rule, have not yet left their cabins.

But however attractive the moving spectacle before me I kept a wary eye for Mr. Honeybubble. He had discovered that five-and-a-half times round the deck amounted to a mile, and he had early revealed himself as one of those agreeable lunatics who must walk exactly so many miles each day they are in a ship, and take more exercise in a week at sea than they do on land in a whole year. Many of these people are so assiduous that they may be said to walk across the Atlantic. Honeybubble was busily tramping round the deck at the moment, to the infinite annoyance of any ailing passengers in their bunks below. He had some wretched school-boy in tow who had probably not walked so far before in his young life, but thought it unsporting to give up. Round the corner he came, head up, shoulders back, lurching to the roll of the ship, but nobly pretending that he was walking straight, breathing in the Atlantic through the nose and loudly expelling it through the mouth, and all the time talking; oozing geniality and diffusing about him the vapour of tedium.

I closed my eyes and lay as one in a deep sleep. I hated myself for the unkind thought that prompted this action; but I had given up hope of evading Mr. Honeybubble by fair means. In twenty-four hours we had become bosom friends. He had loaded me with kindnesses. He had lent me a hat-guard, and an old hat to replace the one so unfortunately lost in the Mersey. He had given me tobacco, forced huge cigars upon me. He had begged so earnestly to lend me that book *The Talisman*, which lay now beside me on the deck, that I was actually reading the work to avoid further argument. He had secured me a seat at the Captain's table (next to himself), and there, so perfect his courtesy and thoughtfulness, I could not for a moment be without the salt or suffer an instant's anxiety about the mustard. Wherever I went in the great ship—the smoking-room, the library, the boat-deck—sooner or later Mr. Honeybubble would be at my side to comfort and sustain me with kindly thought and soothing conversation; and if I fell into the bilge I had no doubt that he would soon be there also.



Doctor. "DO YOU ASSIMILATE YOUR FOOD?"
Patient. "NO, SIR, I DOESN'T. I BUYS IT OPEN AND HONEST, SIR."

And yet, when I saw him lurching down the deck, I closed my eyes and pretended to be asleep. Can human baseness go further?

"TWENTY-ONE," he bellowed to the boy as he passed. "ONE MORE FOR THE FOUR MILES. MY FRIEND MR. HADDOCK'S TAKING A NAP, I SEE. PITY. HE MIGHT HAVE JOINED US."

When I opened my eyes again I was sorry to see that that delicious little dark girl had also passed in the interval. It was a pity she would walk so close behind Honeybubble. And she was walking, unaccountably, alone—unaccountably because she was delicious and because I had observed the previous evening that she had a dragon for a mother. Perhaps her mother was ill. I wished her mother no harm, but I hoped she was quite definitely ill.

I reflected sadly that, apart from Mr. Honeybubble, I had so far made no friends on board. This might be cause and effect. I had noticed that, however crowded the smoking-room, by the time he had been talking to me for twenty minutes we were the centre of a large unpopulated open space. He seemed to have a capacity for creating a desert about him. I felt sometimes that he could have emptied Piccadilly Circus on a Saturday evening. And it might be that I was already known and avoided as Mr. Honeybubble's friend. This seemed hard.

But just then he sailed round the corner again, running free before the wind and holding on his check cap. I closed the eyes smartly.

Presently a body fell heavily into the chair beside me and a voice said loudly, "Taking forty winks, eh? That's right."

I half-opened the eyes, closed them again, and answered very drowsily, "Yes." There were still three-quarters of an hour to lunch, and it looked as if Honeybubble had done with walking. But surely he would respect a man's sleep!

It seemed not.

"Four miles we've done," he shouted breezily. "Twenty-two times round. Not bad before lunch, eh, Mr. Haddock?"

"It's not very much," I murmured, grudgingly. "There's an old fellow there who's done more than that already."

"I don't believe it, Mr. Haddock," said Honeybubble in a show-me-the-man tone.

I pointed to an elderly gentleman who for some time had been doing a conscientious totter round the deck, nose in air, like a long-distance runner about to collapse at the post.

"That old boy," I lied, "never lunches on less than five miles."

"Don't he indeed?" said Honeybubble indomitably, jumping to his feet. "Well, Tommy, shall we knock off another couple, and show him? You're not beaten, eh?"

"Rather not," said the miserable boy, dragging himself up from his chair.

As for Honeybubble, the real spirit of the man was coming out.

"I've always held the record," he said, "if you know what I mean, every boat I've been in so far. And I'm not going to give up yet. Come on, Tommy, my lad. Now why don't you take a turn, Mr. Haddock?"

But my eyes were fast closed.



Husband (who has kissed the back of his wife's neck). "I SAY, MY DEAR, YOU 'VE NOT SHAVED THIS MORNING."

"Just a constitutional—eh? Give you an appetite."

But I was breathing peacefully through the nose. Not even Honeybubble should make me walk the deck.

"Well, that 's a funny thing," he said, "Mr. Haddock 's dropped off again, Tommy; fancy that now. Pity. Well, off we go, then!"

And off they went.

When I opened my eyes again (a little ashamed, I need not say) the delicious little dark thing was just tripping past, lurching like the rest, but dainty and quick, her face more rosy and bewitching than before. She walked with purpose, as if she too had caught the fever and was just embarking on the fifteenth mile.

It occurred to me for the first time that perhaps after all I did need a little exercise. Just a constitutional.

I rose and zigzagged down the starboard side. I walked with purpose, as one attacking some Atlantic walking record, but not so fast as to overtake the young lady and not so slow as to be overtaken by Honeybubble, who should be by now about half-way down the port side.

And so we walked and walked and walked. It would be a strange thing, I thought, if by the fourth or fifth mile the dark young thing did not drop her handkerchief, or lose that pleasant little hat in the breeze, or fall down in a faint, or somehow bring about an introduction. For this is how friendships, nay, and relations more important, are founded on the ocean. One party loses its heart, the other party loses its hat, and there you are. And why not? After all, it was my hat that, in a way, had thrown Honeybubble and myself together.

It is odd, I thought, that one cannot simply go up to a person and say, "I like you. Let us walk together." On board a steamship one very nearly can, but not quite—unless one is a Honeybubble.

But nothing seemed to happen to the dark young thing. She dropped nothing, not so much as a look over the shoulder. On, on she walked, five, six, seven times round that interminable deck. And then I lost count. Drooping, I followed, round and round, mile after mile, staggering like a drunken man and looking, I knew, not less ridiculous than Honeybubble. The Atlantic rolled and roared about us, but none of us took the smallest notice of it. We kept on walking.

When we had walked, as I judged, something like ten miles across the Atlantic, and I was about done for, a shudder ran through me. Behind me, close behind me, I had heard the unmistakable tones of Honeybubble, piercing without effort the tumult of ocean. Honeybubble, with his superior stamina, had caught us up—lapped us, as the athletes say. And now my march had been for nothing, for once Honeybubble came up with me I knew there could be no introduction. Probably the young lady would jump into the sea.

Up he came, hand over fist, tireless and breezy, and thumped me on the back.

"Blowing away the cobwebs, eh, Mr. Haddock?" he yelled. "That 's fine. You 're looking more of a man already. You 're looking more the thing. You 're——"

But just at that moment, as luck would have it, the dark young lady did drop her handkerchief. And I rushed to pick it up.

I rushed—yes, still staggering under Honeybubble's blow, I rushed. But Honeybubble with his confounded gallantry—Honeybubble with his infernal goodness of heart—Honeybubble was before me! A. P. H.

Another Impending Apology.

Headlines to the report of a Gas Association meeting:—

"PRESIDENTIAL ADDRESS.
TREMENDOUS OUTPUT OF GAS."
Provincial Paper.



"LOOK, DADDY, THERE 'S AN AIRYPLANE!"
"YES—LEAVE IT ALONE."

LABOUR'S LATEST NEED.

["The Red Flag," which Mr. BERNARD SHAW once compared to "the funeral march of a fried eel," has now been condemned by Mr. RAMSAY MACDONALD for its lackadaisical tune.]

How hard is the lot of the singers
Who, furthering patriot ends,
Are assailed by the critical slingers
Of ink in the house of their friends—
Denounced as too mild and too gentle,
Too patient, submissive and prim,
And lacking in zeal elemental,
In valorous vim!

Alas! for the eloquent pleaders
Of Labour in earlier days,
Whose efforts our latter-day leaders
Regard with contemptuous gaze;
For RAMSAY now shows himself restive,
And SHAW has declared that he feels
"The Red Flag" to be merely suggestive
Of dead and fried eels.

I admit that an anthem completely
Convincing on Labourite lines,
And pleasing COOK, MAXTON and WHEATLEY
As well as JIM THOMAS and CLYNES,
Is a need that is patent and urgent;
But where is the minstrel to fuse
Into harmony views so divergent,
With masterful Muse?

For it mustn't be too Communistic,
It can't let the Soviets drop;
It cannot be Capitalistic,
It cannot abuse the "Co-op;"
In short, the composer must study
Both wings of the party to link,
And be neither aggressively ruddy
Or pallidly pink.

But minstrels will mostly take warning,
I fancy, from ROUGET DE LISLE,
Who had far better reason for mourning
Than blessing his famous appeal—
Cashiered and imprisoned for failing
The regicide level to keep,
And pensioned, when agéd and ailing,
By LOUIS PHILIPPE!

Another Glimpse of the Obvious.

In the Isle of Wight:—

"A week-end of continuous sunshine was enjoyed by visitors and residents alike."
Daily Paper.

"White-washing a ceiling can easily be done at home."—*Sunday Paper.*

This will be good news to those people who have hitherto sent their ceilings to the local laundry.

"A further presentation was made to Mrs. ——, who had occupied the piano stool during the latter part of the season, in the shape of a pair of knife rests."—*Local Paper.*

They should make a nice change after so long a spell of the piano stool.

THE BOOST.

Mint and Julep Ltd.,
16, Pen Passage, E.C.4.

DEAR MR. PATELY DUNK,—In reply to your inquiry we are sorry to have to say that your novel, *The Amazing Mannequin*, is not selling as well as we anticipated, and we see no prospect of a second impression being called for. So far the reviews have not been helpful. We enclose two which reached us this morning.

Yours truly, J. BROWN,
for MESSRS. MINT AND JULEP.

"*The Amazing Mannequin* (Mint and Julep, 7*s.* 6*d.*) Mr. Pately Dunk writes of *crêpe de chine*, but his style is woolly. Some unsophisticated readers may derive enjoyment from his descriptions of the heroine's clothes and their effect on her admirers. A futile but entirely innocuous production.—*Broadminster Herald.*"

"*The Amazing Mannequin* (Mint and Julep) is a harmless little story. There is a good deal of rather feeble love-making and several pages of millinery. Mr. (or Miss?) Pately Dunk should beware of *clichés*.—*Wannop Gazette.*"

Pear-Tree Cottage, Poppleton.

MY DEAR OLD BUNNY,—I'm afraid my novel is going to fall flat. The reviews up to now have been rotten. Can

you, for the sake of our old friendship, stretch a point and give it a boost? I know you do a column of books for *The Seer* and that *The Verger* takes a lot of your stuff. Mollie and I want to get married soon, so you see how important it is. We shall both be eternally grateful for your help.

Yours as ever,
NED PATELY DUNK.

P.S.—I rely on you to be my best man.

12, Riverine Mansions, Chelsea.

DEAR NED,—I will do what I can for you. Love to Mollie. Does the best man kiss the bride? Anyway this one will.

Yours in haste,
BERNARD BUNNITHORNE.

Extract from a review in "The Verger."

". . . *The Amazing Mannequin* is startling, provocative, occasionally brutal in its candour . . . Mr. Pately Dunk is fearless in his handling of the most delicate situations."

Extract from a notice in "The Seer."

". . . *The Amazing Mannequin* is a book of unmistakable power, which nevertheless should not have been written. Its unbridled eroticism verges on, if it does not actually pass, the bounds of the permissible . . ."

The Vicarage, Lower Plunknett.

DEAR MR. PATELY DUNK,—Though I have little leisure and even less inclination for present-day fiction, I had intended to read the work of one whom I regarded as my prospective son-in-law; but since I have seen the notices of it in the Press I regard myself as absolved from making the attempt. I have told my daughter that I desire that all communications between you shall now cease.

Yours faithfully,
CLEMENT CANDLIN.

The Vicarage, Lower Plunknett.

DARLING NED,—I think your book is simply ripping, and I'm *furious* with *The Verger* and *The Seer*! I thought a friend of yours wrote for them. Father's fearfully upset, but he will come round. The usual place Saturday. Tons of love from MOLLIE.

Mint and Julep Ltd.,
16, Pen Passage, E.C.4.

DEAR MR. PATELY DUNK,—We are pleased to be able to inform you of a marked improvement in the sales of *The Amazing Mannequin*. The second edition is already exhausted and a third is in preparation.

Yours very sincerely, J. BROWN,
for Messrs. MINT AND JULEP.

Extract from a gossip column in a weekly paper six months later.

"Mr. Pately Dunk, whose first novel, *The Amazing Mannequin*, was one of last year's best sellers, is to be married shortly. His bride, a very charming girl, is the daughter of the Incumbent of Lower Plunknett, and the marriage will take place in the picturesque village church. Mr. Pately Dunk's second novel, *Beryl of the Bargain Basement*, is now in the press, and the publishers anticipate a phenomenal demand."

Pear-Tree Cottage, Poppleton.

DEAR BUNNITHORNE,—Thanks for your wedding-present, a most useful one, and your good wishes. Yes, I know something was said about your being best man, but I hope you won't mind my having someone else. The fact is Mollie can't get over those reviews you wrote of my novel. I tell her that you only did what you conceived to be your duty, and I need hardly tell you that I have no feeling in the matter. One gets used to that sort of thing, and, after all, you don't seem to have done me any harm. I shall always retain a pleasant memory of our former friendship.

Yours sincerely,
EDWARD PATELY DUNK.



Girl (who has just joined a millinery establishment). "I HAVE TO SELL ALL KINDS OF THINGS, LIKE NINON, GEORGETTE, CRETONNE, ETC., ETC."
Mother. "MY! YOU DO 'AVE TO KNOW A LOT O' LANGUAGES, DON'T YOU?"

From a publisher's advertisement:—

"A charming story of the Marian Persecution."—*Church Paper.*

Is "charming," we wonder, quite the best word?



[The children are given a taste of champagne at a "Young Things'" dance.]

Very Young Thing (ecstatically). "OH, AUNTIE MAUD, DO YOU THINK THE POLICE WILL RAID US?"

BILL'S CURE.

A HOT-WEATHER STORY WITH A MORAL.

Bill was disgruntled, Bill was dreary,
Bill was liverish, Bill was blue;
Bill said the whole world made him weary
And there wasn't one thing that he cared to do;
Bill in the home was a Hun and a hog,
Hard on his horse and down on his dog,
And his friends all said (as he cut them dead),
"Poor old Bill who was once so cheery!
What are we coming to?"

So Bill, like a wise man, chucked his hand in,
Bill took a tent and Bill took a gun
And a few days' leave to explore the land in,
And a long, long walk in a hot, hot sun;
And Bill fetched up, when the track went phut,
At the back of beyond in a Forester's hut
Away and apart in the jungle's heart,
A hovel with hardly room to stand in—
But the cure was well begun.

Bill did a hard week's jungle shooting
(Stalk by day and *machan* by night);
Little by little he found his footing,
Little by little the old delight;
His luck was only indifferent good,
But Bill took that as a sportsman should;
The best of his bag was a *chital* stag,
And its head was no great cause for hooting,
But it put young William right.

That and the jungle peace that blessed him,
That and the joy of the jungle day
And the silvery midnights that caressed him
And the birds that sang on the scented spray,
And the hope of the hunt and the luck of the chase,
And the outdoor days in the perfect place,
Forest and hill they took young Bill,
Salvaged and comforted and possessed him
For one long week of May.

Then Bill came prancing back to the station
Tough as a tiger, fit as a flea,
Bursting with love for the whole creation,
Never a man so blithe as he;
And he told us all, "When you're fairly fed
With your work and your play and your board and your bed,
The jungle's *it*: just up and quit
And the jungle 'll work you a transformation—
You see if it won't," said he. H. B.

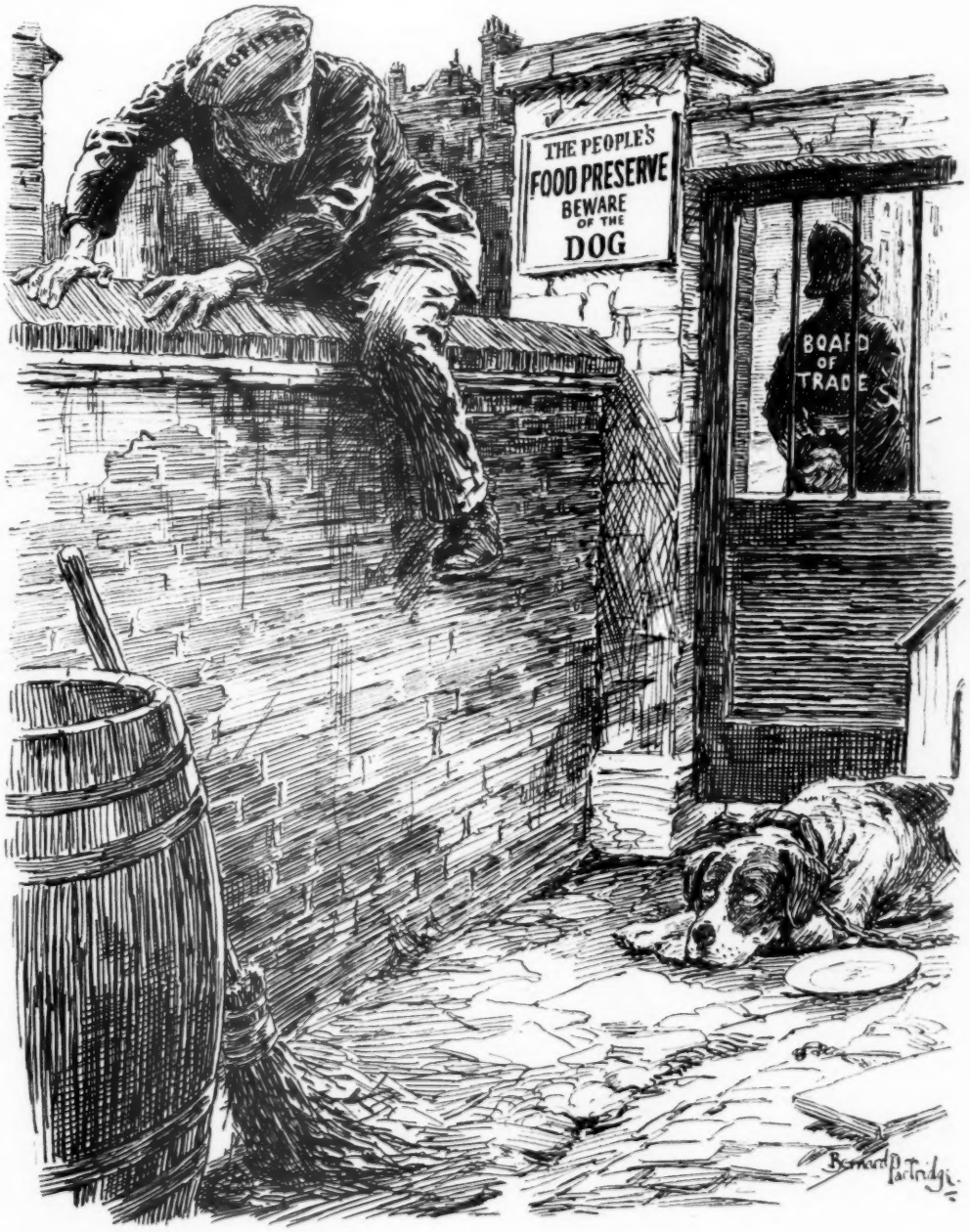
"The Robertson-Hackett saw mills and wood yard at Vancouver have been burned down. The damage is estimated at 300,000 dollars. The property was injured."
Provincial Paper.

Yes, we gathered that.

From Sporting Intelligence:—

"The Cat Burglar is reported to have arrived at Newmarket. He has an engagement there for Thursday."—*Daily Paper.*

Mr. William Sikes writes to say that publicity of this description is a severe handicap on business.



ON THE CHAIN.

THE FOOD COUNCIL WATCH-DOG. "I SEE YOU; AND IF YOU DON'T TAKE CARE I SHALL BARK, AND THAT WILL CALL THE ATTENTION OF THE POLICEMAN."

[The Food Prices Commission has recommended the appointment of a Food Council whose duty shall be first to remonstrate with rapacious traders and then, if necessary, to report them to the Board of Trade.]

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Monday, May 11th.—It fell to Lord CLARENDON, who has succeeded Lord OSSLOW as maid-of-all-work to the Ministry in the House of Lords, to move the Second Reading of the Gold Standard Bill. The task does not seem at first sight particularly suitable for the Captain of the Honourable Corps of Gentlemen-at-Arms, and his Lordship modestly apologised for his temerity in undertaking it. Possibly he fortified himself by consultation with his brother-officers, the Standard-Bearer and the Clerk of the Cheque, but at any rate he acquitted himself to the admiration of Lord ARNOLD. The Labour spokesman repeated, without much apparent conviction, the doubts and hesitations expressed by Mr. SNOWDEN in the Lower House; and the Peers listened with more sympathy to a bracing maiden speech from Lord BRADBURY, who congratulated the Government on having taken the plunge and assured the timid that in currency matters "the water is never as cold as it appears to be."

Quite the most important subject discussed at Question-time in the Commons was the *provenance* of the Wembley Lion. To Colonel APPLIN's suggestion that it was identical with the lion of Judah Mr. A. M. SAMUEL was at first content to reply with a mere denial; but when Lieut.-Commander KENWORTHY declared, somewhat irrelevantly, that the Scottish lion on the Royal Standard was the lion of Judah the Secretary of the Overseas Trade Department overwhelmed him with a mass of erudition about the Palestinian type. "Rounder in the body and curlier in the mane," it no more resembled the Wembley variety than—shall I say?—Sir ALFRED MOND resembles Colonel GRETTON.

Trade must be looking up in the West of England if Colonel JAMES was correct in saying that the late manager of an employment exchange had received a silver tea-service as a wedding-present from the local unemployed. Of course he meant the "formerly unemployed," for it cannot be supposed that people dependent on the dole can run to silver tea-services.

The debate on the silk duty was prefaced by a pleasing variation on the *argumentum ad hominem*. Captain WEDGWOOD BENN, observing that the House had been furnished with no official definition of "artificial silk," suddenly produced, like a conjurer, a number of bright-coloured stockings, scarves, etc., and invited Mr. CHURCHILL to say off-hand which were silk and which were not. But the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER is not to be caught with chaff of that sort. Smilingly he produced from his own despatch-box a similar assortment of "glad rags," and later on he made a special point, in his defence of the duty on "artificial silk," of the fact that nobody, neither he himself nor "a jury of matrons" that he had empanelled for the purpose, could distinguish between the veritable produce of the silkworm and what Mr. HOPKINSON had called "a viscous matter extruded through minute orifices."



Lieut.-Commr. KENWORTHY (referring to Mr. SAMUEL). "WHATEVER KIND OF LION THIS IS, IT DOESN'T DO TO TWIST HIS TAIL."

Rumours of possible Unionist defections had evidently reached Mr. CHURCHILL, who was at pains to assure the House that the present discussion was "preliminary and provisional," and to hint at possible modifications in the scale of the duties when he had talked things over with the manufacturers.

The electioneering flavour of Mr. SNOWDEN's crude assertion that the Government "proposed to tax the simple finery of working-girls" was, I imagine, not to the taste of the doubters, and helped to drive them back into the Government Lobby. Only two or three Unionists voted with the Opposition; and in none of the divisions did the Government majority drop below 160.

Tuesday, May 12th.—Lord CLARENDON was again to the fore and gave a brief but lucid history of the China Indemnity Bill. It cannot often, if ever, have happened that a nation has voluntarily offered to forgo the sum due to it for reparations and use it for the benefit of the guilty party. Yet this is what has been done by successive British Governments of varying political complexions, and the only criticism heard this afternoon was from those Peers who urged that the entire amount, some eleven millions sterling, should be earmarked for Chinese education, and that none of it should go to other purposes, such as railways, from which Great Britain might conceivably derive some indirect advantage.

The Rent and Mortgage Interest Bill furnished occasion for a rather discursive debate. Lord BUCKMASTER declared emphatically that homes must be provided at rents that people could pay, but did not explain how in present circumstances it could be done. The Bishop of WORCESTER indicated one of the obstacles when he complained that the new cottages built by local authorities were



MANNERS AND MODES ON CLYDESIDE.

IF MR. MAXTON WERE TO IMITATE MR. BUCHANAN'S HAIR-CUT, AND MR. BUCHANAN WERE TO COPY MR. MAXTON'S PULL-OVER.

too often snapped up by "week-enders"—often with motor-cars—to the exclusion of those for whom they were intended.

The Commons did a solid but unexciting day's work, typical of what can be done when a Ministry is powerful but unprovocative and the Oppositions are divided among themselves. Question-time was chiefly notable for the discovery that Mr. BUCHANAN had had his hair cut, and that Mr. MAXTON had endued himself in a "pull-over" of the latest fashion but—this must have been rather a shock to his "Red" friends—of a sober and unaggressive hue.

There was a chorus of praise from all quarters for the Teachers' Superannuation Bill, sponsored by Lord E. PERCY. One or two Labour Members thought that the financial stability of the scheme should have been secured by a special fund; but the Duchess of ATHOLL observed that a Treasury guarantee was generally regarded as about the best thing this country had to offer; at any rate (as she slyly hinted) that was the opinion of the Soviet envoys who came here loan-hunting last year.

Wednesday, May 13th.—The Lords held a rather academic debate on the question of slavery. Lord BUXTON, who has an hereditary interest in the subject, was earnest enough in his demand that the Government should publish all the information in their possession regarding the misbehaviour of other Powers. Lord OLIVIER was even more vehement in manner, but could not get over the fact that his own Government a year ago had refused a precisely similar demand. The awkward thing is that Abyssinia, strongly suspected of being the chief culprit, is in a position to make trouble if we interfere with a domestic institution which, according to Lord MAYO, who has been waited on by Abyssinian slaves, is by no means harshly administered.

Lord STANLEY OF ALDERLEY'S declaration, that the greatest danger is not slavery in its cruder forms but "the tendency to exploit a somewhat indolent form of labour and force it into extended production," referred of course to the negroes of Africa and not to the building trade of Britain.

Mr. NEVILLE CHAMBERLAIN'S Rating and Valuation Bill was on the whole well received, but Mr. TREVELYAN moved an Amendment in favour of putting the burden of local taxation upon land and minerals instead of upon dwelling-houses and improvements. It is nearly sixteen years since Mr. LLOYD GEORGE introduced his famous tax on land values, and nearly four since, however reluctantly, he consented to its decent burial. The bone never had much meat on it. Nevertheless he cannot resist the temptation to dig it up again whenever opportunity offers. And to-day, while approving the Bill, he dwelt lovingly on the necessity of providing the local authorities with new sources of revenue and, in phrases faintly echoing the sonorous tones of Limehouse, deplored a system under which the urban landowner escaped any contribution to the expenditure that helped to make his wealth. But despite his assistance the Amendment was defeated by 285 to 129.



THE WELSH TERRIER.

"EVERY TIME I UNEARTH THIS BONE I FIND IT GETS RARER AND MORE REFRESHING."

Thursday, May 14th.—The death of Lord CURZON has left the House of Lords without a master of the lapidary art; and the tributes paid to the memory of the late Lord MILNER must have seemed scarcely adequate to those Peers who had just read the admirable memoir of him in *The Times*. Lord SALISBURY said, truly enough, that he was "not a very prominent Parliamentarian," and Lord PARMOOR referred to his "intellectual sincerity," but not a word was said by either regarding MILNER'S wonderful work in Egypt, South Africa and, above all, in the Great War.

The first business on the Paper was The Performing Animals Bill. It is a subject which makes the gravest persons skittish. The Archbishop of CANTERBURY was concerned lest, having taught his dog to beg, he should become liable to the penalties attaching to an unregistered trainer; Lord ULLSWATER wanted to know whether the word "animal" included insects, and, if so, whether a performing flea would come within its scope; and Lord DESBOROUGH narrated the sad history of the goldfish at the Savoy Hotel which died from an overdose of cigar-ash.

Further entertainment was furnished by Lord NEWTON, who deplored the decay of the British cinema industry, owing to the overwhelming competition of the American films. If, as he was told, rubbish was the only thing that paid, let it for goodness' sake be British rubbish.

Exactly a fortnight ago Mr. CHURCHILL was howled down by the Labour Party for warning them in their own interests "to make sure that there is not growing up a general habit of learning to qualify for the unemployment insurance." On the Ministry of Labour Vote this afternoon, in reply to a challenge from Mr. CLYNES, Mr. CHURCHILL explained that he had made no general charge against the working-classes. His statement—correctly reported in *The Daily Herald* (Laughter)—was that a "certain" habit was growing up—not "general," as given in the *Official Report*. That, he maintained, was an undoubted fact.

On the general question of unemployment Mr. LLOYD GEORGE, continuing that "drift to the Left" that has been noticeable recently, declared that the problem ought to be tackled with courage and initiative, even if it meant doing something we had never done before; personally he was "sick of this slavish adhesion to the Coalition policy."

Sir A. STEEL-MAITLAND retorted that the Coalition Government oscillated from one extreme to another, whereas the present Government at least kept steady. He could not promise however that it would do much to relieve unemployment before the autumn—if then.

"All makes mewing machines skilfully repaired."—*Advt. in Local Paper.*

Perhaps the advertiser could do something for those that frequent our back-garden at night. We fancy they want oiling.

"In 1906, the admirers of Bernard Shaw approached the master with a respectful request that he should permit a bust of himself to be added to the world's gallery of game."
Japanese Paper.

Fancy anyone daring to make game of "G. B. S."



Voice of Opponent. "HOW MANY?"
Demented Golfer. "PLAYED 9—OUT IN 10!"

AMARYLLIS.

"In Bond Street there are sumptuous shops,
But there's a cuckoo in our copse;
In Bond Street there is silken sheen,
But oh, the cowslips on the green!"
Old Song.

Is Arcady across the foam
Or fairly close to Town?
I do not know, but 'twas the home
Of Amaryllis Brown,

Whose aunt (a peeress in her prime)—
Whose London aunt (Aunt Jane)
Thought, "Time that child was wed,
high time,"
And bade her to Park Lane.

Aunt Jane, you see, had heard it said
That on Arcadian lawns
A maiden's choice is limited
To feckless things like Fauns.

And, since she was of high degree,
She'd told herself, "No, thanks,
A nephew wouldn't do for *me*
With hooves and hairy shanks."

And, since she came of ancient line,
She'd turned as pink as prawn,
And told herself, "A niece of mine
Must never wed a *Faun*."

She wrote to Amaryllis thus:—
"How glad, my dear, we'll be
If you will come and visit us
Almost immediately."

When Amaryllis read, "Now that,"
She cried, "Is nice as pie."
She went, and on the platform sat
A Faun who piped "Good-bye."

At Paddington the porters said
Of Amaryllis Brown,
"'Ere's roses white an' roses red
Come up to London Town."

And London Town went crazy quite
O'er Amaryllis, who
Was roses red and roses white—
What else could London do?

And ere the Goodwood Stakes were
run
She'd wed a peer of rank,
Who'd got six castles, if he'd one,
And millions in the bank.

So if you should this Season see
The Marchioness of Quorn,
That will be Amaryllis—she
Who left a Faun forlorn.

Beloved and fêted, rich and young,
And sweet as mignonette,
She's lovely as a song that's sung
When she goes forth; and yet—

I saw her at the opera sit;
Her face was flowers in May;
Her eyes were by a music lit
That caught her far away.

I told myself, "A Marchioness
O'er some Arcadian lawn
In pearls and a Parisian dress
Goes following a Faun."

"GENERAL KNOWLEDGE."

The British Empire started at Wembley.

Before GEORGE I. came to the throne he was of German birth.

WOLSEY was made Archbishop of YORK. He had a lot to do with HENRY VIII.'s wives.

York is famous for its minstrel. Burton is famous for its beer. Liverpool is famous for its port.

Dead-heads were people on CROMWELL'S side.

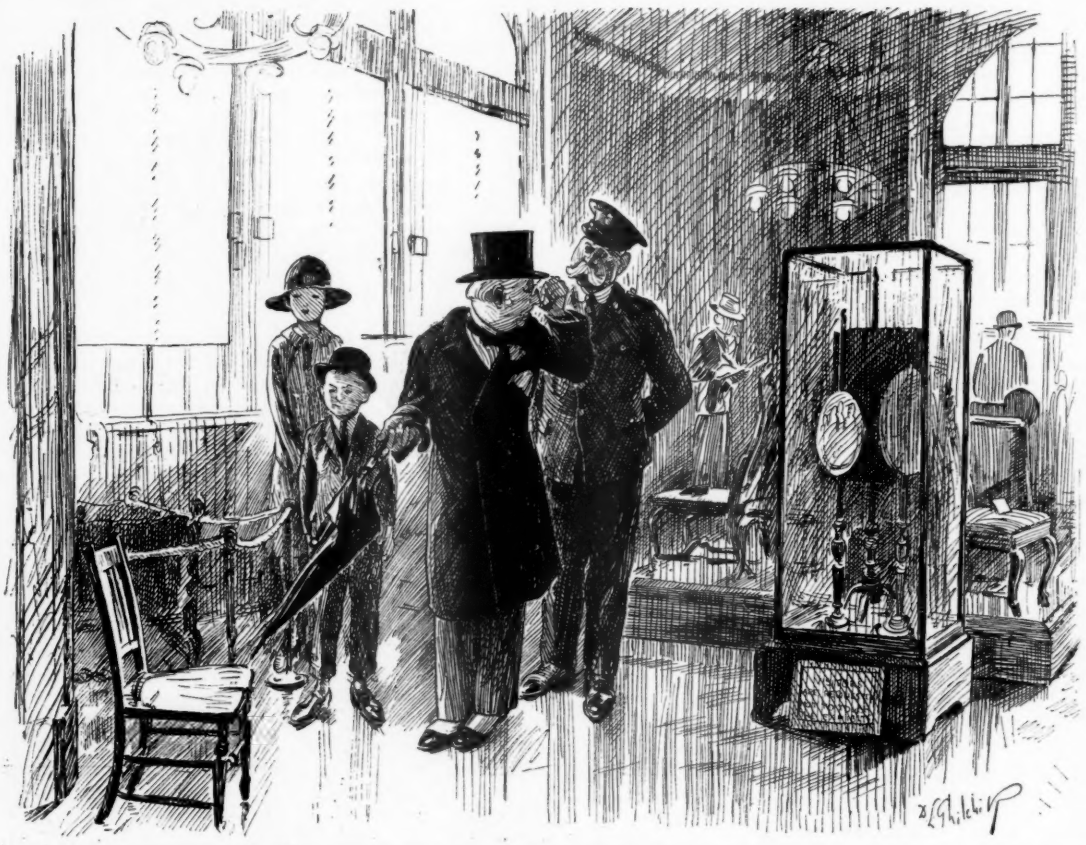
Acoustics are puzzles which sometimes appear in the papers.

JAMES WATT made an engine out of a kettle that he saw boiling.

Bagpipes are musical instruments.

"Rhodesia, with its vast empty spaces, is crying aloud for colonists of the right stock. . . . They would find that the —— Butchery is capable of coping with any number, and at the same time maintaining the excellent quality of its output."—*Bulawayo Paper.*

Having regard to the context, the insistence upon immigrants being of "the right stock" strikes us as slightly sinister.



Old Gentleman (*in museum*). "NOW THIS EXHIBIT IS ANOTHER RARE PRODUCT OF THE OLD-TIME CRAFTSMAN. WHAT MODERN WORKMAN CAN PRODUCE A CHAIR SO EXQUISITELY SIMPLE YET STRONG AND SATISFYING IN DESIGN?"
Official. "BEG PARDON, SIR, BUT THAT'S THE ATTENDANT'S CHAIR."

"AT THE CANON'S MOUTH."

IT was WORDSWORTH who said that he could write like SHAKESPEARE—if he had the mind to. Well, I have the mind to, but admit frankly that I can't; but how I wish I could, because only such words as SHAKESPEARE'S could deal faithfully with the Trustees and Guardians of his Birthplace, ANNE HATHAWAY'S Cottage and NASH'S House, all at Stratford-on-Avon, after their recent decision not to allow those historic buildings to be opened to the public on Sunday afternoons. It is nearly a year ago that I described in these columns a Sunday afternoon in Stratford-on-Avon, when, after a fruitless effort to enter the Birthplace portals, we arrived at the church just in time to have its door slammed in our faces, and there was nothing for it but to go on the river. What Canon MELVILLE, the vicar, thinks about Sunday boating I have not had the opportunity of learning; but we know his views as to his church on the Lord's Day. "A church open on Sunday for any purpose but a set service—incredible!" says he in effect. "If they want to see it they must come on a week-day. Churches are not for trippers. Churches may be entered by the laity only at fixed hours, and don't you forget it!"

Well, if vicars are allowed to hold such views, so be it. But they hardly add to the reputation of the Establishment for liberality or sensitiveness to the signs of the times; while it is a question whether the association of such a name and fame as that of WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE should not perhaps lift Stratford-on-Avon church to a level where a mere temporary incumbent's private opinions might not count.

But the Sunday opening of the historic houses is on a different footing: a purely secular matter. Certain persons have been appointed Trustees and Guardians, and the decision lies with them. They might have displayed a greater affection for sweetness and light had not Canon MELVILLE, as an *ex-officio* Trustee, been there too. Naturally he was in the forefront of the Diehards. Let people see SHAKESPEARE'S Birthplace on a Sunday? Impossible! "Anything," he said, "which would in any kind of way give the public an excuse for breaking the Divine law ought to be steadfastly opposed by every Englishman." Whether it is this principle that guides him in the closing of Stratford-on-Avon church at four o'clock on Sunday afternoons I cannot say; but he might be reminded of a remark put into the mouth of the *Prince of Denmark* by the fellow-townsman whose memory he honours in such odd and oblique ways: "There is nothing either good or bad but thinking makes it so."

Whether so questionable a fracture of the Divine law as opening the birthplace of our greatest poet and humanist on the Day of Rest leads inevitably to unseemliness and immorality, as would seem to be implied, is an arguable matter; and fortunately two of the highest authorities were present to pro-

vide a positive denial. Sir WHITWORTH WALLIS, Director of the Birmingham Art Gallery, attested that that building has been opened every Sunday for forty years without any sympathetic rise in Birmingham's criminality; and Mr. ERNEST LAW of Hampton Court stated that, although as many as twenty-five thousand people visit the Palace on a Sunday, yet, surprising to relate, even though, in one of the rooms that are shown, the dangerous man SHAKESPEARE is known to have taken part in a play, all of them return to their homes as free from anti-social tendencies and dark passions as the Vicar of Stratford-on-Avon himself, securely and unimaginatively entrenched behind the Mosaic Tables of Stone.

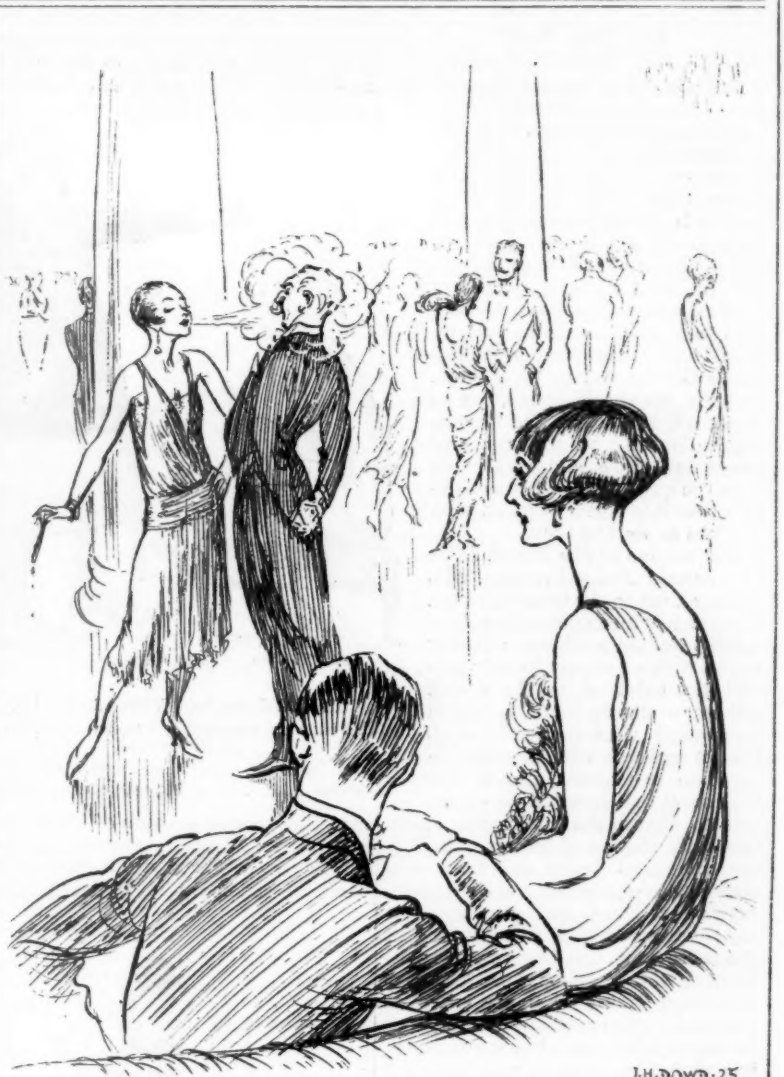
Speaker after speaker warned the opposition that Sunday opening was merely a matter of time; but without effect. Not even the Chairman, Mr. ARCHIBALD FLOWER, whose devotion to Stratford-on-Avon is world-famous, could move them. Speaking in favour of the motion (I quote from the report in *The Birmingham Post*) he said, "Some members opposed it on moral or Sabbatarian grounds, but he could not help asking himself the question whether the large crowds coming to Stratford every Sunday in the summer would go away worse or better for having had the opportunity of visiting SHAKESPEARE's house. It seemed to him they could have no better occupation. He had been delighted to see the way large numbers of artisans behaved when visiting the place on a Bank Holiday. Surely as guardians of a public trust they ought to give the people this opportunity, instead of leaving them aimlessly to wander about the streets."

And there let the matter be left till the Trustees have to discuss it again; while disappointed Americans and Canadians and Australians and South Africans and visitors from various parts of England must return with the amazing news that so little of SHAKESPEARE'S spirit animates the majority of those appointed to care for his home and keep his memory sweet that they are fearful of the consequences if any house associated with him in his lifetime should be seen on any but a week-day.

On the receipt of such a message how—after his first bewilderment had a little subsided—SHAKESPEARE would laugh, whether in his own character or, say, in *Sir John Falstaff's!* And then perhaps, thinking of our poor maltreated Sunday, which was to be so happily innocent and recreative a pause in the working routine, he might remember *Constance's* lines:—

"Nay, rather tear this day out of the week.
This day of shame, oppression, perjury!"

E. V. L.



Critic. "DORIS ISN'T BAD, BUT HER MANNERS ARE RATHER SHINGLED."

LITTLEPORT.

MEN till the fields at Littleport,
The spreading fields and low;
And as they toil amid the soil
I wonder if they know
That where they drop the yellow grain
An ocean used to flow,
And little ships to little quays
Came gladly after tossing seas,
And sailors laughed and took their ease,
Long, long ago.

Men till the fields at Littleport;
I wonder if they stir
Amid the stones the crumbled bones
Of some old seafarer,
And feel the salt tang on their lips
Of winds that used to blow,
And hear across a vanished bay
Old sailor-chanties softly gay
From dust of those who went their way
Long, long ago.

When evenings close on Littleport
I wonder if the tide
From distant Lynn comes surging in,
And giant vessels ride
Against the little cottage panes,
And ruby lanterns glow
On slender masts that throng the sea
From Shippea Hill to Southery,
And all is as it used to be
Long, long ago.

"The club adopted a resolution to the effect that a firma facie case has been made out."
Welsh Paper.

Those "hard-faced" men again!

AT THE PLAY.

"THE ROUND TABLE" (WYNDHAM'S).

THE idea of a "comic tragedy" designed as such, in contradistinction to quite a number of comic tragedies designed quite otherwise, is an excellent one. This amusing little *Round Table* of Mr. LENNOX ROBINSON'S is however a strangely and dangerously subversive play. If any of us really took the trouble to look life squarely in the face and examine the daily round and common task with a critical eye, we should all be off to join the Ragglety-taggle Gipsies oh! in which case, however, we should none of us be better off, least of all the Ragglety-taggle Gipsies. So the argument comes full circle, and we are left with the quite satisfactory conclusion that it is better to go on with our jobs as we find them.

The heroine of *The Round Table* is a certain *Daisy Drennan*, who manages, not to say terrorises over, a completely incompetent family—a delightful old mother as vague as vague, with an extraordinarily parenthetic habit of mind; a dull brother, evidently from his face in some more than ordinarily drab kind of business, who, though engaged to be married, agrees with his *fiancée* that it would be ridiculous to disturb the comfortable spineless daily routine of life controlled by the competent *Daisy* and take upon oneself the responsibility of finding and running a house and possibly rearing children. Add a younger brother, not quite sane and therefore very delightful, who (to gramophone records of STRAVINSKY'S least intelligible works) practises "gymnastics of the soul" on an Eastern plan; and a feckless daughter, inheritor of her mother's vagueness and incidentally, nay primarily, a passionate collector of postage-stamps (which I thought was a decayed industry, certain shops in the Strand notwithstanding), who cherishes a mild regard, flecked with jealousy, for a young man with almost as good a collection of stamps.

We are given to understand that the scene is laid in England, but certain hints in the text make it quite clear that it was originally designed for quite another island; and I am not quite sure that the transfer is effected altogether plausibly. Mysterious strangers do not tap at the windows of comfortable villas in solid English towns, nor visions of their wild selves appear to competent housekeepers; whereas in a land of leprechauns and banshees and the I.R.A. such manifestations might look quite natural. Anyhow this is what happens to *Daisy*, our heroine. Just as she has fallen in love, and deeply in love, with an entirely ordinary English business man there comes a vision of herself, as a wanderer, a caged tigress escaped, a Martha set free from stifling household cares, a candidate for a berth in a raggle-taggle caravan, a Marco Polo eager for Cathay.



ST. JOAN HEARS VOICES AGAIN.
(This time accompanied by a rather solid physical manifestation.)

Daisy Drennan . . . . MISS SYBIL THORNDIKE.
A Woman . . . . . MISS BEATRICE SMITH.



THE DAWN OF PHILPHILATELISM.
The Bridegroom. "YOURS IS THE FIRST STAMP COLLECTION I HAVE EVER REALLY LOVED."

Bee Drennan . . MISS WINIFRED OUGHTON.
Philip Flahive . MR. ELIOT MAKEHAM.

It is an astonishing tribute to Mr. LENNOX ROBINSON'S cleverness that he pulls this queer medley together and, subject to the territorial qualification already hinted, makes it not only strangely interesting and indeed fundamentally serious, but also consistently amusing.

It was excellently played by a well-trained, evenly competent company. There was *Mrs. Drennan* radiantly fatuous, a perfect portrait by the delightful CLARE GREET; *De Courcy*, the young born-tired man of business, admirably touched in, without attempts to score out of his turn, by Mr. ARTHUR HAMBLING—a quite excellent performance; *Bee Drennan*, stamp collectrix, ill-dressed, no hunter of men, untouched by jazz or lip-salve—a jolly study by Miss WINIFRED OUGHTON. Young *Jonty Drennan*, the philosopher, was delightful in his serious moods and even more attractive when charmingly intoxicated on his first taste of champagne at the double wedding of *De Courcy* and *Bee*, which had been arranged by the masterful *Daisy* in order to leave her free to marry her man. Mr. RAYMOND MASSEY is new to me. He has a very attractive talent at command.

Miss ADA KING sketched in, with that capable technique of hers which makes everything look so easy and inevitable, the part of an old friend of *Mrs. Drennan*, always mournful, always in the way, yet always suffered sorrowfully with a tolerant charity which I would submit is commoner across the Irish Channel than here.

Mr. ELIOT MAKEHAM was delightfully droll as *Bee's* reluctant *fiancé* who suddenly, on the ruthless *Daisy's* suggestion, sees the advantage of a marriage *de convenance* based on philately.

Miss BEATRICE SMITH admirably suggested what a *Daisy* or a *Joan of Arc* (modernised) or a Miss SYBIL THORNDIKE might be if completely fey. Miss SYBIL THORNDIKE (though I do not think it was quite her part, and there were certainly traces of the late *Joan of Arc* very much in evidence) made an attractive thing of *Daisy*. I always have the impression that this capable actress plays with her head rather than with her heart, and cannot quite make up my mind when under her spell whether it is the better or the worse thing to do. Away from the theatre I have no doubt whatever.

I ought not to forget a compact clever little study by Mr. STOCKWELL HAWKINS of the man in the waiting-

room of the L.M.S. who was constantly missing his train because, just as the burden of waiting became too heavy, he sought distraction at the refreshment-room bar.

A very pleasant affair altogether, even if it did rather degenerate into riotous farce towards the end and was swung a little too abruptly back to "comic tragedy" by *Daisy's* disappearance just as her man, quite soundly played by Mr. HENRY CAINE, felt sure of her.

I give Mr. LENNOX ROBINSON this tribute from a jaded stallite, that, when at the end of the Second Act *Daisy* saw (as we did not) the face at the window, I had that uncomfortable creeping paralysis of the spine which the hardened theatre-goer would give much to be able to experience more often.

The play was well received, both during the action and at the end, save that a few official protestors thought it necessary to boo. The right to boo, which must, of course, always be conceded, ought really to go with the capacity to understand. Mr. LENNOX ROBINSON, in a very modest speech, must have softened the hearts even of these self-conscious protestants. T.

"RAIN" (GARRICK THEATRE).

The trouble with Mr. MAUGHAM is that, having made an unparalleled success as a fashionable playwright, he was not content to enjoy it in a decent manner by drifting from club to restaurant and restaurant to respectable golf-course, but must needs go poking his inquisitive nose into far corners of the world, seeing things and, what is much worse, thinking about them. *Rain*, which has been most deftly made out of one of his best short stories into a play by Messrs. JOHN COLTON and CLEMENCE RANDOLPH, may be called a melodrama if you will; but it goes really deeper than that; its surface is touched with tragedy, the tragedy of a very deep and bitter feeling. Bitterness may be a deplorable affair, but it is at least alive and arresting, and no one reading the short story or seeing this tragi-melodrama could doubt that at some time the author has had an extraordinarily unpleasant experience with some fanatical religious persons and that he wants to have his revenge.

Like all selected presentations of a deep problem, such as religion or love or art, this will give pain to those who feel it is desperately unfair and leaves out the noble side of religious zeal and self-immolation. It may be conceded too that a broader sympathy with what underlies the missionary spirit may fairly be expected if anything like justice is to be done.

But let us take Mr. MAUGHAM'S case as he presents it. A strangely-assorted party—a fanatically zealous missionary with his equally devoted wife, a detached and rather ineffective doctor with his quite negligible spouse, and a pretty girl



Joe Horn (*Mr. SHEP CAMP*). "HAVE A DRINK?"

Dr. McPhail (*Mr. J. H. ROBERTS*). "NO THANKS, I HAVEN'T TIME; I'VE GOT TO KEEP SO BUSY LIGHTING MY PIPE."



ANOTHER FALLEN ANGEL.

Sadie. "OH, REV. DAVIDSON, I'M MAKING SUCH A GOOD RECOVERY."

Rev. Alfred Davidson . . MR. MALCOLM KEEN.
Sadie Thompson . . . . MISS OLGA LINDO.

of outrageous aspect—are quarantined in an island of the South Seas. The good Christian ladies form the worst conclusions about young *Miss Sadie Thompson*, and turn up their virtuous noses while the missionary is consumed with zeal to save her strayed soul.

The *Rev. Davidson* is presented to us as a man of real religious fervour, leading a completely unnatural life in a quite unnatural marriage from which every trace of the fleshly has been excluded by rigid, continued and desperate acts of the will—an asceticism in which the wife concurs, overwhelmed by the force of his dominant personality. He sees, the author suggests, in the light of his own complexes, carnal sin and incitements to it everywhere, in the simple primitive natives, of whom, with a splendid unconsciousness of humour, he says, "You see, they were so naturally depraved that they couldn't be brought to see their wickedness. We had to make sins out of what they thought were natural actions. We had to make it a sin not only to commit adultery and to lie and thieve, but to expose their bodies, and to dance and not to come to church. I made it a sin for a girl to show her bosom and a sin for a man not to wear trousers."

And of course *Sadie* is to him just a brand to be plucked from the burning. The spirit of ecclesiastical tyranny, which always burns fierce where the zeal of the House of the Lord has eaten up the simple human charities, is exhibited in him in a devastating form. It is a dreadful picture, but not inconceivable to any who may have observed the phenomena of the hysteria of conversion or the auto-intoxication induced by the jargon of the professional religionist.

Mr. MAUGHAM suggests no insincerity in all this—that is the chief part of the tragedy—but the whole situation works itself out to a desperate end. *Sadie*, under the threat of deportation which the missionary, exercising all his political influence over a weak Governor, arranges—she has done something or has been accused of doing something which would land her in the penitentiary for three years—feigns at first repentance, and is afterwards overwhelmed by the eloquence of her new teacher into an apparently genuine assumption of the *rôle* of broken-hearted penitent. *Davidson*, consumed with a zeal that has turned sour, overworked and hysterical from lack of sleep, is caught at the one weak moment of his life of self-immolation and falls a victim to the charms of this outcast. He breaks into her room, suffers a revulsion to horror and envenomed bitterness, and ends the mournful business with a razor across his throat.

Not pleasant, certainly, but astonishingly moving. Mr. MAUGHAM'S characterisation, and that of his adaptors and players, seemed to me admirable. Miss OLGA LINDO gave a very fine performance as *Sadie*, being best in her quieter and happier moments, for which

she naturally received least applause. Perhaps players of tempting character parts do not sufficiently consider that the resources of make-up can too successfully alter personality. There was little trace in the broken girl in the Third Act of the *Sadie* in the First and Second, though both rôles were most capably played. Nothing could have been better than Mr. MALCOLM KEEN's *Rev. Alfred Davidson*; the man was convincing, and he never really alienated our sympathies completely for all his horrible manifestations of tyranny and inverted self-love. Mr. J. H. ROBERTS's quiet *Doctor* with the difficult smile was as good as anything this accomplished actor has given us, and that is saying much. Mr. SHEP CAMP, as the Trader who kept the house in which the party sheltered, was a delight—a drunkard, philosopher, masterful husband of a native wife, fundamentally a sound kindly Christian person—an excellent piece of work. Miss BARBARA GOTT was most effective as *Ameena*, the wife. I imagine this native business is rather easier to do than it seems, but this was done as well as possible; and Mr. JAMES DYRENFORTH, Mr. JOHN ROCKEY and Mr. STUART SAGE as three American Marines, and Mr. GILBERT RITCHIE as a Cockney quartermaster, could not, I think, have been better.

All through the performance a pitiless rain, really made of water, which I hope has the special attention of the Metropolitan Water Board, beat down and produced the very mood of weariness and sinister sense of doom in which the whole story moves. The atmosphere of the theatre was stifling, less, I think, from the heat of a gratifyingly warm May night than from this contrivance of the producer, Mr. BASIL DEAN. It got on your nerves as it was meant to do. It is not likely that the Garrick will have to be dried for a new play for many months. T.

ILLUSION.

Mr. Joseph Fisher settled himself in a corner of the railway-carriage and unfolded his paper at the column devoted to literary gossip. Hungrily, and indeed thirstily, did he absorb every detail concerning the activities of novelists, while gradually a bitter expression settled round the corners of his mouth.

You see, Mr. Fisher was an author of the type that lives unsung. The publication of his books was met by the reviewers in a spirit of brooding silence. His greatest achievement was to appear in the list of "Books Received" set in the insignificant type the printers call "burjoyce" and hidden away at the foot of a column. No one ever seemed to have heard of Mr. Fisher. If he mentioned to new acquaintances that he was a writer—and he never failed to mention it—he was immediately asked, "Do you write under your own name?" and that, I may tell you, is one of the cruellest things you can ask an author who has not adopted a pseudonym.

Mr. Fisher laid down the paper with a sigh and his glance strayed to the other occupant of the carriage, a girl who was leaning out of the window talking to a young man on the platform. After the train had steamed out of the station she threw herself into the opposite corner, took up a book and pored over it. There was something vivid and concentrated in the way she was reading, so that he glanced at the title of her book. As he did so his heart throbbed wildly and a deep glow spread over his features. *She was reading one of his own novels!*

This was a situation which Mr. Fisher had conjured up during the whole of his disheartening career. How often had he adumbrated such a scene! How often had he seemed to hear the voice of the casual stranger remarking, "I suppose you've read this thing by Joseph Fisher—rattling good stuff!"

He now leaned back in exquisite contemplation of the girl before him. This splendid peerless creature represented his public. How his heart went out to her! He observed that her eyes bent so eagerly on the page were dancing with fun and that a little smile hung about her lips. This rather surprised him, for she was reading *Deirdre's Desire*, one of the most harrowing of his books, the sufferings of the heroine being intense, her pangs of love (unrequited until the last chapter) being something awful. Still, the girl's intense interest in the printed page was undeniable. Unable to restrain himself longer, he blurted out:—

"You—you seem to find your novel very absorbing."

She looked up perplexed and startled; then to his surprise she blushed deeply. "I'm afraid I wasn't reading that," she stammered.

He glanced at the book now lying open on her knee . . . and then he understood. Between its pages was a note—evidently it had been thrust into her hand by the young man who had been seeing her off. She must have been reading it over and over again . . .

"I beg your pardon," he said stiffly; "I thought you seemed to be enjoying *Deirdre's Desire*."

She glanced at the cover. "Is that the title? I suppose it's pretty awful, but it was on the stall marked 'Threepence,' so I thought it might do for the journey. Would you care to look at it—but I suppose you don't read such rubbish?"

Mr. Joseph Fisher had received a piece of criticism at last.

OUR NEIGHBOURS' LANDMARKS.

[The latest victims of the fashionable craze for changing geographical names are Christiania, which has recently become Oslo, and Spitzbergen, which is to be renamed Svalbard.]

THOSE old enchanted places
Learnt from our schoolroom maps
No builder's hand defaces,
Nor do their domes collapse;
The haunts we never visit
Keep in our dreams the same,
Until some ass—why is it?—
Decides to change the name.

Our dream-Spitzbergen boasted
A topping bobsleigh run
Down which the white bears coasted
Beneath the Midnight Sun,
Where Eskimos with halbards
Chased walruses around
With zeal unknown to Svalbard's
Drear disenchanted ground.

With gipsies telling fortunes
Bohemia was rife,
What *chal* or *chi* importunes
The Czecho-Slovak wife?
Though still they cherish, maybe,
Bohemian traits of yore,
Would SHAKESPEARE wreck a baby
On the Czecho-Slovak shore?

St. Petersburg suggested
The TSAR who loved the seas,
The pilot-saint invested
With gold and iron keys;
These and much else have vanished
Since Muscovy went mad,
Deliberately banished
From dingy Leningrad.

And Oslo!—Are they hiding
A past they want to shirk,
Or are they just providing
Cartographers with work? . . .
Sadly the old names linger
Round their usurped domain,
And no one lifts a finger
To bring them back again.

PLEASE THE PIGS.

FAR too much fuss has been made in the Press over Mr. BALDWIN's interest in pigs. It is satisfactory to learn that the PRIME MINISTER is very far from showing an exclusive or exceptional benevolence towards this admirable animal, and that his monopoly has been effectively challenged by Sir ALFRED MOND. In his speech at the annual dinner of the Cardigan Society on the evening of the 14th inst., the Liberal statesman made a pronouncement which deserves the widest currency. "I am,"



Lady. "ARE YOU INTERESTED IN THE DERBY, MRS. COBB?"
Mrs. Cobb. "I'VE PUT A SHILLING IN THE MOTHERS' UNION SWEEPSTAKE IN THE HOPES THAT I SHAN'T WIN, NOT HOLDIN' WITH GAMBLIN', MUM."

he said, "a pigman myself, although many people do not know it. I have devoted some waking hours and some sleepless nights to the pig question."

This preoccupation, it may be added, is animated by a patriotic motive. Sir ALFRED MOND went on to state that he "never could understand why there should be Danish bacon and Irish bacon, but no Welsh bacon, no Cardigan bacon." It is indeed an extraordinary omission.

Cardigan is associated with waistcoats but not with pigs; yet pigs are renowned for qualities which should endear them to the Cambrian temperament. They are endowed with an acuteness of vision which enables them to "see the wind," a faculty which should specially appeal to a race of poets and mystics. Their whistle is proverbial, yet it has never been celebrated by the Welsh, in spite of their addiction to melody. Of all domestic animals they are unique for their learning: who has ever heard of a learned cow or hen?

But there is good ground for the hope that Sir ALFRED MOND's insomnia may be fraught with happy results. He believes that on the foundations which already exist a great industry could be built up in Wales. We know that pigs grow fat where lambs would starve; and there is the historic example of HOOD's Irish school-master who "kept a parlour-boarder of a pig." The co-operation of the Large Black Pig Society can be confidently counted on. And, lastly, the sympathy of Sir SIDNEY LEE is assured, for he, like Sir ALFRED MOND, has spent sleepless nights over the BACON problem.



The Little Man. "NOW WE SHALL HAVE TO BE CAREFUL WHEN WE GET ON THE RIDGE. THE WIND IS TERRIFIC!"



The Big Man. "BY JOVE! YOU WERE RIGHT ABOUT THE WIND, OLD MAN. BUT DON'T KEEP PULLING ON THE ROPE!"

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(*By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.*)

COMMODORE Sir BERTRAM HAYES has written one of the best books about the British merchant seaman it has been my fortune to read. *Hull Down* (CASSELL) is the picked record of forty-four years at sea; and so little does the modest sailor tell of himself that the layman might fall into the error of supposing that to rise from apprentice in a sailing-ship to Commodore of the White Star Line is a sort of natural process. The incessant hard work, indefatigable attention to detail, skill, resource and daring, by which alone a sailor can attain the top of his profession—these things the Commodore leaves to be inferred. Nevertheless he reveals his character in spite of himself; and it is part of the charm of a fascinating book that the reader feels its author to be a man who is above all resolute to do what he believes to be right, is never afraid to say what he means, and, when he means a thing, means it with his whole heart. In his recorded dealings with Naval officers, Army officers, officials of all kinds and passengers alike, Sir BERTRAM HAYES goes straight to the point. Having commanded transport- and troop- ships both in the South African War and in the Great War, the Commodore gives a perfectly candid account of how amid extraordinary confusion the few persons who kept their heads succeeded in pushing useless people aside and getting things done. From the episode in the youth of Mr. HAYES when he trimmed a shifted cargo of railway-iron for thirty-six hours on end in a gale of wind, to the taking over by Sir BERTRAM HAYES of the German steamship *Bismarck*, now *Majestic*, the life of the Merchant Service is depicted by a master mariner and a master hand at a narrative. It is tonic like a breath of the sea; for it is England at her best—England in action on the sea.

Now that the witty author of *Letters from England* has laughed at the English novel's inevitable expansion to four hundred pages, perhaps some of our more daring innovators will have the courage of their artistic convictions and cease to add purely commercial cubits to the stature of their books. Here, at any rate, is Miss AGNES MURE MACKENZIE'S novel, *The Half-Loaf* (HEINEMANN), which manages in a little over a third of the prescribed area to include all that is necessary to a highly-finished, animated and decorative romance. Not that her title has anything to do with technical economy. It refers to the measure of love meted out by a certain beautiful Scots lady of the 'fifties to the husband who caught her so to speak on the rebound, a measure which it is the story's business to show was very far from being more satisfactory than nothing. *Olivia Burnett* has philandered prettily but indiscreetly with *Walter Elliot*, a needy gallant who has made up his mind to marry money. The news of her swain's betrothal to a banker's daughter, whose pennies and pedigree are in inverse ratio to those of the *Lady of Cockpen*, drives *Olivia* into the arms of an old admirer, *Harry Brodie*. *Harry* is willing to wait for a full measure of conjugal affection; but by the time *Olivia* is ready to give it him he has so schooled himself to self-control and reserve that the unlucky young wife believes he repents of their marriage. *Elliot*, jilted by his heiress, returns to sympathise with the slighted *Mrs. Brodie*; and *Olivia*, though she does not love her old flame, decides to release her husband by eloping with his rival. My one quarrel with a story which is for the most part delicate and

hardy as a little Scotch rose is the quixotic extravagance of its ending and the occasional effeminacy of its love-making. The comedy manner triumphant at the close, and a trifle more austerity in scenes of passion and pathos, would have rendered it a small masterpiece.

Since first he swam into my ken
With his engaging *Brief Diversions*,
I've followed J. B. PRIESTLEY's pen
With zest for its alert incursions;
And now, unless my judgment errs,
I find his lauds of splendid folly,
The English Comic Characters
(JOHN LANE), a book both wise and jolly.

Bottom and *Touchstone* and the group
Of "the Illyrians," knights and madams;
Falstaff and his immortal troop
Of satellites, and *Parson Adams*;
Choice characters of STERNE and "JANE"
And DICKENS, radiant gloom-dispellers,
Who gave us the Shandeian strain,
Collins, *Micawber* and the *Wellers*.

These are his heroes—glorious fools
Who still can hearten and refresh us
In spite of critics and of "schools"
Pedantic, petulant or precious;
He has no theories to air;
He is no subtle special pleader;
He writes because he wants to share
His own enjoyment with the reader.

'Tis not his aim to shock, surprise
Or startle, like so many new men,
Yet I for one must recognise
His gusto and his keen acumen;
And, since I own his charm of style,
I can't be saddled with unfairness
For wishing he had spared those vile
New *clichés*, "glimpsing" and "awareness."



FLOWERS OF SPEECH.

"'SCUSE MY GLOVE, SIR."

Reginald Drake Biffin must be accounted not the least noble amongst Captain HARRY GRAHAM's wide circle of friends, and one is ravished to hear of *Reginald* that, owing to the remarkable success of the Koola-Koola Development Company,

> "Still with swift feet he walks his onward way,
> Onward and upward, till the goal be won,"

whilst his aunt, *Lady Dundee*, as an original debenture-holder, is receiving at least two-and-a-half per cent. for her money. Of *Biffin's* life at Koola-Koola, where he kept a kangaroo-farm, assisted by his Scotch foreman, *Einstein*, a man "whom even the older kangaroos, boomers, as they are locally called, looked up to," I do not propose to speak here. Indeed why should I quote Captain GRAHAM's panegyrics of his friend when you must already have got the book and read them for yourself?—that is to say if you take the slightest interest in the great Commonwealth, kangaroos, comparative religion, a little of everything and everybody, and delightfully ridiculous nonsense about them all. But perhaps I may just be permitted to mention one of the many references which are made in *The Last of the Biffins* (METHUEN) to the events of the Great War, in which prolonged indisposition prevented *Reginald* from taking part:—

"'Good news about America coming into the War at last,' remarked Dr. Ingis Pugh irrelevantly as he felt Reginald's pulse.

"'Ve—goo—noo,' responded the patient, as intelligently as the thermometer would permit.

"'Of course, for a year at least they won't be able to put any troops in the field,' Dr. Inglis Pugh continued.

"'Goo—goo.'

"'Yes, unprepared, naturally; but they 'll be helping us with money instead, no doubt.'

"'Gloo—gloo,' said Reginald."

Dear *Reginald!* he is most happy in his biographer.

The real inspiration of *Crusaders* (BUTTERWORTH) goes back to the brave old days of OCTAVIA HILL, who "partially moralized a couple of acres of Marylebone" by buying up slum property, humanising it (as far as possible) and administering it in the interests of its inhabitants. The paladins of Mr. ARTHUR PATERSON's novel are mostly ex-servicemen, headed by the *Honourable Richard D'Acre*, whose descent is, rather unnecessarily, traced from CŒUR

DE LION. *D'Acre* gets together the Rector of a slum parish, its Medical Officer of Health, a panel doctor, a veteran General, an elementary schoolmaster, a Scotland Yard detective, an ex-convict and most of the ex-servicemen of a particularly bad block of slum-property, and starts the Wellborne Club, Falkintown, "to protect women, befriend the fatherless and forlorn and honour the King." The first problem the club has to face is, of course, its own housing. Wellborne Buildings is owned by *Gilbert Ladislaw*, a native of Hampstead, "the largest owner of real estate, barring a Duke or two, in London." And *Ladislaw*, so far from wishing to make things easy for the Crusaders, has set his heart on farming the property to his own advantage. Ostensibly to this end he deputes his only daughter to collect the rents. But unluckily for *Eleanour* (and also, I feel, for the legitimate interests of the story), *Ladislaw* turns out to be a homicidal maniac whose sinister motive in sending his daughter to the East End is that she may succumb to a smallpox epidemic. However it takes less than a Crusader's vow to interest the *Honourable Richard* in the welfare of the rent-collector, and, after innumerable encounters with the maniac at Hampstead and the more brutalised of the population of Falkintown, the brave and the fair come into possession of the property and each other. A generous and enthusiastic story, but written with rather too much *panache* and violence. I think Mr. PATERSON underestimates both his own natural resources and those of his subjects. At any rate the sop thrown to the sensation-lover is an unnecessarily large one.



Little Girl (whose brother has fallen downstairs). "OH, MUMMY, QUICK! JACK 'S GOT TO THE BOTTOM OF THE STAIRS BEFORE HE WAS HALF-WAY DOWN."

Cannibals and South Sea Island princesses and shipwrecks and the like are the stuff of which Miss BEATRICE GRIMSHAW has fashioned her new book of short stories. On the whole it is the sort of material which might be expected to produce fiction of best-seller quality and little more. But at least in two or three of the ten tales she has succeeded in making her characters more important than her events, which is fiction of quite another pattern. The story which gives its name to the book—*The Candles of Katara* (HURST AND BLACKETT)—is a readable tale of mystery, but not, I think, the best. "The Wreck of the *Lady Rose*" is perhaps my favourite, for in spite of the fact that they were detained on a desert island to be fattened for the table, I was more interested in what *Maud Burney* and *Sansom* the mate thought about it all than I was in their threatened fate or even in the brilliant ruse by which they escaped the cooking-pot. It is written with a nice reticence which makes the theme remarkably convincing. "Lélé the Princess" is a charming story too. In fact, although I had thought myself as weary of Pacific fiction as I am of that of the Desert, I enjoyed every one of Miss GRIMSHAW's two hundred and eighty-four pages.

On the jacket of *The Tragedy of Trifles* (STANLEY PAUL) we are given a picture of a bad-tempered man and a pathetic-looking woman. They are *Alaric Castleton* and his wife, *Lady Anstice*, a couple who might have been supremely happy if the man hadn't suffered from nervous irritability. Readers of Miss E. EVERETT-GREEN's numerous novels will guess how calmly she will deal with such a situation as this. Immensely wealthy, blessed with children, having an angel of a wife, *Alaric*, by his constant nagging, absurd prejudices and blind selfishness, made a hell of his heaven. His author offers legitimate excuses for him, as, for instance, that his fool of a mother had spent strenuous years in spoiling him; but I still don't believe that he could have gone through life without hearing ruder and straighter words than are said to him in these pages. An aunt only a few years older than himself, one of the sweetest characters in Miss EVERETT-GREEN's bountiful gallery of gentlewomen, did tackle him now and again, and a sturdy doctor advised and warned him, but he continued to go his devastating way—as indeed he had to if the book's title was to be justified. At the end there should be a lump in honest throats.

The Jealous Keys (BLES) is beyond question a thoroughly worthy book, but Miss F. E. MILLS YOUNG's habit of continued categorical statement makes it more than a little dull. Nor can I quite believe that *Ashton Wade*, even if he could not have found a more tactful way of seeing his mistress through her trouble than prevailing upon his wife, *Ursula*, to take the girl into her house for her confinement and give out that the infant was her own—a difficult manœuvre to carry out successfully—would have been so entirely brutal to her merely because she did not tell the necessary lies with the requisite dexterity. Nor is it easy to believe that *Claude Duncan*, her devoted friend, would, in order to pave the way for her reconciliation with her husband, marry the inconvenient mistress at sight. To such straits is our author reduced to provide her happy ending. But perhaps it is useful to have an occasional reminder that there are still old-fashioned upholders of an ideal of fidelity through better and worse.

De Gustibus . . .

"A BEAUTIFUL ILLUSTRATED ALBUM.—It contains coloured illustrations taken from life of actual cases cured by —— Treatment. Each illustration shows a typical case of Bad Leg."

Advt. in Sunday Paper.

CHARIVARIA.

A WRITER informs us that "there is always a *beyond*, an *above*, a *within*, a *nevertheless*, of every description." He seems to have been reading the sporting prophets on the Derby.

***

A well-known jockey is said to carry a stop-watch with him when racing. Some horses we've backed would be more usefully served with an almanack.

***

Dean INGE described New York as far more magnificent than London. But not now that the Dean is back in London again.

***

Mr. GILBERT FRANKAU took the Chair at a recent meeting of boxers at which Mr. DEMPSEY was present. It is good to find writers meeting together like this.

***

At a boxing contest in Paris each bout was opened with music. If ever we had to meet Mr. DEMPSEY they would have to open with prayer.

***

Two hundred income-tax demand notes were destroyed recently by a pair of rats. We could get fond of a couple like that.

***

A Detroit engineer who is a non-smoker, a vegetarian and a tee-totaler has just celebrated his hundredth birthday. We wonder what form the celebration took.

***

A Spanish duchess recently acted as a toreador. A case of her grace before meat.

***

A competition for motorists is announced. Beginners are requested to practise on clay pedestrians at first.

***

A burglar who broke into a house in Geneva fell in love with a woman into whose room he had broken, and left without taking any of the valuables. This just shows the danger of allowing sentiment to creep into one's work.

***

A Brighton woman has been summoned for biting a detective. It is expected she will be ordered a change of diet.

***

A Walthamstow man has been sent to prison for drawing the dole in spite of the fact that he was in work and earning nearly a pound a day. His idea in drawing the dole seems to have been that he wanted to keep in practice.

***

It is proposed that surgeons should sign their work like artists. We agree so long as they don't sign "R.I.P." on us.

***

A girl yawned the other day so violently that she dislocated her jaw. The name of the author is mercifully withheld.

***

"A Poet Arrested," says a headline. At last the authorities are beginning to take a serious view of these people.

***

A bullet fired by a New York motor bandit went through a policeman's hat, a restaurant window, grazed the ear of a waitress and then smashed a mirror. We think a man of that sort should be made to nominate his shot before he fires.

***

A draughts championship is to be held in Paris next month. No wonder they call it the Gay City.

***

A gentleman named W. SHAKESPEARE scored a blob in the Worcestershire *v.* Lancashire match. We understand that he got out because the ball pitched on a "damnéd spot."

***

Houses are now being made from slate. We can imagine the feelings of a poet who finds that his charwoman has washed a priceless lyric off the dining-room floor.

***

The whistling kettle has long been popular, and we hope that some day we may have a geyser that will sing for us when we're too tired to do it in our baths.

An instrument called the Sousaphone weighs eighteen pounds and is twenty feet long. It is said that the sounds take so long to come out that the player receives three notes start from the rest of the band.

***

The staff of a Scottish bank is agitating for an increase of pay. This disposes of the popular idea that bank employees are allowed to help themselves to the stock as much as they please until they get sick of the stuff.

***

If the movement to cover up dust-carts succeeds, where on earth will some of these playwrights get their material?

***

A single swallow has been seen at Hitchin this year. This must be the one that didn't make our summer last year.

***

A wheel which makes three thousand revolutions a minute is on show at Wembley this year. Several seats near by are being reserved for Mexican visitors to this country who feel home-sick.

***

A correspondent writes to a newspaper to say he has never fought a man in his life. A professional pugilist, we presume.

***

Sir CHARLES SYKES complains that many Americans who could afford half-a-dozen suits a year have only two. We, on the other hand, who have seen some examples of the American tailor's art, are thankful for their forbearance.



Curious Female (as the horses come into the straight). "DO YOU MIND TELLING ME WHEN THE DERBY WAS WON ON THE PLAYING FIELDS OF ETON?"

"DANCING.

Party to Adopt healthy Baby Girl, one month old."—*Scots Paper.*

In these days you can't secure your dancing partner too early.

From the official catalogue of the Paris International Exhibition:—

"FORMALITIES

TO BE FULFILLED BY FOREIGNERS.

Any one foreigner who has to stay in France *more as a fortnight, and who is elder as 15 years*, is bounded to require a card of identity within 48 hours after his arrival.

Such card is delivered after justification of his regular entrance into the territory, and on presentation of documents showing his identity. The more over the foreigner ought *to supply 5 clearest fotografies, from the front and without his hat*, of a recent date and corresponding really to his actual looking."

Then it's Wembley for us.

"MAN PROPOSES . . ."

Basil is beautifully dressed. His socks are chosen with such discretion that it seems almost wasteful to cover them with spats, even with the bright white ones that Basil affects. His ties—but one can so easily forget the story in hand and become lyrical when writing of Basil's trousseau.

At twenty-five, he asserted that he was a misogynist. At first I imagined this to refer to a new philosophy, but I gathered that, in spite of its ominous sound, it merely meant a man who disliked women almost as much as they dislike each other.

The phase did not last, for a few weeks later he was telling me about the ideal woman. Not any one in particular, but an abstract lady of his own creation. She must be this and that. . . .

It was very amusing to a married man like myself, but the young have an unquestioned right to their ideals, however impossible they may be.

Basil referred to this ideal of his rather more than was wise or tactful, and a certain young lady, in a wicked moment, decided to pull his leg. Like that of many men of his age, his humour is not yet fully developed, so that when Miriam asked him for a list of the qualities that he regarded as essential in the ideal woman, he simply cleared his throat and began. There was no hesitation about him; he knew exactly what he wanted.

"My ideal woman must be beautiful, with eyes of lapis lazuli; her hair should be the colour of ripe wheat straw in the autumn sunlight."

Miriam nodded.

"She must be intelligent, with a soul above coarse and common things."

The girl smiled slightly, but Basil did not notice it.

"She must possess an exquisite sense of clothes."

"Naturally," said Miriam.

"She must dance like a wave of the sea, as YEATS said."

Miriam nodded as if she quite understood. Perhaps she did.

"She must recognise that the glory of a woman is her hair."

Miriam raised her eyebrows.

"She should have at least five hundred a year of her own."

"You don't make that obligatory?" she asked, apparently with a seriousness as solemn as his own.

"No," he said thoughtfully. "But I don't see why the possession of an independent income should be allowed to handicap a girl."

"Exactly," said Miriam. "Jolly broad-minded of you."

"She must be a lady," he continued.

"Doesn't that rather spoil her?" the girl asked. "I was really getting interested in her up to that."

Basil glanced at Miriam.

"Breeding is all-important," he said, "especially in women." He spoke as if he were pointing something out to her from sheer kindness of heart.

"I suppose it is," she said humbly. "What would you do, Basil, if you were to meet this wonderful lady?"

"I should marry her," said Basil with sublime self-confidence.

"You might almost have been describing a girl I know," said Miriam suddenly. "A dear girl!"

"Oh?"

"Yes. Only I'm afraid she has fifteen hundred a year. That rather disqualifies her, I suppose?"

"Not at all," said Basil. "I should like very much to meet her. But I don't suppose for a moment that you and I would take the same view of her."

"You *shall* meet her," said Miriam.

And he did. Miriam introduced him on the Terrace at Richmond one Sunday morning a week or so later.

She was beautiful. She was . . . Anyway, Basil was bowled over.

He wasted no time in making up his mind once the ideal girl had come into his life. Within a month, with a simple almost Napoleonic directness, he asked her to marry him. They were in a punt by Glover's Island, romantically under an overhanging tree. Her face was averted from him at the moment.

"Marry you?" she asked. "Why?"

The question would have floored many better men than Basil, but without hesitation he proceeded to answer it. He advanced many reasons.

She listened gravely, contemplating the toe of her shoe.

"I think not," she said when at length he had exhausted his eloquence.

"Why? I should very much like to know your reasons," he said with wonderful dignity.

"You wouldn't, Basil," she said gently. "One of them," she went on, "is that I am an idealist. I shall never marry until I meet my ideal man. He must be six feet in height and his chest measurement forty. He——"

She proceeded to outline her requirements, which were rather disconcerting to him. The result could not be mistaken for a portrait of Basil even by the young man himself.

Miriam was very sympathetic when Basil touched lightly on the disappointing end of his romance.

No one, certainly not Basil, would have dreamed that she already knew all about it, that indeed she had planned the whole affair. But a girl's motives are always obscure, particularly those of a girl with dusky shingled hair like Miriam.

Now, on the face of it one cannot deny that she had made rather a fool of Basil, and one does not expect that kind of thing in a girl with sympathetic grey eyes. But that is only a part of the truth.

The rest of it, and the more important part, is that she married him a few months later, as she had meant to do from the first.

MY GODSON.

(*In humble imitation of* THOMAS HAYNES BAYLY.)

He wore, when first I saw him,
A christening robe and hood,
As with the other sponsors
Close to the font I stood;
He seemed a perfect angel,
Quiet and calm and snug,
And cheerfully I gave him
A costly silver mug.
I saw him only dimly
Beneath a cloud of lace,
But twenty solid years it took
The memory to efface.

He wore, when next I saw him—
'Twas down at Bournemouth (Hants),
Where he was playing on the beach—
A sailor's hat and pants;
In one small hand he tightly clutched
A helpless little crab,
The other grasped a slice of bread
And honey thick and slab.
I only stayed five minutes,
But had a precious glimpse—
My godson with his nursemaid,
The latter eating shrimps.

A well-cut Eton jacket,
When next we met, he wore;
His school were playing Harrow
And their "cracks" had failed to score;
He stood upon a motor,
His mother's pride and pet,
And his appetite for ices
I never shall forget.
I saw him for a moment,
But methinks I see him now,
Bashing a tall Harrovian's
Silk hat upon his brow.

Yet once again I saw him,
At Oxford, when he wore
An inch or so of whisker
Trained *à la* matador;
His trousers were of lilac
Ballooning in the breeze,
And a variegated jumper
Above them, if you please!
I saw him just one moment,
But, though I turned and fled,
The horror of that vision
Will haunt me till I'm dead.



AN EMBARRASSING LIQUIDATION.

AMERICA. "I AM URGING YOU TO PAY YOUR DEBTS—FOR YOUR OWN GOOD."
FRANCE. "ALAS! I HAVE NO MONEY. BUT" (*suddenly inspired*) "YOU CAN TAKE MY WINES."



Elderly Sportsman. "WELL, YOUNG MAN, WHY AREN'T YOU PLAYING CRICKET?"
Youth. "I 'VE NO USE FOR CRICKET. GOLF 'S MY GAME. HANDICAP SIX, YOU KNOW."
Elderly Sportsman. "AH! AND HOW DO YOU SHAPE AT BOWLS?"

OUR MILITARY FIRE ALARM.

IN the spring the Adjutant's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of fire, and he orders an impromptu Fire Alarm. The object of an impromptu Fire Alarm is to discover weak spots in the regimental fire-fighting system. A weak spot may be any one of the following: the absence of our fire-brigade; the absence of the fire-fighting appliances; the absence of the water; the absence of the alarm, and the absence of the fire.

The last surprise Fire Alarm we had was not a success. For two days beforehand the R.S.M. was seen in odd corners conducting mysterious operations with small parties of men, while secretive-looking buglers had been practising the Alarm on bugles muffled with their other pair of socks. A general air of impending activity had pervaded the camp. The result was that, when the Adjutant at last said suddenly to the R.S.M., "There 's a fire in the Quartermaster's store. Carry on!" the Alarm was sounded by a squad of massed buglers within two seconds and, before the last note had died away, an infuriated Quartermaster was freely expressing himself on the subject of jets of water on bales of shirts. Total time, as taken by the Adjutant, forty-five seconds, including what should have been a run of three hundred yards for the fire-brigade and five hundred for the picket. As a surprise—except for the Quartermaster—it was rather a failure. There was a suspicion left in the Adjutant's mind that the secret had somehow leaked out.

By contrast, the next Alarm we had was so secret we could hardly get anyone to take an interest in it at all.

Distrustful of the R.S.M., the Adjutant this time selected one of his own office clerks and told him that there was a fire in "A" Coy. office, and that he was to take the necessary steps. It may here be pointed out that the Adjutant had recently had a quarrel with "A" Coy. Commander. After ten minutes of silent suspense the clerk, a sterling fellow but of limited ideas, produced a letter for the Adjutant's signature, beginning:—

"To O.C. 'A' Coy.—It has been reported that there is a fire in your office. Your attention is directed to Command Standing Orders regarding unauthorised fires. . . ."

The Adjutant, thus baffled at the outset, told the clerk he was a fool and himself rang up the Company. It was not his lucky morning, for all the officers were on parade and there was only a clerk in the office—one Private O'Jector, at work just then on a crossword puzzle.

"What would you do if you had a fire in your office?" began the Adjutant.

"In the grate, Sorr?" inquired Private O'Jector, an Irishman of suspicious nature, who was under the impression it was a "catch." Fires are not allowed in May.

"No, a real fire."

"Oh, a fire, Sorr. Pass them —— Fire Orders, Mick; the bloomin' Adj. is on the ramp." Private O'Jector was evidently unaware of the fact that asides could be heard over the wire.

There was an audible rustling of paper and Private O'Jector began in a recitative tone:—

"If I detect a fire in this buildin', Sorr, I shud A thry to put it out B if I cud not put it out I shud one telephone for the fire-brigade two warn the orderly bugler three remain in the buildin'."

This last paragraph showed the disciplinary hand of the R.S.M., evidently an admirer of *Casabianca*.

"Very good," replied the Adjutant. "Well, there is a fire in your office now."

"Indade, Sorr," replied Private O'Jector in polite disbelief. "Mick, he 's off his nut."

"Pretend there is one and carry on according to orders."

"I will, Sorr. He says to pretend there 's a fire. Now, what the——"

The Adjutant, feeling the Alarm was at last on the way, waited for some while, expecting to hear the bugles go.

After half-an-hour's silence he rang up "A" Coy. again.

"Sorr?"

"What about that fire?"

"What fire, Sorr?"

"The fire I told you to pretend was in your office. Did you telephone the fire-station?"

"No, Sorr."

"Why not?"

"I pretended to put it out meself, Sorr."

"Oh, ring off!"

"Yes, Sorr. Mick, what 's a word of four letters meanin' 'He fiddled while Rome burnt'?"

The Adjutant in desperation next rang up the fire-station itself and at last got L/Cpl. Scabbard, N.C.O. i/c Fire Brigade. L/Cpl. Scabbard threw away his cigarette and saluted the telephone. He always prided himself on his smartness.

"Fire, Sir. Yes, Sir. Certainly, Sir." Bang went the receiver to the accompaniment of hortative blasphemy and whistle blasts.

After a further pause, during which the Adjutant was himself rung up by L/Cpl. Scabbard, who had omitted to ask where the fire was, the R.S.M. entered the office. He wore the pained look of a butler whose master has got a bottle of port from the cellar without consulting him.

"They tell me there 's a fire, Sir?"

"Yes. Why hasn't the Alarm gone?"

"Beg pardon, Sir, the buglers are all out at practice. If I had known, Sir——"

"Never mind the Alarm then. Turn out the fire picket."

"Beg pardon, Sir, 'A' Coy. is on picket and they 're doing company drill. If I——"

"Well, make up a picket. Turn out the first men you see."

"Very good, Sir." The R.S.M. retired with the air of an archangel humouring a refractory child. He then turned out the Adjutant's entire staff of clerks and orderlies. One can never really score off an R.S.M.

After a minute the Adjutant walked over to "A" Coy. lines. These showed signs of battle. "A" Coy. Commander was arguing with L/Cpl. Scabbard, who was anxious to keep a jet of water playing through the office-window. Two broken panes already testified to his accuracy. The picket were lying about, moist and out of breath. An extinguisher was fizzing itself out on the grass and Private Muzzle was changing his shirt behind a tree. The orderly officer was organising a chain of men, but the ends had got joined up, so that a ring of empty buckets was ineffectually circulating at a rapid speed. Finally the R.S.M. was standing by in an aloof manner, as who should say, "This isn't the way *I* organise an alarm!"

In the middle of this an excited private like a fluttered bird came flying from far away.

"There 's a fire, Sir—a real one!"

"Where?" barked the Adjutant.

"In the fire-station."

He was quite right. It was L/Cpl. Scabbard's discarded cigarette. We saved the station, but two lengths of hose, four extinguishers and a bucket were burnt.

The Adjutant now lets the R.S.M. organise the Alarms once more, and I must say they go with a swing. We did the last in forty-three seconds, two seconds under the record. Quite a lot of money was won on it in the Sergeants' Mess.



Acolyte (to café genius). "ARE YOU PAINTING MUCH NOWADAYS?"
Genius. "NOTHING AT ALL. NO PICTURE I EVER PAINT CAN DO ME JUSTICE."

Our Shameless Advertisers.

"——, N. WALES.

Come where the sun is shining and togs are unknown."—*Advt. in Provincial Paper.*

"A Small furnished Hat to Let. Suit. 2 or 3 gentlemen."—*Brazilian Paper.*

Not if WINSTON was one of them.

"As he [von Hindenburg] left the Assembly the military band of his escort struck up the air of 'Deutschland über Allies."

Morning Paper.

We had our suspicions.

WEMBLEY REGAINED.

II.—Mystery and Romance.

I knew a little about Treasure Island before I went to Wembley, because some time ago I had sat in reverent homage before a huge model of it at a luncheon-party and had heard the architect describe its charms. A very reasonable kind of luncheon-party it was too and could only have been bettered, I think, if the model had been executed in ice-cream and children had been allowed to be there. But the half had not been told. It is a very remarkable portion of the Empire and, though it may be the smallest, it will certainly not be the least popular of the Wembley Overseas Dominions.

Robert Louis Stevenson's Treasure Island (in the frontispiece map) was shaped, as you might say, "like a fat dragon standing up," and it was possibly this shape that Mr. Maxwell Ayrton was aiming at when he enchanted the big band-stand near the Government Pavilion into a rocky eminence, a replica of the Spanish main, the foreshore at Ilfracombe, a section of the Canadian-Pacific railway and a few other trifles of a similar kind. It was a remarkable conjuring feat. Visitors to the Great Exhibition positively dote on bands; they surge around them enthusiastically whensoever and wheresoever they play, and are filled full of rapture by military tattoos. There is only one place where they will not tolerate on any account the music of a band, and that is at the big bandstand originally provided by the designers of the Exhibition for the purpose. Exhibition crowds are like that. So it has had to suffer a sea change into something rich and totally unexpected. On the water, which has flowed in and washed away the front rows of chairs and encircled the central islet, there lies now at anchor the *Golden Hind*; and there, on the opening day, the elder pioneers of Wembley were privileged to see and hear a real English Admiral piped on board Drake's battle-ship (slightly reduced in tonnage) with an Admiral's salute of tiny guns.

It would have surprised *Jim Hawkins*, no doubt, to learn that the ship lying in this circular sea was the *Golden Hind* and not the *Hispaniola*, but then *Jim Hawkins* would have been surprised at a great many things. He would not have seen *Benn Gunn* or *Long John Silver* or *Israel Hands* on the day that I visited Treasure Island, nor heard the parrot cry, "Darby McGraw, fetch aft the rum, Darby;" for all the parrots one sees at Wembley are connected somehow or other with sweets, and all the rum—but there! I wander again.



Robinson Crusoe finds countless little footprints on Treasure Island.

He would have seen, at any rate, a number of gallant British tars on the island, who no doubt were only waiting until Lord Jellicoe had gone in order to turn into buccaneers; he would have noticed (amongst others) Sir Francis Drake and *Peter Pan* and *Wendy* and *Cinderella* (dressed in their familiar costumes), and the Illustrator (wearing a new spring suit) and *Robinson Crusoe* and *Man Friday*, who was sucking a glass of Australian lemonade through a straw.

This poor *Friday* was not a little troubled in mind, for the enormous number of visitors that day to the sandy beach which surrounds the water which surrounds the island had already (he said) obliterated the lone large footprint which he had carefully made in the morning for *Robinson Crusoe* to discover. He had almost given up the idea of considering the place as a desert island at all.

"You might get your name altered to Tuesday," I suggested to him. "Wembley visitors have to pay half-a-crown for entrance on Tuesday afternoons;" and at this prospect he brightened visibly.

To decorate the real sand which has been brought to Wembley a number of real shells, our guide informed us, had been originally ordered, but by some unfortunate mistake their original tenants had not been removed before they were packed, so that when they arrived it was decided not to use them after all, for there is such a thing even on Treasure Island as having too much ozone.

"All the same," I said to the Illustrator, "I see two serious dangers in front of the authorities here. One is that children who toddle up with their spades and pails will refuse to empty them out before they go, and gradually remove the whole of the beach. The other is that they will want to paddle in the Spanish main or sail boats on it, and never succeed in getting on to the island at all."

But the Illustrator was not listening to me. He was bending in an attitude made familiar to me by his researches in the diamond-washings of British Guiana, and dipping his hand into the Spanish main.

"Good heavens," he said, rolling a little of it round his tongue, "the stuff 's not salt!"

"Tut-tut," I murmured, "bad staff work again. I bet they don't dare to tell Lord Jellicoe that."

"However the sand 's all right," I continued. "They tell me it comes from Leicestershire. I 've got a lot of it in my socks already."

Round and round the outer circuit of this warranted genuine sea-beach runs a delightful model



Peter Pan at Wembley; Or, the Boy who grew up as tall as a Lighthouse.

train of exactly that size which is the fulfilment of dreams; so large, I hear, that it is not a mere toy, and so small that it is not terrific or dangerous. Even now I think, with a large garden containing plenty of shrubberies and wood, I could be happy for the rest of my life with that train. In the uncovered rolling-stock behind it the perfect little locomotive can haul twenty grown-up people, as indeed it has, including the KING himself, and on the day of which I am speaking, Lord JELLICOE, and afterwards the Illustrator, who characteristically refused to travel with his back to the engine because he said it made him feel sick, and complained that there was no electric light in his carriage for the tunnels.

There seems to be no end to the profusion of toys on this new pleasure-ground. Near the entrance I was shown a sty full of little living pigs and a byre full of little living cows. It seems to me that the MONTESSORI System could no further go. One may fly to the upper part of the central islet sitting in a wooden bird and slide down from it sitting on a mat (though some will justly prefer the trousers); or one may walk across by a bridge, if one is afraid, as so many of us are, of this new-fangled science of aviation. And in the lower part of the central islet one may wander about amid mysterious blue-lit caves.

It was here, as I walked with the Illustrator, that, carried away by the glamour of the place, I turned round suddenly, laying my hand on his shoulder and said to him, "Doesn't all this bring back your vanished years to you again? I feel exactly as if we were a couple of boys."

Quite suddenly, and with rather a shock, I perceived that we were not very nice boys.

We were both of us staring into one of those magical mirrors that widen and shorten with some sacrifice of dignity the human form.

"My hat!" said the Illustrator. "I vote we grow up again at once."

It was something of a relief to escape into the outer air and talk to *Peter Pan* and *Robinson Crusoe* and the rest of the guides, from whom our real character was concealed.

So much for the opening day. Grown-up people are not allowed to enter Treasure Island now, they tell me, except under the escort of a child. This makes it important for all grown-up people who go to Wembley to behave nicely and be very good. EVOE.

Extract from the Indian Civil Service Family Pension Regulations:—

"A subscriber who is dismissed the Service by competent authority will cease, *ipso sacto* to be a contributor."

Wonderful people, the Romans. They seem to have anticipated the British slang expression for summary dismissal.



THE DISTORTING MIRROR.
MYSTERIOUS BEAUTIES OF THE MAGIC CAVE.

Our Long-suffering Musicians.

"The programme of the Quartette was an enjoyable and attractive one, and they played with much spirit which encouraged conversation and the general enjoyment."
Local Paper.

"The next item on the programme was a recitation, 'The Union Jock,' by Mr. H——."
New Zealand Paper.

This should help to appease our north of the Tweed friends who are so pernickety about "England."

"'OXFORDS' HERE TO STAY."
London Paper.

"THE WIDE TROUSER.
A fashion not likely to last."
Manchester Paper.

What London says to-day Manchester contradicts to-morrow.

THE LIMIT.

(A play in Three Acts, after the new American School which has recently produced "The Verge" and "The Colonnade.")

Characters:

Leander Newton.
Myrtle, his wife.
Mrs. Jabb, *Myrtle's* mother.
Uncle Samson, *Leander's* uncle.
Bob Kemp, a plumber.

ACT I.

THE BREAKFAST-ROOM.

The entire cast, with the exception of the plumber, discovered at breakfast.

Myrtle. Why can't you behave like other people, Leander?

Leander. Because I 'm not like other people.

Mrs. Jabb. Then for decency's sake you should pretend to be. Pass me the salt.

Uncle S. Leave the boy alone, can't you? He 's perfectly right.

Mrs. Jabb. I won't allow it. Leander, will you have the decency to pass me the salt?

Leander. Decency be damned!

Mrs. Jabb. } Le-an-
Myrtle. } der!!!

[Leander, *rising from table, goes to window and drapes right arm high among folds of curtain. Flood of amber light on face, upturned.*

Leander. O pure crystal effulgence of the extra-physical universe! How I long to be out of the Thisness and the Thatness, and to immerse myself in the vast unprognosticated Otherness of you!

Mrs. Jabb. Hypophosphates, that 's what he wants.

Leander. Release me from the prison of pettifogging puerilities, of papers and politics, and——

Mrs. Jabb. Are you aware, Samson, that that is the last egg?

Leander. — and post-prandial polemics!

Uncle S. Do you want it, Selina?

Mrs. Jabb. I didn't say I wanted it. I merely remarked that it was the last.

Myrtle. Say, Uncle Sam, do you know how to put a washer on a tap?

Uncle S. Never been asked to do such a thing in my life.

Mrs. Jabb. Myrtle didn't ask you to

do it, she merely asked if you knew how it was done.

Uncle S. No, I don't. That 's flat.

Leander. Far away, and out, and beyond! Up, and higher still! Æons beyond their reach—out—out—out——

(*Hint to Stage Manager.*—A support, concealed by the curtain, would be advisable for *Leander's* arm, which should still be stretched out and up.)

Myrtle. If you don't put that washer on the bathroom tap, Leander, I shall have to send for a plumber.

Mrs. Jabb. He isn't listening.

Uncle S. He doesn't want to hear. He hates doing things. He only likes saying them.

Leander (*to himself*). It 's beyond the faculties of these pigmies to recognise an esoteric trance when they see one.

(*Author's Note.*—This is not an "Aside" or "Soliloquy," but "Expressionism.")

Myrtle (*rising and touching Leander on shoulder*). Do you hear, if you can't mend that tap——

Leander. Tap, tap, tap! That 's what you 're all doing to my brain. Your words are like drops of petrifying water—drip—drip——

Myrtle. If you don't do something quickly there 'll be drops of petrifying water dripping through this ceiling.

Leander. Let them come! Let them all come! I shall welcome them with their cool cosmic consistency.

Myrtle. Leander, you are impossible! Sometimes I think——

Leander. Too seldom you think, too seldom. That 's the trouble with you. And if you say I am impossible you are unintentionally paying me a compliment, since to be possible is to be like you and the rest of them.

Mrs. Jabb. Did you hear that, Samson?

Uncle S. I 'm not deaf.

Myrtle. My! How you love talking, Leander!

Leander. When I talk I speak. When you talk you chatter, chatter, and you potter, potter about doing little things from morning till night.

Myrtle. Someone must do them.

Leander (*impressively*). I tell you, Myrtle, I have vowed never to do anything till I can do something new—create something, a plant, a precedent, a passion—something that has never been done before, something beyond and out and up—up!

Myrtle. The ceiling 's beginning to look damp and patchy. The tap is going faster than the waste and the bath is overflowing. I must phone for a plumber. [*Exit.*

Mrs. Jabb. If no one 's going to eat this egg, I will. I hate waste.

Leander. Waste! Waste! The tap is flowing faster than the waste. Repetition! Repetition! Nothing new!

[Leander *collapses on sofa and bursts into tears.*

Curtain.

ACT II.

THE ROOF.

Leander's *head appears from trap-door.*

Leander. Out! Out! (*His body emerges.*) Up! Up! (*His legs emerge.*) Above them all. Up into the limpid atmospheric air. (*He stretches out arms and touches aerial. Starts, looks round and hums:* "He put a wire on his roof and called it a Marconi.")

Myrtle's voice (*from below*). Leander, have you got change for a dollar?

Leander. It 's all wrong somehow. The colour. Golden sunlight! Vulgar, unmysterious glare! It hurts. Where is the moon?

Myrtle's voice. Leander, I want change for a dollar.

Leander (*shouting down trap*). Curse your dollars! So many to the pound. Curse you with your Gold Standard! I have a different standard. The Lunar standard. The soft ambiguous moon. Give me the moon. The silver, silver——

Uncle S. (*head appearing*). That 's it, but nobody 's got any, and Myrtle wants to pay the plumber, she says.

Leander. Must you drag me down to earth?

Uncle S. To water, this time.

Curtain.

ACT III.

THE BATHROOM.

Kemp *finishing his job,* Myrtle *standing by. Enter* Leander.

Leander. So you think you can stop the inevitable merging of waters. You think you can quell the rivers, the seas, and prevent them rising to meet their levels in the Outness of Beyond?

Myrtle. You 're getting your feet wet, Leander.

Leander. Feet! What are feet? There was a time when feet were not, and again there shall be a time when feet are no more. The protoplasmic cycle will revolve, and we shall be drawn into the vortex.

Myrtle (*to Kemp*). Have you collected all your tools?

Kemp. Yes 'm, thank you.

Leander. Amphibious biped! You are behaving in an unwonted fashion. Begone in the manner of your kind, and fetch another tool, whether you need it or not. Go back, before it 's too late.

Myrtle. Don't you see, Leander? The job is done. Will you pay Mr. Kemp? [*Exit Myrtle.*

Leander. Done? Do you say it is done? (*flying at K.'s throat*). I 'll pay you, you unholy scoundrel! Under my own roof! To rob me of my right! Purloin my destiny! Blast my *raison d'être!*

Kemp (*choking*). Hi! Help! What have I done?

Leander. You have done something new and other, fresh and different. You have done your job without going back to fetch a tool. You have done something which has never been done before.

[*Struggle continues till floor gives way and both men disappear.*

Leander's voice (*from below*). Let justice be done, though the heavens fall.

Curtain.

CRITICISMS:—

The Sage.—This play is a masterpiece. The fact needs to be put on record, for there are few to-day who will recognise it.

The Sunday Reflector.—A dangerously immoral play.

The Esoteric Review.—Rich, various, wonderful in supernormal significance, this play bears the stamp of the mystic.

The Cackler.—The best farce going.

THEATRE RHYMES.

II.—THE QUEUE.

STANDING in a theatre queue
Is an expensive thing to do.
Street entertainers, hat in hand,
Throng to amuse you while you stand:
One man sings, another fiddles,
One recites and asks you riddles;
This man whistles, that man capers
Or makes designs by tearing papers;
Another simply volunteers
To roll his eyes and wag his ears.

* * * * *

It costs too much to pay them all,
So slip away and buy a stall.

Looking Forward at Olympia.

"The [Royal] tournament will include many of the well-known and popular features of future years."—*Daily Paper.*

"Here was happiness in the air: the warm contentment of natural living things. A thrush, like a little frog, tugged a worm from the grass."—*Daily Paper.*

Happy, contented little worm!

"No longer, we 're told, we must diddle
Our kids with the palpable lie
That the Cat with his fabulous Fiddle
Jumped over the moon in the sky."
Weekly Paper.

But did we ever tell them that one?

"The highest wind speed ever recorded was during the typoon at Hong Kong in August, 1923, when one guest was recorded as travelling at 127 miles at hour."—*Canadian Paper.*

How to speed the parting guest: get a "typoon" to help you.



THE FAIRY-SIXPENCE.



SHE found a fairy-sixpence and journeyed far away
A-visiting the villages on market day;
In little black bonnet and in fine red cloak
She gossipped with the farmers and the market folk;
She walked among the vendors fingering their wares,
China cups and saucers and old rush chairs,
Besom-brooms and brushes and pictures for the walls,
Calicos and laces and big plaid shawls.

But when they tried to bargain she turned away her head;
"My sixpence is to buy me a sucking-pig," she said.
"A sucking-pig for sixpence! The poor woman 's mad!"
But a drunken fellow passed and a sucking-pig he had.
He snatched at her sixpence (he thought it was a crown)
And turned it in the moonlight as he left the town;
He looked for it next morning and only found a leaf
That lay all shrivelled in his handkerchief.



Away went the little woman crazy with delight
And she and her bargain were soon out of sight;
They travelled by road and they travelled by lane
Until they got back to her little house again.
She gave her pig his porridge and put him in the byre,
And then she sat nodding by the kitchen fire.
When she went next morning nothing there she found,
Only a merry mouse scampering around.
"Gracious, lawks-a-mussy! What is this I see?"
"You gave a fairy-sixpence for a fairy-pig," said he.
Pounce! went Grimalkin, the woman's tabby cat,
And nabbed the little fairy-pig as suddenly as *that!*



MR. HONEYBUBBLE.

IV.—THE GIANTS.

FROM the moment that Mr. Honeybubble first "cottoned to me" I longed that he should meet and be attracted by some passenger more worthy of his steel, that I might myself retire into private life. There must surely, I thought, among so many passengers be somebody aboard who could give him bore for bore, so to speak, and enjoy it.

But, curiously enough, when this great thing happened, when the man was found and I could have had at least an hour off, I was so fascinated by the spectacle that I lingered, a willing victim, to see these giants engage, as it were, across my body.

The man was an American citizen, though so little like the Americans I know and so much like a parody American that at first I thought he must be pretending. But I believe him to be real. He had a voice like a saxophone, and perhaps it was Honeybubble's voice, which is like a saw, that attracted him; for he entered that wilderness which Honeybubble had already created about him in the smoking-room and asked if one of us would make a fourth at bridge with Colonel Philpott and another. Honeybubble had told me the previous day that he scarcely knew the rules, but with his innate goodness of heart said he was willing to oblige. While they were waiting for the other two to appear the American sat down and talked.

"My name's Rooney," he said, "Ezra P. Rooney, of Chicago."

"You're an American, Sir?" said Honeybubble intelligently.

"Yes, Sir, I'm an Amurrican citizen."

"My name's Honeybubble. This is my friend, Mr. Haddock."

"Glad to know you, Mr. Honeybubble. Mr. Haddock, I'm vurry pleased to make your acquaintance."

"How d' you do, Sir?" I said—and a sadly feeble response it sounded.

"It's very foggy outside," said Honeybubble.

It was then that Mr. Rooney let fall the remark which showed me he was a match for Honeybubble—a perfect match. The fog was, in fact, dense. The *Cecic* had been steaming slow for two or three hours, scarce moving, with a prolonged blast of the siren every minute, so that everyone on board was nearly mad with it, coming as it usually did half-way through a man's favourite joke.

"Yes, Sir," said Mr. Rooney, "it's vurry thick. But we have a vurry careful Captain. Our Captain, Sir, is a man that knows his business. You see how it is, Sir," he went on solemnly, as one explaining a difficult point to a child. "It seems to you, maybe, how we're wasting time, moving the way we are. But you'll understand, if our Captain was to go right ahead in this fog and another vessel was to cross our bows, by God, Sir, we'd have a collision in no time."

He shook his head gravely, as if to let this sink in. And then they settled down to bore each other. Neither of them, I gladly found, took the smallest notice of me.



Little Girl (introducing small playmate to her father). "DAT'S IT."

I must say that Honeybubble, true to his kindly character, did make some pretence of keeping it a conversation, and even of being interested in what the other fellow said. But Rooney was guilty of no such insincerity. He looked on Honeybubble entirely as a target—mere word-fodder.

"I've often wondered," said Honeybubble, "whether it wouldn't be possible to get rid of fog at sea by firing off big guns. A friend of mine who was in the War—a colonel he was, Colonel Bates—no, that wasn't his name—bless me, I'll forget my own name next. Well, it's of no consequence—yes, Bates it was, Colonel Bates—and he told me that there was never any fog in Flanders in the middle of a battle whatever there might be at the beginning, if you understand me. Now, it seems to me that if they were to apply that notion to the sea——"

"That's a vurry remarkable speculation," said Mr. Rooney, and instantly dismissed it from his mind. "I noticed a lot more women smoking in public in London. I don't know how it strikes you, gentlemen, but it seemed to me that more women had cigarettes hanging out of their faces than they did last Fall when I was over. And I'm not going to conceal from you, gentlemen, that I don't like to see it."

Mr. Rooney was puffing at a huge cigar.

"My mother smokes," said Mr. Honeybubble surprisingly. "And, what I always say——"

The siren, blasting terribly, concluded the remark.

"Well, Sir, that's a vurry interesting point of view," retorted Rooney, not waiting to hear what Honeybubble always said. "Maybe your mother's a nervous woman, and it's no concern of mine how Mrs. Honeybubble conciliates her nervous system. But I have two daughters and they don't smoke any. In the United States, Sir, we put our women on a pedestal, and, by God, Sir, we expect them to stay on it."

"What I always say," said Honeybubble unmoved, but going back easily to where he was before, "is, let them smoke in the home if they must, but when they're in a public place—well, it's a different thing entirely; or, if it isn't, it ought to be. That's my opinion, and I think you'll find it's the opinion of the majority of Englishmen, though, of course, we can only speak for ourselves, all of us. What do you say, Mr. Rooney?"

"I had a very poor night last night," said Mr. Rooney, as if Mr. Honeybubble's remarks had never been; and he yawned expansively to emphasise the poorness of the night. "A vurry poor night indeed. It's a vurry curious thing, gentlemen, I never seem to sleep so well on the starboard side of a boat. Put me on the port side of any steam-vessel you like to name, Amurrican or British, and I'll register my nine hours as easy and peaceful as a young child. But when you see me located on the starboard side, Mr. Honeybubble, you can be durned sure that I'm tossing and turning in that bunk till four or five every morning of the transit. Now how do you account for that, gentlemen?"

"I dare say it's something to do



New Arrival (helpfully). "BLIMEY! LOOK AT YOUR WHEEL."

with the ship's motion," suggested Mr. Honeybubble readily, not caring how he accounted for it as long as he got the lead in his hand. "It's funny you should mention that, Mr. Rooney," he went on quickly, "because as I was saying to Mr. Haddock this afternoon there was a lot of running and trampling on the deck last night, right over my head—the sailors, I suppose; I don't know if you found the same. Well, as I was saying to Mr. Haddock, it isn't as if this was a cargo-boat, one could understand it then, but with a lot of first-class passengers trying to get to sleep it's a wonder people are not more considerate. And could I get off, Mr. Rooney? Not if you'd offered me a fortune. Well, I did as I always do; I got out of bed and sponged the back of my neck—that's a very old remedy my father taught me—I got into bed again, I put my pillow under the knees, and *that* was no use. Well, what did I do then?"

Mr. Honeybubble paused but an instant for breath, and Mr. Rooney, who for some time had been showing signs of impatience, said immediately:—

"I'm reading a vurry inspiring volume at the present time, Mr. Honeybubble: the Life and Enthoosiasms of Hercules B. Podd, late Chairman of the New York City and Federal Philanthropic Alliance. Now there, gentlemen, you had a man of big ideals, big, lovely, juicy, cracker-jack ideals; a man of the people, Sir; a man that had his cultivated side, but above all, Sir, a man that stood for ideals, a man that put country before party, Sir; ideals was his life, ideals was his eat and drink; a man, Mr. Honeybubble, who stood by the Democratic Party till the bosses stabbed him in the back; a man, Mr. Honeybubble——"

I saw Honeybubble open his mouth to explain, I imagine, what further steps he had taken to correct his sleeplessness. And then the battle became too much for me, I suppose; I must have sunk into some swoon or slumber. For after that I heard nothing more very clearly. Outside in the fog the siren blared each minute, shaking the ship, and within those voices, not less vibrant, sounded interminably. Between the two combatants I lay in a fitful dream, as wearied soldiers sleep upon a battlefield and hear the shots fly over.

Stray disconnected fragments from the conflict penetrated my mind, such as:—

"Yes, Sir, you may take it from me the continent of Yurrup is in a vurry unsettled condition."

". . . things are very different to what they were twenty years ago . . ."

"The man's not living that's going to stand for that bunk twice in a lifetime."

"The last time over we saw an iceberg."

"No, Sir, I never cared for SHAKESPEARE. . . ."

Hours later (it seemed) I woke and found the Colonel and his friend beside us in the act of apologising for keeping the table waiting.

"Colonel, it's of no consequence," said Mr. Rooney, "say no more. Mr. Haddock and his friend here have entertained me with a little discussion on politics and literatoor."

Honeybubble that evening informed me that he liked Mr. Rooney, but found him a little tedious, and in his opinion Mr. Rooney had an irritating voice.

And when I ran into Mr. Rooney next day he said, "He's a rich talker, Sir, your friend Mr. What-is-it, but, gosh, he's no hand at listening!"

A. P. H.

"PTOLEMY
STARTS FOR THE DERBY."
Headline in Evening Paper, May 22.

At the time of going to Press he was still some distance from the straight.



First Labourer. "TH' OLD CUCKOO BE DOIN' A BIT O' OVERTIME THIS MARNIN', JARGE."
Second ditto. "I'S RECKON 'E BE LIKE THEM BOLSHIES—'AVE A LOT TO SAY WHEN THEY BE GOIN' ABOUT THE COUNTRY, BUT DON'T GO FOR TO HATCH NO EGGS FOR ALL THE NOISE."

A MISSED ROMANCE.

SHE dwelt in Camberwell, he in Tibet;
'Twas thus the Fates decreed their lives to place;
And thus it came to pass they never met,
And neither ever saw the other's face.
Had they but met, they might have loved. Who knows?
He might have wooed and won her for his bride,
And all their days been coloured like the rose;
They never did, and so he never tried.

Never united! Never in life to meet!
The pity of it, when theirs might have been
The perfect love, so tender and so sweet—
He her ideal hero, she his queen;
Their lives as fragrant as the mignonette
And joyous as the gladsome marriage bell.
How could it be, when he was in Tibet,
And she at 19, Low Street, Camberwell?

She had eleven children to her joy
(Such rosy faces round her board at tea),
And he had twelve (all girls except one boy);
Had they been wed, 'twould have made twenty-three;
And what a boon and blessing to the state
When population wanes and babes are few!
But who can strive against the hand of Fate?
They never knew, poor souls, they never knew!

To earn her children's bread, their daily meal,
She took in washing, so the neighbours tell,
Whilst he in Lhassa turned a praying-wheel;
He might have turned her mangle just as well.
What can be said? They were the sport of Fate,
The victims, so to speak, of circumstance;
Each in the other might have found a mate,
But never did. They never had the chance.

In the Children's Cause.

Mr. Punch ventures to exercise once more his confirmed habit of begging for children with an appeal on behalf of the Royal Waterloo Hospital, the oldest children's hospital in the British Empire. Since its foundation in 1816 its services have been extended to women, but two-thirds of its accommodation is still given to children.

The Hospital is very efficiently and economically managed, but it has now to ask the public for £50,000 to complete a new wing which is required to provide (1) further room for children and women so as to reduce the terribly long waiting list of patients; (2) a new operating theatre; (3) a room for light-treatment of tuberculous cases; and (4) accommodation for nurses. At present the nurses are housed in two condemned buildings a quarter-of-a-mile from the Hospital.

The Royal Waterloo Hospital for Children and Women has little influential backing. It treats fifteen thousand cases every year amongst the poorest of the poor in Southwark and Lambeth, where housing conditions are of the worst. A large number of its patients come from one-roomed homes where life is hard enough in health and impossible in times of sickness.

Mr. Punch earnestly begs his readers to extend their generosity to this good work. Contributions should be addressed to the Hon. Treasurer, Royal Waterloo Hospital for Children and Women, Waterloo Road, S.E.

LIONS AT DINNER.

A PATHOLOGICAL COMMENTARY.

(*With grateful acknowledgment to the latest manner of the Right Hon. T. P. O'CONNOR, M.P., in "The Sunday Times."*)

SUMMER has come upon us with a rush—not merely in the glory and pageantry of nature but in its feverish demands on the conscientious diner-out. Dinners are following each other not in single spies but in whole battalions. (I have attended three in the last week and made five speeches.) The strain, not merely on the digestion but on the oratorical equipment of those who, like myself, cannot avoid these functions without a failure of courtesy and public spirit, is considerable; but there are alleviations and compensations. The more frugal and temperate one is, the more time one can devote to observing one's fellow-guests and recording those subtle changes in physiognomy and physique caused by the inevitable passage of the years in the young as well as the old.

I happened to be in a peculiarly favourable position at the Tarantula Club's annual charity banquet for studying the faces of Lord Doxford and his daughter Araminta, now the Archduchess Blascovitch. I could not help noticing that Lord Doxford had lost somewhat of his familiar apple-cheeked ruddiness. Yet he seemed, in spite of his pallor, to be "in the pink"—one of those strange anomalies which indicate the triumph of mind over matter. I had not seen the Archduchess since I met her at a luncheon given by Lord Blandamer. On that occasion, after a casual and indistinct introduction, I somehow got it into my head, from the colour of her eyes and the exotic dress she wore, that her name was the Contessa Dossa Chiderdossa. So I happened to ask this *petite* foreign-looking lady if she knew anything about *The Sporting Times*. She replied at once that it was her favourite reading in the nursery, but that her father took no interest in racing. Suddenly, with a flash of inspiration I turned to her and said, "You are not Araminta Balliol?" And she was.

Though that was the first time I had met her, I knew her well through the accounts current in the best Society of her extraordinary precocity, her devastating wit and the caustic yet unpremeditated epigrams which she used to launch on an astonished world long before entering her teens. Her conversation at Lord Blandamer's quite justified her reputation; it was even more piquant and appetising than the sybaritic dainties beneath which the table literally groaned—dainties quite thrown away on me as I munched a water-biscuit and sipped my split Condy and ammoniated quinine, the diet prescribed by my old friend, Sir Parry Gorwick, during my convalescence from a severe attack of incipient cerebritis.



A LITTLE BIT OF FREE FISHING.

As I have said, I had not seen the Archduchess for several years, and last week I was struck with the idea that she was not very well. Her beautiful dark eyes had the same gazelle-like softness, but I seemed to detect in them a certain wistfulness, a cosmic *Weltschmerz*, which always gives me an uneasy premonition of collapse. Unfortunately Sir Parry Gorwick was not present or I should certainly have endeavoured to verify my diagnosis.

The figures that interested me most at the banquet after Lord Doxford and his coruscating daughter were of course the Earl and Countess Sidonia. I am sorry to say that Lord Sidonia looks a good deal thinner than when he left England four years ago, and though this emaciation adds to the spirituality of his striking face, it gave me considerable concern, though I endeavoured to console myself by reflecting on the longevity attained by two old friends of exceptional fragility, Pope LEO XIII. and Cardinal MANNING. The Countess, on the other hand, looked much stronger than when I last saw her. Her voice has lost the strained crackling tone which it had and is now resonant and clear, while her appetite, if not Gargantuan, is excellent. I could not detect the slightest tremor of her hand in the negotiation of a plover's egg, which has always seemed to me to afford one of the supreme tests of table manners.

If my readers may deprecate the tone of some of these remarks as savouring of pessimism, I should like to point out that no one could fairly compare me to the skeleton at the feast; also that it was DICKENS, the great apostle of cheerfulness, who attributed to the *Fat Boy* the desire to make the flesh of his auditors creep. To congratulate people on their healthy appearance is notoriously unlucky; while to call attention to their infirmities is often a sure means of giving them a new lease of life.



Mother (*to small boy returned from a party*). "Well, dear, did you get on all right? Have plenty of partners?"
Small Boy. "Oh, no. I danced with one little girl all the time."
Mother. "Really! Was she very pretty, and was she a very good dancer?"
Small Boy. "Neither, Mother; only she was so nice to be talked to by."

GOING BACK.

As I was sitting on Ryelands Bridge, watching the cars go by,
There came down the road an old grey mare in a dogcart quaint and high,
And at the reins was old Johnny Betts, the higgler from Farthing Tye.

Johnny pulled up, for we hadn't met for many and many a day;
"Can I give you a lift on the road," says he, "Lullings or Leamland way?
The mare 's as fresh as a daisy, sho', and the morning breathes like May.

"Shall I put you down by Camomile Cross, for the fair on Shabley Green,
To try your luck at the boxing-booths, as many 's the time you 've been,
Or dance to the fine steam-organs, playing 'Soldiers of the Queen'?

"Will you come with me over Shaxted Heath and down by Galleybird Hill,
To see if the laylock 's blossomed yet by the pool below the mill,
To spy if the great old trout is there nosing the campshed still?

"To saunter down by the lasher-side and cross the weir to the 'Star'
For a jug of Tommy Tinkler's best, his extra-particular,
For a look, maybe, like the summer sun from Kitty Vine in the bar?"

I 'd almost got my foot on the step when I stopped in a plaguey doubt,
Trying to do a sum in my head, for I seemed to figure it out
That Kit would be sixty-odd by now and a bit of a roundabout.

And something said at the back of my mind the "Star's" particular ale
Was never the brew it used to be since Tommy contrived to fail;
And I seemed to remember the ancient trout, stuffed in a case, at the sale.

And Johnny answered my thought unsaid: "Are you bothered about the date?
'Twill all come back when once we 're clear of the toll at Deadman's Gate."
"Why, Johnny," says I, "the gate was gone in the summer of 'eighty-eight!"

A mile away on the road there came the hoot of an angry car,
And mare and cart and Johnny were gone where last year's snowdrifts are,
With the great old trout, and the noble beer, and Kitty that bloomed in the bar.



THE INTERNATIONAL DERBY.

THE HORSE. "SIT ME AS LIGHT AS YOU CAN, WINSTON; I'M NOT FEELING VERY WELL TO-DAY."

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Monday, May 18th.—A heavy drowsy day, with thunder about, was conducive to somnolence. But Members woke up when Captain ARTHUR EVANS blew in wearing the first pair of genuine Oxford trousers which the House has seen.

The Labour Party having discovered industrial conscription in East Africa, Lieut.-Commander KENWORTHY asked whether he had not heard the COLONIAL SECRETARY on public platforms denouncing this evil—in Russia. Mr. AMERY replied that he was unaware that he had ever been honoured by having the gallant Member in his audience—a soft answer that left the questioner temporarily speechless.

Other inquisitive Liberals got even shorter answers. The PRIME MINISTER met Captain WEDGWOOD BENN'S request for information about the Government's policy in reference to the Parliament Act with a "No, Sir;" and when fair-haired Captain GARRO JONES, who believes that young men should be heard as well as seen, began to tell the PREMIER about the Allies' views on their debts to us Mr. BALDWIN'S lip tightened and he said with clipped preciseness, "I am much obliged for the information."

The business of the day was the Widows, Orphans and Old Age Contributory Pensions Bill, a measure with a big title and a bigger purpose. Mr. NEVILLE CHAMBERLAIN, happy in being able to carry on his father's policy, said that the desire of the Government was to furnish a foundation on which individual thrift could build. He calculated that the State subvention would ultimately work out at twenty millions a year. As Mr. WHEATLEY had called the scheme "the most heartless and fiendish fraud ever perpetrated on the people" he would like to know in what respects the Labour Government's Bill, if produced, would have been more generous.

Mr. WHEATLEY, in moving the rejection of the Bill, did not quite take up Mr. CHAMBERLAIN'S challenge, but was confident that no contributory scheme would have been accepted by the Labour Cabinet. Nor did he repeat the full juiciness of his platform language. But he accused the MINISTER OF HEALTH of taking a popular label and using it as the description of a deceptive concoction, a phrase at which a faint smile of reminiscence flickered across the faces of the Clydesiders behind as they thought of the "What is Whisky?" controversy.

Mr. LLOYD GEORGE was critical but not unfriendly. He doubted the wisdom of giving compassionate allowances to men of sixty-five who were capable of working. "I 'm not yet sixty-five," he said, "but I know many a man who at sixty-five has three times the craft he ever had." If so, the Government had better beware of the Welsh Wizard about 1928.



ALICE AND THE PERSIAN CAT.

"Come, it 's pleased so far," thought Alice.
LORD BALFOUR.

Miss WILKINSON wound up the debate for the Labour Party, which she did with clearness and vigour. If she had a few more inches she could afford to be less challenging. Mr. DUFF COOPER, easy though his speech and attitude were, managed to add that trace of diffidence which always pleases the House—but then he is taller.

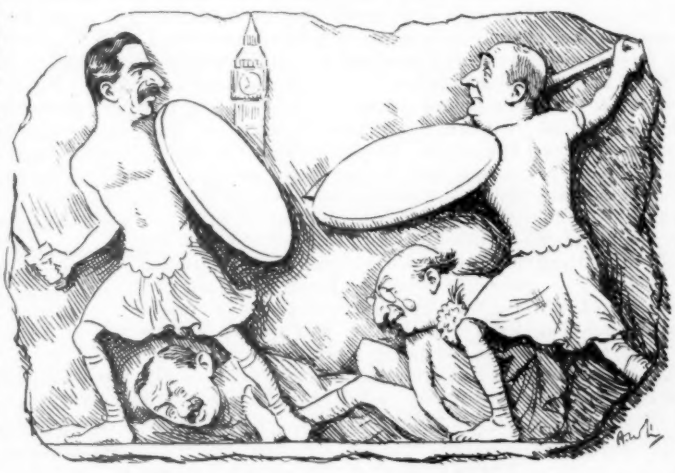
Tuesday, May 19th.—The Lords were pleased to see Lord BALFOUR once more in his old place on the Government Front Bench, where, in one House or the other, he has sat, with intervals, for forty years. His particular purpose to-day was to answer a question about Persia. Persia is doing very nicely, thank you, was the gist of the reply. With the aid of American financial experts she has managed (in the words of her own poet) to "take the Cash and let the Credit go," and has balanced her Budget. For the moment she need not "heed the rumble of a distant Drum" on her northern border.

The House of Commons, more congested, felt the heat acutely. "Best speech you 've ever made," said the Labour men to Sir HARRY BRITTAIN when on a point of order he asked, "May we have a little air?"

WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR obliged the aldermen and Bishop of LONDON to come to Berkhampstead to make submission to him. But Mr. MACQUISTEN thinks it unreasonable that Highland farmers, requiring sheep-dip for their flocks, should have to resort thither in order to sign the "poison-book." The SECRETARY FOR SCOTLAND promised to consider his objections.

In reply to Socialist attacks Sir L. WORTHINGTON-EVANS boldly claimed that the Pensions Bill was "a triumph for the Capitalist system." His chief fear was lest friendly critics like Mr. LLOYD GEORGE should smother it with kindness.

There was not much kindness about Sir A. MOND. He fiercely attacked the finance of the measure, and described the Treasury contribution as "ridiculously small." Lady ASTOR would have liked larger grants for widows and children; but she strongly supported the Government, and when Mr. KIRKWOOD hurled Scripture at her gave him as good as she got.



Nevellius (in the general mêlée). "ET TU, BERTIE!"
MR. NEVILLE CHAMBERLAIN, MR. J. H. THOMAS, SIR ALFRED MOND, SIR ROBERT ("BERTIE") HORNE.

The most serious criticism of the Bill came from Sir ROBERT HORNE, who, as one "who looked at industry through more windows perhaps than anybody else," feared that the new burden laid upon employers would send many of them out of business. This was a blow from an unexpected quarter, and I almost thought I heard Mr. N. CHAMBERLAIN murmur, "*Et tu*, BERTIE!" However, when the division was called, both Sir R. HORNE and Sir A. MOND went into the Government Lobby, and the Second Reading was carried by 401 to 125.

Before parting for the night the House added Mr. KIRKWOOD to the Kitchen Committee. Porridge will now be procurable during all-night sittings.

Wednesday, May 20th.—Lord OLIVIER, following the lead given by his party in the Commons, challenged the system of conscripting native labour in Kenya. He received some support from the Archbishop of CANTERBURY, who hinted however that the whites are not always as black as they are painted. This view was endorsed from personal experience by Lord HOWARD DE WALDEN in a maiden speech so modestly inaudible that it was hard to tell whether the settlers complained of being in the back blocks or the black books.

Lord BALFOUR made good use of his gift for nicely-balanced dialectic in explaining the policy of the Government. They desired to give the natives all the freedom compatible with civilisation. But civilisation means roads and railways; roads and railways require labour, and therefore labour must be obtained, voluntarily if possible, but if not by compulsion. The Government were however alive to the difficulty of this and similar problems in our new territories, and therefore intended to set up a new Committee, similar to the Committee of Imperial Defence, to help in solving them. For this announcement Lord OLIVIER expressed himself grateful and withdrew his request for papers.

Why the militant section of the Liberal Party should be so anxious that the Government should send felicitations to the new President of the German Republic is not quite clear; but I suspect it is not that they love HINDENBURG more but that they love their own nominal leaders less.

Debate on the Financial Resolutions of the Pensions Bill was for the most part a *réchauffé* of Monday and Tuesday, save that Sir KINGSLEY WOOD unearthed a fourteen-year-old speech of Mr. RAMSAY MACDONALD, in which he declared that "consistent Socialists" were bound to support the contributory principle in National Insurance.

At night, Sir CHARLES OMAN developed a comprehensive indictment of the present silver coinage. He exhibited a small collection of atrocities, and showed how some had crumbled, others had broke out into large green spots, and others (issued under the Socialist Government) showed a tendency to become a bright red. Metallurgically and artistically they were equally horrible; they were also an incentive to extravagance: "everyone spent wildly in order to get rid of the stuff." Mr. BROMLEY expressed an even more popular complaint against the currency—namely, that not enough of it came his way.



Derby Guide (to visitor from the country). "SEE THAT LAD ON STILTS? HE 'S A PRIVATE DETECTIVE."

My notion that Mr. KIRKWOOD's appointment to the Kitchen Committee would mean the supply of porridge during all-night sittings must, I fear, have also occurred to the Clydesiders. At least I can discover no other intelligible reason why they should have kept the House sitting for six hours over the Scottish Poor Law Emergency Bill. Their own prophet, Mr. WHEATLEY, at last had to beg them to pass the Bill, lest its rejection should injure "an unfortunate section of our people."

Thursday, May 21st.—The Peeresses in their own right met their Waterloo to-night when the Lords threw out the Bill for admitting them to the full privileges of the House. But it was a mighty close-run thing—only two votes giving the Not Contents the victory. Possibly Lord ASTOR would have done better to rely entirely on the Act of 1919, which removed all the disqualifications of women in regard to the exercise of public functions, and not to have talked about adding to the dignity and efficiency of their lordships' deliberations. That gave Lord BANBURY a chance of telling the House how a lady-member of the Lower Chamber had tried to pull him down by the coat-tails. The fact that Lord ASTOR was supported by the Duke of ATHOLL also furnished Lord BIRKENHEAD with a sneer at this "striking evidence of conjugal discipline." More convincing, I suspect, was his argument that, pending the comprehensive reform of the House of Lords, which the Government had promised to effect before they left office, it would be absurd to carry this piecemeal legislation for the benefit of a privileged class.

A chorus of Ministerial cheers (with, it seemed, a Clydeside *obbligato*) followed Major CADOGAN's appeal to the PRIME MINISTER not to enter into business agreements with the LEADER OF THE OPPOSITION, since he could not speak for some members of his Party. Up jumped Mr. MACDONALD to ask if Mr. BALDWIN had anything to say regarding this absolutely "baseless" insinuation. Mr. BALDWIN judiciously evaded reply.

He has, no doubt, enough official burdens of his own to carry without shouldering Mr. MACDONALD's. One of them, perhaps, was hinted at in his answers to questions relating to Ministers' contributions to the Press. "It is obvious," he said, "that of these contributions some are less objectionable and some more." It seems to be equally obvious that all of them are, in his opinion, more or less objectionable.

Colonel ASHLEY's review of the Transport Ministry's activities contained two remarkable tributes: one to the much-abused Southern Railway for its enterprise in electrification, and the other to the members of the London Traffic Advisory Committee, who "most patriotically and unselfishly" were going to Epsom on Derby day to see how the traffic was conducted.

Our Erudite Contemporaries.

"GEMS FROM SHAKESPEARE.

'We doth ambition shun
And love to live i' the sun.'"

Local Paper.

We doth; but how did SHAKESPEARE know?

From a theatre notice:—

"I could picture Mr. —— playing Alaba Ba in 'The Forty Thieves,' or the Bear in 'Little Red Riding Hood.'"—*Dublin Paper.*

The last rôle, we suppose, having been specially "written in" for him.

NEW YORK CITY: A GUIDE FOR SETTLERS.

IX.—THE TITLE SYSTEM; ORIGIN, APPLICATION OF, ETC.

BEFORE the English settler arrives in New York he will probably feel that one of the great differences between England and America is the difference in their title systems, and he may deduce from this that there must be a difference in family pride; he may feel that a man's pride in his family is less in America than in England.

This mistake is natural enough, because the pride of an American in his family shows itself in a way that will be new to the Englishman and probably misunderstood by him. If I can explain this way, I think he will agree with me that in reality family pride is stronger in America than in England. In order to make this intelligible I shall have to explain briefly the beginning of the movement.

THE INFLUENCE OF SIMON R. PARKS.

The movement is of fairly modern origin. Even twenty years ago a man having a cheque to cash, for example, was usually compelled to receive the money from a total stranger; he may have been familiar with the man's face, but he usually had no idea what his name was. He paid the 'bus-conductor, but he paid him as a conductor, not as an individual; he had no idea what his name was. There was no way by which he could know at once what *family* these men belonged to.

To-day this awkwardness no longer exists; he knows just who the men are, their Christian names and whether or not their fathers bore the same names. This great change was brought about, broadly speaking, in two steps.

The first step forward, which was of course by far the harder, is generally credited to a young hotel clerk by the name of Simon R. Parks, jr. He patented, in the Spring of 1911, the now famous Parks Method of Reading, in the perfection of which he had been engaged for a number of years. Reduced to its simplest terms, this method is nothing more than a system by which a person is enabled to decipher inverted script. In his autobiography, published recently as the 1256-7 volumes in The Broadway Biographical Library, he tells the story of how the idea for such a system came to him.

For his annual ten-day vacation he went to Atlantic City, and as he was in the act of registering at a small hotel the man behind the desk recognised his signature and claimed him for a childhood friend—which indeed he turned out to be. The pleasant tingle of having his name unexpectedly pronounced in a city of strangers gave him some pause, and he considered what a hospitable custom it would be if people in strange cities could always be assured of hotel clerks' being childhood friends. Since this could not very well be in truth, he decided that the next best thing would be to make it seem so.

When he returned to his own hotel in New York, he writes, he spent every moment of his leisure time in diligent reading, holding the book upside down. After mastering inverted print he turned his attention to inverted script, and soon mastered that too. The purpose of this training was of course to accustom him to reading a man's name as the stranger wrote it in the hotel book from the other side of the desk. In a short time he was able to say, "Yes, Mr. Sims," before Mr. Sims had dotted his "i." This was found to be so pleasing to strangers in



Lady (*trying to get seats for very popular musical comedy*). "IF I COME BACK IN AN HOUR'S TIME DO YOU THINK IT WOULD BE ANY GOOD?"

Box-Office Official. "NO, MADAM."

Lady. "BUT SOMETIMES TICKETS ARE RETURNED—PEOPLE DIE."

Box-Office Official. "NOBODY WOULD THINK OF DYING BEFORE THEY 'VE SEEN THIS SHOW."

the city that his hotel was always filled and he himself was in time promoted to cashier.

THE SECOND STEP FORWARD.

This was the origin of the great awakening of family pride. Almost immediately the awakening began to spread.

Among the first places it spread to were the colleges and universities of the country which trained football teams. Before the great awakening the "players" came on the field in vast anonymity, armoured alike and, from a distance, quite indistinguishable from one another. PARKS having aroused their sense of individuality, the players naturally protested, causing the Boards of coaches, trainers, doctors, surgeons and ambulance-drivers in the colleges to meet and try to evolve some scheme whereby the identity of the players might be made known to the spectators.

The scheme that would have suggested itself to them at once was, of course, to print the name of the player on his back. This scheme might have been adopted had not the Boards been gifted with the foresight to realise that in a few years more the immigrants who had come to America would be sending their sons to college to play on the football teams, and they suspected that a young immigrant's back would seldom be broad enough to contain his whole name; it would be easy enough to print "Cabot" or "Lowel" on a player's back, but printing "Rabbinnokossovitski" on it would be a different matter. They therefore, in the interest of the future, decided to distinguish the players by putting numbers on their backs, selling at the gate to the spectators code-programmes for twenty-five cents which would explain on whose backs the various numbers were.

THE SYSTEM AS IT IS TO-DAY.

From this it was but a short time until everybody in the country was demanding recognition. If the players on the football teams were distinguished, said an orator at a Convention, so also should be the players in the great game of life. This was such a logical argument that employers gave in at once.

The 'bus companies were among the first to start this new custom, and, not being troubled by the problem of having much distance between the names of the men and the readers of the names, they did not have to resort to the scheme of numbers and code-programmes, but had the man's name printed outright on a tag to be worn on his coat. The Englishman, when he rides on a Fifth Avenue 'bus to day, is thus enabled to know that he has given his dime to "Mr. James P. Macdonald," and, if he happens to be particularly interested in that 'bus, he can go round to the driver and find out from his tag what family *he* belongs to.

Almost immediately sullen discontent fell upon all the employés of banks and railroad ticket offices and information bureaus and the other institutions where the workers are protected by having a grating between them and the customers. Their argument was that, as they spent just as much of their lives behind their gratings as 'bus-conductors spent behind their coats, their gratings should be labelled too. The banks and other institutions thought this was only fair, and therefore had the name of the man behind the grating stamped on a brass tag, in letters made large for the convenience of customers who happened to be near-sighted, and had the tag fastened on the outside of the grating.

The Englishman will thus find himself with a choice as to what family he will have cash his cheque. If he has anything against the Joshua Weathersbees he may take it at once to the Samuel Pattersons.

A CONVENIENT SCHEME.

This system is of great convenience in a city as heterogeneously populated as New York, for a person by the name of O'Farrel, having a cheque to cash or a railroad ticket to buy, is rarely brought to the humiliation of being attended to by a man named Douglas; he can go on down the line of windows until he comes to the grating behind which is Mr. Patrick Reilly. One drawback to this in New York is that windows occupied by people like Mr. Abraham Lazarus have usually such long lines in front of them that a customer, if he is in a hurry, is often forced to patronise a clerk of some other religion.

But in general the system works out admirably, and the Englishman, if he has time to wait, can be attended to by any family he likes.

It will not be necessary for him to have name-plates made for his own coats, as much is always forgiven in a foreigner; but if he takes any sort of employment in the city he will probably find it desirable, for otherwise he is likely to be suspected of possessing a name, or coming from a family, of which he is not proud.

So much for the way in which family pride is exhibited in America. It is different from the English way, but, when completely understood, will be found to be indicative of no less esteem for the name which a person bears. U. S. A.

AT THE OPERA.

"DER ROSENKAVALIER" (COVENT GARDEN).

WHEN the great audience rose for the brief orchestral piece with which the season of Grand Opera always opens, it was a very good sight. For those veterans whose memory goes back to the days of Before-the-War the quality of the boxes may have seemed to show signs of decline. Perhaps the New Poor are reserving themselves for the less intellectual attractions of the Italian season which is to follow the German. But, if Grand Opera is no longer a Society function, and only a few people come to it for the purpose of exchanging looks at one another, so much the better for our growing national credit as lovers of good music.

Certainly it must have been love of good music that had brought together most of this full house to hear *Der Rosenkavalier*. For the play itself is as little "grand" as one could imagine. It is just a trivial, not to say vulgar, treatment (worked out on the lines of German humour trying heavily to be French) of a theme which has in it all the possibilities of high romance—the theme, in fact, that leads up to the tragedy of *Paolo and Francesca*. There was a touch of nice sentiment at the end of the First Act, where the *Princess* recognises in her mirror that she is getting too old to retain a young lover; and I might have found nice sentiment in other passages if the management had given me the chance of buying a book of the words; but it remains that the central figure is the fat old roysterer who has the apposite name of *Ochs*.

Nor is sentiment, or the illusion of it, greatly assisted by the senseless arrangement which gives the part of *Der Rosenkavalier* to a woman, as is the way with the "Principal Boy" in pantomime. This must have been the fault of Herr RICHARD STRAUSS himself, and his music naturally suffers from lack of balance through the almost total absence of a tenor part. The situation is made still more incongruous by the fact that *Der Rosenkavalier* has from time to time to masquerade as a female, so that we have to accept the silly spectacle of a woman disguising herself as a member of her own sex.

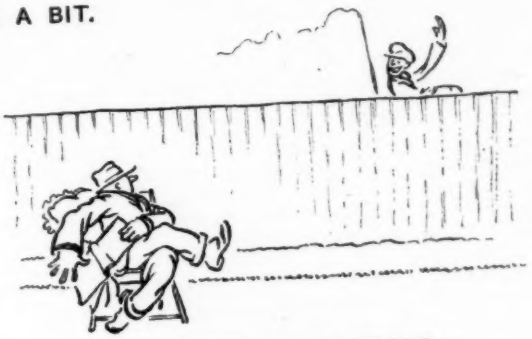
The story, such as it is, takes an incredible time to tell, and, in my poor lay opinion, there were tedious *longueurs* which might well have been exchanged for a dinner interval. But "the play's the thing" was never meant to be said of Grand Opera; and for the German kind one must must have a soul above food and drink. And this superiority to the lower claims of the flesh was

PEACE—FOR A BIT.

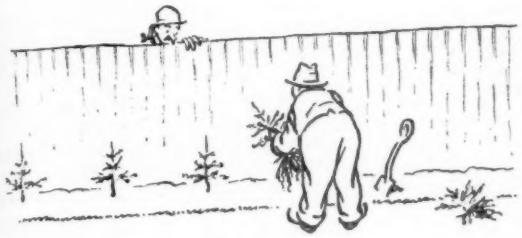
Fougasse



"IT IS A GREAT ANNOYANCE—



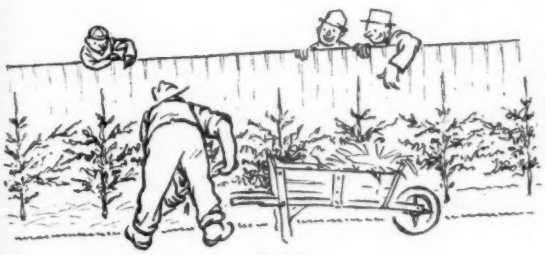
BEING OVERLOOKED FROM THE ROAD—



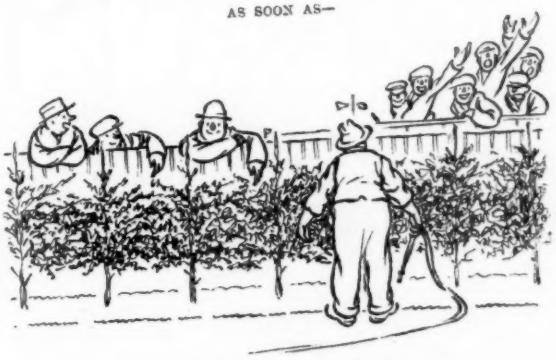
HOWEVER—



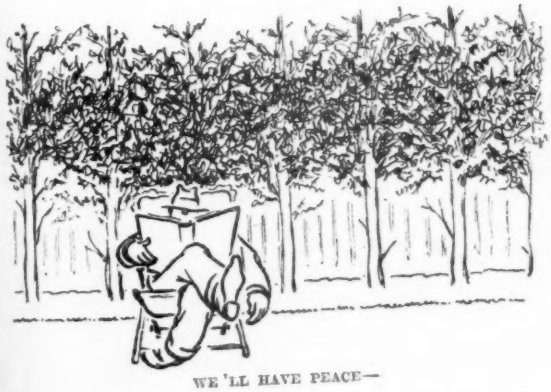
AS SOON AS—



THESE TREES—



HAVE GROWN UP—



WE 'LL HAVE PEACE—



FOR A BIT."

indicated in the majority of the audience, who, if they thought about their insides at all, were apparently content to derive a vicarious satisfaction from the supper laid before the *Baron Ochs*.

In this rotund character Herr MAYR sang and acted with the greatest *verve* and well deserved his special call. The three sopranos—Mme. LOTTE LEHMANN as the *Princess*, Mme. DELIA REINHARDT as *Oktavian* and Mme. ELIZABETH SCHUMANN as *Sophie*—were all in excellent voice, and Mme. LEHMANN in most excellent. Her gracious dignity, overshadowing the lesser figure of her lover, tended to emphasise Mme. REINHARDT'S excusable lack of virility. Indeed, I found the latter more manlike in her assumed awkwardness when she disguised herself as a woman.

Though Herr STRAUSS unbends himself in this comparatively light opera, his score is sufficiently difficult to test the skill of any conductor, notably in the faked brawl of the last Act. Herr BRUNO WALTER was more than equal to this and every other occasion. So was the orchestra (British), and so was the Chorus, which entered most intelligently into the spirit of the game and seemed to enjoy it. When they intervened, as a lavish complement of maids and flunkeys, in the confusion which followed upon the one-lunge duel in Act II., I thought them extremely lifelike in their futility.

Der Rosenkavalier was an excellent choice for the opening night, and set the note of a season which lays itself out to please at once the intelligentsia and those who prefer music that lies within the range of the average comprehension. For the first class there is to be *Elektra* and *Die Meistersinger;* for a mixture of both classes, *Tristan* and *Die Walküre;* and for the second class I welcome the revival of my two old tuny friends, *Lohengrin* and *Der Fliegende Holländer*. O. S.

COLERIDGE TAYLOR'S operatic setting of LONGFELLOW'S *Hiawatha*, which was produced with great success last year, is again to be given, with scenery and costumes, at the Royal Albert Hall from June 8th to June 20th. The net profits of the performances will be equally divided between the National Institute for the Blind, the Royal Choral Society and the Royal Albert Hall Corporation.

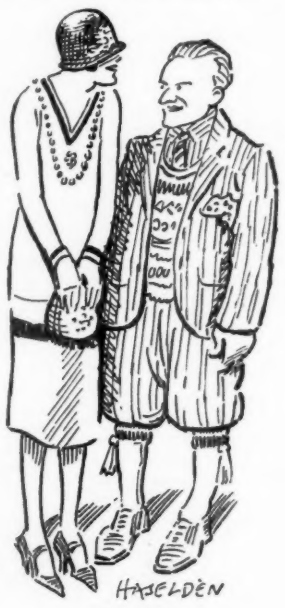
"The Executive Council of the Amalgamated Engineering Union came away from their interview with the Prime Minister pleased with the sympathetic manner in which their pleas for the operatic engineer had been received."—*Scots Paper.*

And now somebody ought to put in a word for "the singing chambermaid."

AT THE PLAY.

"THE RIGHT AGE TO MARRY" (PLAYHOUSE).

MR. H. F. MALTBY'S *The Right Age to Marry* is remarkable mainly, if not entirely, for its introduction to London of a new comedian, Mr. TERENCE BYRON, in the part of a Lancashire mill-owner who has never taken any recreation in his life till the end of his forty-fifth year, and announces, on his forty-sixth birthday, that he is retiring and putting in his place his young nephew, aged twenty-two, fresh from Oxford. He is going to take a holiday for the rest of his life, that is the one thing clear; another thing is that he is never going to marry. His scheme of abdication sounds improbable for a man so fond of "t' brass," and you are not surprised in a later Act to hear that the mill has been burnt down and that the young man had forgotten to send the cheque for the insurance premium.



EASY FRUIT.

Mrs. Carlisle . . . . MISS ENID SASS.
Lomas Ramsden . . . MR. TERENCE BYRON.

There was a passable First Act. We see *Lomas Ramsden* in his home in Bacup, a half-genial, half-ferocious tyrant, the antimacassars and aspidistras practically buried under masses of sporting-tackle—golf-clubs, fishing-rods, riding-gear—everything in fact which the heart of the leisured profiteer could desire. We see some of his friends and fellow-directors: *Jack Adams* (also director of a rival mill), an excellent piece of interpretation by Mr. T. H. SOLLY; we see *George Nodell*, a half-witted Scot who is the least likely director of a company that I have ever seen, on the stage or off, but very amusing and very intelligently handled by Mr. WATSON HUME. Then there was *Bob Ingrem*, the lawyer, who spoke the King's English more or less as it is spoken down South, and *Stephen Barton*, his nephew (DOUGLAS HUTCHISON), who spoke it as it may be presumed to be spoken by young men at Oxford in elephantine trouserings. There was also the devoted *Ellen*, his housekeeper (Miss JESSIE BELMORE), who, you could see, was a good deal more than half in love with him; and his maid, *Clara*, who had little to do but burst open the doors and to shout to the incoming visitors, "You may coom in!"—a part which was played with great gusto by Miss VIOLET MOFFAT.

After that there arrived upon the scene the colourless young nephew's colourless *fiancée* (Miss VICTORIA MARSH), with her designing *Aunt* (Miss ENID SASS); and it would have been well if it had all ended here, for of course we could foretell everything that followed. The designing widow was going to entangle *Lomas*, but he would be rescued at the last moment, to fall into the arms of the faithful *Ellen*. The nephew is going to be a failure in the business and the uncle is to lose *all* his money and go back and begin all over again and be happy. For it is clear to us that when he goes to 'Ove, that charming suburb of Brighton, the cads and cadgers, male and female, will fasten on him like leeches, use his cars, eat his food and never make him any return whatever except sneers and laughter; and, knowing all this, it was dull for us to see it worked solemnly through to the bitter end.

But there was never any question that, however unlikely and, indeed, however foolish this strange play became at times, Mr. TERENCE BYRON held his audience to the end; and there seems no reason why he should not be added permanently to the not too large number of gravity-removing comedians who entertain the town. It was interesting to see how the falling to pieces of the play reacted on Miss ENID SASS, who was quite admirable in the First Act and, from the nature of things, quite impossible in the other two. A simply unplayable part. T.

"ORDEAL" (STRAND).

When Mr. DALE COLLINS'S novel, *Ordeal*, appeared a year ago, it seemed to me to suffer from over-writing and achieve on occasion the sham-sinister rather than the grim-bizarre effect that was aimed at. On the other hand, it was clear that the author had a real sense of dramatic effect, and in parti-



Prospective Boarder (to proprietress of small establishment). "DO YOU GET A GOOD CLASS OF VISITOR?"
Proprietress. "MOST HIGH-CLASS, SIR. IT'S VERY SELDOM THAT THE LADIES GO TO BED IN THE SAME DRESS THEY GET UP IN."

cular had created two singularly interesting and (on their own plane and in the ingenious situation so artfully contrived) convincing characters—*Ted*, the steward of the rotting yacht, the *Spray*, sold by some Japanese profiteer to the unsuspecting and incompetent American millionaire, *Paul Thorpe*; and *Lady Daley*, the deaf old aunt of *Dorothy Daley*, the *fiancée* of Paul's friend, *Vasey Howard*, a young American *fainéant*. There was also *Viola Thorpe*, Paul's wife, something of a heroine of melodrama, and these six, with a crew of three and a captain, who does not appear except to be reported as a suicide or a murdered man, make up the population of the hurricane-tossed and afterwards derelict vessel in mid-Pacific.

The essence of the situation is that *Ted*, the most efficient and subservient steward, a little touched with the appalling heat and, much more fundamentally, a secret egomaniac fed to the teeth with a life of galling service, takes occasion from the helplessness of his owner and the removal of his captain to run the *Spray* and to put through it the people who have been giving him orders so blandly. He is, of course, mad, with the fixed idea that he is a better man than any who have been controlling him; but his method is fantastically ingenious and all his repressed instincts of cruelty and lust come to the surface and are given rein.

Playing off the villainous and disgruntled crew against the helpless and incapable party aboard, and possessing himself of the only firearms, he establishes a tyranny which would have delighted the heart of PETER THE PAINTER. He is too much of an artist to take his triumph at once, but plays cat and mouse with his victims and, in his pur-

suit of the young girl, *Dorothy*, displays a horrible artistry which, though crude, has some unexpectedly subtle touches.

You have obviously a tense situation, but the difficulty of keeping up the illusion of reality on the solid stage is greater than between the pages of the novel. There seemed to me twenty occasions on which (especially after the crew had, through *Ted's* astute diplomacy, left the doomed vessel with four casks of water of which three were salt) five human beings—even of the most chicken-hearted—could have satisfactorily done him in, arms or no arms. However, that is, perhaps, to be pernickety and to seem ungrateful for what, after all, was on the whole a very well-sustained thrill. The two men, *Vasey* and *Paul*, make a poor show, as does *Viola*, the spoilt wife, but not all *Ted's* art and cruelty can break the courage of *Dorothy*, while in *Lady Daley* he meets his match and, finally, his ruin. At the moment of his imminent triumph, when, controlling, among other things, the ship's water supply, he has reduced most of his captives to the point of abject surrender, the imperturbable, deaf, entirely courageous old aristocrat addresses him as "Steward" with such effect as to tip him off the vessel into the belly of a waiting shark.

Mr. LYN HARDING'S performance as the unspeakable *Ted* was entirely effective. Of course it was a part that only a fool could spoil, and Mr. LYN HARDING is not that certainly. He played it with an excellent restraint, never altogether alienating our sympathies from this inhuman and yet fundamentally human type, into whose soul the iron had entered in a life devoted to ministering to the pleasures of the exceptionally idle rich; and he kept a nice balance between the moments of exaggerated egomania and of sheer madness. Miss HAIDÉE WRIGHT had no difficulty in exciting our enthusiasm for the slim, true-bred wise old woman whose self-possession nothing on land or sea could possibly disturb. I thought however that she was at moments a little too like Miss CLEMENCE DANE'S *Queen Elizabeth*.

Miss MADELINE SEYMOUR did all that was required of her in the part of *Viola* and did it very well. I thought Miss JANE WELSH'S *Dorothy* a singularly attractive piece of work in just the right key, and that Mr. FELIX AYLMER'S *Owner*, perhaps the most difficult of the parts to carry through, was accomplished with considerable address; nor have I anything to complain of in Mr. GEORGE CURZON'S *Vasey Howard*—while Mr. ARNOLD BELL gave a quite first-rate performance of the Scandinavian *Petersen*, the cook, and Mr. JOSEPH FRENCH'S *Murphy*, a sailor, was as good as could be. Mr. YVES RENAUD and Mr. DONALD WALCOTT, whose chief job was to look as villainous as possible, looked it with a fine zeal.

I noticed on the programme the name of one of the principal actors printed in heavy type. I wonder why. Surely a bad precedent. T.



"STEWARD! STEWARD!!"

MISS MADELINE SEYMOUR, MR. GEORGE CURZON, MISS JANE WELSH, MR. FELIX AYLMER and *Ted* (*the Steward*) . . . . . MR. LYN HARDING.

THE VENGEANCE OF SMITH MAJOR.

IT is the year 1960. The playing-fields of the old school are drowsing under the flaming sun of a perfect May afternoon.

In the centre of an admiring group behold Smith major, aged fifteen years. He leans nonchalantly against the glittering bonnet of his 50 h.p. Swishabout, yawning.

"Not a bad little cart," he observes modestly to the boys who stand around. "Birthday-present from the Guv'nor."

Envy shows plainly on the faces of the younger boys as they compare it with their own humble 20 h.p's.

A poor lot these others. Smith major at least has this excuse, that, if he contents himself with creeping about the surface of the earth at a modest ninety miles per hour, it is because, having crashed severely on a recent occasion, his aeroplane is laid up for repairs. The finer spirits, Jones minor amongst them, are tumbling and looping in the blue void overhead.

Smith major glances languidly up. Then a puzzled expression creeps into his eyes and he turns to a friend near by.

"None of the fellows writing or sketching to-day," he drawls. "Sky perfect for scribbling too."

"Couldn't be better," says the other, "but Jones minor, for some reason of his own, appears to have cornered the writing dope."

Smith major's brow clouds suddenly.

"Young cub!" he mutters between clenched teeth. "I cuffed him to-day. Ever since he learnt the corkscrew spin and the sideslip clip his young head has been too big for his hat."

"Holy smoke!" cries the other, "but can't he climb!"

For a while not a word is spoken. The roaring biplane of Jones minor, conspicuous with its gilded wings, mounts higher and higher. Suddenly, belching a trail of rich brown smoke, it begins to write.

"Insufferable little ass," yawns Smith major. "Hullo! *Now* what 's he up to?"

The letters S and M are already written, and as the succeeding characters take shape, at an incredible speed considering their gigantic proportions, Smith major gasps.

Every face is turned upward now. A hush falls on the watching crowd. Strong boys hold their breath and wait. At length, administering the final dot with a flourish of his rudder, Jones minor loops the loop, gets into a spin, comes out of it again and planes lightly back to earth.

Small wonder if Smith major has paled under his tan. For the message that flaunts itself across the azure dome —"SMITH MAJOR IS A CAD"—puts contumely unspeakable upon the house of Smith.

Jones minor is on the ground again; his propellers have come to rest, and as he steps out, smirking first at the

members of his Form who have run to greet him, then at his message in the sky, it is easy to read the cruel triumph in his eyes.

"Did you do that?"

Jones minor swings sharply about as the stern voice smites his protruding ears. Then he sags. And the colour leaves his cheeks as he finds himself looking into the grim eyes of Smith major. The silence is electric again.

"Yes, I done it," falters Jones minor, his grammar and his self-sufficiency falling to pieces before that compelling stare.

Smith major draws himself up to his full height.

"I give you twenty minutes," says he, "in which to hop up and rub it out again. Further, you shall write an apology in its place or I'll boot your young carcase from here to Jericho."

The sun was westering when Jones minor returned to his hangar again. He was biting his nails now, kicking himself brutally and praying for a wind to spring up or darkness to cover the face of the earth.

But the air remained calm, the light held good. And as he slunk back in the direction of the school his tortured ears tingled to the monotonous refrain of countless voices.

"I, JONES MINOR," ran the new message in the sky, "DO HEREBY APOLOGISE TO SMITH MAJOR FOR WHAT I WROTE UP HERE JUST NOW."

The house of Smith was avenged.

LLANDUDNO NOW.

[Four hundred volumes of *Hansard* have just been presented by Lord ABERCONWAY to the Public Library at Llandudno.]

THEY hate their PIRANDELLO,
They set no store by PROUST
Nor any other fellow
That intellectuals boost;
For verse they do not care a cent,
Though it be rhymed or free,
For politics and Parliament
Are more than poetry
In glorious Llandudno, in curious Llandudno, Llandudno by the sea.

The writers write romance hard,
The criticasters shout,
But nothing else save *Hansard*
Is regularly "out";
No other work you like to name
That fill their library
Can animate with fire, with flame,
With rapture and with glee
The ladies of Llandudno, political Llandudno, Llandudno by the sea.

Along her shining beaches,
Without the least mistakes,
They memorise the speeches
That Mr. CHURCHILL makes;
And as they stroll about the prom.
In skirts above the knee
The Estimates they argue from
Are Supplementary
In passionate Llandudno, in palpitant Llandudno, Llandudno by the sea.

What ardent statesman up shone
To catch the SPEAKER'S eye,
What murmured interruption
Occasioned what reply,
The picnic-parties read again
When out upon the spree,
Nor greatly care though it should rain
Nor what they 'll have for tea
In accurate Llandudno, in arduous Llandudno, Llandudno by the sea.

Oh, honourable Members
Who rise on various dates
To fan the dying embers
Of unremarked debates,
Think not the word that was not clear
Shall fade from memory
In sheltered corners of the pier,
In nooks beside the quay
Of amorous Llandudno, of clamorous Llandudno, Llandudno by the sea.

EVOE.



Inefficient Knight (helping with the spring-cleaning). "I KNOW I'M NOT MUCH GOOD AT THIS, MY DEAR, BUT YOU SHOULD SEE ME ON THE BATTLEFIELD!"



PITY.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(*By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.*)

IF you would know why Glasgow sends her representatives to St. Stephen's in so strange and sustained a condition of excitement you may find a partial answer in *Tenement* (BLACKWOOD), the novel with which Mr. JOHN COCKBURN inaugurates what ought to be an interesting literary career. Though the red flag waves but casually in his pages, he makes it plain enough that to live on the banks of the prosperous Clyde can be a very drab and nasty business. Not that Mr. COCKBURN is out to grind a Socialistic axe or exploit a sociological theory. He has an individual story to tell, and it is a convincing and a moving story. The hardened fiction-drinker indeed may be alarmed by an apparent aridity in his opening pages, for with a deliberation characteristic of his race he dwells upon the general before he condescends to the particular, anatomising Glasgow, a suburb of Glasgow, a quarter of that suburb and a street in that quarter, before he introduces us to the block of tenements which are his proper theme. Once there, he displays a talent for action and characterisation, and, removing the fourth wall, presents us with as many little domestic dramas, played concurrently, as there are flats in the grey building. The spot light, however, is for the most part on *Peter Kerr* and his *ménage*. *Peter*, successful contracting builder and habitual drunkard, apparent good fellow and secret wife-tormentor, is, one may hope, not so typical as Mr. COCKBURN's publishers would have us believe. But he is certainly alive, and so is his wife, *Annie*, who, brave, long-suffering and not without humour, shines like a candle in a distinctly naughty world. The book essentially is her tragedy, played to the bitter end. It is also, like any journey in a Scotch express, a reminder that across the Border lies a foreign land, to an important corner of which *Tenement* is a guide-book which may obviously be trusted.

No one I ever met—except the immortal caddisworm of CHARLES KINGSLEY's *Water-Babies*—attaches quite so much importance to fashion as the Hon. Mrs. C. W. FORESTER. "*Fashion to-day*," she says in *Success Through Dress* (DUCKWORTH), "*is the life-force of every civilised nation.* An entire absence of new modes would signify industrial devastation on an appalling scale. Whole cities would be ruined; millions of men and women would be rendered idle. Let the ranter, the prude and the prig consider this when they are in their abysmal ignorance sneering at fashion. However much they desire a drab and dreary England, let them pause to consider the consequence *if fashion stood still!*" Having paused myself, under an uneasy conviction that I was probably indicted under one, if not all, of these three unpleasant titles, I found that, the longer I paused and the more deeply I considered, the more alluring became the implications of Mrs. FORESTER's last batch of italics. Not that I would have the present modes perpetuated—Heaven forbid! But if there were the slightest prospect of clothes becoming stabilised we might, I felt, develop something as sensible and pretty as the vocational dresses of peasants, parlour-maids, Quakeresses and land-girls. A laudatory paragraph on the garb of war-time postwomen is as near as Mrs. FORESTER gets to this fascinating topic; and she is right, of course, in taking very little stock of short cuts to perfection, for her book is rather concerned with shopping than dressing. She schemes out the spending of fifty, a hundred, a thousand pounds a year on clothes; deals with *trousseaux*, week-ends, Court, sport and platform

wear, and devotes a chapter apiece to mannequins and make-up. On the confirmed shopper I can imagine her exercising a salutary influence; and her maxims of behaviour, such as "*Never get down at heel!*" and "*Clean the face before you decorate it!*" have a perspicuity quite unknown to her economic pronouncements.

The mays and lilacs all are out;
The mayfly soon will match 'em;
How sad a time to read of trout
If Fate won't let you catch 'em!
Your case I took? then only look,
Here 's just the stuff I mean,
HORACE G. HUTCHINSON's new book,
Hatched out by LONGMANS GREEN.

And fitly is the name of it
A Fellowship of Anglers,
Since of the Houghton Club 'tis writ,
That nest of Senior Wranglers
In the Dry Art; and, if your part
Next week be words, not deeds,
You 'll read it with a home-sick heart
For Hampshire's water-meads.

And all to suit our author's craft,
To deck his written graces,
His friends have sketched and photographed
Beloved and longed-for places;
A book, say I, you 'll read and buy,
And have the Summer's prime,
Green fields, clear waters and blue sky
On tap at any time.

Mr. SWIFT MACNEILL, as we all know, can use his pen with good effect as a political controversialist and a legal pundit. (He is proud, and rightly proud, of being a collateral descendant of Dean SWIFT.) But those who remember him as somewhat of a "terror" in the House, when he was a member of the old Irish Parliamentary Party, will look in vain for any traces of asperity or angularity in his genial reminiscences, *What I have Seen and Heard* (ARROWSMITH). He has much to tell, and he tells it brightly and succinctly, of Trinity College, Dublin, and Oxford in the late 'sixties and early 'seventies; of the luminaries and wits of the Irish Bench and Bar; and of the outstanding figures in Parliament during the thirty years of his own membership. Political partisanship has never affected his admiration for political opponents—witness his generous tributes to Mr. JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN and the Earl of BALFOUR, "PETER THE PACKER" and Dr. JAMESON. His most poignant memories centre in the rise, decline and fall of Mr. PARNELL; and incidentally he gives us some fine examples of Mr. HEALY's power of devastating repartee. His reminiscences are void of any undue egotism, but Mr. MACNEILL is fairly entitled to pride himself on his opposition to the cession of Heligoland and on the compliment paid to him by the late Lord FISHER, after Question-time in the Commons: "Mr. MACNEILL, you 're a damned good fighter! I wish to God I had had you with me in the Navy." It is significant that a veil of complete silence is drawn over the events which have happened in Ireland since 1914.



"I 'VE BEEN MARRIED FIFTEEN YEARS, SO I THINK I 'VE WELL EARNED A DIVORCE."

The author of *Government House* (CASSELL) holds a recognised position among those novelists who specialise in stories of Anglo-Indian life, but I cannot rank this book very high in Mrs. ALICE PERRIN's list. It seems to me to betray a certain lassitude. *Annabel Heath* is the name of the charming young orphan who, against the advice of her experienced friend, *Mrs. Lynex*, voyages out to India in charge of the small boy of *Mrs. Cardale*, a self-commiserating invalid with a strange love of birds. When they get to Bijapur, tired and dishevelled after a two days' railway journey, the head of the family at once falls in love with the new governess, but the sudden death of his invalid wife compels him to send *Annabel* and *Billie* up to Pahari, the headquarters of the Provincial Government. The scene here is pleasantly sketched, with *Miss McTarn's* boarding-house on one side and Government House, with *Sir Temple* and *Lady Rochford*, their children and attendant satellites, on the other. Unfortunately, *Annabel* had caught sight of *Sir Temple* for one moment just before leaving England, and had fallen in love with him on the spot. *Sir Temple* no sooner sees her

again at Pahari than the fatal arrow quivers in his heart also. Here, you perceive, we have a pretty kettle of fish, especially as *Lady Rochford* has just decided to dismiss her nursery governess and is begging *Miss Heath* to take her place. After one passionate declaration it becomes clear to the intelligent reader that either *Sir Temple* or his lady will have to retire from the unequal contest; and the author decides that the gallant but unfortunate gentleman must perish of a sudden attack of cholera. As a nursery governess I do not think *Miss Annabel Heath* can be termed a complete success, but Mrs. PERRIN supports her nobly through all her amatory adventures, and even contrives to marry her happily in the end. The men in this book (with the possible exception of the servant *Abdul*) seem to me rather poor creatures; the women for the most part are just the women of Indian fiction.

I am familiar with the many literary activities of Mr. EDEN PHILLPOTTS, and from the moment when he pleased and puzzled me with *The Red Redmaynes* I have considered him the king of the mystery-mongers of the day. So I took up *A Voice from the Dark* (HUTCHINSON) with joyous expectations, which, I regret to say it, were not entirely fulfilled. This fight between detective and criminals is really divided into two rounds, and it is against the first round that I feel a sense of grievance. When *John Ringrose* set to work to solve his mystery he was convinced that a child had been frightened to death by a male attendant, and he suspected that the child's uncle was implicated in the crime. Promptly he tackled the servant, and by terribly effective means disposed of him; but I could not help feeling that in this cat-and-mouse business the odds were too heavy against the mouse. When, however, *Ringrose* proceeded to join issue with the uncle a thrilling engagement followed, for here he was opposed to a man whose brain was no less astute than his own. So my sympathy was not wasted on the wicked uncle as the toils closed about him. Many years have passed since I encountered anything more potent to promote a creepy feeling than the opening chapters of this story. I recommend nervous people to read them only in bright sunlight.

Probably there are thousands of excellent middle-class families like the *Nesbitt* family, the course of whose troubles Miss E. H. YOUNG records with discriminating sympathy in *William* (JONATHAN CAPE). They are above all respectable. A matrimonial indiscretion (however slight) is very properly condemned, and the offender will be lucky if she finds so staunch a friend in need as *Mr. William Nesbitt* proved to his daughter *Lydia*. *William* was indeed a philosopher, tactful, kindly and sensible. He was also a shipowner; and it is probable that his work upon the riverside, of which Miss YOUNG gives a tantalising glimpse, consoled him for his domestic struggles with his uncomprehending wife, his unmanageable daughters, their dull husbands and their objectionable children. His wife and daughters should have been (but were not) grateful to the erring *Lydia* for providing them with an inexhaustible topic for immensely long conversations. After all, the sinner did not sin so very much. As the publisher has very kindly told the end of the story in his masterly synopsis printed on the cover, I reveal no secret in stating that *William* the philosopher was eventually victorious.



Typist. "PLEASE, SIR, COULD I HAVE A DAY OFF? I WANT TO GO TO MY GRANDMOTHER'S——"

Employer. "STOP! STOP, YOUNG WOMAN! ONLY MEN CLERKS GO TO FUNERALS ON DERBY DAY. TAKE MY ADVICE AND WAIT FOR HENLEY."

Mr. DION CLAYTON CALTHROP'S title, *The Hundred to One Chance* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON), appeals to my gambling instinct, but I am a little perplexed by it. On page 142 of this engaging story the chief rogue says, "Inspiration, that's the great thing, the hundred to one chance." Later on, when this rogue was being rightly hunted, I find a pleasant sleuth from Scotland Yard saying, "It's a hundred to one chance, but they do come off sometimes;" and this referred to material matters, such as arrest and imprisonment. Inspiration had gone out to at least a thousand to one (offered). Mr. CALTHROP has a nice wit and he exercises it freely when dealing with faddists and fools. But they are easy game, and it is really for the rogue's sake that I give this tale my benediction. *Michael Carew* was a man of dual nature, unscrupulous in finance and relentless in giving pain to his victim; yet kind in his peculiar way and with undeniable charm. I am, as a rule, no advocate of sequels, but I think it will be a pity if Mr. CALTHROP allows *Carew* to languish indefinitely in prison.

Any story which has Rye for its setting might be expected to please; but Mrs. MAUD STEPNEY RAWSON'S new novel has defects which will limit its appeal. Her principal *Adventurers at Rye Town* (STANLEY PAUL) are a country clergyman, his wife and daughter, sent off to make holiday by their old friend the Squire. An apparently unsuccessful artist of their acquaintance, who, as the least sophisticated reader will not be surprised to hear, is revealed towards the end as a famous portrait-painter, arrives later; and other visitors, including a mysterious and lovely lady who, with her little son, lives in a tumble-down cottage not for off, complete the *dramatis personæ*. A pretty love affair between the Vicar's daughter and the wandering artist and a secret link between the lovely lady and the Squire provide sufficient matter for a not very novel scheme. What is wrong with the book is that Mrs. RAWSON has permitted herself a foolish playfulness of humour which very soon becomes tiresome. Of flowers or wild creatures she writes delightfully, but her arch simplicity when the affairs of her characters are her subject spoils much of the book. I wish she could have been silly about any other place than Rye.

CHARIVARIA.

IT is thought that the London sparrow recently discovered on a New York liner was migrating because he had received a bad shock in the Hyde Park bird sanctuary.

* * *

The controversy on the HUDSON Memorial suggests the need of a sanctuary for sculptors in some secluded spot.

* * *

One critic says that the EPSTEIN relief is too advanced for the crowd, but, after looking at it carefully, we 've come to the conclusion that his female's head is distinctly low-brow.

* * *

It is absurd to say that there are no problem pictures in this year's Academy. We have seen several that suggest a very difficult problem—how, in fact, they ever got there.

* * *

Haggis has been banished from the menu of the House of Commons' restaurant. We understand that it went quietly.

* * *

The British Fascisti, who are not very popular with Communists, are frequently invited by them to go to some other neighbourhood. The route recommended is known as the *Fascist descensus Averni*.

* * *

The special correspondent of *The Daily Express* accuses the Spaniards of looting in Morocco. But what use is the little Riff without the loot?

* * *

In America a boy attempted to murder his grandmother. This is too literal a way of arranging an ancestral funeral on the day of a baseball match.

* * *

"The woman who wants to be fashionably slim but is handicapped by big bones is in despair," says a writer. We understand that quite recently a doctor was staggered by a request from a fair patient who wanted to be filleted.

* * *

In Kent a thrush has built a nest in a cabbage. Worms in the neighbourhood have to be particularly spry, considering that the early bird merely has to lean out of the front-door and grab at a passing breakfast.

* * *

A new fountain-pen has been put on the market containing postage-stamps which can easily be detached when needed. We wish there were more post-offices like that.

* * *

"The young silkworm lies dormant for three or four months on end," says a writer. We fear that the recent publicity from which it has suffered may induce insomnia.

* * *

It is estimated by Professor J. HARLEN BRETZ that the Niagara Falls are thirty-eight thousand years old. They certainly wear very well.

* * *

It is claimed that by the Phonofilm process America is producing films that sing. But we can't forget that America made the same claim with regard to revue artistes.

* * *

No edible fish, we read, are ever found at a greater depth than six hundred feet. Now we know what is wrong with us. We 've been fishing too deep all this time.

* * *

Bricks imported into this country during the first four months of the year numbered nearly thirty-six million. No wonder our bricklayers look anxious.

* * *

A North Kensington man has fasted for eleven days. Some men are certainly very patient. If we were kept waiting even half that time in a tea-shop we should either ring the bell for the waitress and risk her ridicule or try another place.

* * *

The ancient custom of Blessing the Sea took place at Hastings the other night. We have tried this practice when crossing the Channel, but it is a great struggle.

* * *

We see it stated that Sir ERIC GEDDES' flying trip to America was connected with aviation. We had suspected this.

* * *

Plumbing is now being taught in the Army. We should love to hear the sergeant-major telling a Tommy how to wait for his mate by numbers.

* * *

The man who said that you can't get a quart out of a pint-pot never had a paraffin oil-can leak in his picnic-basket.

* * *

So many fortunes are being made out of waste metal at the moment that it looks as though people were disposing of their O.B.E.'s.

* * *

Mr. VIVIAN CARTER says, "When all mankind does its work in the spirit of fellowship, then the whole world will have a Rotary movement." There 's nothing fresh in this. We always knew it was love that made the world go round.

* * *

The French Zoological Society recently ate whale steaks at a dinner. JONAH is at last avenged.

* * *

SOUSA is said to be objecting to his name being used on a three-ha'penny cigar. Possibly it hasn't a loud enough band.



Wife (to Husband with swarm of bees round him). "KEEP RUNNING AROUND THAT TREE, DEAR, TILL THEY GET DIZZY."

"Que Messieurs les assassins commencent."

"When stumps were pulled up for the day the opening stabmen were still together."
Daily Paper.

Another Impending Apology.

"Miss —— has been specially engaged for the —— Festival, and cannot be in London again before June 9—all of which is highly satisfactory."—*Daily Paper.*

"The newest bathing dress is a beach frock, which is designed to look like a bather's dress rather than to serve the purpose of one."
Daily Paper.

We see nothing new in that.

THE OCTOPUS OF FINANCE.

[Mr. A. J. COOK, the Secretary of the Miners' Federation, is apparently afraid that the present conference between miners and mine-owners may arrive at a settlement. It seems that he would prefer a general strike. "The mining industry," he said at Aldgate, "was in the hands of a financial octopus. Capitalism had reached a stage where it was choking itself and the people as well."]

THERE lives on Occan's bottom rocks
A beast of most revolting features,
And in his foul embrace he locks
His inoffensive fellow-creatures;
If we incur his horrid cuss,
With eight prehensile arms he 'll rope us;
That 's why he 's called an octopus
(Or, if you like, octōpus).

To this a Mr. A. J. COOK,
With inside knowledge of aquaria,
Likens the man to whom we look,
We workers, for our honoraria;
Our bones reduced to shapeless pulp
To make us easier for digesting,
Into his maw at one fell gulp
We go (says COOK) protesting.

And yet not unavenged we pass
Within those dark and fetid premises;
At him and his repulsive class
Is launched the repartee of Nemesis;
So loathsome is his greed of pelf,
Of filthy lucre such his lust is,
He ultimately chokes himself
(Case of poetic justice).

But some there are who seek to-day
With all the facts to get acquainted;
This brute (alleged) is not, they say,
So predatory as he 's painted;
If a right "gesture" could be found
For mutual wrongs that ask correction,
Those arms of his would fold us round
To indicate affection.

With these our Mr. COOK 's at odds;
For men of peace he has no uses;
He wants to see all cephalopods
Stewed in their own disgusting juices;
"Where Capital exists, we die!
So strike with courage firm and hope high,
And down," says he, "these octopi"
(Or, if you please, octōpi). O. S.

A STORY AGAINST REVIEWERS.

(*Inspired by recent regrettable experiences.*)

Mr. Archibald Puffbody wrote a very great novel. Mr. Puffbody considered it a great one, and he was in a position to know. It was an extraordinarily detailed and closely reasoned inquiry into the mind of a widow who had received a proposal from an old friend of her deceased husband and was trying to decide whether to marry again or not. The whole book, which comprised 472 pages, covered a period of only three hours. He called it *Anæsthesia*, and it was the most searching analysis of human feelings that had ever been projected. Mr. HENRY JAMES and Miss REBECCA WEST would have been cold with envy about it. It was also so excruciatingly indelicate that its author had every justification for confidently expecting it to be banned by all the circulating libraries. Mr. Puffbody knew it set the seal on an epoch, and he was not incurious to see what other people would have to say about it.

By an unfortunate oversight however on the part of his publishers, Mr. Puffbody's name and the name of his book got printed on the explanatory jackets of a lurid detective story written by somebody else, and the review copies of *Anæsthesia* were sent out in this jacket before the mistake was noticed. The jacket also contained on its flap a pithy little synopsis of the contents of the detective story.

The following are extracts from some of the reviews with which he was favoured:—

The Morning Journal.—"*Anæsthesia*, by Archibald Puffbody (Mustard and Cresswell, 7*s.* 6*d.*), is an original detective story. *Mr. Algernon Dinwiddie*, a millionaire Bradford mill-owner, is entertaining a party of friends at his country residence, Mon Répos. One morning he is found dead in the pantry sink. The indications are that he has drowned himself under the hot-water tap; but the butler thinks otherwise, and determines to solve the mystery. He does so in a thrilling story which grips the reader till the very last word."

The Evening Meal.—"It is a fair claim that is made by the publishers of Mr. Archibald Puffbody's *Anæsthesia* that it is a gripping mystery story; the book holds to the last page. Against this however have to be set various passages (common in this kind of story) where the characters do not behave as natural human beings but in the way that suits the novelist. *Mr. Algernon Dinwiddie*, a millionaire Bradford mill-owner, is entertaining a party of friends at his country residence, Mon Répos," etc.

The Trumpet.—"This is quite an interesting story of how a butler became a detective. Mr. Puffbody's style is open to improvement, but there are certainly points of originality about the book—the finding of the corpse in the pantry sink, for instance. *Mr. Algernon Dinwiddie*, a millionaire Bradford mill-owner, is entertaining," etc.

The County Gazette.—"*Anæsthesia*, by Archibald Puffbody, may be briefly dismissed. It is a good mystery tale and tolerably well told, while the central idea is not unoriginal. The book is well enough for a lighter mood. *Mr. Algernon Dinwiddie*, a millionaire Bradford," etc.

The Western Chronicle.—"This is a story of a crime which Mr. Puffbody's detective solves in a way which will secure a measure of approbation. *Mr. Algernon Dinwiddie*," etc.

The Daily Wail.—"A gripping mystery story. A butler turned detective."

The Daily Blues.—"The usual kind of pseudo-detective story."

The Sunday Guardian.—"A real thriller. Mr. Puffbody is a master of method."

The Orb.—"A good detective story, though suffering from the lack of finish usually found in a first novel. A little more attention to the scaffolding would have improved the book."

The Evening Independent.—"The number of writers of mystery stories is constantly increasing, but the masters of the art are still rare. Mr. Puffbody is not among them."

The Northern Leader.—"A good detective story, unusually natural and convincing."

The Southern Follower.—"A mediocre detective story, not very convincing."

The Midland Newsletter.—"Detective stories are apt to run on curiously parallel lines nowadays. In this instance there is no originality of method, though the mystery is tolerably well concealed. The solution we only began to suspect when half-way through the book."

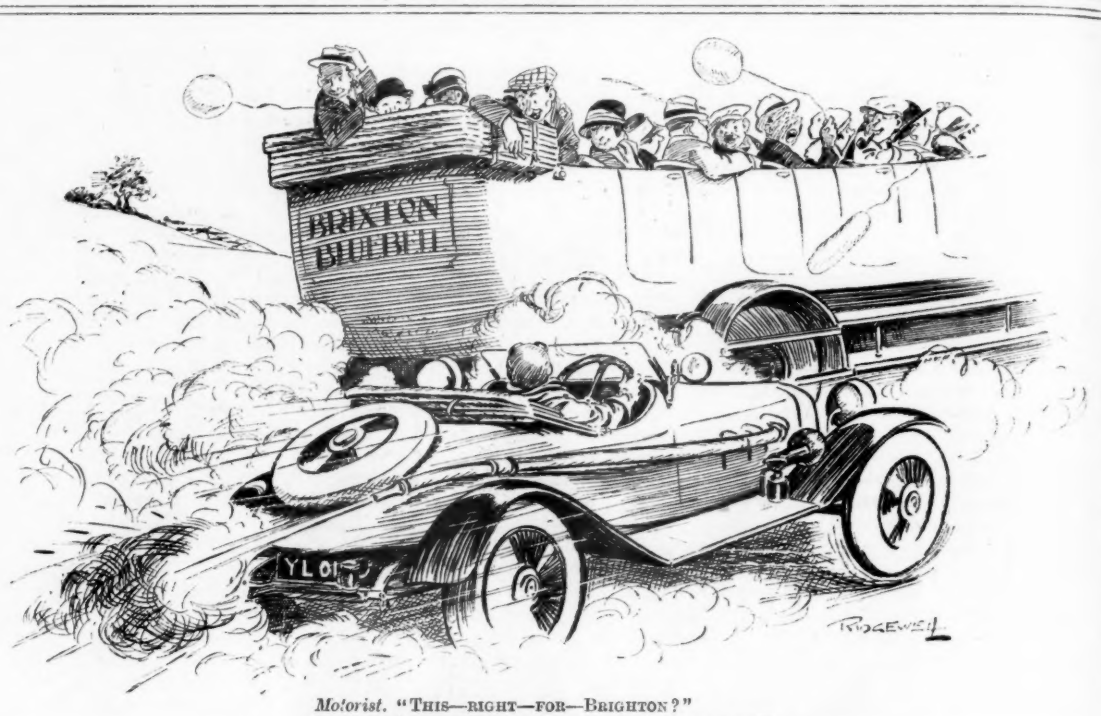
"Refined young Man (Protestant), well trained, would go as Cook-General, General, or Parlourmaid, town or country; highest references; wages no object."—*Irish Paper.*

He strikes us as almost too refined to be true.



THE UNPIPING TIMES OF PEACE.

BRITISH CITIZEN (*unaware of Mr.* BALDWIN'S *identity*). "EXCUSE ME, SIR, BUT COULD YOU SPARE ME A FILL OF BACCY? IN THIS BLINKIN' FREE COUNTRY THE LAW WON'T LET ME BUY ANY AFTER EIGHT O'CLOCK—AN HOUR BEFORE SUNSET. WHAT A GOVERNMENT!"



Motorist. "THIS—RIGHT—FOR—BRIGHTON?"
Genial Tripper. "THAT'S RIGHT, MATE; FOLLOW US."

DIARY OF A MONDAINE.

Mayfair Mansions.

THE new jungle-walk wants a bit of doing. Fairly long steps, the feet supple and ribbon-like crossing each other in stepping, a slight bend of the body and a sinuous movement of the hips, *et voilà la démarche du fourré!* The idea is a beautiful wild creature stealthily advancing on its prey. And the expression on the face should match the walk: a sidelong look, a mysterious little smile, just a wee dash of treachery and cruelty and all the rest allurement.

Who is sufficient for these things? Well, I flatter myself *I* am. And in the Park on Sunday just a few more were doing the jungle walk quite beautifully. But there are others. The Pentonville woman, for instance, *ci-devant* Mrs. Joseph Tubbs, wife of the People's Provider. Her figure and natural walk may be likened to a big box set up endwise and rocking along on its corners, but, being a climber, she must needs try to master the jungle walk, and the result—oh, *là, là!*

The difficult thing in the jungle-walk is to keep it up, and the expression to match it, when walking with and chatting to friends. Pathetic to see poor Lady Pentonville, when friends join her, forgetting the new walk, reverting to the big box rocking along on its corners, then pulling herself together and being sinuous and stealthy again and trying to keep the sidelong, treacherous, alluring look on her large florid face.

The fashion of wearing a watch on the toe of each shoe still persists. It brought in its train the little jewelled binoculars slung round the waist and used when one wished to see how much time one had, not on one's hands but on one's feet. These were scrapped, however, when Grace Chadborough, one of the tallest of women, adopted a daring little diamond-studded telescope to see the time on her toes, which, of course, are a long way off. She used her telescope with such charm that other tall women followed suit. What the long ones do to-day the short ones do to-morrow, and now five-foot-nothing is copying her tall sister and looking at her toes through a telescope, which in her case is quite unnecessary.

Elbows are very much worn this season. They've been brought into fashion by that wunnerful portrait of Emmeline Eglantyne by Zigzag. Poor dear Emmeline is of course a long way past her best days. Her chief aim now, in photo or portrait, is to be seen and yet *not* be seen. And no one has succeeded so well in this as that marvellous genius, Zigzag. Emmeline's left eye, with all its old archness, Emmeline's left elbow, as beautiful as it ever was, peeping out of a cloud of lace and chiffon—that's the portrait. One comes away almost dazed by the sheer brilliance and artistry of it.

And it has brought elbows right to the front. Some people have their elbows done to match each toilette through the day, which means different-coloured elbows four or five times a day. Me, I simply have my elbows silver by day and gold by night, and they go with any day or evening frock.

The management of Lady Rushington's party last week was entirely taken out of her own hands by the League of Jolly Juveniles, of whom Rosebud is, of course, a leading spirit. They banished foxtrots, waltzes, etc., and put "Old English Dances" on the invitations. The ballroom was done like a village green, and they danced what they called "The Fifteenth-Century Cuddly Dance," the "Hop-hop," with prizes for those who kept longest on one foot, "The Peasants' Frisk," and "The Yokels' Whirl." I flatter myself I know as much as most people about old English dances, but I never saw or even heard of these dances before.

In the supper-room supper was laid on the floor and people took what they wanted with long forks. Some of the chaperons, who count a good deal on their supper, were so offended that they left, and Susan Rushington in her mild way reproached the Jolly Juveniles and said she was afraid the party would

cost her some friends. "Jolly good thing too, little mother, if that's all their friendship is worth," said Rosebud. "*Du reste*, we don't want any chaperons here."

A big cellar in the basement was turned into a hayfield, and here, at five o'clock in the morning, after a prolonged hay-fight, the breaking-up-snack, not the conventional ham and eggs, but bread-and-cheese and ale, was disposed of to the accompaniment of "Will ee," and "Do ee," and "Don't ee."

Talking of the League of Jolly Juveniles reminds me of a little scene in the paddock at Gatdown Park the other day at the amateur races there. This season is particularly rich in climbers, and in the forefront of them is an appalling family who've taken Plantagenet House for three months. Their name, *tout court*, is Tinker; but, being climbers, they've doubled it, put "u" in it and now blossom forth as Tinkeur-Tinkeur! They've money to burn and seem to think all social privileges can be bought. So in a sense they can be, of course, especially among the elder people, and Mrs. Tinkeur-Tinkeur, as a pusher-climber, has a softer job than her pushing-climbing daughter, Mabella, who finds the ranks of the younger set, especially of the League of Jolly Juveniles, a bit hard to penetrate.

Well, at the amateur races at Gatdown the other day I was in the paddock, not far from Rosebud Rushington and Ta-Ta St. Adrian, two of the girl-riders in the mixed handicap. Rosebud was frightfully bucked at having got a place, and they were smoking and chatting, still in their jockey kit, when Miss Mabella Tinkeur-Tinkeur joined them, taking a pusher-climber's advantage of a very slight acquaintance.

"Oh, I say, you girls," she began, "how stunning you look as jockeys! Fancy Lady Rosebud being placed! I say, I've a little favour to ask of you two—especially you, Lady Rosebud. Your cousin, Odo Rushington—you know he's our chauffeur, don't you?"

"I knew he was dead," said Rosebud calmly, lighting another cigarette, "but I didn't know where he was buried."

"Fancy saying such a thing as that!" cried Miss Tinkeur-Tinkeur. "Still, he *is* our chauffeur, and he comes to our parties; that was in Pater's agreement with him; but though he comes he won't dance; whenever we ask him to he says he's out of petrol or has engine trouble; he's so funny. Well, I told him what I wanted, and he said, 'Talk to my cousin Rosebud about it, and you'll get what's coming to you.' He's so funny! So now I've come to ask you to get me into the League of Jolly Juveniles."



OUR ARTISTS' CRICKET CLUB.

ABSENT-MINDED GENIUS LIVES UP TO HIS REPUTATION.

"Who are they?" asked Rosebud coolly.

"Oh, *you* know! You and Lady Agatha here are leaders among them. I want to join and be in all the fun. Is there an entrance fee and a subscription? I don't mind how much I pay. What ought I to do?"

"I should think you ought to be carefully corked and stood in a cool place," said Rosebud and, taking Ta-Ta's arm, she strolled off, leaving the discomfited Miss Tinkeur-Tinkeur *plantée là*.

"Good old Rosebud!" I heard Ta-Ta say; "it's you every time for freezing out the undesirables."

"Rotten thing to have to do," replied Rosebud; "but when anyone's so obviously unfit for human food it's got to be done."

Went to see *We* ARE *a Nice Lot!* at the Magnificent the other night. Considering all I'd heard about it, was just a wee bit disappointed. House packed, as I hear it always is. The suburbs are said to be 'mensely intrigued by the ballroom scene, where two duchesses put on the gloves to decide which of them shall dance with one Bertie Belvedere, who, while waiting the result of the fight, gets out his vanity-box and renews his make-up.

I met the author afterwards at one of the Arkwrights' Brainy Breakfasts, and took rather a fancy to him.

"You seem a nice good-natured boy," I said to him; "what makes you think so badly of people?"

He answered and said unto me, "The box-office!"

"U-BIKE-WE."

SOME NOTES ON THE PAGEANT OF THE ROYAL REGIMENT OF ARTILLERY.

How young the trumpeters are! And how the guns shine! . . . The sheen of their paint is like stars on the sea when the blue wave rolls nightly on deep Galilee. In a few years no doubt the Army will have to hold a pageant of gas, or a pageant of death-rays, so it is a good thing to see some of the pomp and splendour of warfare while we yet can. . . . Fancy going to a Military Tournament at Olympia to look at a lot of test-tubes and retorts! . . . Men used to speak of their gun during the Great War as the old "bondook." You could never get up a sentimental feeling like that about a death-ray. . . . Guns of course did not look quite so pretty as this during the Great War. Some of these bondooks have been polished so brightly that you could shave at them. And some of the horses are polished almost as brightly as the guns.

Let us see what the programme says about it all: "The word 'UBIQUE'" (says the programme), "which has been chosen as the title of the pageant, is the motto of the Royal Regiment of Artillery. It means 'Everywhere,' and is pronounced 'U-bike-we.'" Of course it is. I do hope that our public schoolmasters will accept this authoritative statement from the War Office and give up that nasty new-fangled pronunciation of Latin which can only do harm. It never has shed and never will shed any lustre on the British name. Would our engineers and bombardiers have put a girdle round the habitable globe with a silly word like "Oobeekway" to encourage and lead them on? I say No.

Certainly the Royal Regiment of Artillery seems to have knocked about the earth a bit since 1685; and one of the things I like about them is the quantity of live-stock they have picked up here and there while on tour. There are two camels to begin with. They belonged to John Company. Supercilious-looking beasts. . . . I suspect them of having starred more recently in a West End theatre; I think they have a scorn of West Kensington which they make no effort to conceal. "Little better than the Hammersmith Lyric, my boy." . . . Then there is the elephant. He has been through the Afghan War of 1879, and it makes him nod his head. I am inclined to think that he is asking for buns. . . . I shouldn't wonder if he thought the tray of property cannon-balls used for the siege of Gibraltar in 1779 (they had to point the bondook down into the sea for that affair) was a tray of currant-buns;



FIREWORKS BY THE "ROCKET TROOP" OF THE ROYAL HORSE ARTILLERY.

but of course they don't give him any. Does he ever stop nodding his head? On second thoughts I hold that he is brooding deeply about the use of artillery in war and talking to himself all the time. "U-bike-we, u-bike-we," he says, "and none of your modernised Latin for me."

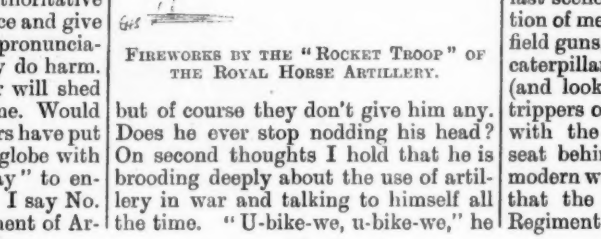
The ox-team of course served in South Africa (1899), and campaigning took some of the flesh off their ribs. It is a very long team, but it can only just pull a 4·7 over the Olympia tan, which gives you some idea of the weight of a 4·7. It only takes a yoke of six oxen to pull a plough through the Sussex loam . . .

Needless to say the Royal Regiment of Artillery has also collected a lot of mules. People who served much with them in the War of 1914 have a great many things to say about mules, but there doesn't seem to be much frightfulness about this collection. They belong to a Pack Battery. They are the fellows who walked down an almost perpendicular wooden precipice just now with the parts of some 3·7 Howitzers and the necessary shields and ammunition on their backs. After that they did a little hurdling to stretch their legs and get the stiffness out of them. I liked too the way the officer rode down the wooden precipice first to make sure that the going was good. . . .

Which brings us to the horses. Oh, well, the horses! Next to the horses of the old fire-engines everybody loves an artillery horse, hairy or smooth; and here we come upon a little tragedy. The last scene of the Pageant shows a section of mechanically drawn 18-pounder field guns, with the gun-teams riding in caterpillar char-à-bancs, if you please (and looking rather like South Coast trippers on a Bank Holiday afternoon), with the officer on the conductor's seat behind. Such and so terrible is modern war. It nearly breaks my heart that the last addition to the Royal Regiment of Artillery's travelling show should be caterpillars, as if they were stuffy entomologists! . . .

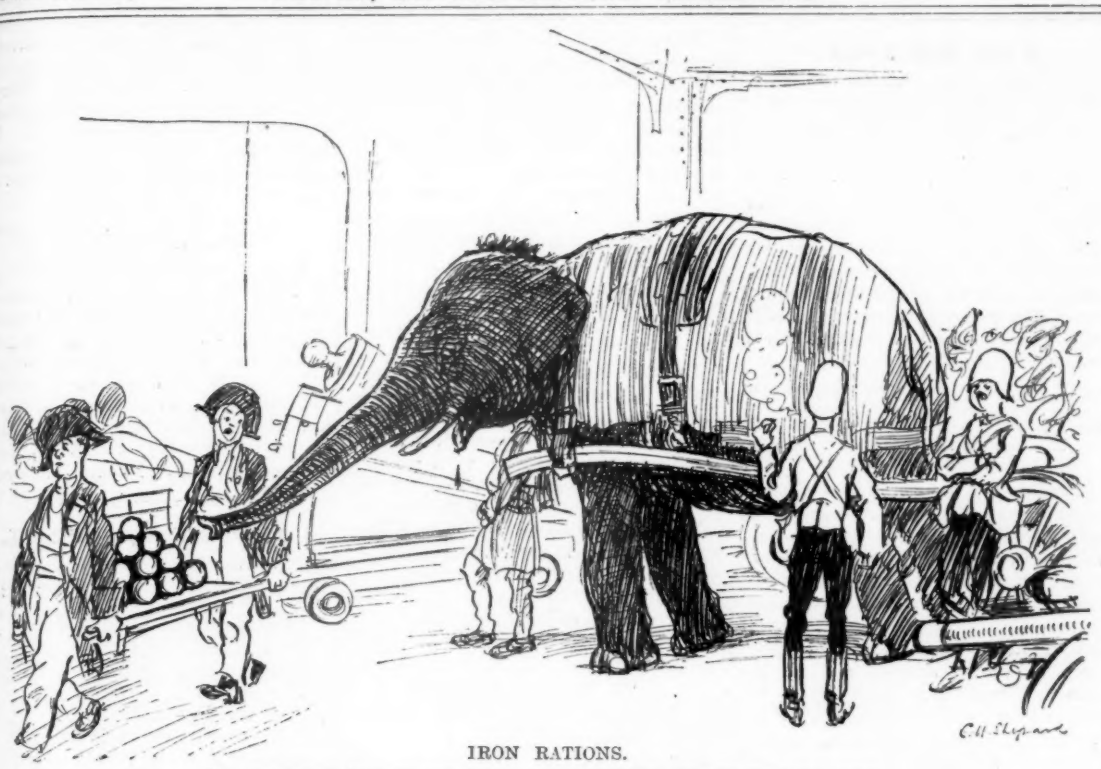
There have been developments in the guns, of course, since 1685 as well as in the methods of traction. The old-time gunners, I should say, were more flamboyant than effective with their "bondooks." The Trayne of Artillerie (as it was in the days of the great Duke of MARLBOROUGH and "our good Prince EUGENE") was not only dashing and gaudy in the uniform of its *personnel* but was preceded by a wagon on which were mounted two enormous kettle-drums. All this to herald the approach of a miserable little mortar behind.

The eighteenth-century idea



THE AMUSEMENT PARK AT OLYMPIA.

DISPLAY OF DRILL BY A SECTION OF A PACK BATTERY OF 3·7 HOWITZERS.



IRON RATIONS.

THE ELEPHANT (BEHIND THE SCENES) MISTAKES THE RED-HOT SHOT FOR BUNS.

seems to have been to march against the enemy with a great deal of fuss, shouting, "Here comes the Artillerie. Now ter-remble!" and then lob a few large round balls amongst them if you could manage to make the thing go off.

Nowadays there is much less of the comic opera effect and much more of the machinery. In fact a modern gun section getting into position and pooping off reminds one of a party of expert burglars dealing with a complicated safe, and making as quick a get-away as they can. Only of course the enemy gets the contents of the safe . . . It would have been rather jolly if they could have fired just one blank shell from an 18-pounder through Olympia's roof. . . .

I should be very sorry to say how many charming costumes the Royal Regiment of Artillerie has worn in its day, whilst collecting animals and increasing its knowledge of Latin and arithmetic, but the most effective during recent years was that used in North Russia. Past fashions include the rippling peruke and the conical hat, but for some reason or other the Waterloo style, as exhibited by the R.H.A. battery of 6-pounders in their Musical Drill, is the one that attracts me most. *Chic*, I call it, and yet not wholly unworkmanlike. I suppose we might have seen them in that costume and with those bondooks driving over Waterloo Bridge when Waterloo Bridge was young.

Altogether a rattling good show. Or stay—in deference to the mechanically drawn 18-pounder field guns of 1925 I will revise that epithet. I will call it a thundering good show. EVOE.

THE NAIAD WHO NOTICED.

THERE was once a well-connected
  Little Naiad, but a prude
Was she too, for she objected
  To what artists call "the nude;"
She would turn a trifle redder
  Than the wild-rose by the road
When a sister took a header
  Garbed in that old fearless mode.

When her sportive mates and splashful
  Took the clear Cephissian tide,
She would potter, being bashful,
  In the reedy river-side,
For it seemed to her audacious
  Bare as little frogs to be;
"*What if Pan—?*" she thought, "Oh gracious!
  Oh, good gracious, goodness me!"

One fine morn when skies shone bluely
  Came a piping sweet and clear;
'Twas a blackbird really, truly,
  But she said, "That 's *Him*, oh dear!
Piping on the oat, his plaything."
  Swift, to Dian's Virtuousness,
Prayed she, "Since I be a-bathing,
  Mayn't I have a bathing-dress?"

Hear The Chastity's replying:—
  "You shall have a magic gown,
Velvet that shall ne'er need drying,
  Of an unobtrusive brown;
Modesty's own self they 'll rank you
  When you swim." Then, bless my soul,
Ere the child could murmur "Thank you,"
  There she was—a water-vole!

And to-day, in cool recesses
  In between the lily stems,
You may see her nibbling cresses
  In the care of Father Thames;
Swimming shyly and discreetly,
  Timid as when Time began,
And, although she 's clothed completely,
  Diving when she sees a man.

"A yarn with a dozen thrills in every line."
Advt. in Evening Paper.

We don't believe this.

There once was a sculptor of mark
Who was chosen to brighten Hyde Park;
  Some thought his design
  Most uncommonly fine,
But more liked it best in the dark.

IF LIFE WERE A FILM.

ON THE HEIGHTS OF UPPER TOOTING MARIAN AND HORATIO HUXTABLE HAD FOUND LOVE AND HAPPINESS. TRUE THEY HAD ALSO DISCOVERED TROUBLE.

Very, very slowly Marian enters the little sitting-room of No. 9, Marzipan Villas, and closes the door behind her. One hand grips the door-knob; the other is busy crumpling a fancy handkerchief. She would like to clutch her throat and press her heaving bosom, but you can see she has no more hands. Her face registers a hopeless dawn.

LITTLE BOY CUPID MAY BE THE BIG BOSS OF THE KISS-AND-CUDDLE DEPARTMENT, BUT AT CASHING CHEQUES ON A MINUS BANK BALANCE HE IS NO BETTER THAN MOST OF US.

Standing by the mantelpiece is the sinister figure of a Book Agent. As he turns away from the sardonic contemplation of a collection of framed photographs of popular watering-places he presents a gradually unfolding panoramic view of his entire face. Blunt business man is stamped all over it.

Marian moves apathetically to the table and drops a tear upon the twelfth volume of *What Baby Ought to Know*.

"YOU ARE GOING TO TAKE THESE BOOKS AWAY FROM US?"

He nods—not in a cheap hasty fashion, but slowly, spaciously, like an elephant waiting for a bun.

"THERE ARE ELEVEN INSTALMENTS OVERDUE. YOU MUST PAY THE MONEY OR GIVE UP THE BOOKS."

Her hands now being free she takes herself by the throat and presses her heaving bosom.

"DON'T YOU REALISE THAT WITHOUT THESE BOOKS WE SHALL NOT BE ABLE TO ANSWER OUR CHILD'S QUESTIONS? WOULD YOU HAVE OUR LITTLE ONE GROW UP TO DESPISE HIS PARENTS?"

The Book Agent registers realisation, sorrow, pity and stern inflexibility. This complication creases his face frightfully. Marian goes to the window, unclutches her throat, clasps her hands, comes back and goes away again. She does this to show that an idea has occurred to her.

"PLEASE WAIT A FEW MOMENTS. I HAVE THOUGHT OF A WAY TO SATISFY YOUR EMPLOYER'S GREED."

Marian is now going up the stairs of No. 9. Half-way up she pauses and bows her head in shame before an enlarged photograph of Horatio's grandfather standing beside his faithful cab-horse. You can see, however, that she is sorrowfully glad that the old horse has been dead these twenty-five years. Were he alive she could not do this thing.

She is now in the bedroom registering joy at finding her child asleep. On the washstand is a cardboard-box containing seven-hundred-and-fifty "BRISKO" coupons, the reward of months and months of weary but unfaltering consumption of that compressed beverage. To-morrow they were to be exchanged for an electro-plated cream-jug, a wedding-present for Evangeline Jupp.

"HE CANNOT REFUSE TO ACCEPT THESE OFFERINGS OF A BROKEN-HEARTED MOTHER, AND EVANGELINE CAN ONLY CUT US DEAD."

But who is this she sees as she steals guiltily down the staircase? Horatio. He has caught sight of the unwelcome visitor through the bay-window and is standing in the passage with a bottle of furniture polish at his lips, waiting for Marian to come and snatch it away from him. She snatches it and they kiss violently. He perceives the coupons and registers horror. Marian says with the left side of her face, the right side being hidden against his breast:—

"IT IS OUR ONLY CHANCE. WE MUST CHOOSE BETWEEN EVANGELINE'S ANNOYANCE AND OUR CHILD'S CONTEMPT."

He kisses her left ear and registers noble resolve.

"RATHER THAN DEPRIVE EVANGELINE OF HER CREAM-JUG I WOULD KILL THE BOOK AGENT."

He has flung open the parlour door and is standing there calm, clean-cut and debonair. It is easy to see that Marian would follow such a man from one end of the Southern Railway to the other. Her face says as much.

The Book Agent does not move. Like a cheap imitation of RODIN'S "Grand Penseur" he sits staring at an open photograph-album. Over his shoulders Marian and Horatio can see a photograph of a baby boy and a baby girl. They are holding one another's hands in front of a marble column, a plush curtain and a view of the Lake District.

The Book Agent raises his head and all is made plain. Marian spots it at once. She is very quick in the uptake.

"YOU ARE MY LONG-LOST BROTHER GEORGE WHO RAN AWAY FROM HOME TWENTY YEARS AGO."

The Book Agent bows his head again. Horatio grips him by the shoulder.

"I AM GLAD TO MEET MY WIFE'S BROTHER, BUT I CANNOT PAY FOR THOSE BOOKS. ONE OF US MUST NOT LEAVE THIS ROOM ALIVE."

This stirs George up. He looks almost as noble as Horatio. Opening a pocket-case he exhibits wads of Treasury notes.

"A BRITISH BOOK AGENT, WHATEVER HE MAY HAVE BEEN IN HIS WILD YOUTH, DOES NOT FORGET HIS HAPPY CHILDHOOD. I WILL PAY FOR THOSE BOOKS MYSELF."

He replaces the twelve volumes of *What Baby Ought to Know* on their vacant shelves. Marian and Horatio sink upon their knees and take as much of his hands as they can hold. The Book Agent registers the accumulated emotions of twenty years. It takes him some time but he does it.

"CAN YOU FORGIVE ME, MARIAN, FOR BREAKING OUR MOTHER'S HEART?"

Marian can. She does. The sight of those Treasury notes has drained the last dregs of resentment from her generous soul. The child has come downstairs and is toddling into the room. It is clear that he is about to ask an educational question. But Marian and Horatio, locked in one another's arms and gazing at those twelve volumes, can face the future unafraid.

D. C.

AN INDISPENSABLE ANTIDOTE.

[Mr. PHILIP GUEDALLA at the Oxford Union has recently deplored the growth of detective fiction as a sign of decadence.]

SEEKING high and seeking low,
As I old and older grow,
For a literary diet
Not conducive to disquiet,
And avoiding lurid covers
"Featuring" neurotic lovers,
I have found the best corrective
In the feats of the detective;
I have found an anodyne
In the works of VALENTINE
WILLIAMS and the faithful few
Who pathology eschew
And consistently pursue
Methods which were taught by POE
And the great GABORIAU.

Hence I notice with surprise
That GUEDALLA scarifies,
And with caustic epigrams
New detective fiction damns,
As the sorriest of duds,
With its thrills and "sickening thuds,"
As a typical, intense
Symptom of our decadence.
But his vehement tirade
Leaves me wholly undismayed,
Leaves me rooted in addiction
To my favourite school of fiction,
And the less inclined to budge,
After hearing from a Judge
Wise and witty and urbane,
Neither prudish nor profane,
That he finds his recreation
Not in sex triangulation,
Nor in neurasthenic shock-tales
Of the world of jazz and cocktails,
But in non-erotic books
Dealing with the tribe of "crooks."

"On 18th May, to Robert and Dorothy ——a little maid."—*Morning Paper.*
We hope she 'll stay.



THE COVENANT.

"YOU BIN 'AVIN' SOME TROUBLE WITH YER LANDLORD, MRS. GREEN?"
"YES—YER SEE WE ENTERED INTO A CONVENT TOGETHER, AND NOW 'E WANTS TO GET OUT OF IT."

MR. HONEYBUBBLE.

V.—THE SMUGGLER.

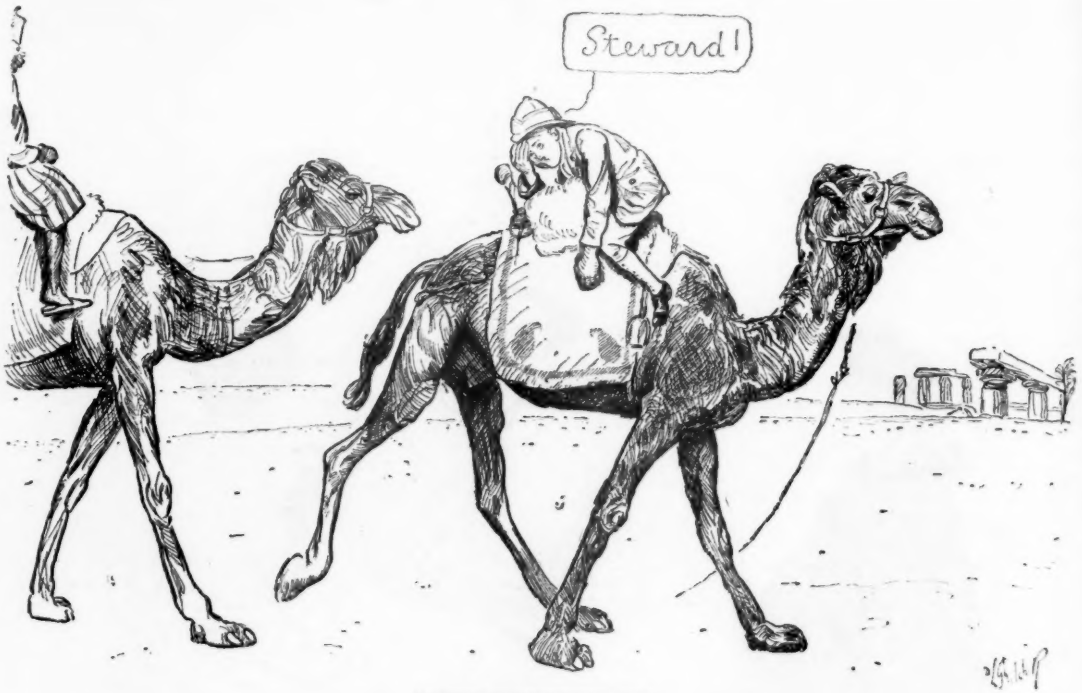
"AND what, gentlemen," said Mr. Honeybubble, "am I to do with that?"

With these words Mr. Honeybubble amazingly drew from the tail-pocket of his tail-coat a quart bottle of whisky, placed it on the table before us and looked from face to face defiantly.

"Now that, Sir," said Mr. Rooney very distinctly yet with a certain effort, "is a vurry remarkable circumstance."

It was the last night of the voyage; to-morrow the ship would wake up in quarantine off Staten Island. Already we were in American waters and the bar had been closed; but before it closed Mr. Rooney and others had done their loyal best to ensure that as little as possible of the contaminating liquor should be carried into American waters, whether under seal or not. We sat now, four or five of us, in the smoking-room, round a table on which there were glasses, water-jugs and mineral waters, but nothing worse, and discussed Prohibition. Then in comes Mr. Honeybubble of all people and produces a quart bottle of whisky.

He had confided in me already that he had this portent hidden in the famous green bag. He seldom "took anything," and did not understand casual drinking, but he did like to have something by him for moments of fatigue or an occasional nip or nightcap before bed; and such had been his privations on his last trip, he told me, and such



AUTO-SUGGESTION.

IT WAS A PITY THAT JONES (WHO IS A SHOCKING SAILOR) SUDDENLY REMEMBERED THAT HE WAS TRAVELLING ON A SHIP OF THE DESERT.

was his inborn love of liberty, that he had determined on this occasion to become a smuggler. Even then, though, I had felt the struggle proceeding in his breast between his hereditary love of liberty and his hereditary dislike of being found out. And the nearer the ship came to the fatal shores the less free and the more fearful beat the loyal heart of Mr. Honeybubble. The bottle had begun to frighten him, and now, it appeared, he had taken to carrying it about. He was, it was clear, in an extreme state of nervous indecision.

We all stared at the bottle.

"Pardon the impertinence," said Mr. Rooney, "but is that article intended for importation or for consumption on the high seas?"

"To tell you the truth, Mr. Rooney," said Mr. Honeybubble self-consciously, "I was thinking of taking it ashore. But I'm wondering now whether perhaps I hadn't better throw it overboard."

A sort of shiver, an inarticulate protest, ran round the party; but we respected Honeybubble's scruples, and only Rooney spoke.

"Now that 's a vurry debatable prahposition," he said gravely, "and, speaking for myself, the answer is emphatic in the negative. Mind you, I don't say that many good citizens haven't jettisoned their liquor to salve their consciences in these waters, but I wouldn't say those gentlemen were objectionably red-blooded, Mr. Honeybubble, and I never heard of a hundred per cent. Britisher who went so far. No, Sir, not any."

"Oh, of course, I 'm not *afraid*," said Honeybubble valiantly. "It 's the principle of the thing——"

He glanced timorously about the smoking-room and, though not afraid, dropped a newspaper over the naked bottle.

"*Principle?*" roared Rooney tremendously, swelling his chest. "And what 's the first principle and institootion of your great country, Mr. Honeybubble? Answer me that."

Honeybubble, quailing before the pointing finger, stuttered nervously. "It 's—er—it 's—oh, well, it 's law and order, I suppose."

"Law and order hell, Mr. Honeybubble!" said Rooney contemptuously. "Liberty was the institootion I had in mind. *Liberty, Sir.*"

"Liberty," repeated Honeybubble, much impressed. "That 's true. Of course it 's awful nonsense all this——"

"Mr. Honeybubble," said Rooney, more gravely than before and with his eye on the bottle, "where is the man who has the right to say to you, a free-born Britisher, 'Throw that piece of your property into the ocean'? Does that man breathe, Mr. Honeybubble?"

"He does not," the Briton replied. "Oh, no; I shall certainly take it ashore. I 'll see 'em damned before they stop me." And with these brave words he seized the guilty bottle and was evidently proposing to return it to his tail-pocket.

At this sight the eyes of Mr. Rooney started from his head.

"One moment, Sir," he said quickly, holding up his hand. "Now don't misunderstand me, Mr. Honeybubble. I wouldn't like to have you say that Ezra P. Rooney had handed you out a bunch of trouble."

"Trouble? D' you think I 'll have trouble?" said Honeybubble less bravely.

"Well, not if they don't catch you with the goods, of *course*, Mr. Honeybubble. But——"

Mr. Rooney finished with a shrug suggestive of nameless possibilities.

"What—what if they do?" quavered Honeybubble.

"Well, Sir, you 're not forgetting that

this is an offence against the enlightened constitootion of my great country. This is no girls'-play, Mr. Honeybubble; I've known men languish in the city jail for half what you've got in that bottle. There was a Britisher taken off a boat in New York Harbour last fall and sent to Ellis Island, and died there. Yes, Sir."

At these vivid pictures Mr. Honeybubble paled a little.

"Is that a fact?" he said.

"Yes, Sir."

"Oh, well," said Honeybubble vaguely, "it's not worth—— I think, perhaps, I'll throw it overboard and have done with it."

A slight cloud passed over Mr. Rooney's face, but with an effort he controlled himself and said:—

"Now don't get fanatical, Mr. Honeybubble. There's no need to go to extremes. See here, you'll need to have a *little* of it with you for your health, and mind you, in these days, supplies being what they are, the man that goes ashore with his hip-pocket absolutely dry is no true friend of the Amurrican people."

"Then you think——?" said Honeybubble, bewildered. "But I thought you said—— The hip-pocket? Is it safe?"

"The hip-pocket's not made," said Mr. Rooney, coming out into the open at last, "that will look natural and law-abiding with a bottle of those dimensions, Mr. Honeybubble. But, Sir, you're not bound to take the *whole* bottle ashore."

A pleased expression lightened the faces of all present as it seemed that the core of the position was at last made clear. But Honeybubble still looked bewildered.

"Get your daughter," continued Mr. Rooney patiently, "to give you a couple of scent-bottles, or throw away the cough-mixture and substitoot an emergency ration of the wine of Caledonia, Mr. Honeybubble, and the PRESIDENT himself won't touch you. Get me, Steve?"

"I see," said Honeybubble brightly. "And pour away the rest of it?"

Mr. Rooney sighed heavily, and for a moment I thought that he would abandon the struggle. But he said at last:—

"Well, Mr. Honeybubble, that's as you please, but I dare say there's one or two gentlemen here would be willing to save you the exertion of a walk across the deck, if you prefer it. It so happens that I have in my pocket the vurry instrument that seems to be desiderated," and, taking from his pocket a corkscrew, he proceeded without further ado to operate on Mr. Honeybubble's bottle.



SCENE—*High-class outfitter's in Bond Street.*

Elegant Assistant (suavely). "AND WHAT IS YOUR PLEASURE, SIR?"

Country Squire (pondering for a moment). "ER—FOX-HUNTING, CHIEFLY; BUT WHAT I WANT NOW IS A HAT."

"I see what you mean," said Honeybubble, to the general satisfaction. "But is it allowed?" he went on, with an anxious glance about the room.

"Well, Sir," said Rooney, "we won't invite the Captain to join us, and we won't shout for the chief steward. Aside from any indiscretion of that nature I don't know that any gentleman here is going to be arrested. So here's to our friend Mr. Honeybubble and the Eighteenth Amendment to the Constitootion of the United States of Amurrica!"

Together, but silently, we drank this toast.

"Oh, well," said Honeybubble, beaming, "if you'll take the responsibility, Mr. Rooney——"

"We will all take a little responsibility," said Mr. Rooney, helping himself to another; "and not much soda."

"Prohibition," he continued richly at length, "is a vurry remarkable experiment in the spiritual uplift of a great people, and of incalculable benefit to the toiling masses of our cities. And I am surprised," he went on, draining his glass for the second time—"I am shocked, Mr. Honeybubble, that you should have contemplated setting your face against the onward march of ideals to the extent of a whole quart bottle of Scotch—a whole quart! Fill up, gentlemen——"

"Oh, but——" Honeybubble began.

"Fill up, gentlemen," said Rooney, ignoring him, "and remember the penalties provided by law for the miscreant detected in the importation of liquor. Remember, gentlemen, you stand between our brother Honeybubble and the horrors of incarceration. Don't spare yourselves, boys!"

Fired by this noble appeal for another we again charged Honeybubble's glass and afterwards our own.

Proceedings from then on became a little wild. Mr. Rooney grew more and more eloquent and dignified, and positively maudlin in his anxiety to save Mr. Honeybubble from trouble at the Customs. That gentleman, on the other hand, grew more and more free and fearless and quite contemptuous of laws. His courage rose as the whisky fell; the more he drank the more was he prepared to smuggle, till, when the bottle was all but dry, he talked glibly

of going ashore with gallons. And finally, when it became clear that Mr. Honeybubble would not be put to any trouble whatever, I remember Mr. Rooney seized the empty bottle and, remarking, "We will now consign this incriminating vessel to the deep," led us all out into the night.

Right ahead was a bright light. We marched in procession three times round the deck, Mr. Rooney singing.

And at last he turned and cried aloud, "Say, Honeybubble, yonder stands the Statoo of Liberty. And right above it I see the sky-sign, 'JAHN P. HONEYBUBBLE—HOSIER AND SMUGGLER!'" and solemnly he cast Mr. Honeybubble's bottle into the wine-dark sea.

Then—an unkind cut, I thought—he drew from his hip-pocket a substantial flask, and he said, "Those, Mr. Honeybubble, air the approximate dimensions of the vessel which I had in mind. Good-night to you."

And with these words he went to bed. A. P. H.

THEATRE RHYMES.

III.—THE AUDIENCE.

HE seemed to have so much to say
Into his neighbour's ear
That those about him found the play
Impossible to hear.

Perceiving that he must be cowed,
A man in front looked grim,
And, turning round, said "Hush" so loud
That I said "Hush" to him.

Although I thought I said the word
As softly as could be,
A lady just behind me heard
And she said "Hush" to me.

She made a penetrating sound
Which caused a general stir,
And half-a-dozen men turned round
And they said "Hush" to her.

The whole House then looked black as death;
You should have seen them flush
With anger as they all took breath
Together and said "HUSH."

Our Cautious Journalists.

"The cocoons are placed in boiling warm water."—*Monthly Magazine.*

"Another topic of the week is the announcement that at some tim the Viceregal Lodge will be put out of commission. Mr. Healy would prefer to represent the King from his own home."—*Sunday Paper.*

Then "at" is, we presume, a misprint for "by."

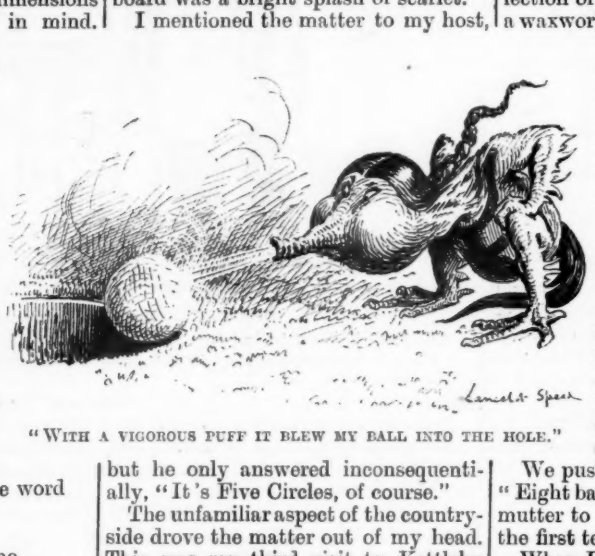
THE MAH-JOLFF LINKS.

As the train slowed up in the quiet country station I gripped my golf clubs and jumped on to the platform nearly into Hosken's arms.

"Cheerio, old lad! This way; the car's outside," he shouted and led me to the exit.

I had barely time to notice that Hosken was sporting a sky-blue suit of plus-fours and a sort of Chinese mandarin cap with a little button on top before he pushed me into his two-seater. There was something unusual too about Hosken's bus, but it was only after reflection as we sped along the road to the links that I spotted what had roused my surprise. The rims of the wheels were painted green and violet, while the spare on the running-board was a bright splash of scarlet.

I mentioned the matter to my host,



"WITH A VIGOROUS PUFF IT BLEW MY BALL INTO THE HOLE."

but he only answered inconsequentially, "It's Five Circles, of course."

The unfamiliar aspect of the countryside drove the matter out of my head. This was my third visit to Kettleby Magna, but I had never seen it look like that. Wide level fields, innocent of hedges and green with a crop that was neither wheat nor oats, bounded the road. At intervals little clumps of bamboos broke the monotony of the roadside, but while some of the stalks were green others were of an unnatural scarlet hue; and I noticed that none of these clumps contained more than nine stalks, and many had only three or five.

As I opened my mouth to call Hosken's attention to this botanical eccentricity, a little bird flew out of a clump of bamboos and perched on the bonnet, flirting its tail in a perky manner.

"Hello, that's a Rice Bird!" my companion exclaimed, and I examined with interest this novelty in the feathered world. It had a biscuit-coloured body, green wings and a couple of violet tail feathers standing upright. Its claws were red and on its head was a little red knob similar to the button on Hosken's cap.

Before I had time to get details of this unknown specimen the car suddenly turned a corner and ran into the enclosure in front of the club-house. My eye caught a glimpse of a board with the name of the links on it, but we passed it too quickly for me to take in more than a big M and a J in what seemed Chinesy lettering.

"But this isn't the Mid-Foozle course, Hosken," I objected.

It certainly was unlike anything I had seen before. The club-house was a flimsy affair of bamboo, with a tower at one end like a pagoda. What struck me speechless was the crowd of quaint creatures lounging outside the caddy-master's hut. It was the oddest collection of faces I had ever met outside a waxwork show. They all wore a kind of uniform—dark violet jacket and baggy red trousers; and each boy or man carried a number worked in bright green on his right breast. Although I could not see plainly I could have sworn their hair was done in pig-tails.

"Rum lot of caddies you've got here," I observed. "Look to me like a mob of Chinks."

"Oh, those," Hosken replied absently, taking my clubs out of the car and leading the way to the club-house—"those are Characters. Naturally they have rather odd mugs; that's why they're called Characters, you know."

We pushed through a garden-gate—"Eight bamboos," I overheard my host mutter to himself—and I came out on the first tee.

When I pulled out a new Pink Dot he shook his head.

"No good for this course. Try this ball;" and he put into my hand a curiously-coloured globe. It was marked with a large green star and a red centre.

"What do you call this ball?" I asked.

"One Circle," Hosken answered. "It's a flier. You take the honour."

My tee shot was badly hooked and the ball lay in a clump of five bamboos. The red one in the middle must have put my eye out, for I took three to get clear. My opponent had reached the green in two and I emerged from the bamboos just in time to see him hole his third.

"Pung!" he shouted, waving the pin at me; and we moved off to the next tee.

The second hole was a five bogey, and this time I biffed a screamer off the

sand. I reached the edge of the green in three, but Hosken put a fine chip shot with his fourth within a foot of the hole. I ran my ball up with my putter and saw it pull up a bare three inches from the rim. I was just on the point of calling "Halved in five" when a tiny little black thing with an outsize in heads like a tadpole darted with incredible speed across the green and with a vigorous puff blew my ball into the hole.

I expected an indignant outburst from Hosken, but he simply remarked, "A Kong for you," and walked on quite unperturbed.

"B—b—but wh—what was it?" I stuttered.

"Only the Wind of the Round," he explained. "Lucky beggar, aren't you? It's your honour."

As I was addressing my ball on the third tee, the Character who carried my clubs—he was a rather important person and wore a green nine on his right breast—pointed out a bare space just below the tee and warned me of the danger of pitching my ball there.

"Doesn't look very terrifying. What's the snag?" I inquired.

"Shish, it's the White Dragon," Hosken whispered hoarsely. "He's down there."

"But I can't see the beast and there's no cover to hide him," I objected.

"Nobody ever does see the White Dragon, but he's there all right," he assured me.

Happily both balls sailed safely over this perilous hazard and the hole was reached without incident.

But the comparative tranquillity of our game was not destined to last. The fairway of the fourth hole lay over a ridge, high enough to conceal what lay on the far side. Both our second shots sailed well over the ridge and disappeared on the further side. At once a fearful hubbub arose as if the horns and klaxons of a score of motor-cars were being sounded at once. Mingling with it was a clanging noise like rivetters at work. Dark smoke rose in a thick spiral and a penetrating odour of sulphur filled the air.

"My aunt, what ever's up?" cried Hosken as we hurried up the hill. In response to his question half-a-dozen Characters appeared on the ridge, gesticulating madly and bawling something about dragons.

At the top of the rise an amazing spectacle revealed itself. On the fourth green below us two monstrous dragons, one a vivid scarlet, the other an emerald green, were locked in mortal combat. Their huge jaws opened and shut with a horrid gnashing; streams of fire and smoke issued from their nostrils, and their huge tails lashed and writhed with a deafening clash of scale on scale. On the outskirts of the fight four tiny black figures with tadpole heads jigged about, egging on the combatants.

"Drat those Winds!" muttered Hosken. "Mischievous little devils, they oughtn't to be allowed on the course."

A courageous Character—it was Number One, I perceived—had seized the fallen pin and was belabouring the



"'THEY'RE RUINING THE GREEN.'"

Red Dragon in the vain hope of making him desist.

Hosken viewed the scene with horror.

"The filthy brutes, they're ruining that green," he moaned. "I always told the Green Committee they ought to put poison down."

Then, seizing a distracted Character by the shoulders and shaking him till he stopped yelling, he cried—

"Here, you young idiot, scuttle off to the club-house and tell the Secretary before it's too late."

But it was too late already. Before the scared Character had taken a dozen steps a vast sheet of flame issued from the dragons' jaws, a terrific explosion shook the earth, and the monsters disappeared in a dense cloud of smoke.

* * * * *

I think I must have exceeded with the lobster mayonnaise, following on a late sitting at Mah-Jongg.

WHEN 2LO SPRING-CLEANS.

I HAVE heard it said by responsible people that it is hopeless to attempt to devise a wireless programme that will please everybody. But you never can tell. Some day you may be able to take the highbrow stuff you don't understand and clean the knives with it, or the lowbrow stuff you pretend to hate and get it to beat carpets.

Let me explain. A clause in the projected Wireless Bill provides not only for the broadcasting of music, but also for the transmission of energy. Not the energy used by the singer who takes off his collar in front of the microphone, but the energy that rings a bell or does the ironing. NIKOLA TESLA has already described a method of sending electric-light current by wireless, and Dr. LOW recently said that houses of the future will be fitted with aerials not only for trapping bed-time tales but for applying power sent from Niagara.

Now, energy, as any boy knows who has made a crystal set from an old clock and a birdcage, is merely a form of vibration, and different forms of energy are merely vibrations on different wave-lengths. We can transform heat to light, or heat to power. Therefore there is no reason why we should not some day convert the noise of a jazz band, which is a form of energy, and make it toast a slice of bread. Some jazz bands can almost do that now.

When this happens life will be almost worth living. Wireless has already helped with the spring cleaning. Our maid did the fireirons in half the time this year because I turned on the loud speaker to a rousing military march. But supposing I could simply hook the set to the fender and let Sir DAN GODFREY and his merry men do the job for her?

Of course there will be complaints, as usual. Some lady will write to 2LO and complain that she turned on a tenor to make an omelette, but when he reached his top-note he spilt the stuff all over the floor.

Another Optimistic Advertiser.

"WANTED.—To know owner of a dog strayed into my premises and bit my monkey. Owner to supply particulars and pay expenses incurred."—*Indian Paper.*



Mother. "NOW LOOK HERE, MABEL—IF YOU GO ON BEING NAUGHTY I SHALL SEND YOU INTO THE NEXT ROOM UNTIL YOU CAN BEHAVE LIKE A LITTLE LADY."

Mabel. "IF I 'M IN THE NEXT ROOM HOW 'LL YOU KNOW WHEN I 'M BEHAVING LIKE A LITTLE LADY?"

OUR VILLAGE UMPIRE.

IT was at the back end of last season that Mr. Hudgell, our humpire (as he pronounces it, and the aspirate certainly imparts to the word that little extra emphasis that distinguishes Mr. Hudgell himself from the ordinary umpire), read a newspaper article by an eminent cricketer on the growing prevalence of the practice of making a loud and concerted appeal on every pretext, however slight, with the object of imposing upon the umpire.

Mr. Hudgell cut that article out and kept it, and this season he seems to have made a firm resolve never to be biassed in his judgment by the confident and stentorian tone of any appeal. And Mr. Hudgell, who draws a sergeant-major's pension, is a humpire who means what he says.

Had we been aware of this resolve we should no doubt have applauded his attitude in the matter, for we ourselves had suffered often enough by reason of concerted but unjustifiable appeals. But we should almost certainly have overlooked the fact that Mr. Hudgell's mind moves in certain well-defined grooves of its own.

In the first match of the season I lost the toss and we fielded. The very first ball was, to the bowler's surprise, a perfectly straight one. But the batsman mistook it for a leg-ball and stopped it with his pads. A less disputable case of obstruction could hardly be imagined.

"Zat?" bellowed half-a-dozen voices simultaneously, in no doubt whatever as to the answer.

"Nottout," replied Mr. Hudgell with great assurance.

For a moment there was silence. One could almost feel the incredulity in the air. Even the batsman had the grace to look surprised. As for the bowler——

"*Wot* did you say?" demanded Mr. Hudgell, turning and facing him majestically.

"I—I only said I thought——"

"Ho!" boomed Mr. Hudgell. "And oo 's humpiring 'ere—me or you?"

"You, Mr. 'Udgell," replied the bowler humbly, retreating a few steps.

"Then I 'll do the thinking."

The general opinion was that Mr. Hudgell had not been looking, and had given the batsman the usual benefit of the doubt. But in the next over but one the same batsman snicked a ball into the wicket-keeper's hands. It was unmistakable to anybody who was not both deaf and blind. Immediately there was a confident and unanimous roar of "Zat?"

"Nottout!" answered Mr. Hudgell without hesitation.

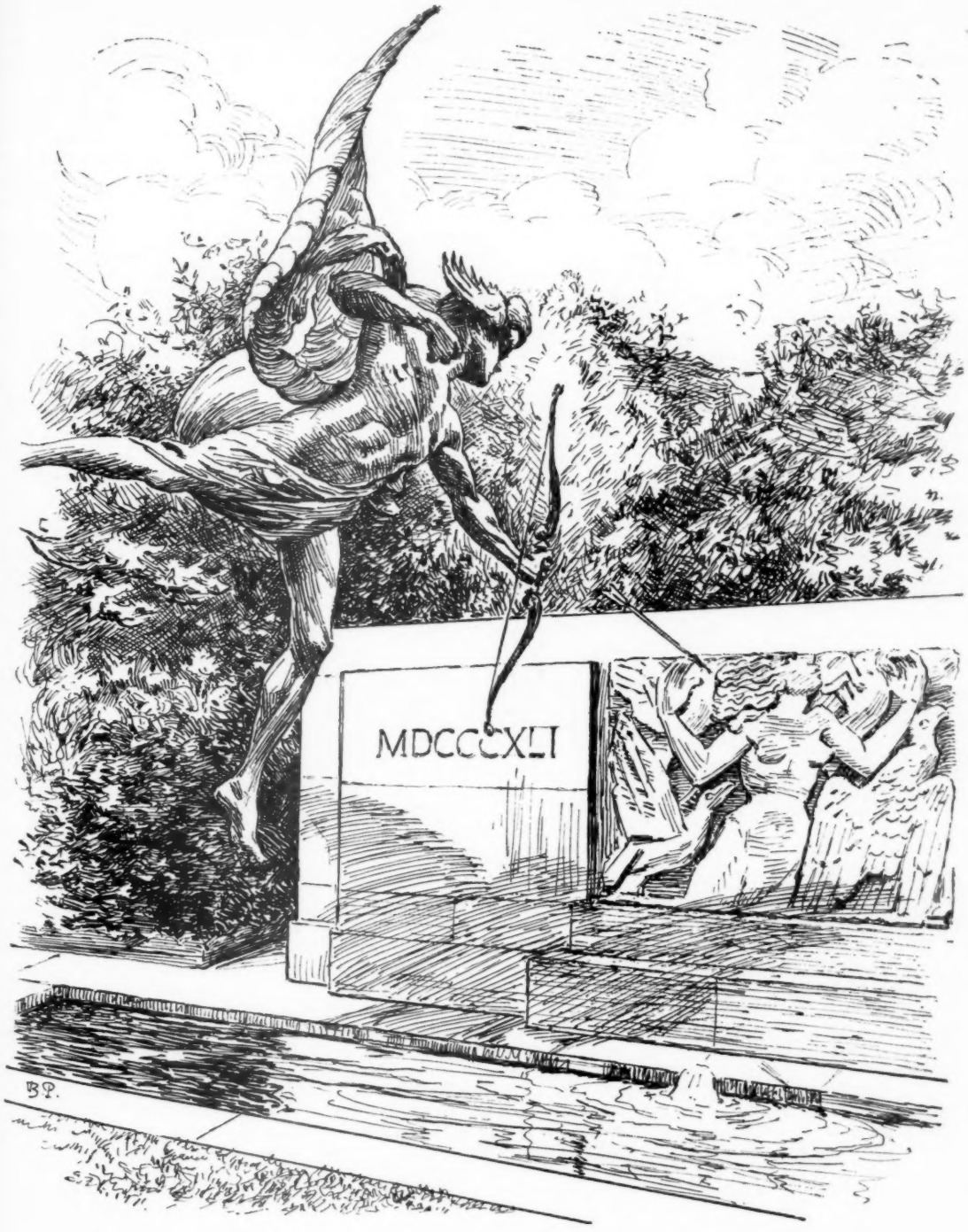
At that point it became necessary for Mr. Hudgell to leave the pitch in order to ask certain of the home spectators if they wanted something for themselves, and during his absence the fielders gathered together and hinted darkly at corruption.

But of course the fault was not in Mr. Hudgell's integrity, but in his logic. Having read that nowadays many quite unjustifiable appeals were concerted and confident, he had reasoned that all concerted and confident appeals must be unjustifiable. It is not only on the physique that twenty-one years in the Army leave their mark.

A certain theory formed itself in my mind, and I resolved to test it. Pretending not to notice the general astonishment and consternation as I took the ball, I put myself on to bowl at Mr. Hudgell's end.

Fortune favoured me at once. The batsman—who had no moral right to be batting at all—chopped my first ball with his bat on to his pads. Of course nobody appealed, and I turned to Mr. Hudgell with an assumption of diffidence, and asked in a low, almost apologetic tone, "Er—how is that?"

"Hout!" roared Mr. Hudgell.



FOR THIS RELIEF NOT MUCH THANKS.

EPSTEIN'S FEMALE. "KAMERAD!"
GILBERT'S EROS. "I THINK NOT."

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Monday, May 25th.—For the most part Lord BANBURY's speech on national economy might be summed up as "glimpses of the obvious." But his statement, *à propos* of the new Pensions Bill, that in his experience actuaries' reports are always wrong was startling enough. How the insurance companies, basing their policy upon these broken reeds, manage to pile up their huge reserves becomes a greater mystery than ever.

Mathematical speculations are, of course, always liable to go wrong. I noticed that Lord ARNOLD for the Labour Party, and Lord CLARENDON for the Government, though they were totting up the same figures, got quite different results.

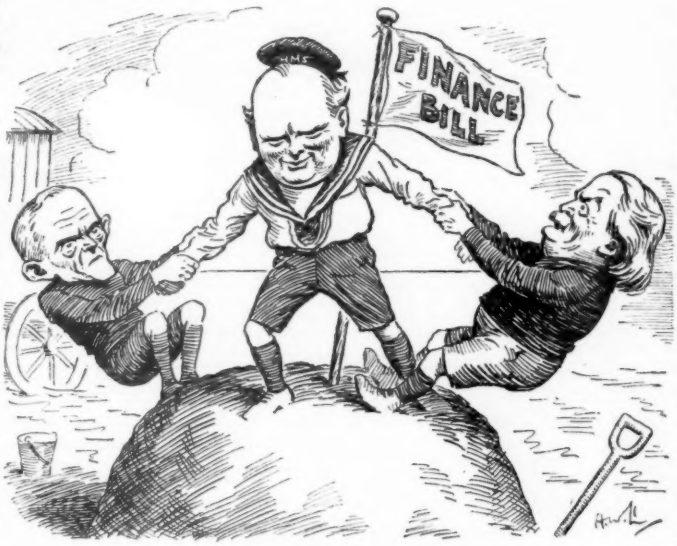
The Distinguished Strangers' Gallery occasionally harbours strangers who are not exactly distinguished - looking. But no one could say that of Mr. CUNNINGHAME GRAHAM, who looked just as picturesque as when, forty years ago, he surprised the House as its first live Socialist. His quarry to-day was art, not politics. He had come to hear what Members had to say about the much-discussed memorial to his friend HUDSON. Their views were various, and the discussion began to grow hot until the SPEAKER closured a hostile critic, who had talked of "elephantiasis," with the remark that he would like to see the question in writing.

This was not the only taste of art criticism that the House enjoyed, for Mr. A. M. SAMUEL, asked for his opinion regarding the British Pavilion at the Paris Exhibition, said the goods displayed there were "perfectly lovely," and proceeded to exhibit his knowledge of Queen Anne silver and *cinquecento* enamels.

Mr. BALDWIN announced that the Wireless Bill is to be dropped for this session; and listeners-in who have been dreading domiciliary visits from the police breathed more freely.

The business set down for the day was the Second Reading of the Finance Bill—a document which begins "Most gracious Sovereign," as though the taxes were still a personal grant to the KING. With this fresh in their minds Members cheered Captain GEE's reference at Question-time to the industry of the "KING and QUEEN in visiting Wembley so constantly."

By determined reiteration of the phrase Mr. SNOWDEN seems to have hypnotized himself into the belief that this really is "the rich man's Budget." He declared his disappointment that Mr. CHURCHILL, who "knows the ropes," should not have kept a tighter hand on the purse-strings; accused him of taxing the simple luxuries of the poor in order to relieve the rich, and, on the strength of a sixteen-year-old speech, charged him with having basely abandoned his former enthusiasm for the taxation of land values.



"PULL PHILIP, PULL DAVID."

Master WINSTON (*the King of the Castle*). "SO LONG AS THEY TUG AT ME FROM OPPOSITE DIRECTIONS I FEEL PRETTY SAFE."

[In the debate on the Finance Bill the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER described the criticisms directed against his Budget as "unrelated, contradictory and mutually destructive."]

This allusion may have helped to put an edge on Mr. LLOYD GEORGE's criticism. Why had not the cost of national defence been reduced? After the recent earthquake in Japan there was at any rate no case for expenditure at Singapore. The import duties meant that Mr. CHURCHILL had been "kicked into Protection," and now presented "an awful example of his own warnings."

Mr. CHURCHILL dismissed the criticisms of his proposals as "unrelated, contradictory, mutually destructive and superficial." In his view the surest way of stimulating industry was to reduce direct taxation; and the Pensions scheme was a far greater boon to the poor than Mr. SNOWDEN's "dollops" of tea and sugar. As to the silk duties he frankly confessed that he "knew more about them now," and had accordingly modified them.

His speech was good enough for Cousin FREDDY GUEST, who refused to follow his leader into the "No" lobby. But it did not remove the objections of some of the Unionists. Mr. BRIGGS wanted less Protection and Colonel GRETTON wanted more.

According to Mr. RAMSAY MACDONALD the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER believes that "everything glossy is a luxury." If so the Opposition Leader's own speech would come into that category, for it was certainly glittering and also grew louder as it grew longer.

In marked contrast was the quiet conversational tone of the PRIME MINISTER in winding up the debate. His revelation that his own income was only a fifth of its pre-War figure and that, like many another, he was living on his capital, gave point to his appeal to employers to pool their brains for their country's good. The idea that business meant "a little work in the week, accompanied by long week-ends," led only to the Bankruptcy Court.

The closure was then moved by Mr. CHURCHILL and accepted by the SPEAKER, to the horrified surprise of Captain WEDGWOOD BENN, who pointed out that only three Members of his illustrious party had been called upon to speak. Still, three out of thirty-nine is not a bad allowance. The Government had a majority of 192 in the division.

Tuesday, May 26th.—The delight of the Peers on hearing from Lord SALISBURY that they are to have an extra week's holiday at Whitsuntide was a little dashed when he further informed them that after that they would be asked to sit on Mondays for the rest of the session.

The "cash on delivery" system prevails in America, Germany and some forty other countries (including Canada and South Africa) to the great advantage of rural producers. Britain still lags behind. Lord LUCAN assured Lord DENBIGH that the opposition did not come from the Post Office but from the small retailers, who feared the competi-



Reclining Knight (*of old-fashioned tastes*). "IT SEEMETH TO ME, DEAR LADY, THAT THIS MIXED PADDLING IS NOT QUITE DECOROUS. DOST NOT THOU AGREE WITH ME?"

His Lady. "IN SOOTH I WOULD BE LOTH TO INDULGE IN IT HAD I NOT BETTER LEGS THAN YON FAIR DAME."

tion of the "Stores." The Government are now considering how to overcome it.

Captain WEDGWOOD BENN is the *Peter Pan* of the Liberal Party. Though approaching fifty (it seems incredible when one looks at him) he has never quite grown up. That as a result of last night's incident he should have announced his intention of putting down a motion of censure upon the SPEAKER was not unexpected, but that he should have persuaded such grave and reverend signiors as Mr. LLOYD GEORGE, Sir ALFRED MOND and Sir JOHN SIMON to lend their names to this rash enterprise seemed amazing. It only shows how infectious youthful enthusiasm can be. The motion was put down for June 9th; but before then, perhaps, the inflammation will have subsided.

Captain ELLIOT'S encounters with his brother-Scots are always worth watching, so skilfully does he adapt his moods to theirs. His reply to Mr. WESTWOOD, almost tearfully anxious about the fate of the lapwing, had the consoling cadence of a Free Kirk benediction. But when Mr. NEIL MACLEAN complained that certain Hebrideans, employed (at the Government expense) to make a road to their own crofts, were expected to bring their own shovels, there was a rasp in the UNDER-SECRETARY'S *dictum*, "The cost of a road is the cost of a road."

The PENSIONS MINISTER is so badgered with questions day by day that when the Vote for the Department comes up for discussion he naturally regards it as a chance of scoring off his critics. He had an hour's innings to-day; and his coadjutor, Colonel STANLEY, was nearly as long. But they did not entirely succeed in satisfying those, even of their own Party, who thought the methods of the Ministry still open to improvement; and there was a considerable sprinkling of Unionists in the minority that opposed the Vote.

Wednesday, May 27th.—A crowded and expectant House cheered lustily when Sir W. DAVISON asked, *à propos des bottes*, if the Government were aware that Manna had won the Derby.

At the instance of Colonel GRETTON, speculation was then transferred to the chances of that oddly-bred creature (by Minority out of Pique), the Liberal Vote of Censure on the SPEAKER. The prevailing idea—Mr. WHITLEY himself approving—was that it should either be scratched or given an airing at once; and Mr. LLOYD GEORGE, though with apparent reluctance, accepted the latter alternative.

Thursday, May 28th.—Having vindicated Mr. WHITLEY the House adjourned till June 9th.

An exhibition of Parliamentary sketches from *Punch* by Captain A. W. LLOYD, M.C., is to be opened at the Sporting Gallery, King Street, Covent Garden, on Monday, June 8th, by the PRIME MINISTER. The attendance of the public is invited as from June 9th.

"Coming young players are Miss Beryl Brown, of Formby, and the QT-years-old Miss Enid Wilson, of Chesterfield."—*Sunday Paper.*

We agree with this chivalrous compositor that even a very young lady's age should be mentioned only on the strict Q.T.

"LANSING, MICH., May 6th.—The beauties of Michigan's lakes and woodlands will never be sung in official verse. The Poet Laureate Bill, after passing Legislature, was promptly vetoed upon reaching Governor Groesbeck.

'No compensation seems to have been provided for a poet laureate in the event of his appointment, and I can hardly conceive of one such serving without salary,' Groesbeck said."
Canadian Paper.

Or at least a butt of bootleg malmsey.

NOTES ON NEW BOOKS.

(By Gallio Junior.)

I HEAR that Mr. Odo Phibson, the brother of Sir Aubrey Phibson and Roma Phibson, has just published a novel entitled *The Long Bow*. It will be interesting to see whether he is able to maintain the reputation of this distinguished family for splendid mendacity.

* * *

The other day I ran into Mr. Michael Sanguinetti lounging along the "sweet shady side of Pall Mall." I asked him whether it was true that his last book had established a new record as the worst seller of the summer season, but he returned an evasive reply.

* * *

Unscrupulous Providence is the characteristic title which Sapphira Gasper has chosen for her new volume of short stories which will shortly be published by Messrs. Odder and Odder. I gather that it is wholly unsuitable for women's institutes, mothers' meetings and country congregations.

* * *

Readers who have already made trial of the stories of Desdemona Dampier will not be surprised to hear that she is shortly about to issue a new novel called *The Sewage Farm*. The emotions aroused by this announcement will be mitigated by the news that the authoress has recently left England for a prolonged stay in the anthropophagous districts of New Guinea.

* * *

The romantic novel is coming into its own again. I see in the list of his forthcoming publications issued by Mr. Absalom Cope two works of outstanding interest: *The Senile Heart* and *The Sensibility of the Alimentary Canal*.



"ADHESIVE PLASTER? NO, SIR, US DON'T SELL CHEMISTRY."

RHYMES OF THE R.A.F.

XIX.—THE R.A.F. LAW OFFICER AND OTHERS.

THE legal expert shoots his cuff;
"The facts," he says, "are plain enough
And indicate a common tort
(See *Rex* v. *Baggs and Binglewortе*)."
All ranks declare they never saw
A man more learned in the law,
Or one in whom you'd hope to find
A more resourceful legal mind.
The stiffest problem you can state
He'll instantly elucidate,
And should you venture to dissent
He'll clinch it with a precedent
Upheld in judgment on appeal
By Lord Chief Justice Pumplewheel.
But, though his wit and wisdom are
A standing credit to the Bar,
His conduct in one grave respect
Appears to us most incorrect:
When dressed for work in service rig
He never, never wears his wig.

Our Air Force Auditors are not
A very pleasant-natured lot;
They do not come by ones or twos,
But locust-like in roving crews
To scan with sharp suspicious looks
Our pay-sheets or our transport books.
They dearly love to find a chance
For crying out, "Extravagance!"
And lopping off with ruthless knife
The small amenities of life;
And, whether we concur or no,
Some luxury seems bound to go
Each time they pay the camp a visit,
Which isn't very friendly, is it?

The splendid Master of the Band
Has cause to let his chest expand;
On show occasions all agree
There's none so picturesque as he,
So dashing or so debonair,
In all the ranks that throng the Square.

When Air Vice-Marshals saunter by
'Tis he, not they, attracts the eye;
His pipe-clayed gauntlets, snowy white,
His baton gay, his buttons bright
Compel the ladies' admiration
And win such kudos for our station
That all his airs of jaunty pride
Seem absolutely justified.

The Aircraft Hand, a happy soul,
Winks slyly as he shovels coal.
A stranger to the cares and pains
That come to those who stress their brains,
He labours with a mind at ease,
Unlike those Fitters whom he sees
Bearing the grim relentless traces
Of brain-fag on their harassed faces.
So while he calmly fills his truck
He spits upon his hands for luck
And thanks whatever gods there be
For his unvexed obscurity.

THE LONDON LEXICON.

Adelphi Terrace.—A raised row of houses designed by the Brothers ADAM from which one of the best views of the Thames-side whisky advertisements may be obtained.

Albany, The.—A cloistral abode of distinguished Londoners which is bounded on the north by Vigo Street, and on the south by Sir SQUIRE BANCROFT.

Albert Memorial.—A florid tribute to the Prince CONSORT, jeered at by all adults and rejoiced in by children.

Americans.—Good Americans when they die go to Paris; but London gets every variety while they are still pepsome. They are chiefly to be found in the Strand and in Bloomsbury. The men may be recognised by the deaf by the presence of horn-rimmed spectacles and the absence of walking-sticks; the women by their guide-books.

Baker Street.—It was at No. 221B in this street that our "Dear Watson" asked and heard, wondered and recorded.

Bank of England.—Otherwise known as the Old Lady of Threadneedle Street. Not too old, however, to give a little supper-party to the Guards every night, with a bottle of excellent claret to each officer. In return they protect her from thieves.

Bennett's Clock.—A large clock above the street at 65, Cheapside, where mechanical figures of Gog and Magog beat out the hours. Children who have languished and cried at the British Museum can be restored to happiness by a sight of this timepiece.

Billiard Matches.—The only opportunities offered in London for decorous silence and perfect peace.

Billingsgate Market.—Students of bad language in need of new supplies once frequented this market. Almost any new problem play will now serve this purpose equally well or better, especially if produced on Sunday.

Boat Race.—A rowing contest between Oxford and Cambridge eights, which until 1924 was rowed on the surface of the river, but will probably in future be conducted in submarines.

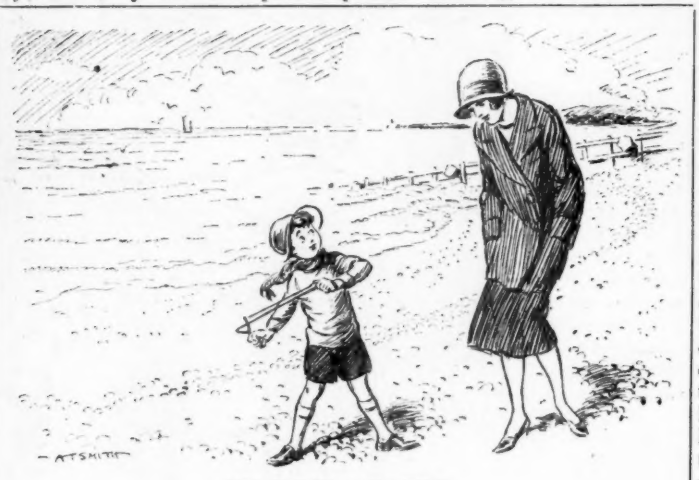
Boy Messengers.—The small boys in uniform, with a forage cap very much at the side of their heads, whom you see moving with profound deliberation, are not really idling, but are trying to reproduce the last slow-motion picture they saw at the cinema. They were originally intended to be useful, but are now largely devoted to keeping seats in queues for theatrical first-nighters.

Buses.—The huge vehicles painted in bright colours and thundering like Juggernaut, the absence of which, when their drivers and conductors strike, makes London so desirable a city, devoid of traffic problems.

Bush House.—An American object-lesson in the art of making offices dignified and comely.

Cabmen.—See *Grandmother.*

Caledonian Market.—It is here, on Fridays, that a sale of curiosities is held, where (by the people who sit next to you at dinner) the most costly rarities have been picked up for a mere song.



HIS FIRST CATAPULT.

Small Provincial (on holiday). "I SAY, AUNTIE, IS THE CRYSTAL PALACE FAR FROM HERE?"

Camp-stools.—Easily transportable seats on which theatre-goers are prepared to perch for twenty-four hours at a stretch, to the sacrifice of all ordinary duties, in order to witness the first performance of a play.

Cannon Street Railway Bridge.—The less said about this the better. It is eternally to old Father Thames' discredit that he should have turned in his bed under Waterloo Bridge instead of under this one.

Carey Street.—A thoroughfare near the Law Courts which exerts extraordinary magnetic power over speculators in new plays.

Change.—Small coins in silver and copper which taxi-drivers bury in the most inaccessible parts of their clothing.

Charabancs.—Vehicles of inordinate length, driven rapidly, from which strangers see as much of London as can be seen from vehicles of inordinate length driven rapidly.

Chelsea.—A wilfully Bohemian section of London in the S.W.3 district where hair was first bobbed and pictures first cubed. It contains many painters but few draughtsmen.

Chocolate.—A brown, sickly and often gritty substance which before the War might occasionally be seen in the galleries of theatres, but now is the constant nourishment of the stalls.

Christie's.—It is at Christie's Sale Rooms in King Street that the ghosts of Old Masters congregate, watching the pictures for which they wrung a few odd coins from their original purchasers being knocked down for thousands of pounds to American collectors. Sometimes they have forgotten that they painted them.

Church Parade.—A procession of well-dressed, over-dressed and under-dressed people who resort to the Row on Sunday mornings in the season in the hope of catching a Society paragraphist's eye.

Cinematographs.—Darkened theatres, open from 2 till nearly midnight, where hands may be held and even kisses exchanged while the mobile features of American stars are registering every known mood at twenty thousand dollars a week. London has many cinema theatres, but almost no cinema time-tables. If a big film is advertised to begin at 2.30 you may be almost certain that three-quarters of an hour will be given to preceding rubbish.

Circus, The.—London has no circus except at Christmas for a month, and then only in a temporary ring. Let us hope that some day the pendulum will swing back and a new ASTLEY or HENGLER arrive. Meanwhile we must do the best we can (and continue to frustrate and disappoint the young) with the circuses of Piccadilly, Oxford and Finsbury—all Dead Sea fruit.

Cleopatra's Needle.—A movement on the part of a well-known firm of motor-car makers to get this famous obelisk renamed after themselves has not yet been successful. The holes in the plinth and in the sphinxes were the result of a bomb dropped from the air in 1917 by a hostile Power which has since gone into lucrative bankruptcy.

Closing-time.—The hour at which the Briton, who will never, never be a slave, sees public-house doors bang in his



THE AGRICULTURAL CLASSES.

Visitor. "WHAT IS THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN A SMALL HOLDER AND A SMALL FARMER?"

Oldest Inhabitant. "WULL, A VARMER BE A MAN AS WON'T OWN UP AS 'E'S MADE A PROFIT NO'OW—ARTFUL LIKE; AN' SMALL-'OLDERS, THEY BE MEN AS WON'T NEVER ADMIT THAT THEY BE DOING BADLY—TERRIBLE OBST'NIT-MINDED."

thirsty face. We may now refresh ourselves, not at our own need but when the Government permits. In most cities the closing-times are fixed, but London is large enough to have different closing-times on each side of Oxford Street, so that, being turned out at 10.30 on one side, you may cross the road and continue until 11 on the other!

Cup Final.—An annual event which brings to London hundreds of thousands of men and youths who have spent the previous night in the train entirely surrounded by beer-barrels.

Derby Day.—A Wednesday in late May or early June when all London moves to Epsom Downs to lose its money.

Diploma Gallery.—The room at the top of Burlington House where the evidence that artists are fit to become R.A.'s is carefully suppressed.

Downing Street.—No. 10, Downing Street, is the London residence of the temporary tenant of Chequers.

Eton and Harrow Match.—This is a fashionable annual dress parade at Lord's, at which, through the chinks between hats and parasols, glimpses of a game of cricket are occasionally obtained by the spectators.

Fires.—Glorious spectacles of flame and smoke and flying sparks and heroic men, which by means of barriers the kill-joy police do their best to prevent us from seeing.

First Nights.—You may know when there is to be a first performance of a new play by visiting the theatre the night before and seeing the queue waiting for the doors to open on the following evening. The play, it too often happens, is not worth the trouble.

Freedom of the City.—Compliments paid at the Guildhall to visitors of eminence, always involving great mortality among turtles. E. V. L.

(To be continued).

"AVIARY.

African Grey Parrots. Talking £7 10s.; Amazon £3 10s. Young Talking Parrots with cage from 40s. Wonderful Collection of Elephants, Camels, Tigers, etc."

Daily Paper.

". . . there is not a more fearful wild-fowl than your" tiger living!—*Midsummer Night's Dream*, III. i., *adapted.*

"The *Dido* was later ordered back to South America and on the way was dismasted and for some time the crew lived on-rates."

Local Paper.

The dole not being available in the Atlantic Ocean.

THE BIRD SANCTUARY.

WHEN round the birds' sequestered shrine
Hot controversies fume and sizzle,
And writers in the Press consign
To Hades EPSTEIN and his chisel;

When they revive the former feuds
About the Agar Street abortions,
Which some acclaimed as perfect nudes
And some as decadent distortions;—

They miss the point; all this to-do
Is merely waste of good invective,
And EPSTEIN'S work, though strange and new,
Is for its purpose most effective.

Its motive, in so many words,
Is less to add to Art Undying
Than to preserve the spot for birds
And scare us human Pauls from prying.

"Mr. Justice —— in the Divorce Court yesterday made absolute 135 degrees *nisi*."

Provincial Paper.

Warm work!

"Desert Knives and Forks . . . and Desert Spoons . . . cheap."—*Advt. in Evening Paper.*

Just the things to give a popular sheik as a wedding-present.

AT THE PLAY.

"THE CROOKED FRIDAY" (COMEDY).

THE romantic farce as an art-form is in Mr. MONCKTON HOFFE'S hands quite an agreeable proposition.

The Crooked Friday is a very attractive young person known to the police of New York as having served a term or two in Sing-Sing for some original depredations. She was known as "Friday" because she had been found on a Friday at the roadside in Windsor (Eng.), wrapped in a potato-sack, by a young Etonian, who had coaxed her back to life by the application of some of his father's priceless Chambertin and had afterwards tattooed her name upon her arm.

The years pass. The Eton boy grows up to be a rich beautiful banker and to find women so easy that he loses his interest in them. Suddenly, in a New York paper, he comes across the name "Friday," with one of those intimate little pars about the tattoo mark, and forthwith leaps into the *Mauretania* in hectic quest of the lost foundling. This is going to be his romance. His New York lawyers acquaint him with the dismaying fact that the foundling has become a quite celebrated professional crook. Unperturbed he seeks an introduction, arranges for a handsome allowance to be made her, his name being concealed in the transaction, and then proceeds to live on her, his idea apparently being to find out whether she will love him for himself alone—an eccentricity incident to stage heroes of romance. A highly unreasonable idea it seems to me; and more unreasonable when, finding she does in fact so love him, he argues that here is a type of woman, the worst type, who will only love a man when he begins to batten on and bully her.

She offers him her body, as the saying apparently is, and he, drawing himself up very angular and proud, will have none of it. The passionate *Friday*, incensed by the inexplicable conduct of this extraordinary young man—his divagations make too complicated a story to tell—takes the only revenge she knows of, which is to denounce him to the police for the theft of a bracelet of hers, which he has in fact pawned with her permission.

When the officers, with that bull-necked obstinacy and crass myopia which distinguish the stage policeman, insist upon arresting her for the theft of her own bracelet, our *Michael* declares himself to be the thief and is haled to a prison cell. Which noble gesture, together with sundry explanations offered by the clerk in the office of *Michael's* lawyers—the principals are bound to silence—brings all to a happy ending.

This I admit is a somewhat over-bald account of quite a pretty little affair. The weak point is the woolly romanticism of *Michael*, the banker, a character not improved by Mr. NEILSON-TERRY'S handling. All that he seemed to be able to do with his entirely satisfactory face and figure was to make himself so uninteresting that it was hardly conceivable that so vital and commonsensical a person as *Friday* would have had anything to do with him. Of course Mr. MONCKTON HOFFE might say that nothing is inconceivable in this matter and that this is exactly his point.



Micky (the young self) to Micky (the old self). "I SAY, I WAS CHUBBY AND FAIR-HAIRED. WHY ARE YOU DARK AND CADAVEROUS?"

Friday (the young self) to Friday (the old self). "I MUST SAY THIS BOTTLE OF CHAMBERTIN HAS BUILT A BONNY BABY."

Micky . . . . . MR. BRIAN GLENNIE.
The Infant Friday . ?
Michael Tristan . . . MR. DENNIS NEILSON-TERRY.
The Grown-up Friday MISS MARY GLYNNE.

Miss MARY GLYNNE has improved astonishingly. It is true this is not a difficult part—on the contrary it is very straightforward and flattering—but she seemed suddenly to have emerged from a cocoon. This has been happening to one or two young actresses of late—can it be that there is something in the air? I hope so.

Nothing could have been better than the acting of Mr. MORTON SELTEN as the kindly-pompous head of the firm of *Lampeter*, and Mr. KENNETH KENT, his sleek-headed entirely humorous son. I do not suppose that there is anything so diverting in New York as this attorney's office, which is a pity. It would make for the Anglo-American entente and the return of the pound to par.

Mr. ALEXANDER SARNER made an excellent thing of an extremely difficult part, that of *Friday's* ultra-idealistic unsuccessful wooer, who hands her over to her presumably blackguard man simply because he feels that she loves him. This *Roger Petermore* was a bit of a stick, and it was no small feat to be able to make him, as Mr. SARNER did, plausible and interesting.

I should have been extremely sorry to miss the acting of young Master BRIAN GLENNIE as the young Eton boy in the prologue, but I can't help pointing out to Mr. MONCKTON HOFFE, without the slightest hope of his paying the very least attention, that dramatically the prologue was entirely unnecessary. It was quite amusing to see the model of an early Daimler refusing to function and to hear the hopeful things said about it by its owner, *Micky's* father, but two sentences in the body of the play would have told us all that was necessary. It is surely a sound principle that effects should be got with the minimum expenditure of words, time and apparatus. T.

"THE CHERRY ORCHARD" (LYRIC, HAMMERSMITH).

As I sat gazing expectantly on the darkened scene which Mr. NIGEL PLAYFAIR, ignoring his author's stage directions, had provided for the opening of ANTON TCHEHOV'S *The Cherry Orchard*, I tried to put myself in the position of one who had never heard of this comedy as an established classic, and to face it as I conceive an ordinary phlegmatic middle-class Briton would do, entirely refusing to be overawed by my intellectual friends, all soulful and agog with excitement around me.

What extraordinary people! (my thoughts ran). Why does everybody pay no attention to what any other body has just said, but go vaguely off at a tangent of his own? Why does an eccentric old gentleman with a complex about billiards always imagine himself chipping the red into the middle pocket? What does the corpulent landowner with a frock-coat over his white smock and a face like a horse do in life besides borrowing twenty-five pounds? Has darling old *Firs*, the man-servant, wandered with his top-hat out of the Bank of England courtyard? Why does everybody say, "It is late; let us go to bed," without making the faintest attempt to do so, so that they fall asleep in their tracks and are carried

off and dumped into the adjoining bedrooms?

Is this a picture of a Russian lunatic asylum, or a skit on the futility of Russian folk, or a piece of ultra-realism or ultra-symbolism or dadaism, or what? Is it a desperately sad comedy or an amusingly gay tragedy? Aren't the intellectual ladies and gentlemen by whom I am surrounded occasionally laughing at points which don't exist by way of showing their intelligence—a phenomenon I have observed before in this admirable little theatre?

Thus I kept my defences through the whole of the First Act and a part of the Second, feeling a little as if I ought to write to *The Times* about it, as those infuriated omniscient gentlemen rush in and write about Mr. EPSTEIN'S Memorial. "Call this art?" they say. "Well, I'm——!"—or words to that hysterical effect.

And then insensibly I found myself falling under the soft spell. These people are very odd, but they are very lovable, very real. There is *Madame Ranevsky* (Miss MARY GREY), sentimental humbug at bottom, passionately happy, it would seem, to get back from Paris to her Cherry Orchard and discreetly glad to get back to Paris and her invalid lover when the beautiful place is sold over her head; *Leonid* (Mr. ALAN NAPIER), her brother, the billiard maniac, with his incredible fecklessness and hopefulness and genuine deep affection and kindliness; the "mouldy gentleman *Peter*" (Mr. JOHN GIELGUD), the student, a free man, above love, above money, and desperately concerned, at the height of the tragi-comedy, with the loss of his goloshes; the adorable *Firs* (Mr. O. B. CLARENCE), the old man-servant, who looked upon the great liberation of the serfs as the one disastrous thing which had happened to Russia, kissing the hem of his fundamentally indifferent mistress's garment, over-anxious lest his master should have gone off with the wrong coat to catch his death of cold, dying forgotten and uncomplaining in the locked-up house.

There is *Lopakhin* (Mr. FRED O'DONOVAN), the one man with the idea of work as an anodyne and a livelihood, son and grandson of a serf, and finally (a little less than half ashamed and a little more than half triumphant) buying the Orchard over the heads of the family after repeated attempts to warn them of the impending calamity—a man fine in grain, vulgarised by the muddy traffic of life, practical in an utterly and fantastically unpractical environment; *Yasha* (Mr. BYAM SHAW), the sophisticated man-servant from Paris, taking his pleasure as he finds it with *Dunyasha*, the housemaid, and thoroughly content to follow his mistress back to Paris and escape the dull and inadequate fare made necessary by her persistent habit of giving to beggars and tramps all the money she happens to have in her purse, which incidentally she has borrowed; *Barbara* (Miss VIRGINIA ISHAM), the virginal, in love yet utterly ignorant of the arts of love, cumbered with much serving; and *Anya* (Miss GWENDOLEN EVANS), the "mouldy gentleman's" friend, unawakened and unspoiled. All these move before us alive, pathetic, memorable.

It is a charming assembly of incompetents, whose life is regulated more by the rules of the Sermon on the Mount than by those of the Trades Union Congress or the Federation of British Industries; feckless, irrelevant, lifelike and completely delightful—a lovely thing.

The production seemed to me to be admirable. I assume that it owes much to that of the Moscow Art Theatre, as much as can have been gathered from report by an intelligent producer like Mr. NIGEL PLAYFAIR, who knows his Europe. The scenery, painted by the Brothers HEMBROW, and owing not a little to the late CLAUD LOVAT FRASER, was entirely satisfactory; and the costumes served to remind us of what a drab, impracticable and essentially idiotic fashion we maintain in our enlightened country and century.

I thought the translation by the late Mr. GEORGE CALDERON a little stiff and unemotional, but the playing was beyond praise. A well-drilled group of actors, among whom only Mr. FRED O'DONOVAN (*Lopakhin*) and Mr. O. B. CLARENCE (*Firs*) have a considerable reputation, presented this beautiful piece of work in the most persuasive and moving manner.

I candidly do not think the Town folk will flock in great numbers—but it will be the Town's loss. T.



THE CHERRY ORCHARD SCARECROWS; OR, WILD LIFE IN HAMMERSMITH.

(*From left to right*). MESSRS. JOHN GIELGUD, BYAM SHAW, ALAN NAPIER, FRED O'DONOVAN, R. S. SMITH, MISS MARY GREY AND MR. O. B. CLARENCE.

LYME REGIS.

WHERE Dorset merges into Devon
And golden cliffs run out to sea,
Oh, there's a little haven—heaven,
In happy May-month, 'tis to me.

A fair sea-maid, a fair land-maiden,
Dowered with double loveliness,
Bride o' the May, all honey-laden,
Lyme o' the King, a shy Princess!

Bright waters lave her sunny bosom,
Bluebell and cowslip kiss her feet,
Her brows are heaped with apple-blossom,
The yellow gorse her kirtle sweet.

In daisied fields who goes a-maying?
Insistently the cuckoo calls;
Light airs set young-leav'd boughs a-swaying
And thrushes shout their madrigals.

Yonder a glancing seagull hovers;
Sparkles the bay with opal fires;
O lovely Lyme! to all thy lovers
Be still the Haven of Desires.

"Sir Edgar was Chairman of the Burma Chamber of Commerce in 1919-20-21 at the time when Burma was straining every nerve, at great sacrifice, to help in the successful prosecution of the War."—*Local Paper.*

It seems rather a shame that nobody told Burma all those years that the War was over.

THE EPSTEIN GOLF MEMORIAL.

A GREAT deal of unintelligent criticism, as it appeared to me, had been levelled at the latest of our London monuments, and after a special journey to the wilder districts of Hyde Park, undertaken at considerable personal inconvenience, I can assure the art-loving public that they have little or nothing to fear.

Having lost myself, as I usually do, in Hyde Park, I wandered about until I met a police constable coming off duty. "Where's this Memorial," I asked him, putting on the faintly cynical expression that I adopt for these occasions, as if to indicate that he and I were far too philosophical to be carried away by the excitement of the mob, "which everybody seems to be making such a fuss about?"

He took his pipe out of his mouth and pointed vaguely at the foliage of early June. "That is to say if it's still there," he said, smiling in a way which showed that he absolutely understood what I wanted him to think about me. "But I shouldn't wonder if some of them won't be getting up to their tricks with it presently." And he left me admiring more sincerely than ever the grasp of humorous phrasing possessed by the Metropolitan police.

I found thirty-two persons of either sex gathered in front of the notorious railings, with another policeman standing unobtrusively near. He did not look at the memorial himself, evidently feeling that it was no part of his official duties to do so.

The little crowd was strangely quiet. One man was talking in a low voice to his neighbour about the transmission of acquired characteristics and a book he had written on the subject. He was not well-dressed. The more shabby a man appears in a place like Hyde Park the more certain you may be that he is desirous of talking about the theory of relativity or esoteric Buddhism.

His neighbour seemed profoundly bored.

"What I mean to say is," said another man, "it isn't art. It isn't sculpture—that's what I mean to say. A child could do it better if it wanted to."

"Only," said his companion rather darkly, "a child wouldn't want to do it, even if it could, as you might say."

I then examined the Memorial and its environment for myself.

It seems to me to be rather a pleasant thing. The green in front of it is guarded by two rectangular stone bunkers, filled to the brim on the day of which I am writing with casual water. A duck was in fact swimming about in one of them. It swam in a zig-zag fashion, now and then making a forward dipping motion with the head. Like the policeman, it never glanced, so far as I could observe, at the Memorial.

The green is further surrounded by a low evergreen hedge forming an additional hazard, and beyond this again there is a veritable jungle, where pink may, white lilac and early roses are in bloom. It would be almost impossible to imagine a more perilous approach, and the presence of the trees on the actual turf increases the suggestion of difficulty. I consider it a pity myself that the grass has been left so long, and, if mowing is too expensive, I would suggest the acquisition by the Parks Committee of a couple of guinea-pigs, which can be procured quite cheaply in St. Martin's Lane. On the other hand, whatever the Philistines may say, I would not have a hole cut in the turf nor a flag planted in it; for it seems to me that this would stress objective realism to the detriment of true art.

Let me turn to the carving itself. Comments on the details of this relief, or those comments, at any rate, which have been made in the popular newspapers, have gone wildly astray. The position of the figure may be peculiar, and it may not be quite obvious what it is doing, nor how, nor why, whilst the cutting off of the sculpture at the place where it is cut off renders it impossible to determine the precise nature of the stance. Yet surely to the imaginative eye the motive is not obscure.

Consider the upward and wafting gesture of the outstretched hands, the set-back head and the rippling design of the hair. Without a doubt the sculptor has intended to symbolize a drive or brassie shot sped true and fair towards the hole, with at first a low trajectory, followed by a long and rhythmical rise, before the final fall. The feathered creatures surrounding the figure assist in carrying out their beautiful intention of purposeful flight, and it is not too much perhaps to see, in the thing rather like an ailing eagle on the right-hand side, the imaginative presentment of a "birdie."

Now as to the hands. Surely their size, which has been the subject of so much ridicule, is exquisitely appropriate. It symbolises, in my opinion at least, the importance of the finger-hold so essential to the interlocking grip. The longer the fingers and the larger the hands, the more easily and painlessly is this grip to be obtained.

Lastly, this is a female figure. It is strong and robust, but it is not masculine. It might have suggested the proportions of Mr. TOLLEY or the herculean strength of a BRAID. But the sculptor has chosen, and I think more beautifully and wisely, to seek inspiration for his genius in the magnificent advance which has been made during the last few years in the standard of ladies' golf. Is there any more to be said? EVOE.

EXCRUCIATION.

A SIX-STOREYED ugliness of brick
Purpled out
The gentian of an evening heaven;
Shadows strode
Gigantically down my narrow chasmic street,
And dirtiness of night
Glowered at my window-panes.

Heavy dark closed round me;
I veiled it from me
With misty cold-green curtaining;
One moment
Of black expectant thrill,
Then
With fumbling hand I found the potent switch
And—
Sweet agony of poignant pain!—
Electric
Eyeball-piercing stabs
Shot from the quivering walls in streaking hurts
Of magenta, scarlets
In searing zags,
Slanting points of steely icy blue
And glowing morphia-aches of dull-hot purple.
Exquisite, exquisite joy!

Without,
The z-zurring of a road-upturning drill
Bored at my teeth
Deliciously,
And through my floor
A fat tired voice screeched up a scraping C.
Exquisite, exquisite joy!

And friends who love me well
Would lure me to soft-lighted dinners
And unendurable dulnesses
Of
Pale harmonies and smooth cadences,
Unknowing of my exquisite joy
In scraping C's, scarlets, magentas, icy blue, chilling green
And glowering morphine-haunted purples.

"JOB-GETTING LETTERS.—Are you unemployed or desirous of bettering your position? This inexpensive book explains in simple language how to correctly write an application for employment."—*Advt. in Daily Paper.*

First split your infinitive.

"... the clever girl-thief who has obtained many situations in Brighton, Hove and London, and each time has disappeared, jewellery being mossed subsequently."
Daily Paper.

This seems to be an exception to the general rule of rolling stones.



A MATTER OF COMPENSATION.



Lodger (to exorbitant landlady). "I SAY, I WISH YOU 'D COME AND SCORE FOR US IN OUR CRICKET-MATCH TO-MORROW."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

ANOTHER impish romance, in the vein of *Emmanuel Burden*, has been added by Mr. HILAIRE BELLOC to his ingenious collection of harrows for financial toads. Personally I like this Topcliffian mood when it is delicately indulged; and in *Mr. Petre* (ARROWSMITH) the process of putting millionaires, stockbrokers, journalists, hostesses and specialists to the question is conducted with exquisite, I should say fastidious, benevolence. Poor *Mr. Petre* arrives in England from America with a lost memory. He has also, to make matters worse, lost his luggage. But he has sixty-three pounds about him; and on his way in a taxi to the Splendide he remembers that *Petre* (or is it Peter?) is some part or other of his name. At the Splendide they luckily know more. He is *Mr. John K. Petre*, the American millionaire. Moreover he has been spotted by *Batterby* of *The Messenger*, who lives and keeps "an unhappy household at Golders Green" entirely upon "scoops"; and he is scented and asked out to dine by *Mrs. Celia Cyril* of Grosvenor Square. It is at *Mrs. Cyril's* that, driven into a desperate corner, he announces his intention of buying Tuaregs, an intention which, put into effect by the entire company and, thanks to the good offices of one of them, by *Mr. Petre* himself, is the foundation of his subsequent fortunes. True he puts the modest seventy thousand accruing into a small branch-bank and leaves it there. But his great name is not allowed to lie idle, and six months see him (whether *John K. Petre* or not) veritably a millionaire. The beginning of the end of this idyll is, of course, the restoration of his memory, a restoration which has nothing to do with his being handed, like a piece of Russian scandal, from one Harley Street big-wig to another. His subsequent imbroglio with the law I found, like its counterpart in *The Mercy of Allah*, a little dull. Apart from this I have nothing but praise for the whole book, and a particular and inclusive enthusiasm for the bland insinuation of Mr. G. K. CHESTERTON'S pictures.

The second volume of *The Modern World* series of studies in contemporary nationality—Mr. G. P. GOOCH'S *Germany* (BENN)—is the work of an author who brings to his task a sympathy that does not degenerate into partisanship and a knowledge of his subject that is impressive without ever becoming burdensome. Slurring over nothing that damages the Teutonic case, yet giving due weight to whatever can fairly be said on behalf of the much-accused, he briefly reviews the history of that capture of Germany by Prussianism that led to the Great War, the better to note the constitutional and emotional changes that have since occurred. Especially he attempts an estimate of German mentality at different periods and as expressed in many spheres—in literature, in philosophy, in industrial economy and most of all in political development. It is serious reading enough in all conscience, and occasionally not a little disquieting, but it is without doubt uncommonly well done, and the most illuminating section—the analysis of the Weimar constitution—is all the more apt to the moment because of the interest aroused by the Presidential election. In this country we have perhaps been inclined to make too light of Germany's recent acquisition of a people's charter; doubting, because of the circumstances of its inception, both

its value and its permanence. To this attitude Mr. GOOCH'S brilliant study comes as a seasonable corrective, for he not only demonstrates the essential continuity as between the present essay in democracy and earlier unsuccessful movements towards reform, but makes out a strong case for the belief that, granted a fair trial, constitutionalism will yet make good and give back to the world a Germany freed from the curse of militarism. He regards this question, and with it the future peace of Europe, as still hanging in the balance, and pleads that, in the balancing, the new democracy should not be weighed down with too great a burden of humiliation.

Money is very evil stuff—
At least I've heard so or I've guessed it;
Myself, I've never owned enough
To prove the point or even test it;
Yet, though *Kim Ruff*'s a novel which
Tells how it's made (a dire proceeding!)
And shows its maker very rich,
I thoroughly enjoyed the reading.

Kim is an "oiler" at fifteen;
At thirty he's an iron-master;
And how he spends the years between
Piling up pelf (without disaster)
By grit and native wit, which swells
In strength as each new problem racks it,
This SIDNEY GOWING'S volume tells,
And HERBERT JENKINS goes and backs it.

A sorry case—these two intent
To show that money's not degrading,
Though I should add that every cent
Kim makes is made by honest trading;
And nowadays, when fiction's packed
With crooks who crowd the peaks of glory,
That's not the least refreshing fact
About a really topping story.

Ortho Penhale, the central figure of that enthralling book, *The Owls' House*, was exactly the kind of hero for whom sequels were invented. To have buried him in one volume would have been a crime. Recognising this, Mr. CROSBIE GARSTIN has now carried his adventures a stage further in *High Noon* (HEINEMANN). It is a tale for which the much-abused word "breathless" is the only possible adjective. *Ortho* is quintessentially the man of action, not given to moralisings and vain regrets. If his mother is murdered, well, that's that; and, if his young wife goes suddenly mad, there are still cakes and ale. No doubt someone had to clean up after him, men of action being hard on the crockery, but, luckily for us, it was not Mr. GARSTIN, who rightly deemed that his place was by his hero's side. So we are transported in a paragraph from the New World to the Old and back again, with *Ortho Penhale* always in the thick of things and always extricating himself by methods of which only predestined heroes of romance have the secret. If this rapid change of scene suggests the film rather than the novel, in this case at least the film is a flickerless one, for Mr. GARSTIN has the gift of phrase and brings his scenes very vividly and clearly before you. On the whole this is, I think, the way a book of adventure should be written; no one wants the new psychology in an eighteenth-century setting. I must add a word in praise of the title, which would surely have won a salute from STEVENSON himself.



Flapper. "OH, MUMS, SUCH *ROTTEN* LUCK! I'VE JUST BEEN ASKED OUT TO LUNCH BY A WRONG NUMBER."

Coral, which is published by CASSELL, tells you the story of the son of *Jenny Pearl* and the daughter of *Maurice Avery*. I wish I could say that it was written with the fire and enthusiasm that made *Carnival* so irresistible; but Mr. COMPTON MACKENZIE seems to have a kind of second

speed (if one may say so), into which he consciously puts his pen nowadays for certain of his novels, but not for all; his ecclesiastical trilogy, for instance, though the theme may have been a trifle formidable to frivolous readers, seemed to me to have much more heart behind it than the present romance. Not that he is ever careless in style or clumsy in dialogue and construction; but there are passionate scenes between the two lovers in *Coral* (the man a chauffeur, the girl brought up to wealth and leisure) which, technically faultless, leave the reader, because they seem also to have left the writer, not more than lukewarm. *Frank*, the chauffeur, who is an experimental aviator, treats *Coral*, when they are married, with an astonishing roughness; it is difficult indeed to believe that she could have stood it. There is tragedy in the death of a child and reconciliation in the end. As for the minor characters they are mainly humorous, and permit Mr. MACKENZIE to astound us, as usual, by the profligate ease with which he pours forth dialogue, comic yet not exaggerated, from the lips of humbler personages. Perhaps *Aunt May* (*Jenny's* sister), in whom pathos and comedy unite, comes nearest to moving us as we were moved in the days when *Maurice Avery* loved a ballet-dancer at the *Orient*.

The theme of Mr. EDWARD BUCKNELL'S pleasant story, *Linden Lea* (WILLIAMS AND NORGATE), is the effect upon a successful and an ambitious barrister of being suddenly transplanted from London to a life of leisure in the deep of the countryside. *George Mordyn*, condemned to a year's rest by a Harley Street specialist of unusually brusque manners, returns to the home of his ancestors, whose existence he had forgotten in the excitement of what is romantically called rising at the Bar, until reminded of it by his family solicitor. *Mr. Mordyn* had even forgotten his ancestors. Not so the inhabitants of the countryside, who are never weary of expressing in broad dialect devoted loyalty to their feudal lords; and, to *George Mordyn's* bewilderment, they hasten to pay allegiance to the last of the line. The process by which the metropolitan man of affairs, who began by hating his exile, was gradually beguiled into renouncing ambition and becoming a squire like his forefathers, is sympathetically suggested. But who would not be persuaded to dwell in a region of which the inhabitants are all so kind and virtuous? Amid these rural urbanities *Mr. Mordyn* himself blossoms into an unsuspected nobility of soul; to be fitly rewarded by discovering, in place of the rather disagreeable young woman he had arranged to marry, the charming daughter of a country parson, himself the exemplar of all that a country parson should be. It is a delightful change to meet in a novel of country life so many really nice people.

Those prophets who foretold that, as a result of the War, writers of spy stories would find their occupation gone have been compelled to own that the prediction was a good deal wide of the mark. The Bolshevist plotter has turned out a thoroughly efficient substitute for the pre-war Teuton, and the Norfolk coast still, it appears, bristles with sinister and solitary dwellings suited for the hatching of diabolical schemes and the imprisonment of heroes or heroines. In the case of Mr. JOHN MACKWORTH'S *The Axe is Laid* (LONGMANS), it is a heroine, *Catherine Ashdown*, a young Home Office clerk. When she tries out her new typewriter with the time-honoured formula ordained by the tradition of the stenographer's calling, "Now is the time for all good men——," she little guesses how apt it is to prove in her own case. *Dr. Zeidler*, whose fiendish machinations she is destined to outwit, is a very nasty person indeed, and his accomplice within the Home Office is little more attractive. Between them they plan the literal "penetration of England" with some thousands of hypodermic syringes charged with a new and virulent brand of germ; and it falls to *Catherine's* lot—assisted by a young C.I.D. man only less gallant than herself—to put a spoke in their wheel. Considered in cold blood, it seems hardly likely that a secret document of the highest importance would be entrusted to a junior clerk, or indeed that it would be in existence at all unless in cipher. But that is a small point, and Mr. MACKWORTH has carried off this and other little improbabilities with a verve and zest which make his yarn very good reading. The horrid end of *Doctor Zeidler* is an admirable stroke of poetic justice.



"IS MRS. WAGSTAFFE AT HOME?"
"IF YOU 'RE FOR THE BRIDGE PARTY, SHE IS; IF YOU AIN'T, SHE AIN'T."

Mr. MILTON HAYES has been known to us for some time as a comedian, and now he gives us a novel, *Cling of the Clay* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON), which has the merit of becoming more and more thrilling as it develops. At first I thought that its main interest was to be confined to the question whether charming *Anne Unwin* would marry (1) *Ernest Fayle*, who had reformed himself for her sake, or (2) *Dr. Logan*, a strong silent man, or (3) *Ronny Waddington*, a pink-faced pleasant youth; and my money was on the strong man. So far the story had been moving rather slowly and I had not realised that the author's note, to the effect that "Motion picture, dramatic, broadcasting, mechanical record and all other rights are strictly reserved by the author," was of great consequence. And then came the crash and a whirlwind of incident. *Anne's* father, an inventor, was murdered in his workshop, and from that moment lovers have to take a second place to detectives. I cannot attempt to tell you of the complications and intrigues which caused the crime, but I can vouch that the atmosphere was as tense as possible while the mystery was being solved. Mr. HAYES is slow off the mark and he overcrowds his stage, but when he gets going his pace is amazing. He was wise to reserve "all rights," and I was wise to back the strong man.

A Paris contemporary writes *à propos* of *Saint Joan*:—
"C'est du Shakespeare. On dira plus tard: C'est du Shaw."
Second thoughts are often best.



THE SUMMER SALING SHIP.

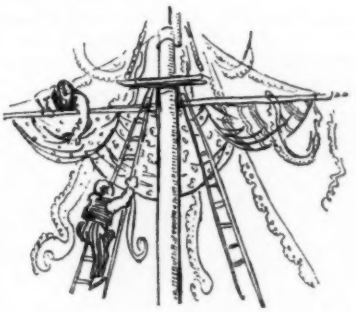


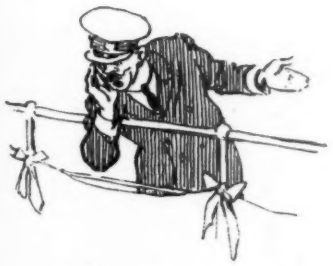
Susan 's gone a-saling,
A-saling,
A-saling,
Susan 's gone a-saling
In the Summer Saling Ship;
It came across the housetops
And called for her this morning
(Without the slightest warning)
To take her for a trip.

I heard the Captain hail her,
Hail her,
Hail her,
I heard the Captain hail her:
"Pray, Moddam, step this way;
Your wishes, I assure you,
Shall have our best attention,
And I should like to mention
That this is Bargain Day.

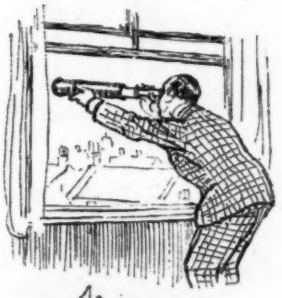


"We 've lots of other ladies,
Ladies,
Ladies,
We 're loaded down with ladies
Who take the trip with me;
They 're singing in the cabin
And so you won't be lonely—
The fare (for this day only)
Is two-eleven-three."





The deck was made of silver,
Silver,
Silver,
The planks were made of silver,
With copper in between;
The Captain said to Susan,
As she was climbing in, his
Ship cost twenty guineas
(Reduced to seventeen).





The sails were made of remnants,
Remnants,
Remnants,
The ropes were ribbon remnants,
That on the deck lay coiled;
The Bo'sun was a Bargain,
And he and every Able
Seaman wore a label:
"Reduction: Slightly Soiled."

I tried to follow Susan,
Susan,
Susan,
I tried to follow Susan,
But they wouldn't wait for me;
They saled away without me,
And I was left a-wailing—
I *longed* to go a-saling
For two-eleven-three.





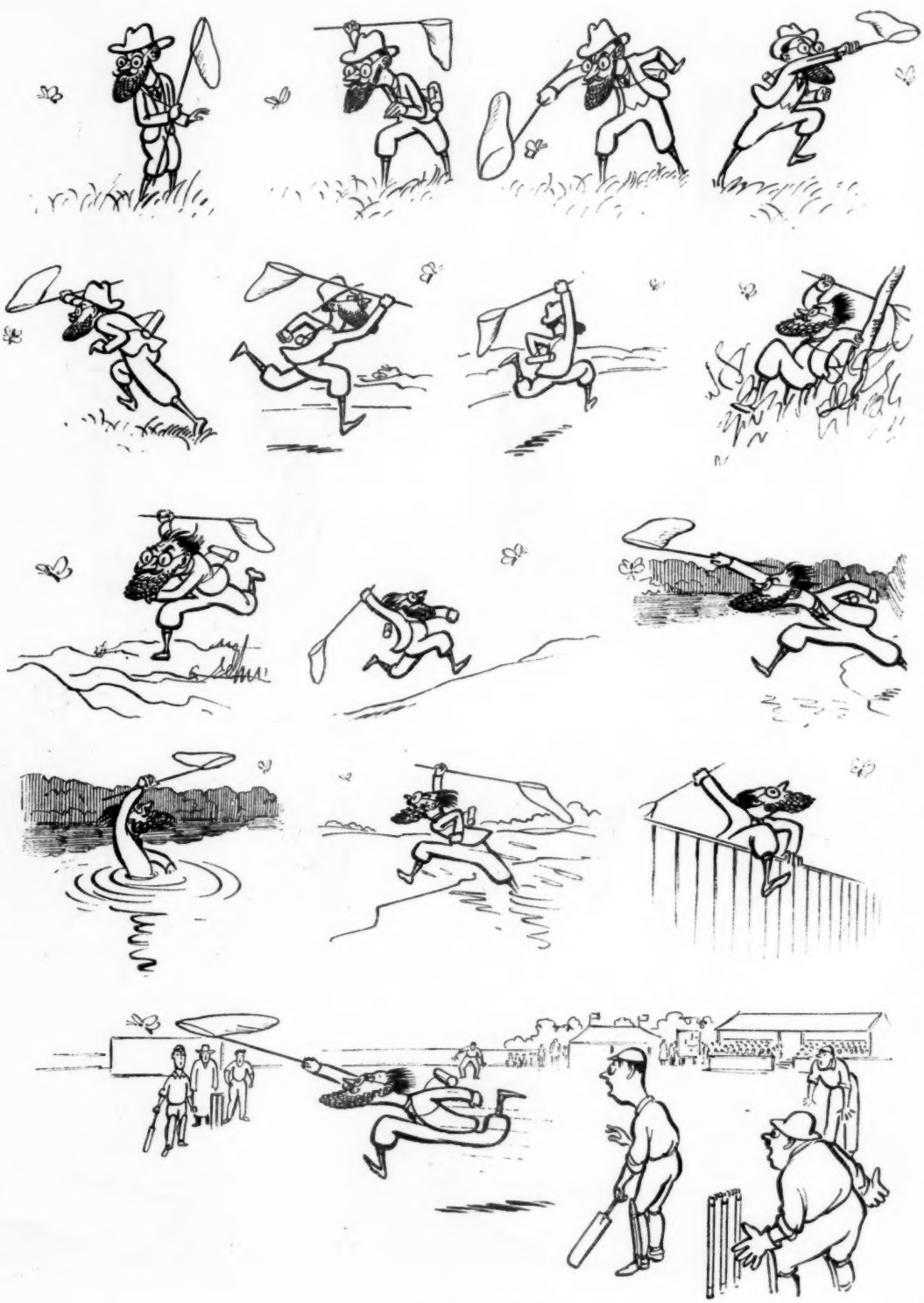
Irate Young Lady (to brother who has been sent home for bathing requisites). "LOOK HERE, YOU 'LL HAVE TO BATHE BY YOURSELF."
Brother. "WHY? I THOUGHT YOU SAID YOU WANTED TO."
Irate Young Lady. "SO I DID; BUT NOT IN MY BEST EVENING FROCK, YOU IDIOT."



SHOULD GIRLS SHINGLE? THE DAWN OF DOUBT.



A DIP IN THE BRINY.



THE BUTTERFLY.



THE BUTTERFLY.

IN THE NICK OF TIME.

It was a typical desert-island scene. In the middle of a little clearing a group of ebony-coloured savages, clothed in what seemed to be triangular bathing-slips trimmed with fur and leaves, were executing a species of dance round a huge cooking-pot mounted on a tripod. Bound securely to a bread-fruit tree on the edge of the clearing was a young and handsome Englishman, whose finely-chiselled features were stamped with the disdainful smile customary in such circumstances. Numerous gaily-plumaged birds flitted screeching from tree to tree, whilst in the far west the sun was sinking behind the edge of the Pacific Ocean in its accustomed leisurely style.



"'Dear Sir,' said the savage, 'I should be obliged if you would kindly acquaint me with your full name and address.'"

As the young Englishman gazed somewhat contemptuously upon the revels round the cooking-pot he suddenly became aware that a large and excessively stout savage had dropped out of the dance and was waddling towards him. A savage, moreover, of obviously superior rank to his fellows, for he was clad in a pair of grey flannel trousers and had a large collection of ivory bracelets and glass beads distributed about his ample person.

Coming right up to the young Englishman the savage leered horribly for a few moments in his quaint native fashion, and then, waggling a podgy forefinger, gave tongue as follows:—

"Dear Sir," he said, speaking slowly and with a pronounced desert-island accent, "I should be obliged if you would kindly acquaint me with your full name and address. I may observe that it is my practice to keep a record of all episodes such as this, and the information will be of great assistance to me. Thanking you in anticipation, Yours faithfully, N'gomi, King of the Warrabat Island Cannibals."

The young Englishman gasped. But for the tightness of his bonds he might even have started violently, for never in the course of a career stuffed full of adventure had he encountered anything quite like this.

"You—you speak English?" he stammered at length.

"Sir," replied the cannibal, "I beg to advise you that for the past two years I have studied English by correspondence. At present I am taking the Business-letter Writing Course of the Universal Correspondence College, Limited. I may add that in his most recent communication to me, dated the 7th instant, the Principal was good enough to say that he is very satisfied with my rate of progress."

The young man gasped again. Then with a great effort he recovered something of his normal calm.

"My name," he said with simple dignity, "is Anthony Whortleberry, and when not engaged in stories of this type I reside with my mother at 4, Beech Villas, Upper Tooting, London."

Excavating a pencil from behind his ear and a note-book from the hind-quarter of his flannel trousers the King of the Cannibals scribbled in perfect silence for a few moments.

"Look here," said Anthony Whortleberry bluntly, as the savage concluded his notes and replaced his writing materials, "what do you intend doing with me?"

"Sir," replied the savage impressively, "in reply to your query of present date I beg to inform you that we Warrabats are cannibals and, as such, it is our custom to cook and eat any strangers whom we may have the good fortune to capture."

Here he indicated the huge cooking-pot with a wave of his hand.

"In a short time you will take up a position within the pot round which my subjects are rotating, and——"

"You—you mean to eat me?" cried Anthony, paling slightly.

The monarch shook his head sadly.

"Sir," he replied in tones tinged with regret, "not me—or rather," hastening to correct himself, "not I."

He paused and an expression of deep gloom enveloped his dusky features. "Having read many of the works of Bernard Shaw during the past two years I have, in deference to that great and illustrious man, given up meat-eating altogether."

He paused again and gazed disconsolately at the cooking-pot. Then suddenly his eyes brightened.

"P.S.," he went on, his thick lips widening in a pleasant grin. "My subjects, however, do not read and are therefore unacquainted with the works of Bernard Shaw. They all eat meat. Believe me, Yours faithfully, N'gomi."



"The Cannibal King wandered inland and supped despondently off a handful of berries."

For a few moments neither spoke. The Cannibal King was gazing meditatively at his subjects, who were still engaged in shuffling solemnly round



Nervous Small Boy. "PLEASE, DO YOU ALLOW MIXED SHRIMPING?"

the cooking-pot, wearing that look of chronic boredom which sits upon the features of dancers the world over. Anthony Whortleberry, on the other hand, was staring steadily out to sea while he delved vainly in his mind in search of a suitable method of escape.

Suddenly the savage roused himself from his reverie and turned again to his captive.

"Sir," said he somewhat wistfully, "I beg that you will be so good as to inform me whether it is the practice of all the foremost European men of letters to abstain from the eating of flesh. Such men, for instance, as——"

"I cannot tell you," interrupted Anthony irritably. "Being a short-story hero I am always much too busy to interest myself in literary men. Besides which, of course, I'm not very clever. Otherwise," he added bitterly, "I'd be sitting quietly in some night-school at this moment learning something useful instead of taking part in this ridiculous nonsense."

As the young man finished speaking he stiffened suddenly in his bonds. Away on the far horizon he had espied a tiny speck which seemed to be moving rapidly in the direction of the island. Stealing a glance at the Cannibal King, he was relieved to see that apparently he had noticed nothing, for he was engrossed in scribbling something in his note-book.

Gradually the speck became larger, until at length, silhouetted against the red horizon, Anthony Whortleberry could plainly discern four figures in a boat. He breathed a deep sigh of relief. His hour of release and rescue, he told himself complacently, was now almost at hand. Traditional punctuality was being observed.

* * * * *

Twenty minutes later Anthony Whortleberry was freed from his bonds. And some two hours after that he was being served out on wooden platters to a company of eager savages, while their King wandered inland and supped despondently off a handful of berries.

But what about the four people in the boat, you say? Well, I'm sorry, but that wasn't a rescue party after all. It was merely the Cannibal King's uncle, aunt and two cousins arriving from their home in a neighbouring isle just in time for the supper.

I'm really rather annoyed myself that it wasn't a rescue-party. If it had been I might almost have doubled the length of this story and incidentally might have saved Anthony Whortleberry for use in some future work. I comfort myself, however, with the reflection that perhaps it is high time one of those calm-eyed, clean-limbed heroes of South Sea Island fiction was killed and eaten.

And possibly too my story is quite long enough as it stands.

THE SINGER IN THE NIGHT.

DADDY called it a nightingale,
But it couldn't have been.
It sounded to me like a fairy-tale
Sung by the Queen,
The Queen of the Fairies, trilling high
A song to the moon and the listening sky,
And the dreamy clouds a-dawdling by,
A song of once-and-a-day.
And all the elves in Ring-a-ding Wood
Were listening too,
And the bunnies sat so quiet and good
The whole night through;
I saw them there, for I went to see,
And nobody, nobody minded me;
But just as I came to the Fairy Queen's tree
She stopped—and fluttered away.

Daddy called it a nightingale,
But it couldn't have been.



TAKING OUR PLEASURES GAILY.

WATTEAUING THE RIVER.



TAKING OUR PLEASURES GAILY.

FRAGONARDING THE PARK.



Wife. "HERBERT, YOU WERE QUITE WRONG IN WISHING ME NOT TO WEAR THIS BATHING-DRESS. LOOK HOW EVERYONE IS NOTICING IT."



"WAS IT ALWAYS LIKE THIS AT THE SEASIDE, DADDY, BEFORE THEY HAD 'SUMMER TIME'?"



CO-OPERATION IN FARMING.

Friend. "WHAT ON EARTH ARE YOU DRIVING SO HARD FOR? YOU 'LL HAVE THE PONY DOWN."
Farmer. "THAT BE ALL RIGHT. OLD MULLINS 'E BORRERED A 'OSS OFF ME LAST WEEK, SO I BIN AN' BORRERED ONE OFF 'E TO-DAY."



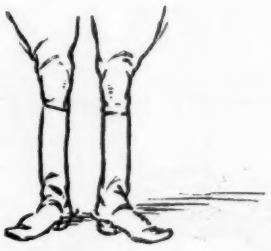
THE CHARM OF FOLK-LORE.

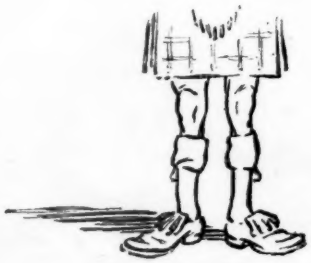
Oldest Inhabitant. "THE INSPECTOR SAYS THIS POND-WATER BAIN'T FIT TO DRINK, AN' I TELLS 'IM STRAIGHT AS IT ONLY WANTS A DEAD DOG IN IT AN' IT 'LL COME AS CLEAR AS CRYSTAL; SO IT WILL."

LEGS.

OF COURSE EVERYONE KNOWS THAT—

Jungasser





THE IDEAL LEG FOR A BOOT VERY OFTEN DOESN'T LOOK ITS BEST IN A KILT; IT ISN'T QUITE SO GENERALLY RECOGNISED HOWEVER THAT THE MATTER GOES FURTHER THAN THIS, AND THAT, FOR INSTANCE:—



THE HUNDRED YARDS' LEG IS SELDOM SUITABLE FOR THROWING THE HAMMER—



AND THAT THE HAMMER LEG SELDOM EXCELS AT THE TEN MILES' WALK—



THAT THE WALKING LEG DOES NOT GREATLY RESEMBLE—



THE BOXING LEG, WHICH IN ITS TURN IS GENERALLY EASILY DISTINGUISHED FROM—



THE ROWING LEG—



THAT THE RUGGER LEG IS VERY DIFFERENT FROM—



THE SOCCER LEG, WHICH DIFFERS AGAIN FROM—



THE LONG-DISTANCE RUNNING LEG;



AND THAT MAY



POSSIBLY BE WHY



SO MANY OF US



TAKE TO GOLF.



HERE—AND THERE.

OH, bother this absurd taxation
That makes us have to go and roam
Through all our summer-tide vacation
Beside the deep Atlantic foam!

With what despair and utter loathing
We strip upon the sunlit beach;
We have no stylish water-clothing
And so "abroad" 's beyond our reach.

The sea, of course, is *much*, much damper
In England, and one has to walk,
Or even run about and scamper,
Instead of sitting down to talk.

But in those lovely foreign places
In dressing up to take a dip
One gets away from wind-swept spaces
Which give one, so to speak, the pip.

The fashionable tide caresses
The smart and most exclusive shore;
One wears the most delightful dresses
And bathing *never* seems to bore.

EVOE.



A FACE IN THE SUN.



ARE YOU FEELING BLUE?



THEN TRY GRILLEM—THAT'S THE PLACE FOR SUNSHINE.



GO ON THE PIER—



AND BY—



THE TIME—



YOU REACH—



THE END—

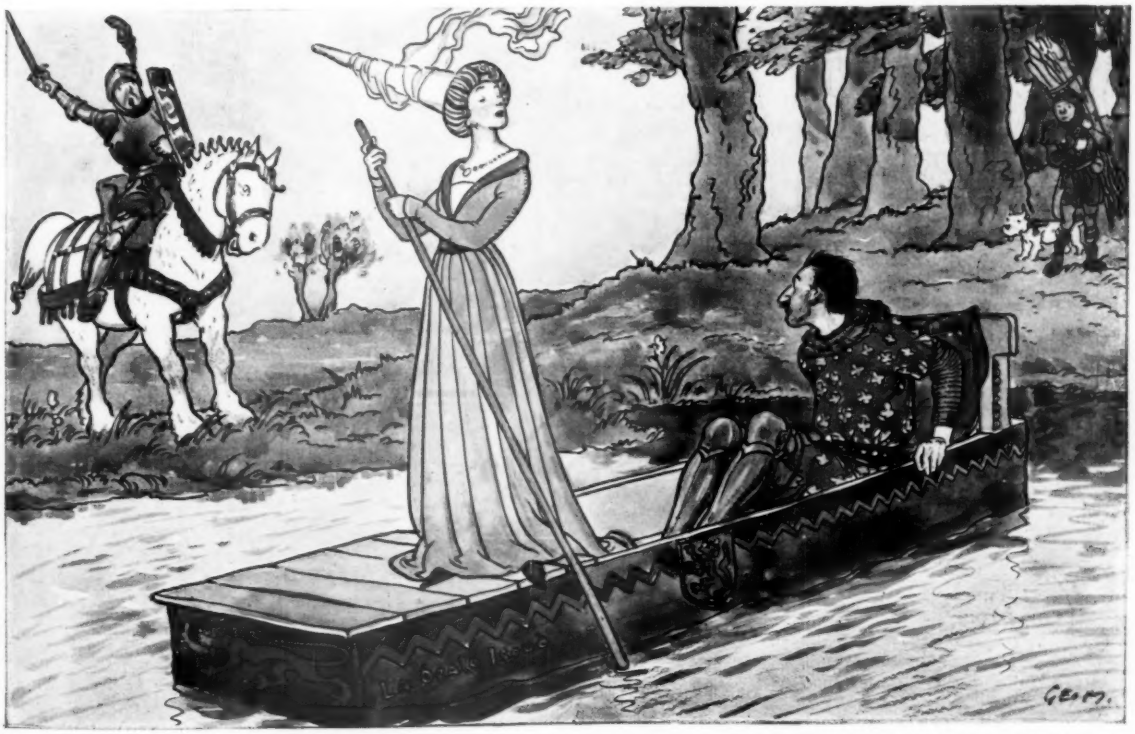


YOU WON'T KNOW YOURSELF.

SPOTS ON THE SUN IN ANCIENT SUMMERS.



The Dame. "THERE! I *KNEW* THIS PLACE WOULD BECOME VULGAR WHEN THEY WENT AND BUILT THAT NEW PIER."



The Lady. "NOW, PERCIVAL, TAKE NO NOTICE OF HIS SILLY OLD CHALLENGE. REMEMBER YOU ARE ON YOUR HOLIDAYS."

A SIMPLE GUIDE TO AMATEUR THEATRICALS.

Bruyasse



FIRST WE HAVE THE HERO—EASILY SINGLED OUT BY HIS NEW CLOTHES, HIS UNNATURALLY NATURAL MANNER, AND THE FACT THAT HIS FACE IS MORE SUNBURNT THAN HIS NECK—



THEN THERE'S THE HEROINE—DISTINGUISHED BY HER GIRLISH LAUGHTER AND THE FACT THAT SHE IS USUALLY VERY WELL SEEN AND VERY BADLY HEARD—



WHILE HER CONFIDANTE IS RECOGNISED BY HER STILL MORE GIRLISH LAUGHTER AND THE FACT THAT SHE KNOWS THE HEROINE'S PART BETTER THAN HER OWN.



THE HEROINE'S FATHER (AGED 50) IS KNOWN BY THE FACT THAT HE IS MADE UP TO REPRESENT HER GRANDFATHER, AGED 90—



AND THE HERO'S MOTHER (AGED 60), ON THE OTHER HAND, BY THE FACT THAT SHE LOOKS LIKE HIS YOUNGER SISTER MASQUERADING WITH POWDERED HAIR—



WHILE THE VILLAIN CAN BE SPOTTED AT ONCE BY HIS GENERAL AIR OF FALSENESS (MORE ESPECIALLY AS REGARDS HIS MAKE-UP).



THE MINOR PARTS CAN ALWAYS BE DISTINGUISHED FROM THE PRINCIPALS BY THE FACT THAT THEY SEEM TO KNOW MORE PEOPLE IN FRONT—



WHILE, AS REGARDS THE COMIC RELIEF, THE STAGE MANAGER IS KNOWN BY HIS HANDS—



AND THE PROMPTER, IN COMPARISON WITH THE REST OF THE CAST, BY THE INVARIABLY EXCELLENT DELIVERY OF HIS LINES.

A SURGICAL TRIUMPH.



MADDER-JONES WAS UNFORTUNATELY UNABLE TO FIND A PURCHASER FOR HIS IMPORTANT PICTURE ENTITLED "THE SPOILS OF CONQUEST."



HOWEVER, A PUBLISHER BOUGHT HIS FRONTISPIECE TO "THE BOYS' BOOK OF BUCCANEERS"—



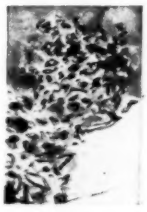
A STEAMSHIP LINE BOUGHT HIS "COME AND WINTER IN THE WEST INDIES"—



HE SOLD A SIGN-BOARD TO "YE OLDE SHIPPE INN"—



A COVER DESIGN TO "THE WILD BIRDS' GUARDIAN"—



A SHOWCARD TO SIMPKIN'S SEEDS—



"THE HAPPY FOOT" WENT TO BOLUS' BUNION BALM—



NOT TO MENTION AN ADVERTISEMENT TO THE MUSCLE FOR THE MILLION CO.—



AND ONE TO THE CRŒSUS ANNUITY AND ASSURANCE CORPORATION—



"THE GIFTS OF THE EARTH" TO AN EMIGRATION OFFICE—



WHILE "WHY SHOULD THE SALT WAVES ROB YOU OF YOURS?" FOUND A HOME WITH MM. ONDULE & CIE.

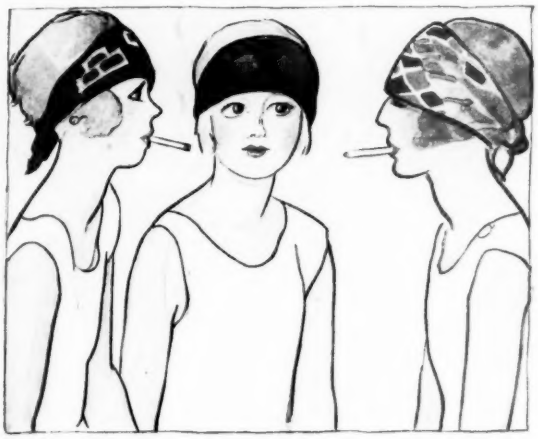
THE ETHICS OF TENNIS DRESS.



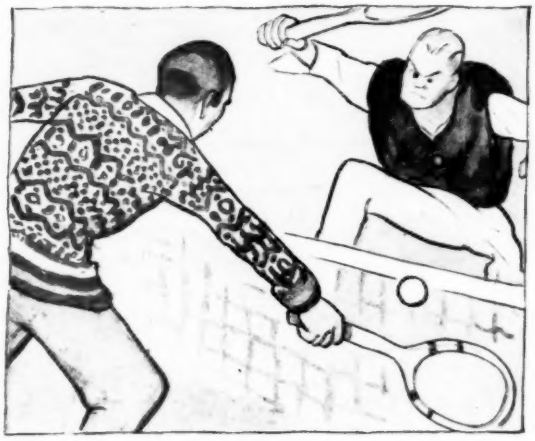
THE COMMITTEE OF OUR TENNIS CLUB ARE NATURALLY STRICT IN ENFORCING THAT RULE ABOUT WEARING ONLY WHITE—



(THOUGH, OF COURSE, THE TENDENCY TO CREAMINESS OR GREY IN SOME OF OUR TROUSERINGS CAN HARDLY BE CONSIDERED A BREACH OF THE SPIRIT OF THE LAW—



AND THE LADIES WITHOUT THEIR LENGLEN BANDEAUX WOULD BE UNTHINKABLE



AND THE RIGOURS OF OUR CLIMATE MAKE OUR FAIR ISLE SWEATERS OR FUR WAISTCOATS AN OBVIOUS NECESSITY—



WHILE EACH MEMBER HAS A PERFECT RIGHT TO SEEK CRANIAL OR FACIAL PROTECTION ACCORDING TO INDIVIDUAL REQUIREMENTS)—



SO THAT WHEN THE NEWLY-JOINED MACDUNKS MADE THEIR FIRST APPEARANCE LIKE THIS THEY WERE SOON SHOWN THAT THEY COULDN'T PLAY HANKY-PANKY WITH CLUB RULES.

THE POINT OF VIEW.

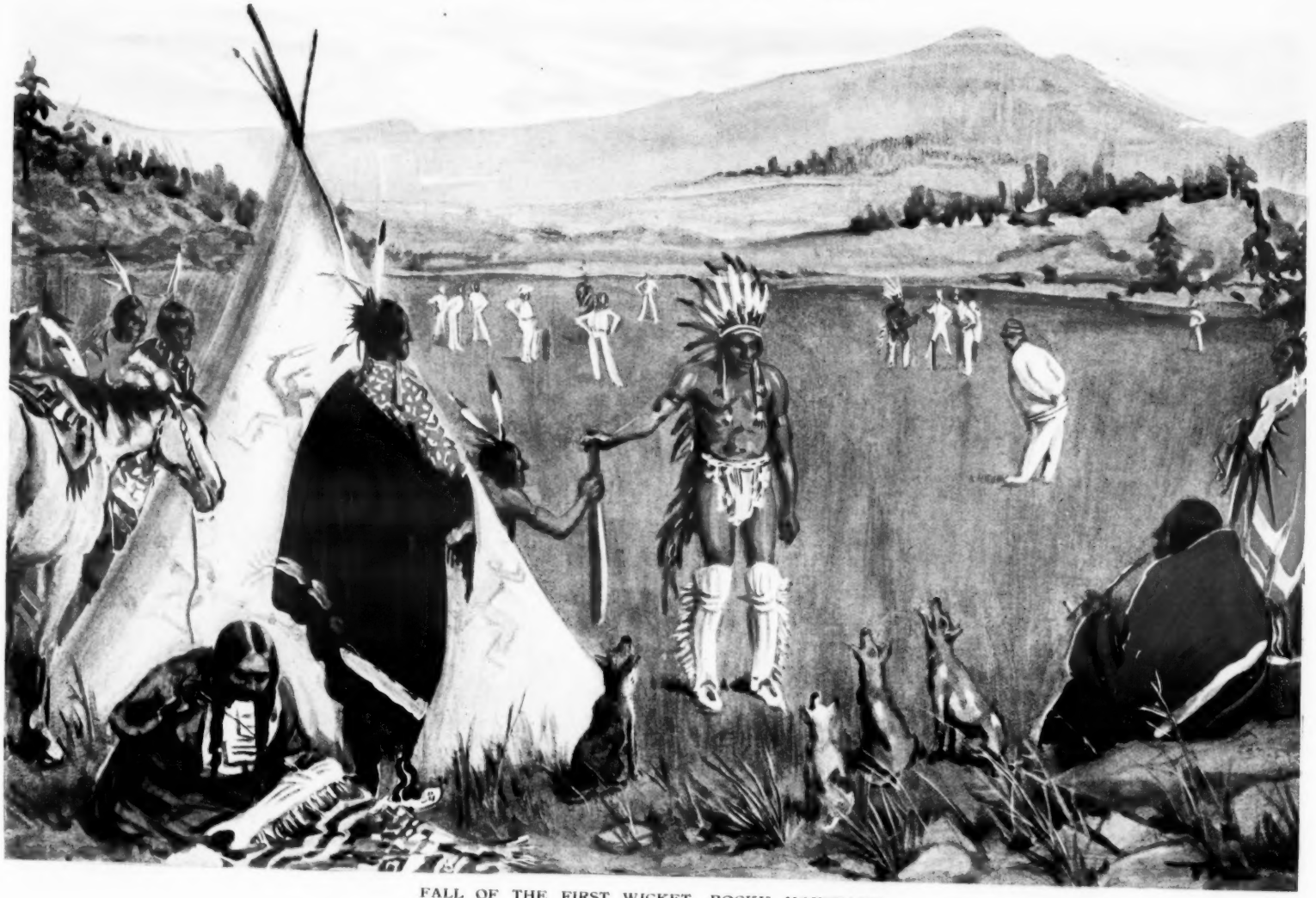


SIGHT-SEEING.



VULGAR INTRUSION.

IMPOSSIBLE TOURS WITH THE M.C.C.



FALL OF THE FIRST WICKET—ROCKY MOUNTAINS

IMPOSSIBLE TOURS WITH THE M.C.C.



OUR YOUNGEST AMATEUR PROCEEDS TO THE WICKET SOUTH SEA ISLANDS.

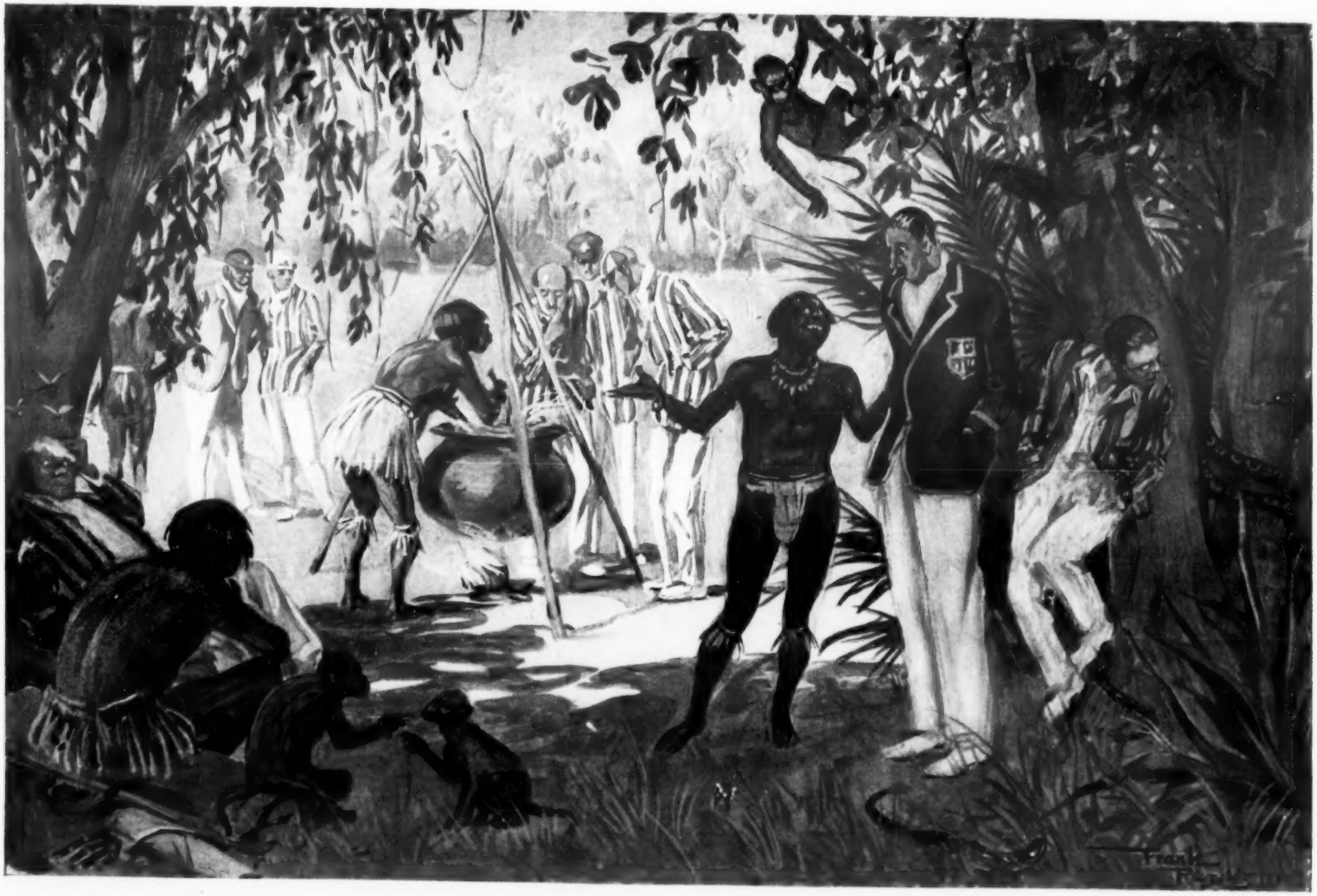
IMPOSSIBLE TOURS WITH THE M.C.C.



WELCOME OF THE VISITORS BY THE OASIS C.C.

PUNCH SUMMER NUMBER, June 15, 1925.

IMPOSSIBLE TOURS WITH THE M.C.C.



LUNCHEON INTERVAL—HEAD-HUNTERS.

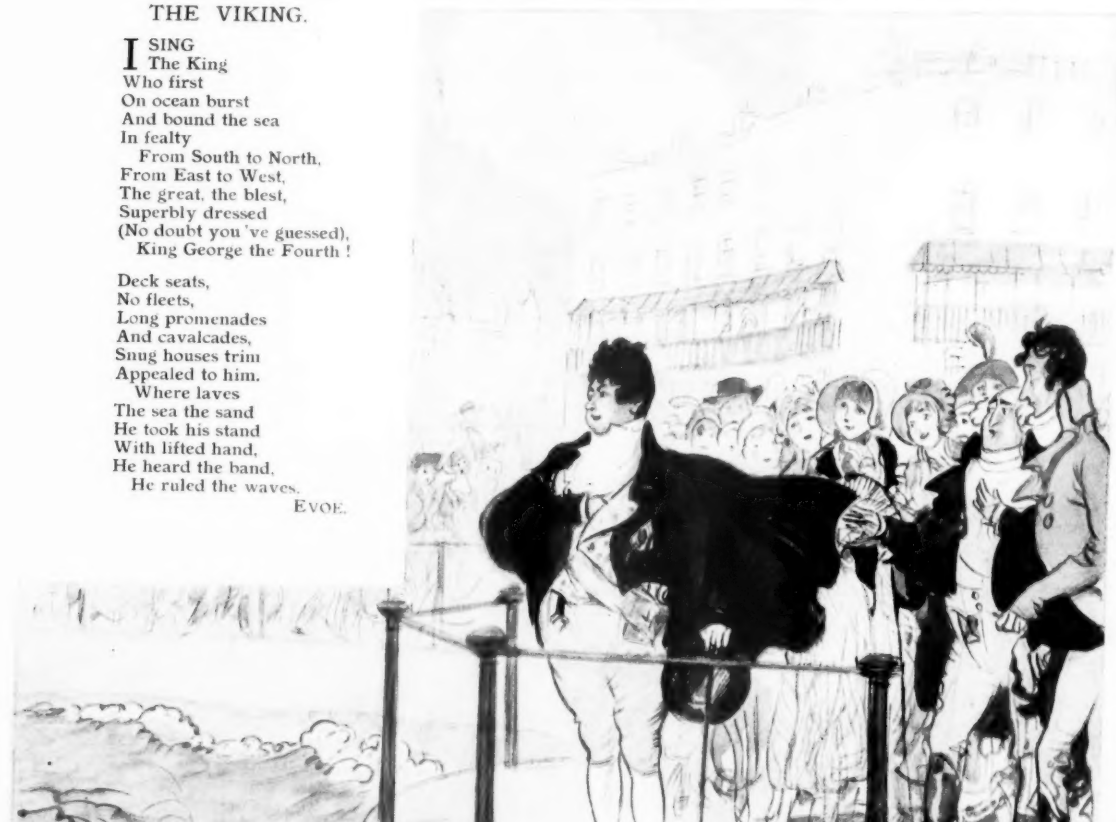


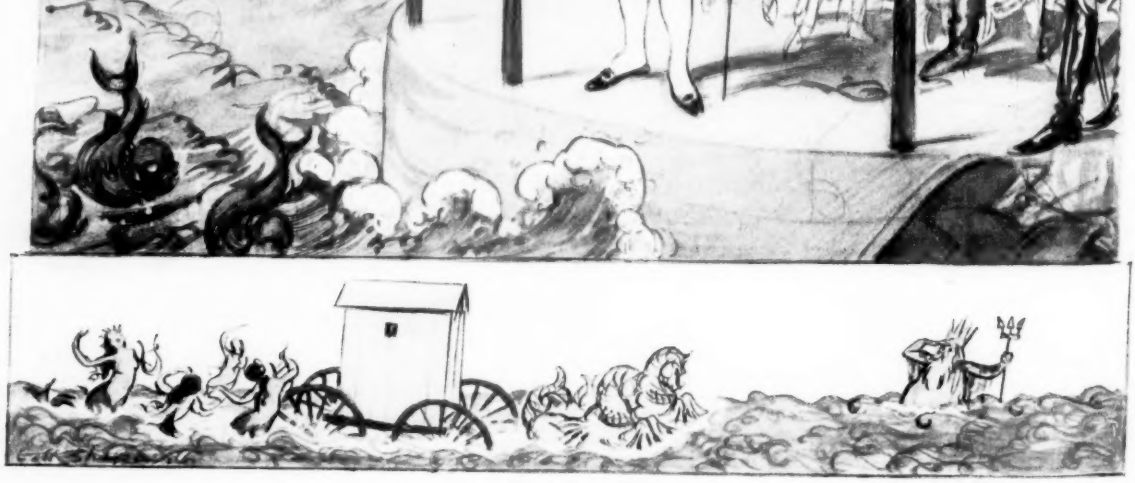
THE VIKING.

I SING
The King
Who first
On ocean burst
And bound the sea
In fealty
From South to North,
From East to West,
The great, the blest,
Superbly dressed
(No doubt you 've guessed),
King George the Fourth !

Deck seats,
No fleets,
Long promenades
And cavalcades,
Snug houses trim
Appealed to him.
Where laves
The sea the sand
He took his stand
With lifted hand,
He heard the band,
He ruled the waves.

EVOE.





THE SPORT OF MUGS.

(A Moral Tale, in which for the first time the stark realities of Turf life are faced and laid bare.)

I.—The Spy.

Behind the downs the sun rose. And behind the gorse-bush lay a little man—little and yet the foundation of a British industry.

He had not shaved, though it was long past dawn. His hair was unkempt. His teeth were few and these he had not brushed since the previous day. Now and then he sneezed, for he suffered from hay-fever.

Crouched behind the whin, notebook ready and spy-glass glued to eye, he peered at the broad ribbon of turf before him. He had no eye for the morning's beauty, no nose for its fragrance. Above him a lark trilled out its little heart. He ignored the bird.

For this morning was to see the secret gallop of the horses, Doll's-Eye, Blackberry, Ganymede and Onion, which should reveal to the Rundon stable exactly which of these animals would win the Prince's Vase on Thursday. And Al Woods (better known as the "Beetle") was there to see it.

Here and there lay other little men; and they too pursued the general lines of conduct indicated in the last paragraph but one.

The stable was jealous of its secrets. Stable-hands with revolvers and whips patrolled the gorse in search of intruders, and from time to time would stumble on the recumbent form of Al.

"What are you a-doing of here?" they would ask suspiciously, in the quaint *patois* of the stable.

"Botany, mate," was the cool response; or "Watching the birds, chum." A coin passed and the vigilant groom moved on, suspicion allayed for the nonce.

But before the patrols had satisfied themselves of the *bona fides* of the various spies the thunder of hoofs was heard, and, standing erect, the eleven little men unobtrusively levelled their glasses at the approaching beasts.

Unfortunately, as the four horses passed him, neck-and-neck, the Beetle was seized with a violent fit of sneezing. He sneezed seventeen times.

Science daily brings us nearer to omnipotence, but one of the things which no man can yet accomplish is to keep the eyes open while he is sneezing. By the time the Beetle had completed his fourteenth sneeze the gallop was over, and it was impossible for the Beetle to say more surely than before exactly which of the four horses was the swiftest.



"'WHAT ARE YOU A-DOING OF HERE?'—'BOTANY, MATE.'"

Crawling on all fours along the beds of ditches the Beetle repaired to the post-office and telegraphed in code to his employers the information which he had obtained, confidently naming the winner of the Prince's Vase.

II.—The Wizard.

As a result of the Beetle's telegrams two things happened.

At half-past nine that morning an evening paper was sold in the London streets with a full account of the secret gallop, from which that paper's representative at Rundon drew the following conclusions:—

Whether Doll's-Eye is quite the good thing for the Prince's Vase with the going changing from firm to soft is a problem that backers will have some difficulty in deciding. Given four furlongs' work this morning with Blackberry, the son of Ratbane went so well that I hardly like to oppose him, though I am made to realise that on the morning's showing the Caramel filly is a big danger to the gelding and may flatter her connexions on Thursday if the former animal is unable (in the changed circumstances) to reproduce his Surbiton form.

Hundreds of citizens purchased the paper before noon for no other purpose than to study the above piece of prose.

Meanwhile Mr. Syd Leather, Confidental Turf Adviser, sat up in bed considering dubiously the communication of his trusted servant, the Beetle.

"How many new mugs on the books, Miss?" he inquired of his secretary.

"Three hundred, Mr. Leather," the charming girl replied.

"Then take this down." Seldom pausing for a word, a master of his medium, Mr. Leather dictated:—

Dear Sir,—Make a good thing of Doll's-Eye for the Prince's Vase on Thursday, and forward me the odds to five shillings after Doll's-Eye has won. The horse is on his toes and, having been tried in the right company, connexions are more than confident of success. Such is my faith in the source of this information that I can state the horse is as good as past the post.

When you have drawn your winnings over Doll's-Eye I know you will add your name to my list of regular followers. At Bromwick on Friday, where my patrons can invest their previous day's winnings on Doll's-Eye, I am hopeful of accomplishing a Magnificent Double; and almost every day next week I will be recommending my daily co-operators to go nap on what are more than estimated "good things." But on Friday, at Diggle, I will be inviting them to share in a particularly attractive stable coup, in which some very shrewd practitioners will engineer a Long-Odds Surprise.

My terms for advice are:—

Overnight Letters:
(Two-Horse)—5 for 7*s.* 6*d.*; 12 for 15*s.*

Telegrams:
(One-Horse)—5 for 15*s.*; 12 for £1 10*s.*
(Two-Horse)—5 for £2. 12 for £4.



"THE ELEVEN."

Mr. Syd Leather, who had begun life unsuccessfully as a stock-broker under the name of Thompson, but turned to prophecy and became rich, looked at Miss Pringle, who had worked for many years for the Eat Less Meat Association, and said, "So much for the new blood. How many runners, Miss?"

"Twenty, Mr. Leather," said the pretty brunette.

"Twenty into three hundred goes fifteen. Right. Get busy, Miss."

Miss Pritchard went out into a large

room entirely filled with typists. She there made fifteen copies of the letter beginning, "Make a good thing of Doll's-Eye for the Prince's Vase . . ."

Meanwhile Miss Loftus made fifteen copies of the same letter, but beginning "Make a good thing of Blackberry for the Prince's Vase . . ."

Meanwhile Miss Richards made fifteen copies of the same letter, but beginning, "Make a good thing of Onion for the Prince's Vase . . ."

Miss Baxter's fifteen letters recommended that Love-Lies-Bleeding be made a good thing of for the Prince's Vase; Miss Arthur's letters advised the recipient to go NAP on Bachelor for the Prince's Vase; Miss Turner—— And so on through the busy day. No one of the horses engaged for the Prince's Vase escaped the kindly testimonials of Mr. Leather's staff. And at least fifteen of Mr. Leather's new customers, if loyal to the master, were certain of being on a good thing for the Prince's Vase.



"'How many new mugs on the books?'"

III.—The Speculator.

Mr. Frank Mitchell received his letter at Sydenham the following morning. His was one of the fifteen letters which recommended the staking of a sum of money on Doll's-Eye.

Frank had only recently taken to Turf speculation, for he had not long been in love with Miss Ruth Graham, of the Ladies' Underwear. Once in love, however, and seeing no hope of marriage on his earnings in the Gents' Hosiery, he had begun to take an interest in blood-stock and their public performances. He was not grasping; he wished merely to make a hundred pounds and marry Ruth; it did not seem much to ask.

Frank was not by nature a horse-lover. Indeed, if there was one animal which he distrusted more than another, it was the horse. For in his youth his father had sent him to a riding-school, and there, the very first day, he was mounted on a horse which in its youth had been trained in the Yeomanry to lie down and be fired over by its rider; and in an interval of instruction this horse (whose name was Conqueror) absent-mindedly lay down for Frank to fire over him; which Frank, being under the animal, was unable to do. Ever since this incident Frank had suspected horses of impetuosity and caprice.

However, he supposed that thoroughbred race-horses were more to be depended on than the malevolent or thoughtless Conqueror. Indeed this must be so, for were there not grown-up men who every morning in the public Press predicted with confidence the future conduct of the creatures?

For a week or two therefore he studied the pronouncements of these writers in the hope of acquiring a knowledge of "form" on which to found his speculative campaign. The experts on "form," however, masters of prose but writing in the allusive style of GIBBON's *Decline and Fall*, confused him. No horse was referred to by its name twice in the same column; and by the time he had decided whether Polyanthus was the same animal as "the grey gelding," "the Manton fancy" and "the son of Romeo," or not, the boys were crying the winner on the streets.

Then one day in one of the Sunday newspapers he saw a page entirely filled with the advertisements of men who were anxious to make his fortune on the Turf; who offered daily and almost infallible information as to the order in which the leading horses would finish the more important races. Each of these had achieved within the last few days a "Double" of unprecedented complexity and brilliance, or had made many rich with an unusually admirable NAP. Mr. Syd Leather, for example, whose frank and manly tone particularly attracted him, would read those tiresome paragraphs about "The Son of Ratbane" and "the Manton filly" for him and draw the right conclusions. Mr. Leather would place at his disposal his rich experience, his uncanny sources of information, his gifts of divination, his knowledge of form, and tell him day by day exactly what to do in a Two-Horse Letter or a One-Horse Telegram. Mr. Leather, as like as not, would have foreseen the surprising behaviour of Conqueror and known how to meet it.

The Prince's Vase was in itself seductive; he had a picture of the splendid vessel in his mind; and he felt obscurely that a hundred pounds acquired on such a race would somehow have greater purchasing power than the same sum won upon a trivial Selling Plate.

He therefore took three pounds out of his pocket and five out of the Savings' Bank, borrowed two from a shop-walker, invested the whole in Doll's-Eye and went to bed debating in his mind the comparative attractions of twelve Two-Horse Letters and five One-Horse Telegrams.



"Conqueror."

IV.—The Master.

In the Rundon stable the horse Doll's-Eye was quietly eating oats, wheat or something of that kind, and at the same time, after the uncanny fashion of animals, discussing things with Blackberry in the next stall, but without words. The dumb beasts have this advantage over the human race, that they can talk with their mouths full.

One of the stable-boys, while grooming the creatures, had incautiously remarked to a companion that by all accounts Syd Leather had tipped Doll's-Eye as a good thing. Both the patient animals were annoyed; Blackberry be-

cause she thought herself a better thing than Doll's-Eye, and Doll's-Eye for quite other reasons.

"Doing their best to make me favourite again," he snorted. "It's too bad."

"It is," said the grey filly sulkily, "for I am the swifter animal."

"You flatter yourself," the gelding returned.

"Anyhow, I had the advantage of you at the secret trial," said Blackberry.

"I was moody," said Doll's-Eye. "I just couldn't be bothered."

"A likely story."

"Do you really think it matters to me who wins their wretched races?" said Doll's-Eye.

"I don't care a whinny."

"I *love* winning," said Blackberry.

"How like a woman! I wouldn't mind winning if they didn't take things so much for granted. They don't expect each other to be at their best every day of the week; but there's the deuce to pay if we're not. HOMER may nod, but not a racehorse——"

"I beg your pardon?"

"You wouldn't understand. What day of the week is it?"

"Wednesday."

"I generally have a touch of indigestion on Thursdays," said Doll's-Eye. "I shall probably cough to-morrow. I'll give them the surprise of their lives this race—you see! I've a good mind to eat my groom."

"Fine talk," said Blackberry bitterly. "But I've no doubt you'll win if you can."

"Bet you a bran-mash I don't," returned the son of Ratbane.

"Done!" said Blackberry eagerly.

"I'll lead them a dance at the start," said the gelding gleefully. "I'll give my connexions a shock. *Curse* my connexions!"

"Capital!" said Blackberry. "And while you're about it," the insidious filly continued, "you might give that odious Love-Lies-Bleeding something to remember—just a nip of the ear or a small kick in the girths."

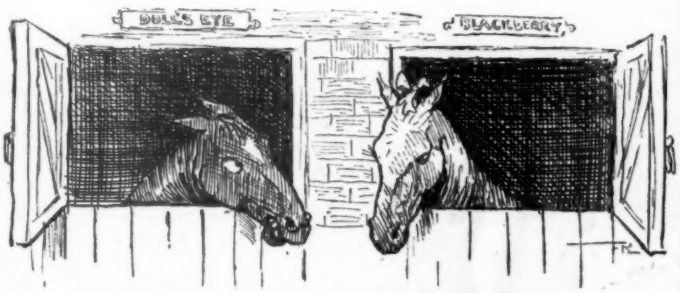
"Well, I'll see what I can do. I must confess I feel exceptionally naughty to-day;" and the gelding wore an expression of infinite mischief.

"But hush!" said Blackberry. "Here comes your owner. Look noble!"

Two boxes away the despised brute, Onion, to whom neither of them spoke, listened with interest and held his peace.

V.—THE OWNER.

Lord Arthur Rake entered the stables with his bride, and together they gazed at the incalculable animal on whom so much depended. If Doll's-Eye failed



"'I FEEL EXCEPTIONALLY NAUGHTY TO-DAY!'"

ruin stared them in the face. They would have to sell the second car; my lord must give up his tiger-shooting.

The sagacious beast thrust his wet muzzle against his master's face, slobbered over his waistcoat and knocked off his hat. Gazing into that mild inscrutable brown eye his Lordship felt that Doll's-Eye understood what was



"LIGHTLY TOSSED HIS JOCKEY OVER HIS HEAD."

expected of him. He left the stables comforted, and put two more monkeys and a pony on the horse.

When he had gone, Doll's-Eye quietly chewed a large chunk out of his manger and ate some of his bedding. After this orgy he had a sharp attack of coughing and sniffing. But on the approach of his connexions he again assumed the mask of nobility and intelligence, and still more money was placed upon him.

VI.—THE 3.30.

Punctually at ten to four the 3.30 was off to a ragged start. The behaviour of Doll's-Eye at the "gate" had been inexplicable. "Put not your trust in horses," says the Psalmist, and Doll's-Eye, on whom the thoughts of a million Englishmen were centred that afternoon (most of the other ten million had backed Blackberry), insisted on taking up a position with his tail to the tapes. While in this situation he showed the utmost docility, but whenever his nose was turned towards the tapes he sidled, kicked, stood on his hind legs pawing the air, shivered, snorted, sneezed, laid back his ears, tossed his head or simply put it to the ground and ate grass. In one of these nervous exhibitions he smartly bit the inoffensive Love-Lies-Bleeding, the third favourite, in the neck. He then lightly tossed his jockey over his head and set off round the course in the reverse direction at a brisk canter. Returning at last to the waiting field he consented to be remounted and was successfully started with the others, but sideways. Throughout the race he sniffed.

For a long way, with Blackberry, he made the running, but keeping always a little behind the filly; and Rundon connexions were optimistic anent the issue, as one paper put it. In the straight, however, he suddenly, and to all appearances deliberately (but that, of course, could not be true), bumped into Blackberry and, having put his stable companion out of the race, unaccountably declined to exert himself further. Stunt, his jockey, showed him the whip, but Doll's-Eye took no notice of it.

Meanwhile the despised Onion, who had been lying low on the rails, left this uncomfortable position and, finishing strongly, claimed the verdict by a neck from Orange-peel. Doll's-Eye finished last with Love-Lies-Bleeding, who complained of pain. Blackberry was eighth.

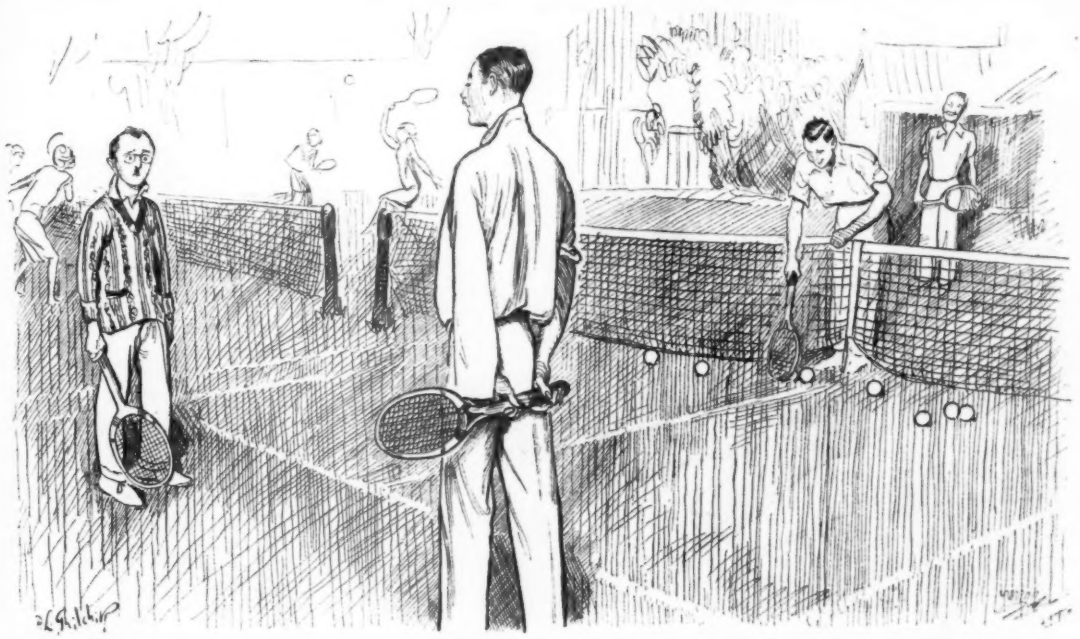
So Frank Mitchell never married Ruth Graham. And this was just as well, for they were in many ways unsuited to one another. A. P. H.



Friend. "I SAY, THERE 'S YOUR HUSBAND SIGNALLING. AREN'T YOU GOING TO LOOK?"
Wife. "CERTAINLY NOT. I ALWAYS CUT HIM DEAD WHEN HE 'S IN BATHING KIT."



Child (in piercing tones). "ISN'T THAT 'ZACTLY LIKE DADDY WHEN HE 'S TRYING TO BE FUNNY?"



Bored Player (to feeble partner who has double-faulted an entire service). "SILLY PLACE TO KEEP A NET, ISN'T IT?"



TRIALS OF AN UMPIRE.

SCENE—*A Public Courts Tournament.*

Umpire (whose duty it is to announce score at end of each game). "GAME TO MR. BINKS, WHO NOW LEADS FIVE LOVE IN THE SECOND SET, HAVING WON THE FIRST SET."

Mr. Binks' Opponent. "ALL RIGHT, ALL RIGHT—YOU NEEDN'T RUB IT IN!"



"HENRY, I DON'T LIKE TO BE TOO SURE, BUT DON'T YOU THINK THE TALLER OF THOSE TWO GENTLEMEN APPEARS TO KNOW US?"



Daughter (at her first race-meeting). "DRESSY LITTLE MAN, DONOGHUE. TURNS OUT IN A DIFFERENT COSTUME FOR EACH RACE."

MANNERS AND MODES.

WE ARE PROMISED A GREATER VARIETY IN BATHING COSTUMES THIS SUMMER. MR. PUNCH'S FASHION ARTIST APPENDS A FEW SUGGESTIONS.



THE "INGÉNUE."



THE "GOLDFISH."



THE "EEL."



THE "SOU'-WESTER."



THE "GODIVA."



THE "NOR'-EASTER."



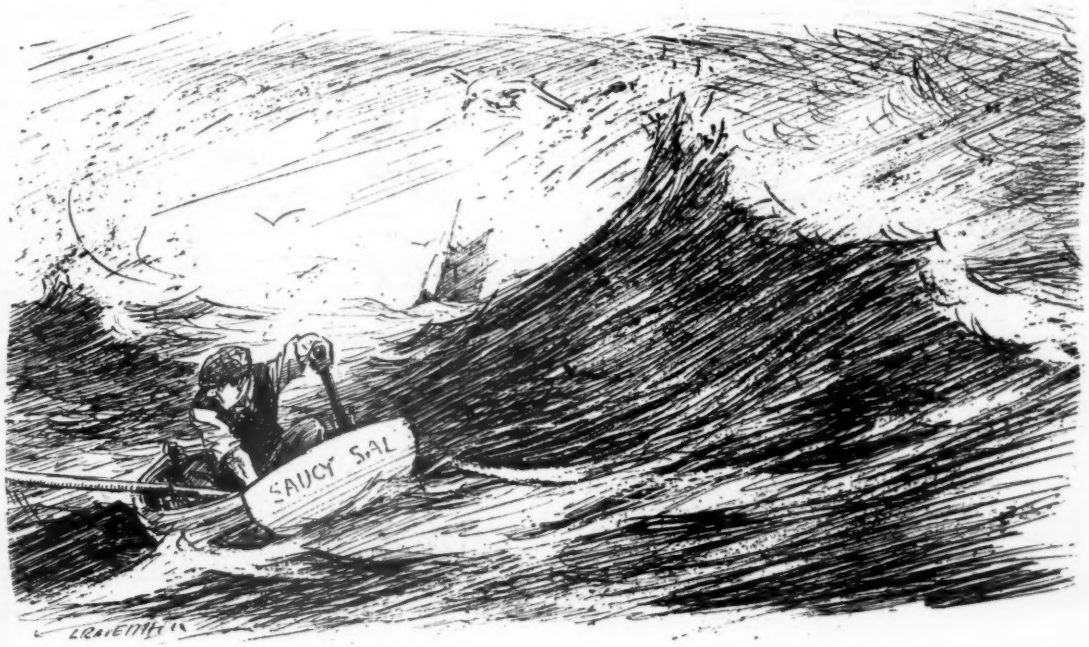
"Now then, Lipton, not so much of your 'igh-speed fancy-work."



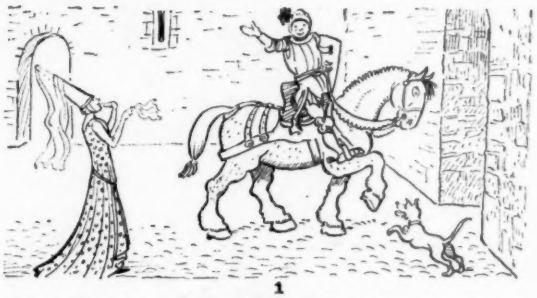
The Dog. "Well, if this is holiday-making, give me a dog's life any day!"

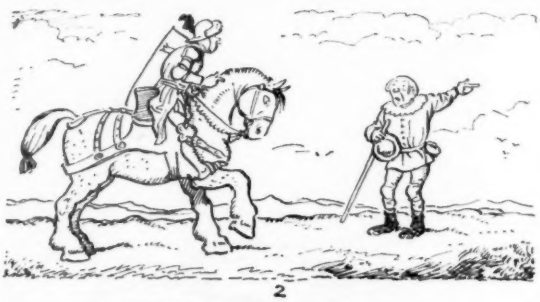


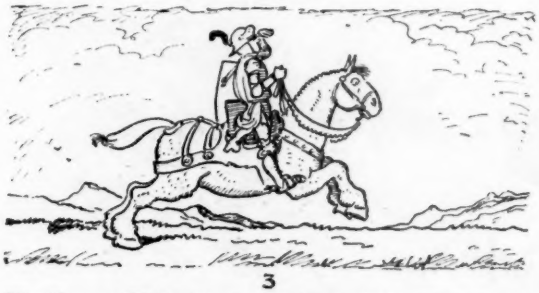
Stalker. "I DOUBT WE CANNA GO FURTHER; THEY 'LL GET OUR WIND."
Exhausted Sportsman. "NOT MINE."

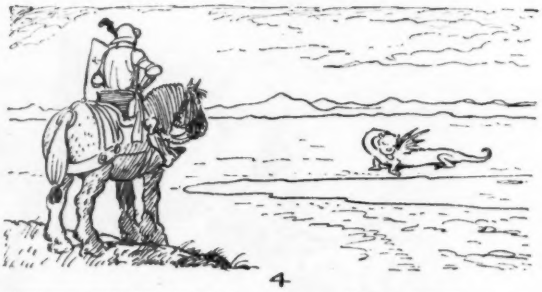


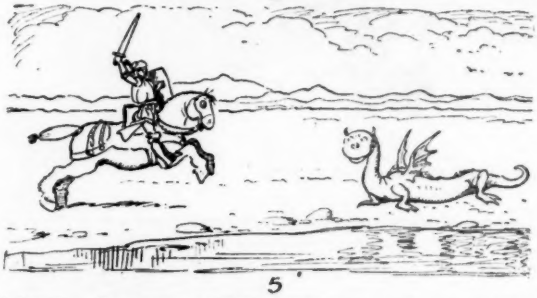
Holiday Tripper. "I 'M NOT SURE THAT I SHOULDN'T HAVE DONE BETTER TO PUT IN A BIT OF PRACTICE AT WEMBLEY."

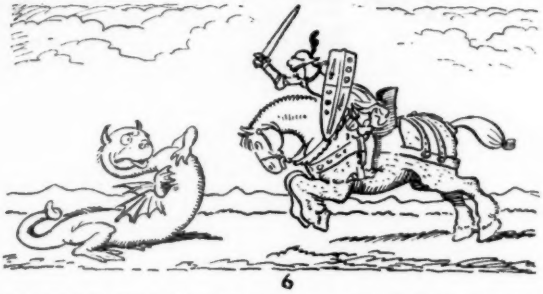

1

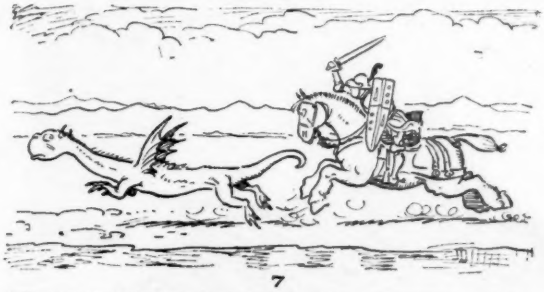

2

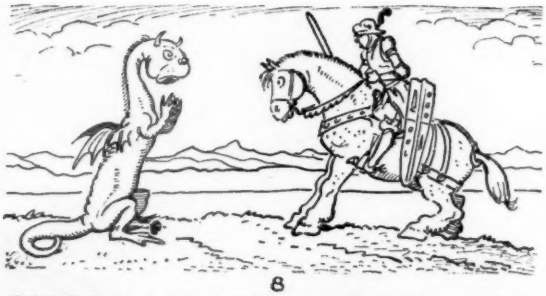

3

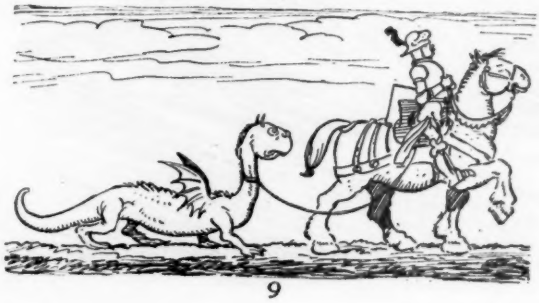

4


5


6


7


8

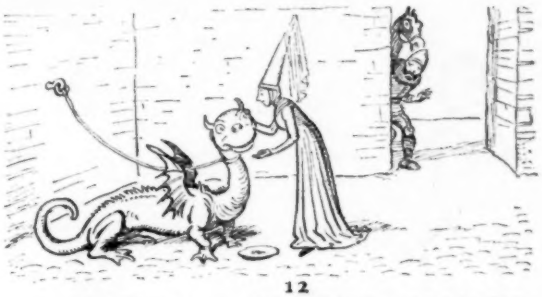

9


10

GRATITUDE.—PART I.



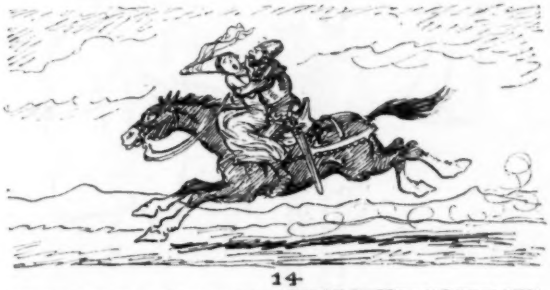
11



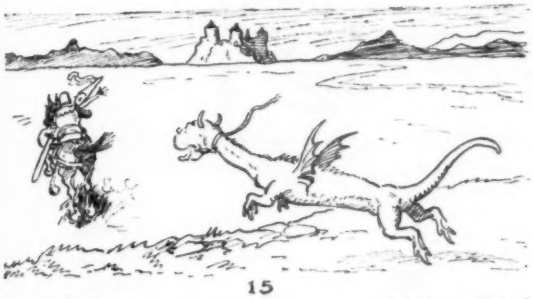
12



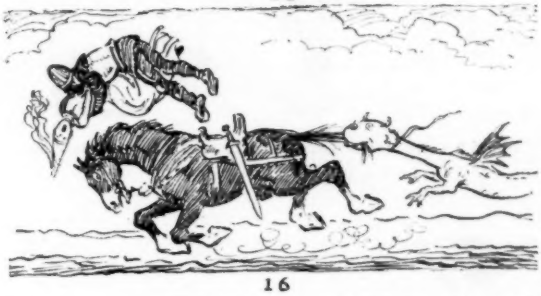
13



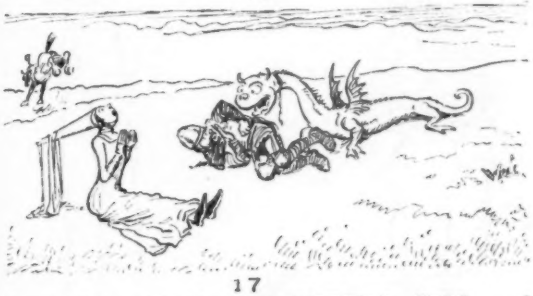
14



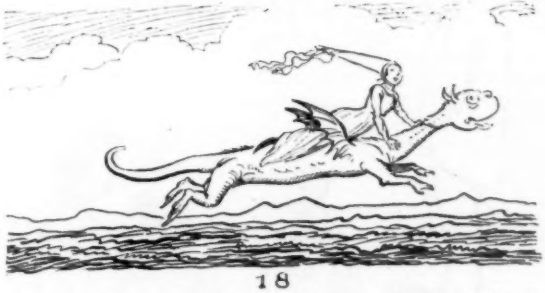
15



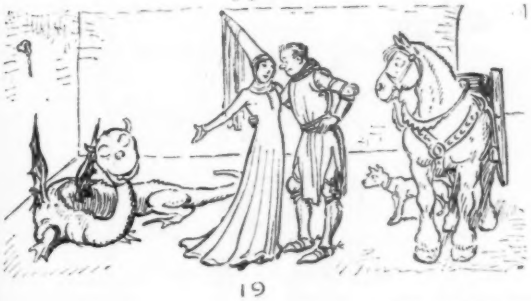
16



17



18



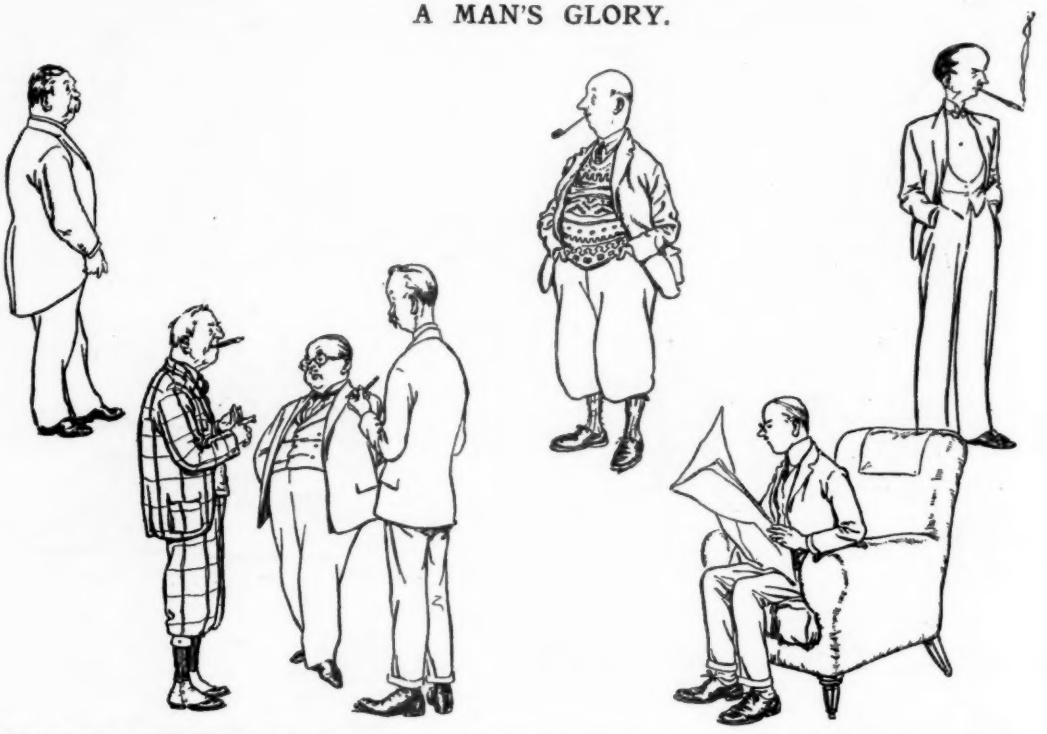
19



20

GRATITUDE.—PART II.

A MAN'S GLORY.



WHILE THERE IS NOTHING PARTICULARLY INTRIGUING OR EVEN INTERESTING IN THE APPEARANCE OF ANY OF THESE MEN—



WHAT MIGHT THEY NOT ACHIEVE BY FOLLOWING WOMAN'S EXAMPLE AND EXPENDING A LITTLE MORE THOUGHT ON THEIR COIFFURE?

CHARIVARIA.

IN the opinion of Sir THOMAS HORDER most diseases are caused by too much hustle. Now we know what was in the Sergeant-Major's mind when he used to shout to us to "Wait for it, Sweetie; wait for it!" He was thinking about our health.

* * *

It also explains why the horse we put our money on the other day is never likely to be ill.

* * *

Speakers at the Communist Conference in Glasgow explained that their object was to break up the trade unions, smash the capitalistic system, remove the Government and work for a Republic in Ireland. Well, that ought to keep them out of mischief for a month or so.

* * *

The idea behind the Communist is that if the rest of the world becomes as bad as Russia then Russia will be as good as any other country.

* * *

We understand that the lad at Deal who fell over a 120-ft. cliff and was unhurt has been offered a job as a book-canvasser.

* * *

It is said that silk braces for men are going out of fashion. With these enormous trousers one needs something like a steel cable.

* * *

It appears from the Press that wives do not object to their husbands wearing Oxford trousers. This is very artful of them. Father's bags can now be cut down into a couple of suits and an overcoat for little Cuthbert.

* * *

A contemporary states that a post-card despatched in 1907 has just been delivered in West Hartlepool. We don't see anything remarkable in that. Surely the wonder is that it wasn't delivered before.

* * *

The Annual Report of the Institute for Research in Dairying informs us that a constant warfare is being waged against bacteria. It seems that dairy-fed germs are very cunning. One dairyman has a germ named Sidney, and every time he tries to get near enough to strangle it the brute dodges behind a milk-churn.

* * *

One half the world does not know how the other half lives, but the Divorce Court is always prepared to tell them.

* * *

Lord BIRKENHEAD relates how, some years ago, he wrote one hundred-and-forty lyrics. We hope the ex-Lord Chancellor will not let this prey on his mind, for we all have some skeleton or other in our waste-paper basket.

* * *

It is very satisfactory to know that American visitors to this country are great admirers of Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL, but we hasten to warn them that they must not carve their initials on him.

* * *

"Zepthnathpaaneah" is a Christian name in a recently issued directory, but it is extremely doubtful if its owner will remain a Christian always.

* * *

The American ex-wife who has gone as cook to her ex-husband will no doubt have a glorious time ordering her successor about.



"THE GLORIOUS UNCERTAINTY."

Club-flying is to begin towards the end of this month. The *début* of the Athenæum airship is eagerly awaited.

* * *

Disused clothing sold by the Metropolitan Police last year realised £2,932; but then there is always a steady market for second-hand dinner-jackets that have been worn at night-clubs.

* * *

A well-known German sportsman has just completed a journey of 1,250 miles on the bonnet of a motor-car. We should have thought it would have been cheaper for the owner to buy an ordinary mascot.

* * *

There is said to be a great deal of money to be made by growing orange-trees in California, and we can quite believe it if a bride there wears orange-blossoms every time she marries.

Two goldfish are said to have acted over a hundred-and-fifty times at a certain theatre in the Midlands. The story sounds very fishy. How can you have an eternal triangle with only two sides to it?

* * *

The Englishman of India says that "The world cannot go back, if it would, to its narrow circle." It is as we feared. Somebody has been pushing this poor old world and bent it.

* * *

We are surprised to hear that tramps in Wimborne are to be supplied with night-shirts. We thought better of the Hardy spirit of Wessex.

* * *

After all, there seems no reason why the L.C.C. should go to the expense of putting up a memorial to KARL MARX. What's the matter with Poplar?

* * *

Mr. G. K. CHESTERTON has been appointed ale-taster to Lord BURNHAM. We feel confident that he will not regard the office as a sinecure.

* * *

Lord OXFORD says that the Liberal Party is one and undivided. We think he underestimates their number. We ourselves make it as much as two, or even more.

* * *

The Congress of Dance Teachers in Paris has met to decide which is to be the fashionable dance this season. But it does not follow that the Congress of American doctors now being held in London has met to decide on a fashionable disease for the season.

* * *

A new dance called La Raquette is said to be modelled on tennis, in which case we shall reserve the right to penalise any partner who foot-faults.

* * *

We hear a rumour that the broadcasting of the Derby broke down because one of the bookmakers tried to trill into the microphone like a nightingale.

* * *

Seeing that a house has been built at Cardiff in one day it seems a pity ROMULUS couldn't have had some Welsh lessons before he started on Rome.

* * *

Mr. HERBERT G. WILLIAMS, M.P., believes that it may be possible for large numbers of houses to be built by people in their spare time. Here is an idea for our bricklayers.

* * *

A member of the Southend Swimming Club has been carried on the back of a porpoise. Yet Southend people have always had the undeserved reputation of being no good on porpoise-back.

"EPSTEIN AGAIN."

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—Have you read a very superior article in *The Times* under the above title by "A. B. W.," in which he acclaims the revival of Philistinism in the persons of those whose sense of beauty is offended by the EPSTEIN Memorial? If you have, you must have observed that he seems to have escaped his own notice presenting an example, rather curious in a man of education, of this very quality. For, just as there are people who suffer from the disease known as *snobisme-à-rebours*, so there is the Philistine or *épicier* ("A. B. W." will perhaps pardon these Gallicisms) who, in his feverish anxiety to avoid the charge of Philistinism, or imperviousness to new ideas, will repeat, like a parrot, unintelligently, the commonplace jargon of the day, or rather, as here, of the day before.

All these tedious and outworn tags about emancipation from realism and the photographic manner simply serve to betray a pathetic ignorance of the history and monuments of the art of sculpture. What your Epsteiners need is a trip to Greece in the custody of a scholar, or even a conducted visit to the British Museum (more conveniently situated). What do they know of the memorial *stelæ* in the Cerameicus at Athens, or of the Halicarnassus frieze, that noble tribute which SCOPAS and his fellows designed to the memory of MAUSOLUS? Have they ever heard of the difference between the types of POLYCLEITUS and LYSIPPUS? I have even been told of an art critic who compares the EPSTEIN burlesque of HUDSON'S *Rima* with the work of the sculptor of the Aphrodite of Cnidus! Could ignorance go further than that? And do they imagine that PHEIDIAS in his figures of the Parthenon pediment was realistic or photographic or pretty-pretty?

I will not go into the too-easy question whether the plastic arts, whose primary and immediate appeal, even when their purpose is symbolic, must be to the eye, should aim at beauty or ugliness; nor will I ask—that again is too easy—whether the material, solid, palpable and permanent, employed by the sculptor—as opposed to the fluid material of the painter—is the best medium for elementary experiments in symbolism; but I may at least allow myself to express the pious wish that, if such experiments must be made, they should be made in private; or, if we have to tolerate them in our public parks, then I wish their perpetrators would play about with cubes and pot-hooks and axolotyls and jelly-fish, and spare us the human form with its accepted standards of beauty in line and proportion. By all means let them keep their contented ignorance of the rules of anatomy; all we ask is that they should give this subject a miss and experiment with something else that doesn't matter.

The soundest word that has yet been spoken of the HUDSON Memorial appeared in a letter to *The Times* where the writer said: "The fact is that Mr. Epstein is an out-of-date sculptor, still belonging to that pre-war period when 'the significance of the child's art' was the fashion." And the Philistines, picking up the catchwords of yesterday, follow the fashion. And our admirable Mr. WALKLEY is apparently also among these belated prophets.

Poor *Rima* of "the slender body" and the "delicately-shaped little hands!" And O, unhappy HUDSON! What did he do to deserve this thing?

Your obedient Servant, O. S.

"Shakespeare, concluded the speaker, discovered Hamlet in the English language as Michael Angelo discovered the figure of the slave in the marble clock."—*Manchester Paper.*

We understand that after this discovery the clock kept much better time.

TO A PANTHER.

"BEHOLD, the felon Pard hath slain a goat
Whereof he hath but tasted; which thereby
He must revisit." So they spoke, and I,
Hopeful, allowed alluring dreams to float
Before mine eager eye—
A mounted head for me, a panther coat
For someone else, an honest evening's fun,
Hazard, an outlaw slain, a good deed truly done.

And so for love of you I left my camp
And staggered weary miles into the blue
And sat in a *machan* the long night through,
Eaten by ants and crucified by cramp.
And did you come? Not you.
Phœbus went down and Dian raised her lamp;
In solemn march the constellations passed;
And now the dawn 's afoot . . . Home, John, ay, home at last!

Confound you, Pard, you spotted insolent!
The feast was ready and the table spread;
Why were you not by common cravings led,
By appetites and ravening hungers rent,
That clamoured to be fed?
Why not have dined—or come with that intent
And trysted with the poor benighted bard,
Instead of backing out like this? Oh, curse you, Pard!

And yet—and yet—so sweet, so passing fair,
So magical was this sequestered spot
(Of *your* selection) that the bard forgot,
So soon as evening wandered down the air,
He had been tired and hot;
And sat bewitched and drank the nectar rare
Of dew and sunset and the scented flowers,
Till lastly rose the moon; and then came fairy hours.

Came last the moon with solace in her train,
And thoughts that shun rude day's bedevillings,
And night-time fantasies on timid wings,
And but for you in slumber I had lain
Missing these lovely things;
And, though you should, to crown it, have been slain,
I grudge you not your night of happiness,
For I—well, after all, I too have had no less.

And so let 's say all 's happened for the best.
I 'll to the homeward byways ghostly lit
With waning moonshine; you the while may flit
Down scented glades on your eternal quest—
Lord give you joy of it!
And, though you would not come at my behest,
Let 's hope you bag some fat upstanding buck.
Good hunting, friend, to you; good-night, dear Pard, good luck!

H. B.

"TONBRIDGE SCHOOL *v.* MASTERS.

Tonbridge Masters beat the School, on the Head . . ."—*Daily Paper.*

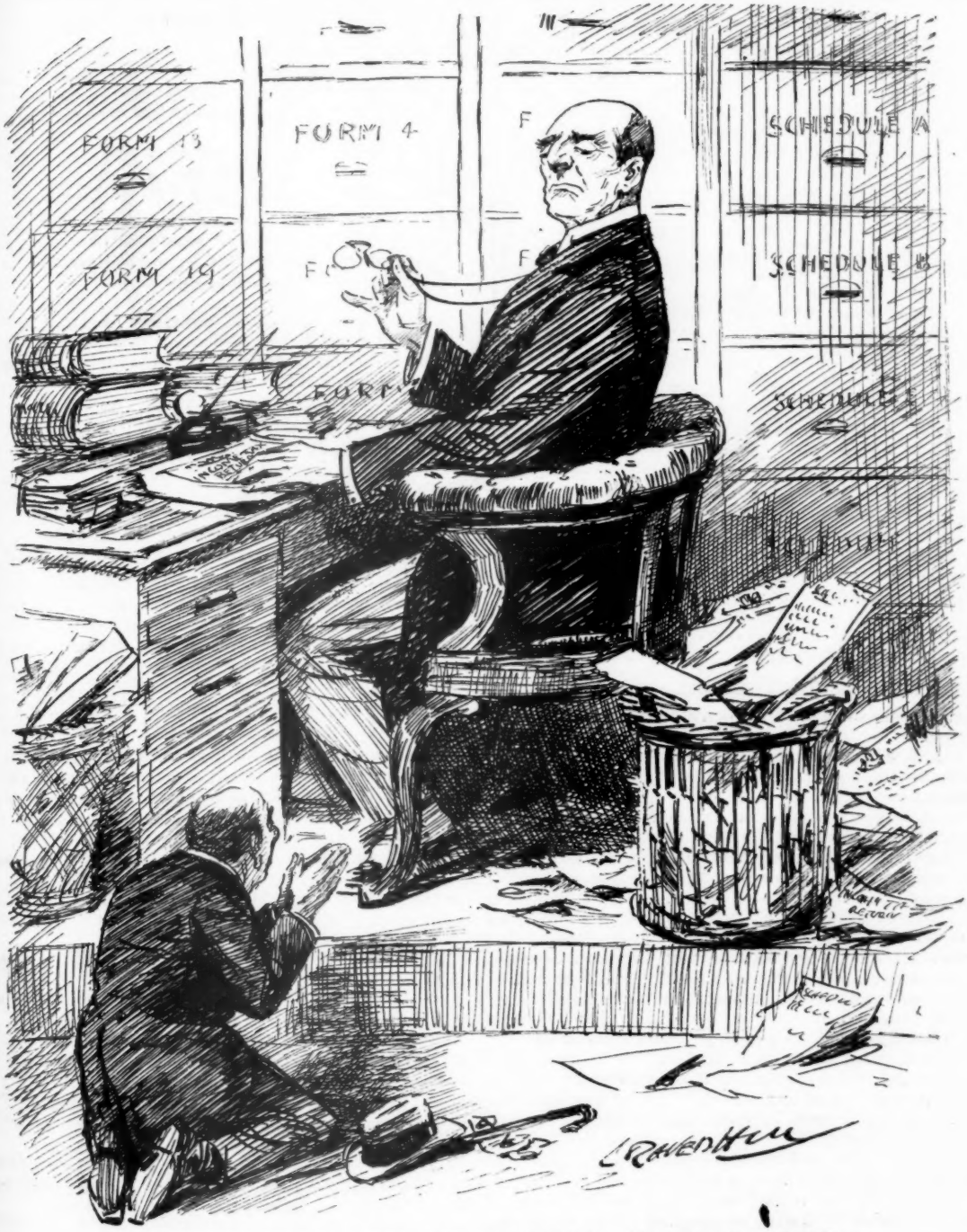
One imagined somehow that schoolmasters were only allowed, nowadays, to beat the school on the tail.

"KENYA RUGBY.

GREAT MATCH IN NAIROBI ON SATURDAY.

Thika put on a spurt after the opening of the score, during which Ritchie failed with a good attempt in the progeny. There are few things more hereditary than under-shot and swine mouths, also soft and fluffy coats."—*Local Paper.*

We have noticed this in our bitterer moments at Twickenham.



A NEW WAY OF CLAIMING OLD DEBTS.

CREDITOR (*seeking repayment from H.M. Inspector of Taxes*). "I HUMBLY TAKE THE LIBERTY OF ASKING YOU IF IN YOUR CLEMENCY YOU WILL REFUND THE MONEYS DUE TO ME. I HAVE COME HERE IN PERSON TO WAIT UPON YOUR PLEASURE."

[Persons claiming repayment of Income-Tax are now required to present themselves at the Tax-Collector's office to establish their identity.]



She. "GOOD HEAVENS! HOW BORED I AM."
He. "BORED! SO AM I BORED; ONLY I HAVE THE DECENCY NOT TO SHOW IT."

A NEW ROAD TO SOCIAL SUCCESS.

As I entered she looked up with chill surprise.

"I told Jane," she said, ignoring utterly my timid greeting, "that I was at home to nobody."

"It is why," I pointed out, "Jane admitted me immediately."

She seemed to find this explanation more satisfactory than one might perhaps have quite expected—or wished.

"But why," I inquired, "this hermit-like seclusion?"

"I am brooding," she answered sadly, "and to brood one must brood alone."

"No other method gives lasting satisfaction," I agreed.

"It has been borne in upon me," she continued, "that I am not a social success; and, when one is not that, one might as well be dead and buried."

"But that is so easy," I protested.

"Social success?"

"I meant death and burial; practically any street corner in London, and all you need do is to look the other way. I believe the owner of the car can almost always be relied on to pay the funeral expenses."

"I do not find you very sympathetic," she answered coldly.

"My mood is melancholy," I explained. "My tailor wrote again this morning . . . Well, to go back to social success, that also is easy."

"For bachelors," she conceded. "A bachelor is a social success by definition; equally convenient in the Divorce Court and at the dinner-table. But what's the good of that to me when I'm not a bachelor and never was or shall be?"

"Aren't you being asked everywhere?" I inquired with a touch of alarm.

"Of course," she retorted with impatience; "but that is not social success; that is being the raw material of other people's social success. Why," she demanded passionately—"why should I be raw material?"

"Yet, after all," I mused, "what else is woman?"

"That," she said with dignity, "is merely rude."

"No, metaphysical," I corrected with a dignity even greater.

"And just this minute," she cried in triumph, "you said that social success was easy."

"So it is," I insisted; "it must be. Look at those who achieve it."

"Well, what do you advise?"

"Why not have a scandal?" I suggested brightly.

She regarded me with ill-concealed contempt.

"You might as well say have a Pom," she snapped. "Suggest something new, something distinctive, something no one else has."

"Don't have a scandal."

"I thought of that myself," she answered wearily, "even though I'm not brilliant; but no one would believe it, not even on oath."

"An incredulous age," I sighed.

"It's worse than that," she declared with conviction; "and you may as well know the whole truth. I am asked everywhere. One is. But my own invitations—already I've had two refusals for my dinner next week."

"Good heavens," I cried, horrified, "you don't mean to say you actually invite——"

"Well, what is one to do?" she asked defensively.

"Express regret," I replied, "for not being able to invite them."

"Oh-h-h!" she said, and already I could see that she regarded me with a new respect.

"For example," I continued, "the Browns have refused your invitation—have they?"

"Some mean, some paltry excuse," she said, "about having a previous engagement."

"Indefensible," I agreed, "though possibly true."

"All the more indefensible. Why couldn't they have influenza," she demanded hotly; "I mean for the other engagement?"

"One has to be so careful these days," I pointed out. "People have even been known to employ a private detective to

find out if it was true or not. Then the Smiths——"

"The Smiths," she answered with a certain reserve, "have 'phoned to say they have influenza. Of course I could get a private detective to find out if that's true."

"A crude method," I said, "and one that often leads to ill-feeling. The better, the simpler plan is this—not to invite people at all but to apologize for not having done so. Employed with tact, the method is infallible."

"There are times," she confessed, "when you are almost useful."

"For your next dinner-party invite nobody," I cried with enthusiasm, "but apologize to everybody. Pretend you thought they were unable to accept. Say to the Browns how much you regret to hear that influenza is keeping them all prisoners. Let the Smiths understand that you believed them to be out of town. Say anything you like, in fact, only make it clear that invitations are out and that they are not included. Then graciously, kindly make room for those who—well, respond. You understand?"

"I can't tell you," she said earnestly, "how much I am obliged. You may be sure that henceforth——"

"Henceforth," I told her, "invitations to your dinners will be sought. It is the profoundest rule of life that what we think we cannot have that we desire. But remember that, above all, tact is necessary, as they used to say in the bombing-school during the War when showing you how to play with high-explosives and a time-fuse."

"I quite understand," she assured me, "and I am more than grateful."

I stood up to go.

"I shall look forward," I said, "to your dinner with more than interest. When are you sending us our invitations?"

"Oh, what a pity!" she cried, clasping her hands with an air of real distress; "I sent them out last night. I understood you were to be in Paris that week and that we should have to get along without you. I remember I kept saying to myself how sorry I was that it was no good sending you one."

THEATRE RHYMES.

IV.—The Repertory Actor.

The repertory actor earns
My very high respect,
For think of all the parts he learns
And has to recollect;
And when he acts in Shakespeare's plays
His life's an almost hopeless maze.

On Monday as *Antonio*
He dodges *Shylock's* knife;
On Tuesday, being *Prospero*,
He leads the simple life;
On Thursday he must go to death
As *Lear*; on Friday as *Macbeth*.

At Wednesday's matinée he's made
To play the fool and chaff
As *Touchstone*, or as *Quince* he's paid
To make the children laugh;
At night he must appear again
To play the melancholy Dane.

* * * * *

Oh, why is *Juliet* amazed?
Why does she turn her back
On *Romeo*, and look so dazed?
By Jove, his face is black!
He thinks it is the night, poor fellow,
On which he has to play *Othello*.



"'Andsome, ain't 'e?"
"Ah! but could a woman trust 'im?"

"Frightfulness" in Advertising.

"Madame —— requires immediately a Young Lady to take and execute at one of her branch shops."—*Local Paper.*

"Two Ford cars were travelling behind each other in the direction of Liverpool."
Morning Paper.

Nothing can overtake a Ford—not even another one.

WEMBLEY REGAINED.

III.—JULES VERNE AS A SIDE-SHOW.

A MAN in a sort of naval uniform stood at the entrance on what might have been mistaken for a submarine.

"*Captain Nemo?*"

"At your service."

"Of the ship *Nautilus?*"

"That is so."

"You are in the presence," I told the Illustrator, "of a very remarkable man. He is the Representative of the Imperial Dominions Under Seas."

Captain Nemo led the way, and we followed him down into the subaqueous gloom. It had a faintly marine and somehow familiar smell.

There are two schools of thought in the side-show world. The one leads you into strange labyrinths and shows you extraordinary sights. Of this sort are caves and peep-shows, fat women and fat men, palaces of beauty and the tombs of ancient Egyptian kings. The other school would have you be hurled up and down or flung violently from side to side until the feeble are sick but the strong are filled with exhilaration and giggle or shout for joy. In this class are giant racers, the switch-backs, the roundabouts and the swings. "Twenty Thousand Leagues under the Sea" is an amusement of the former kind. One gazes at the marvels of the deep and imagines that one is a voyager on the first and greatest of submersibles. The book from which the title is taken may be purchased for the price of a song on the premises, for the copyright, like the author, has passed into Paradise.

M. JULES VERNE was many things. He combined a certain amount of scientific knowledge with a fantastic and flamboyant imagination. He was also, at any rate until the time of M. MAUROIS, possibly the most genial French critic of the English race. Who has forgotten *Mr. Phineas Fogg* of *Round the World in Eighty Days*?—that phlegmatic *Mr. Phineas Fogg* of the Reform Club, at which place he breakfasted always on roast beef garnished with mushrooms, after walking to it every day with precisely the same number of steps, in order to play rubbers of whist with the same three friends the whole day long. Yet, for the sake of a bet, without the slightest hesitation he adventured the tour of the globe.

If the ghost of M. JULES VERNE could have been consulted about the application of his books to the Wembley Exhibition he would have said (may be):—

"Send a railodok car to the Reform Club with a placard upon it saying, ROUND THE WORLD IN NINETY MINUTES, and bring those gentlemen out to see your wonderful Empire. Who knows, it may convert them to Imperial Preference, if they have not been converted already?"

As for "Twenty Thousand Leagues Under the Sea," he would have suggested, I think, that to complete the illusion nothing was wanted save a little more sense of danger, a little more chance of derring-do. Perhaps, if a switch-back and a shooting gallery could have been fixed amongst the cardboard coral and under the calico waves . . .



ATHLETE STRUGGLING WITH POULP.

For those adventures of good *M. Aronax* and his little party on board the mysterious *Nautilus*, were they not of a distinctly energetic kind? I peeped into the book as we went down in order to refresh my memory and make sure. "The voracious animal with a vigorous stroke of his fin was springing towards the Indian, who threw himself on one side and avoided the bite of the shark, but not the stroke of his tail, for that tail, striking him on the chest, stretched him on the ground . . . I still see the attitude of *Captain Nemo*. Thrown backwards, he was waiting with admirable sangfroid the formidable shark. When it threw itself upon him he threw himself on one side with prodigious activity and thrust his dagger into its stomach. But that was not the end. A terrible combat took place."

And once again:—

"Captain Nemo uttered a cry and rushed out. We followed. . . . What a scene! The unhappy man, seized by the tentacles and fastened to its blow-holes, was balanced in the air according to the caprice of this enormous trunk. He was choking and cried out '*À moi, à moi!*' (Help, help!) These French words caused me a profound stupor. Then I had a countryman on board, perhaps several. I shall hear that heart-rending cry all my life."

The Frenchman was carried away, *hélas!* (alas!). *Ned Land*, the harpooner, nearly followed him:—

"The calamary's formidable beak opened over him. The unfortunate man was about to be cut in two. I rushed to his aid. But Captain Nemo was before me. His hatchet disappeared in the two enormous mandibles, and, miraculously preserved, the Canadian rose and plunged the whole of his harpoon into the poulp's triple heart."

Nothing so exciting as that happens to the Wembley tourist in "Twenty Thousand Leagues under the Sea," or at least it did not happen to the Illustrator and myself, though I like to fancy the Illustrator plunging the whole of his umbrella into a poulp's triple heart. We saw strange property fish and weeds suspended from a blue but immobile ceiling. We saw glass-cases at the side where bass, conger, pike, flat-fish, lobsters and trout performed their mild gyrations. We saw coral beds, the ancient City of Atlantis, the Cave of a Million Eyes; we saw stuffed divers and a stuffed octopus. This was all very fine. But I still hungered for Romance.

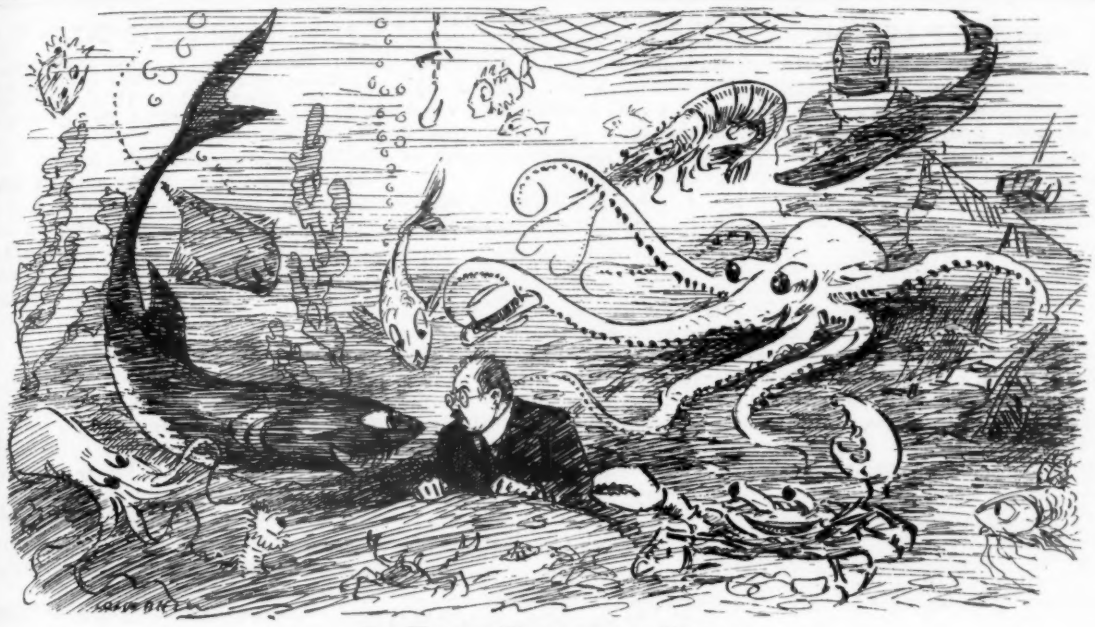
"Is there no single living shark for me to fight?" I said to *Captain Nemo.*

He looked very grave.

"Ah, now you have touched on a tragedy," he said. "We caught a shark the other day off the coast of Cornwall, a real blue-nosed shark, as fierce as you please. I can tell you the wires were busy. We sent a special tank down for it and had a reserved carriage on the train. He was put into salt water and oxygen was pumped into the tank the whole way up. We got him here safely, but he looked a little limp, poor fellow, and we brought our lady fish-doctor to deal with him. She took his head in her hands and tried to revive him. He gave a faint quiver, but as soon as she let go he sank straight down to the bottom of the water, and there he stayed." He sniffed.

I took out my handkerchief.

"And was," I murmured huskily—



THE WEMBLEY WONDERS OF THE DEEP.

"was the little life snuffed out for ever?"

"Absolutely dead," he replied. "They are unaccountably delicate things, sharks are."

The Illustrator broke out into a series of loud short barks.

Oh, no; it was not the Illustrator. It was somebody else.

"We have our sea-lion, though," said *Captain Nemo* more cheerfully as I looked round in astonishment. "You must come and see that."

I appear to be dogged by this sea-lion. I now realised what was the oceanic odour of which I had been dimly conscious during the whole of the twenty thousand leagues we had traversed.

"Would you care to have a fight with him?" asked the *Captain* hopefully. "He bites like sin if you only give him a chance."

"I remember nothing about a fight with mere sea-lions in JULES VERNE'S book," I said coldly, "though there was a little set-to with cachalots. You haven't any cachalots in your aquarium, have you? By the way, what is your sea-lion's name? We've met him so often that I think we ought to be introduced to him now."

"He comes from Scotland and is very proud and reserved, except towards Royalty," answered *Captain Nemo*. "We make it a rule never to tell strangers his name."

"I shall call him MacJules," I said.

EVOE.

A NARROW ESCAPE.

["It is essential nowadays," says a newspaper pundit, "that husband and wife should be able to dance together. Their steps must match perfectly."]

WHEN first I met Amanda,
I told myself, "It seems
In her the gods have planned a
Fulfilment of my dreams;"
Merely to say that Fate meant
Us twain to make a pair
Was foolish understatement,
So "suitable" we were.

Of politics and prices,
Of holidays and health,
The flavouring of ices,
The wickedness of wealth,
My view was just what hers is,
On kindred culture based;
She even liked my verses—
A far from common taste.

Our troth was quickly plighted
(There seemed no room for doubt),
And we 'd have been united
Before the year was out,
And found regret unending,
Had not some happy chance
Arranged for our attending
A small and early dance.

It needed but a few steps
To wake a doubting mood;
My notions of the new steps
Were quite misunderstood;
The thought began to rankle
That, when I would display
My cleverness, her ankle
Kept getting in the way.

'Twas truly providential
Discovering like this
We lacked the one essential
For true domestic bliss;
The marriage yoke (or tether)
Unbearable must be,
Though hearts should beat together,
If feet do not agree.

Unnatural History Note.

"Mr. —— has a sow which recently gave birth to three calves."—*Local Paper.*

"'MACBETH.'
YOUNG FOLKS' HAPPY EVENING AT THE PRINCES."
Birmingham Paper.

"He has no children. All my pretty ones?
Did you say all? O hell-kite! All?
What, all my pretty chickens and their dam
At one fell swoop?"

We ought to have more of these juvenile plays in London.

"HOTEL ——, AMSTERDAM.
We can offer you: Comfort — Elegancy — Your Home — Moderate Prices — The Best Cooking — And Last not Least: Hospital Reception by the Manager and his Staff."
Advertising Booklet.

Own ambulances meet all trains.

Great Minds that Think Alike.

"THINGS PEOPLE SAY.
People are too apt to take whatever their grocer sends them.—Mr. J. S. Smit.
People are too apt to take whatever their grocer sends them.—Mr. J. S. Smith."
Daily Paper.

"Required, ripe Young Man, as barman."
Daily Paper.

If too ripe we fear he may fall.

THE FIRST LESSON.

THE links were swept by a strong north-easter; the sea, dashing against England's whitish cliffs, was also visibly affected. I myself was past caring about the weather, and the Great Man apparently did not notice it. He took fourteen balls from an adoring acolyte and led the way in silence to the first hole.

The wind howled. It flapped the graceful profusion of his nether garments. The Great Man walked with the gait peculiar to his profession, a delicate blending of the retired sea-captain and the gorilla. "Why do they all bend their knees so much?" I asked myself. I was soon to find out the reason.

At a deserted and uninviting spot near a little flag we halted. He took a club, bent his head devotionally, wriggled rapidly like a kitten about to spring, then suddenly turned parts of himself back to front. This he did three times before my fascinated gaze.

"That 's all I 'm going to teach you this afternoon," he said. "All you want to practise is the swing. It 's a little tricky at first, but you 'll soon get into it. How many grips do you know?"

I confessed complete ignorance of them all.

"Have you never seen this?" he inquired very gently, twining his fingers in and out among one another and the stick.

"It is a little like something I was once shown, only that was done with string," I replied, making honest efforts to follow his directions.

The Great Man took three more vicious swings. Then he said, "Now grasp the club, fix the eyes on this weed, bend the head slightly—no, keep the body upright and the back stiff. Now raise the head of the club slowly with the left hand, guiding it with the right. Stand firm with the right foot and rise upon the ball of the left toe, bring the left shoulder round under the chin, always keeping the head bent and the eyes fixed. Arch the right wrist. Now slightly bend the left knee; no, keep the right knee stiff. You are now in a position to begin the downward stroke. Let the club-head travel smoothly down, passing through the point upon which the eyes are fixed and allow it to carry through to its natural position over the left shoulder, taking care to swing only from the shoulders, keeping the waist stationary, at the same time elevating the right heel and transferring the weight of the body from the right foot to the left. Keep the left knee quite stiff, turn the right foot slightly inwards and bend the right knee. Now arch the left wrist, keep the eye fixed on the one spot and stiffen the back. You are now at the correct finish. But always remember that the only way to acquire the swing is to let yourself do it naturally. Self-consciousness is the ruin of good style."

"I 'm afraid I 'm not doing it quite right," I said after ten minutes of earnest effort.

The Great Man was most patient. Seventeen times I essayed the swing, but, alas, whenever the right knee was becomingly bent the left wrist was sure to be unarched. If the left shoulder came fittingly into contact with the chin the right heel was shirking its responsibility. Should all the knees and wrists be functioning satisfactorily the head would be found to be unbent and the eyes would be caught surveying, perhaps pardonably, the harmonious whole. Should the eyes, recalled to duty, rest immovably on the fixed spot, the effort would always entail an unstiffened spine or drooping shoulders.

"You 'll soon get the knack," said the Great Man doubtfully. "Now we 'll try with balls." He placed one on a small eminence.

"Hit in the direction of the sea," he said.

I took courage. This was much better than being told to try and hit one little patch of grass.

I hit. The ball rose well.

"Good," he said, putting down a second. I hit again, into a hedge twenty yards to the right. At the third shot I scored a green-mower. The fourth went into a little hole some way off to the south-west. The fifth, sixth, seventh and eighth were rather oblique shots. The ninth bagged a groundsman in the middle distance, but the tenth, eleventh, twelfth and thirteenth were somewhat disappointing. As I was addressing the fourteenth I saw the Great Man glance at his watch. This put me on my mettle.

Resolutely keeping the head bent, the eyes fixed, then raising the club with the left hand, arching the right wrist, rising on the ball of the left toe, placing the left shoulder beneath the chin, I paused for one exalted second, then down came the club-head, round came the right shoulder, down sank the left heel, up rose the right. The left knee stiffened, the right knee bent, the ball of the right toe transferred the weight to the left foot. After its splendid natural swing and follow-through the club came to rest above the left shoulder, and through it all the back had remained stiffened, the head bent, and the eyes even now were fixed—on the ball.

A DIETETIC DITTY.

[The Diarist in *The Evening Standard* claims the support of a very eminent specialist in diet for his view that it should be sharply varied from day to day to match the vagaries of our climate.]

TAKING a liberal view of food,
Though never gluttonous or greedy,
Having invariably pursued
The precept wise, *ut vivas ede*,
I hold it truth with him who sings
In accents comforting and cheering
That, from the solace which it brings,
Variety is most endearing.

So, being further fortified
By modern specialists in diet
Who laud the maxim of my guide,
I have determined to apply it;
And, since my breakfast is the meal
That most pre-eminently matters,
I have revised with patient zeal
The fare that fills my cups and platters.

Coffee I book for mornings three—
The preference needs no defending—
Two I allot to Indian tea
And one to China's fragrant blending;
While on the seventh, from other brews—
Dulce est desipere in loco—
I leave myself the right to choose
Maté or bottled beer or cocoa.

Bacon is tempting, though, I wis,
Not sanctioned by the Book of Jasher;
And yet 'tis well to give a miss
Occasionally to the rasher;
So I for one will never scorn
The homely halibut, the kipper,
The haddock, and the bloater too
Beloved by every Yarmouth tripper.

The charm of eggs can't be denied,
If served with culinary cunning,
Boiled, *en cocotte*, poached, scrambled, fried,
But never twice the same way running;
Porridge is excellent (with cream)
In winter, but experience teaches,
When Sirius sheds his fiery beam,
A better way with grapes and peaches.

For bread, in variegated guise,
I look to Scotch and English bakers,
And also to the enterprise
Of French and Austrian crescent-makers;
While for my choice of marmalade
I mean successively to revel
On every sort of brand that 's made
Out of the golden globes of Seville.

The brief suggestions here outlined
May also aid us in our dinners;
But in Life's handicap you 'll find
Good breakfasters are mostly winners;
They start the day in mood serene;
Their tempers no rebuff can rattle;
Their consciences are always clean,
And that is more than half the battle.

MANNERS AND MODES: THE OXFORD TOUCH.



IN VIEW OF THE OXFORD TASTE IN OUT-SIZE TROUSERS—



WE ANTICIPATE THE APPEARANCE OF THE OXFORD JACKET—



FOLLOWED BY THE OXFORD BOOTS—







WHILE THE OXFORD HAT WILL DOUBTLESS BE MODELLED ON THESE LINES.



THE BOW WILL BE IN KEEPING —



AND SO WILL THE GLOVES —



AND THIS WILL BE EFFECT OF THE ENSEMBLE.



Our Vicar. "ARE YOU READY?"
Our Curate (to his team). "NOW, MEN, *FORWARD* BE OUR WATCHWORD!"

MR. HONEYBUBBLE.

VI.—THE REFORMERS.

MENTION of that last night at sea recalls to my mind a much later and wholly dissimilar episode; and, since in these recollections of Honeybubble the Man I am governed neither by reason, form, chronology, relevance nor any other consideration, I record it here and now before I forget it.

Mr. Honeybubble, I need hardly say, became eventually a member of my Club. I put him up, of course. I fumed, I swore I would resign if he were elected, but, goodness, how I laboured to get him elected! For even while I fumed my better nature (blast it!) asserted itself. . . . However, we need not go into that. Honeybubble was duly elected, and I took to lunching, as a rule, at hotels. But one evening after tea I found myself in the large window of the smoking-room with Mr. Honeybubble and Mr. Potts not far away. Mr. Potts is robust and bonny, and has a face on which the sun never sets. He has been a member for thirty years, and every year he has sworn he will resign the next. Potts had *Gossip* and Honeybubble had *Chitchat*. Both talked little and breathed a lot. But at last Potts said:—

"I made a very poor lunch to-day."

Honeybubble lowered his paper and, looking cautiously round the room, hissed rather than said:—

"Did you have the steak-and-kidney?"

"No," said Potts; "I had the sirloin. Too underdone. Half-cooked. *Raw!*" he concluded fiercely.

"The steak-and-kidney wasn't fit to eat."

"You had a second helping, didn't you?" said Potts suspiciously.

"Yes," said Honeybubble grudgingly. "No better than the first."

"If I had your appetite——" said Potts with a sigh.

"An appetite 's wasted here."

"Yes, the food 's very bad. Always was."

"For two pins," said Honeybubble darkly, "I 'd put a suggestion in the Suggestion-book."

"I shouldn't do that," said Potts. "It 's always remembered against a man."

Honeybubble returned to his paper.

"However," said Potts after a little thought, "mention the sirloin if you do."

There was silence.

"I see England 's lost the draughts again," said Honeybubble at length.

"Not to mention the cricket."

"*And* the polo."

"*And* the lawn-tennis."

"Well, can you wonder? With half the population watching games instead of playing 'em——"

"And those that do play playing for money."

"I don't know what we 're coming to."

"Where 's that Suggestion-book?" said Honeybubble powerfully.

He rose and fetched the little black book in which the more irresponsible members record their grievances, if they dare. Honeybubble slowly turned the touching but untidy pages, each scribbled contribution a *cri de cœur*, some humorous, some bitter, but all composed after a hearty meal, or late at night by indignant revellers:—

"*Can* NOTHING *be done to the fourth tap from the left, which has been out of order for ten years?*

"*Suggested that 'The Glass-Bottle Gazette' is not of general interest to members, and 'Bee-Life' might well be taken instead.*

"*Why are there never any matches in the Smoking-Room?*"

To which some wag had added in pencil:—

"*Why are not pencils provided in the Drawing-Room?*"

And so on.

Potts meanwhile gazed vaguely into space. And at last he said:—

"How about that suggestion?"

"I was just thinking it over."

"Might do some good," said Potts doubtfully.

"We ought to be careful how we put it," said Honeybubble nervously. "You remember what they said about Badger?"

"Yes. Still, a member has his rights," said Potts, suddenly roused. "The food 's a damned scandal!"

"You 're perfectly right. That 's just what it is."

"And *I* don't see why you shouldn't say so."

Honeybubble produced a pencil.

"Of course," he said, "we don't want any unpleasantness."

"Oh, well, you needn't be offensive. But a fellow 's got to have the courage of his convictions."

"They asked Andrews to resign, you know," said Honeybubble, apprehensive.

"Let them!" said Potts grandly. "The Club 's not worth belonging to with the food what it is. You can get better at an A.B.C."

"I 've never been to an A.B.C.," said Honeybubble mildly.

"Neither have I," said Potts very warmly. "But that 's not the point."

Honeybubble prepared to write.

"Well, how would you put it?"

"I should give it to them hot and strong," said Potts. "Dignified, you know, but pretty strong."

"I will," said Honeybubble, sticking at nothing. And for some time he wrote, slowly and with infinite cogitation.

At last he stopped and, with a side-long glance at Potts, said, "You 'll sign this too, old man?"

"What 's that?" stammered Potts, less bellicose. "Oh, well, old boy, I don't know that that 's necessary."

"Looks better if it 's two."

"Yes, I know. But it 's rather different for me."

"How 's that, old man?" said Honeybubble coolly.

"Well, I 'm a very old member—personal friend of the Secretary and all that. It makes a difference."

"Oh," said Honeybubble, damped a little. And for a moment I thought he would abandon the whole project.

"However," said Potts encouragingly, "let 's hear how it goes."

Honeybubble read, not without dignity:—

"*I venture to suggest that the food and cooking of the Club are a positive scandal. . . .*"

"Oh, come, isn't that a bit strong?"

"Your own expression, old man."

"Yes; but I mean it 's a bit *general*, isn't it? I mean I don't know that we ought to say it 's *all* as bad as that. They gave me a very good chop only last night, and now and again the fish is eatable."

"Well, what do you suggest?"

"That 's up to you, old boy. It 's your suggestion. However, if I were in your place I should—I should concentrate on your steak-and-kidney pudding. I should say—er—I should say—— Well, what was the matter with it?"

"Too dry. No gravy. And the meat not done."

"Well, then, I should say—er—'I venture to suggest—er—that the steak-and-kidney pudding to-day was—er—abominably cooked.'"

Honeybubble scratched out and began to write this down audibly, but paused at "steak-and-kidney" to look at Potts.

"You wouldn't say anything about your sirloin?"

"Eh? No, old boy. Don't want to make it too long."

"N-o-o," said Honeybubble, chewing his pencil. "Still, I 'd like to put something about your sirloin. What was wrong with it?"

"Oh, well, it wasn't so bad, I suppose," Potts answered generously; "I did pretty well."

"It would look stronger to mention them both, don't you think?"

"It would look as if you 'd *had* them both," said Potts with quiet triumph. "No, no—better stick to the one thing."

"I don't know," said Honeybubble, musing, "that the steak-and-kidney was bad enough to stand by itself. I 've tasted worse."

"Well, make it general, then. Put it that—er—put it," said Potts, painfully composing, "that in your opinion the cooking is—er—very often—er—not up to the mark."

"Thanks, old man," said Honeybubble, writing again. "You don't



Solicitous Husband (*in traffic*). "BE CAREFUL, DEAR!"

think that 's just a little bit on the strong side?"

"Oh, well, take out the 'very.' You don't want to make a scene. How does that go?"

"The food of the Club," read Honeybubble, "is *often* not up to the mark."

"Ye-es. And d' you know what I 'd do?"

"No."

"I should put in a 'quite' before 'up to the mark.' See what I mean?"

"Is often——"

"Make it 'sometimes'——"

"Is *sometimes* not *quite* up to the mark."

"That 's got it," said Potts, with satisfaction. "That 'll tickle 'em up, without throwing a bombshell into the Club—if you see what I mean."

Honeybubble surveyed his ticklish but unexplosive suggestion.

"Ye-es," he said.

"And now," said Potts, "I 'm going to have a sherry." He rang the bell with resolution and strongly ordered a sherry.

"Well, here you are," said Honeybubble. "Will you sign too, Potts?"

"Think you need it, old boy?" said Potts feebly. "Oh, well——"

He took the book and studied it profoundly. "You know," he said at last, "if you ask me, old boy, you 've whittled this down so much that what you 've left is not worth saying. If you take my advice you 'll rub the whole thing out and not make a fuss;" and he returned the book with a large-minded gesture.

"Think so, old man?" said Honeybubble.

The waiter brought a glass of sherry.

"Yes, old boy," said Potts; "I 'm damned if I know what you 're complaining about."

He drained his glass to the dregs. His features puckered with distaste, and he said:—

"Waiter, that sherry wasn't fit to drink. Bring me another."

"And bring me some india-rubber," said Mr. Honeybubble. A. P. H.

"THE P.E.N. CLUB.

"Mr. Galsworthy was the British delegate [at Paris], and in the single speech which he made he pointed out that originally the club's three letters were meant to signify Poets, Editors, Novelists. 'But,' he added, 'I have thought of a better significance: *Paix entre Eux.*'"—*Evening Paper.*

"*Entre Nous*" would have been really neater.

TO-DAY'S CRICKET MODES.

"Mrs. Burdock-Jones has invited us to play in the cricket-match at her garden fête," said Belinda.

"There is yet time for a prior engagement."

"Oh, no; I said you 'd be charmed."

"It might be worse," I replied with resignation; "it might have been rounders. I didn't know you were a cricketer."

"Little boys play," she argued, "so surely I can. I 've got my outfit."

"Good. What bat are you using?"



Barmaid. "IT WAS YOUR HUSBAND WHAT TOLD ME, BUT HE WAS RATHER MERRY AT THE TIME."

Perfec' Lady. "THAT EXPLAINS IT THEN, DEARIE. 'E GIVE YOU A GARGLED VERSION OF IT."

"You mean the thing you drive off with? I think Mrs. Burdock-Jones will lend us one. I mean my *outfit*, what I 'm wearing. I 've got a *beige* felt hat, a peach-coloured *crêpe romain* one-piece frock with lace sleeves inset—only tiny sleeves, of course—a lace panel on the right side, white silk stockings and buck-skin shoes."

"And what am I wearing?"

"I thought your grey flannel suit——"

"Belinda, that is impossible. I will not play cricket in grey flannels. It is not done."

"But why isn't it done?"

"Can you imagine HOBBS coming out to bat in grey flannels?"

"Well, of course he 's a professional. They have to play in white because of the committee, you know. There will be no professionals at Mrs. Burdock-Jones's."

"I insist on white flannels."

"But everybody will be wearing white. All the tennis people. They 're so stupid about colours. And we did want our cricket team to look distinctive. Besides, *Home News* this week says that clothes should express one's individuality."

"Dare I express mine by staying at home?"

"Oh, no, you simply couldn't. We 're so short of men. They 've all made appointments with their dentists. Besides, you said you 'd be charmed."

"Of course. How stupid of me! Still I 'll go in my white flannels."

"Very well. You 'll wear one of your striped shirts, and a silk collar and tie?"

"Heavens, no! Stripes aren't done, and collars and ties aren't done."

"But you must be decent. This is a garden fête."

"I understood it was also a cricket-match."

"Mr. Burdock-Jones always plays in a collar and tie, and he 's so particular about his clothes."

"He plays bowls."

"Oh, isn't that the same? You bowl at cricket, don't you? Like this?"

"Only to infants at the sea-side. In cricket we bowl like this—— Hang!"

"Never mind, dear," said Belinda sweetly. "We did want a new bulb. Don't tread on the pieces. But you mustn't bowl like that at the fête. There 's an awful lot of glass in the conservatory."

"It 's impossible to bowl a swinger with any other action, and I do want to get Mrs. Burdock-Jones out first ball."

"But you mustn't do that. She 's getting the fête up, and it 's for the church funds. Quite a good cause. You simply couldn't do it. How would you like to be bowled first ball when you 'd spent hours and hours over the salmon mayonnaise and the trifle?"

"Don't worry. There are heaps of ways she can get herself out. Leg-before, probably."

"Oh, you mustn't hit her."

"The trouble will be to miss her. It won't hurt her. She 'll wear pads, of course."



Infatuated Youth (to revue Star). "I SUPPOSE IT WOULD BE CHEEK TO ASK YOU TO MARRY ME? . . . SORRY. I WAS AFRAID SO. WELL, WILL YOU GIVE ME YOUR AUTOGRAPH?"

"You mean those white legging things? I'm afraid I hadn't thought of them."

"But you must. It will be real cricket, I suppose? Umpires and all that?"

"You mean those men in the long white coats who hold the sweaters and caps? Mrs. Burdock-Jones and I have talked it over and we didn't see why real people were necessary just to hold sweaters when we're so short of men, so we decided just to bring out the hall-stand."

"My dear child, they're there to give decisions—to say when we're out."

"We can surely settle a little matter like that between ourselves in a friendly spirit. But you keep raising difficulties and I can't settle what you're to wear. If you insist on white flannels you ought to have a blazer. Gold and green stripes, I thought. You could have your initials or crest embroidered on the pocket."

"Belinda," I said sternly, "this is a man's game; and just let me tell you the correct wear for cricket. Our Savile Row correspondent states that white or cream will be worn by all the smart people at this season's cricket-matches. The player who wishes to be *bien soigné* will wear a simple two-piece suit, the trousers of flannel cut with slightly more fulness than last year, and a shirt of the same material with a V-shaped neck and a polo collar, which should be permanently turned up. Collars and ties form no part of a cricketer's outfit except for country wear.

"As our cricket costumes must be uniform in type, we have to express our individuality in little coloured coatees or blazers (free paper pattern enclosed). These should conform to the club colours and should not be worn without the consent of the captain. To prevent disappointment, players should satisfy themselves that the blend of the club colours suits them before paying their entrance fees.

"The jumper is still *de rigueur* for sports wear, but it is again cut rather short, the long jumper reaching to the ankles, introduced by the Surrey skipper, having found few adherents.

"A smart little pull-on cap trimmed with the club colours adds distinction to this chic outfit. A parade of this season's models will shortly be seen at Lord's——"

"That's all very well," interrupted Belinda, "if you were only going to play cricket."

"What else am I doing?"

"You promised Mrs. Burdock-Jones to take the money at the gate first. I don't know what the best people wear for that. A commissionaire's uniform and a ticket punch, I should think. Then you've promised to help with the refreshments, so you'll want your dress-suit. For the clock golf you'll want your plus-fours. Hadn't I better arrange for a dressing-room?"

I went in my grey flannel suit after all.

Fashion Notes, 1925.

"An average young girl of 17 needs a certain amount of clothes to keep in the swim."
Daily Paper.

We doubt it.

The New Anatomy.

From a book-review:—

"Miss —— . . . has thus discovered . . . that there's many an honest heart beats under a ragged face."—*Sunday Paper.*

"Big Bertha" Outdone.

"The Riffs have fired on the Eastern Telegraph Company's ship *Amber*, which was engaged in repairing cables off the American coast."—*Burma Paper.*

It seems odd that no European paper has discovered the Riffs' acquisition of these long-range weapons.



Host (to novice with waders on for the first time). "PLENTY OF FISH JUST WHERE YOU ARE. CAUGHT ANY?" *Novice.* "NO; BUT I KEEP TREADING ON 'EM."

THE SILK STOCKING BY-ELECTION.

THE eyes of the Empire were on Bumbleton—so Bumbleton was informed a hundred times a day. For Bumbleton was the first constituency to be fought on the question of taxing one of the most essential features of feminine attire.

Mr. LANSBURY, championing the Labour Candidate, dared the Government, on twenty tubs a day, to rob the working women of Poplar of their only luxury. There was a revolution of *sans-culottes* a century or so ago, but far sterner, far fiercer would be the revolution of the *sans-bas-de-soie*. A hand laid on the leg-wear of the proletariat would strike at the very foundations of society.

Sir JOHN SIMON announced to enthralled audiences that their silk stockings should never be torn from the limbs of British women to bolster up a discredited Budget. In the name of PEEL (cheers), GLADSTONE (loud cheers) and LLOYD GEORGE (eloquent silence), he declared that the historic Liberal Party would never tax either the food or the feet of the people. (A voice, "What about ASQUITH?") He was waiting for that question. Let him assure them that the Garter, the latest honour of their revered leader, would always cling faithfully to the stocking. (Tremendous cheers.) *Honi soit qui mal y pense.* (Renewed cheers.) There was one notable feature about silk stockings. (A voice: "Ankles.") The feature he personally had in mind was the "laddering" common alike to the stocking of silk and the stocking of wood-pulp. Might he venture to say that by the silk stocking ladder the Liberal Party would climb once more to the office and power it had lost through the most infamous of all Coalitions.

Mr. MACQUISTEN, speaking for the Government Candidate, declared that the Budget might be properly described as hole-proof and colour-fast. The infatuation of the Liberal Party for the principles of Free Trade was so absurd that he could only describe it in this instance as a bad case of "calf-love."

* * * * * *

Polling-day was marked by a great electioneering coup. Early in the morning all the members of the Women's Liberal Association, the Girls' Liberal League and the wives of the members of the Cobden Club marched in solemn procession down Bumbleton High Street. A shadow seemed to have fallen on that historic thoroughfare. For all the marchers wore black woollen stockings and every marcher carried a banner with this inscription:—

"WHAT BUMBLETON WILL COME TO IF IT DEPARTS FROM FREE TRADE.

VOTE LIBERAL AND KEEP BUMBLETON BRIGHT."

Bumbleton, to a woman, gazed aghast at those funereal limbs and rushed to vote against the Government. They felt that it hadn't a leg to stand on.

RESULT OF THE POLL.

Gooch (Lib.)	20,416
Bludge (Lab.)	11,292
Splosh (Cons.)	4,309
Free-Stocking Majority	16,107

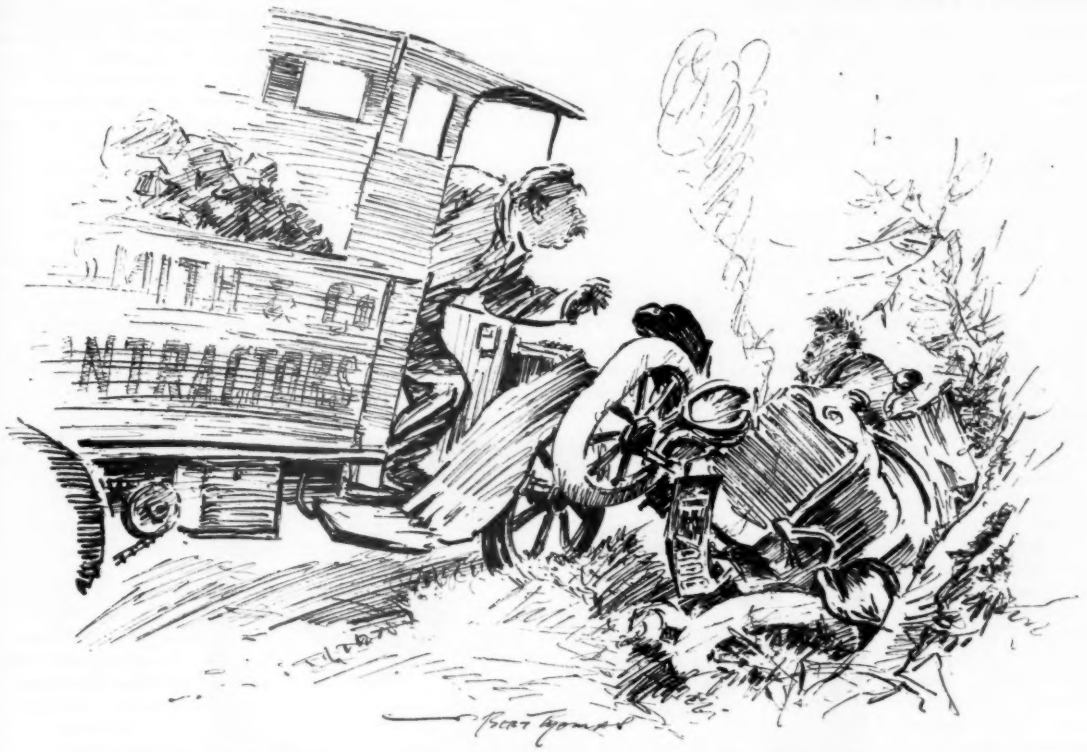
After the declaration of the poll all the Candidates announced that Bumbleton had that day lit such a Liberal (or Conservative or Labour) candle in England as would never be put out.

"Later, a wireless massage was received from the steamer *Cheldale*."—*Evening Paper.* There is practically nothing that cannot be done by wireless nowadays.



OUR INDUSTRIAL TROUBLE: A FLATTERING DIAGNOSIS.

UNCLE JONATHAN, M.D. (*of the London Congress of American Doctors, to* JOHN BULL, *at his week-end—Friday to Tuesday—retreat*). "WHAT YOU ARE SUFFERING FROM, SIR, IS THE HUSTLE AND STRAIN OF MODERN LIFE. YOU ARE THE VICTIM OF A MANIA FOR OVERWORK."



Reckless Lorry-Driver. "FOR GAWD'S SAKE, SIR, DON'T SAY ANYTHING ABAHT THIS OR I 'LL GET THE SACK."

MIKE'S FANCY.

"You can 'ave your lights o' London; you can keep your Great White Way;
They 're well enough," said Murphy, "when you 're out to burn your pay;
They 're right enough for some folks, but them folks' tastes ain't mine,
For, Lord, gimme a little burg an' then I 'm suited fine.

"A sawmill an' a Chink store an' a two-by-four saloon
Where the loggers dance in couples to a cracked piano's tune,
A slashin' Clyde four-poster loadin' lumber at the quay,
An' a sailor's welcome waitin' when a ship blows in from sea.

"A big port 's bitter lonesome, and it 's bitter cruel too
When you 're down an' out," said Murphy, "an' you 've wore your welcome through;
You can lie down in the dirt an' die an' who in thunder 'll care;
That 's why I like a little burg; a feller 's someone there!

"Just a few adobe 'ouses on a bloomin' dusty shore
With the frozen peaks be'ind 'em an' the sunset seas afore;
But the tinklin' o' the mule-bells some'ow allus seems to say,
''Ello, Mistaire Inglees sailorman, 'ow long you goin' to stay?'

"An' when I 'm done with sailin', which I some day likely will,
When I 've seen the best there is to see from China to Brazil,
When there 's nowheres else I want to go from Singapore to Nome—
Why, I 'll find me out some little burg where I can feel at 'ome.

"A street of whitewashed 'ouses and an 'arbour somewheres nigh
Where you smell the fish an' seaweed an' the nets spread out to dry;
A pub for winter evenin's where shellbacks' yarns are told,
With a corner by the fireside for a bloke that 's gettin' old."

C. F. S.

A HINT FOR THE B.B.C.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—The interchange of rural and urban amenities rendered possible by broadcasting proceeds apace, but the promoters of the industry still show a great lack of imagination. The nightingale has been lured by Miss BEATRICE HARRISON'S 'cello to pour its eternal passion and eternal pain into the head-pieces of Notting Hill. That must rejoice the *manes* of MATT. ARNOLD and KEATS. On the other hand, I read only this morning that the sounds of a coalmine are being reproduced for the refreshment of the agricultural labourer, which must be equally pleasing to Mr. A. J. COOK. But a rich field of melody and harmony remains unexploited. For example, I would suggest, as an admirable antidote to the feverish activity of modern life which is exercising our leading doctors, that the sounds of a London club library between the hours of 3 and 6 P.M. should be recorded by microphones and given the widest possible aerial currency. Such a concert would at once tend to combat that distressing wakefulness which our American visitors have been moved to deplore, and also convey a vivid impression of the stertorous eloquence of the intellectual leaders of London life.

I am, dear Mr. Punch, Yours faithfully,
The Megatherium. DORMY HOWSON.

NEW YORK CITY: A GUIDE FOR SETTLERS.

X.—ADVERTISEMENTS: RISE OF MODERN; INFLUENCE OF; WHY, ETC.

THE Englishman would do well to begin, several months before he leaves his country, to curb his inclinations when shopping, and if he finds himself instinctively buying some article he should begin to practise buying some other. On his ability to buy according to cold reason, without reference to his instincts, his happiness in America will depend. If he has failed to cultivate his cold reason he is likely to fall a helpless victim to American advertisements, continually being unable to buy what he wants, continually buying what he doesn't want. For American advertisements have probably the highest voltage of any in the world and, unless he prepares himself, they will tyrannize over him until he has no will of his own left. He will constantly be going to a store to buy a neck-tie, for example, and finding that, in its place, he has involuntarily bought a popular brand of garters whose advertisement impressed itself subconsciously on his instincts as he entered the door. The only way I know of preserving his freedom of choice is, as I say, for him to start building up the strength of his reason months in advance.

Let me tell him something of the principles on which these advertisements are made, in the hope of inducing in him a familiarity with them which will ultimately breed contempt. The advertisements in magazines and newspapers I shall only touch upon; if he reads the magazines and newspapers he deserves all he gets. But the so-called "outdoor" advertisements, the ones which pursue him along the streets and leap at him from corners and whistle and yell and scream at him from the inner cornices of transit-cars, these attack him without his having done anything to deserve it, and I feel that these are the ones I should try to make him understand and cease to fear.

AN ESTIMATE OF THE PUBLIC INTELLIGENCE.

The broad principle upon which all of these advertisements are built is a profound contempt for the intelligence of the general. Mr. John ("Jack") Louder, the pioneer of modern advertising in America and a friend and follower of Mr. T. P. BARNUM, compiled statistics, and from these gave the intelligence of the general the grade of two out of a possible hundred. He put this grade out tentatively at first, intending to change it if he found that he had underestimated the intelligence of the general. He was something of an idealist in this connection and is said to have remarked to his secretary when he found that he had overestimated it, "Let it go, sister; what the hell!" And so the figures, though admittedly erroneous, stand to-day.

Having hit upon this secret, Mr. Louder was in line for making his fortune, because his rivals in the advertising business had set their figures well above his (in some cases as high as six and seven out of a possible hundred) and were turning out advertisements so far above everybody's head that the businesses advertising with them received no benefit at all. These rivals, finding their clients dropping off, lowered their figures and put up such signs as "CHEER UP, OL' PIPE! HERE 'S *VELVET*" and "VIRGINIA TOBACCO *IS* BEST; DADDY OF 'EM ALL," which they thought ought to be obvious enough for anybody. But Mr. Louder countered this effort by buying the whole south side of Astor Place and erecting a sign on the building there about two-hundred-and-fifty feet long and four stories high, painting it all a glaring scarlet and writing on it the words (referring to a new kind of cigarette made out of an old kind of tobacco), "OH, SAY, MAN, YOU 'LL JUST LOVE 'EM!" This single slogan is supposed to have caused the bankruptcy of fourteen advertising businesses, all of whose clients swarmed to the doors of Mr. Louder's offices.

This great increase in his trade gave him some worry, because he knew that the large-scale manufacture of bromidicisms was a very difficult task; he felt that he had a staff of men who could turn out a larger quantity than any other advertising business, but too intensive labour at bromidic statements he thought was certain in time to wear their minds down to subtlety. His most valued man, a person who had got his bromidic training by spending four years as an officer in the Army, advised him to advertise for retired Naval officers and to canvass the southern parts of the United States for new men. Mr. Louder did both, and as a result is to-day in a position to produce about four-fifths of the great city's advertisements.



A NEW CONSTELLATION.

THE ASCLEPIADES.

AT THE ANGLO-AMERICAN MEDICAL CONFERENCE KING HENRY VIII. AND MR. LLOYD GEORGE WERE COUPLED BY SIR WALTER FLETCHER AS AMONG THE FEW PUBLIC MEN IN HISTORY WHO HAD FOSTERED RESEARCH IN MEDICAL SCIENCE.

THE ADVERTISEMENT FACTORY.

For purposes of efficiency he has divided his factory into five departments, corresponding to the five kinds of advertisements he specializes in, each department manned by a dozen or more highly-trained morons. If the Englishman can be brought to understand something of the products of each of these departments I think he will then be prepared to put up an intelligent resistance.

The speciality of one of Mr. Louder's departments is the sweeping statement. This sort of advertisement was one of Mr. Louder's earliest products, developing directly out of the proposition that the intelligence of the general amounted to two out of a possible hundred. One of his most striking achievements in this line, though probably limited in appeal to natives of America, is his advertisement for Wrigley's chewing-gum. It portrays a stork flying across the blue sky, bearing in his beak with consummate ease a baby as large as himself; the legend, suggested by the ex-army officer himself, is "EVERY TWO SECONDS ANOTHER NEW CUSTOMER FOR WRIGLEY'S." The Englishman may be inclined to think that this falls down through not taking into account the fact that every few seconds a former customer of Wrigley's dies; but that

is cavilling. This department produced also the famous pair of cigarette advertisements, one, for a company making cigarettes out of Turkish tobacco, saying, "10,000 SMOKERS A DAY ARE TURNING TO TURKISH;" the other, for an American tobacco company, saying, "ARE FOLKS GETTING TIRED OF TURKISH? IT SURE LOOKS LIKE IT."

THE MISSPELLING METHOD.

In time Mr. Louder hit upon the idea of misspelling the name of the product in question, and founded his phonetic department. The only objection to misspelling the product was that the general might then be unable to grasp what he was talking about; but this objection was eliminated by the ex-officer's suggestion that a line of explanation be inserted. The result of this was a class of advertisement typified by that of a lotion for application to policemen's feet. Mr. Louder named the product "GLAD-PHEET," but, fearing that the meaning might not be clear to the general, added a line explaining that "IT MAKES THE FEET GLAD." Further light was thrown on the matter by having one of his illustrators make a rough drawing of the bottom of a foot, giving it features like those of a face and imparting to them an expression of unmistakable gladness.

One of his most popular methods is to offer a prize of ten or fifteen thousand dollars to the person who succeeds in doing this or that. Sometimes it is for composing the best Limerick using the name of the article advertised, sometimes for giving a title to a picture, sometimes for solving a puzzle. He has recently put out an advertisement of a stove-polish called "FYR-PRUF," in which a prize of ten thousand dollars is to be awarded to the first person who can make the polish explode. The catch to this is, of course, that only the person himself can collect the award: his widow and children get nothing. On the whole it would be safer to enter for the fifty-thousand-dollar prize offered for a movie for GLORIA SWANSON.

THE SCARE METHOD AND OTHERS.

The remunerative "terror *motif*" did not elude Mr. Louder long. Mr. Louder had for years noted that, if you tell a person he looks ill, he will soon begin to feel ill; he applied this same general theory to his advertising business and established the Fear department. Examples of their work are to be seen in such statements as these: "*YOU* FROWN WHEN TAXI HORNS ARE BLOWN AT YOU! YOUR NERVES ARE BEGINNING TO FRAZZLE. DON'T GET RUN DOWN! TAKE ——." "DO YOU COUGH IN RAILROAD TUNNELS? WATCH IT! YOUR LUNGS! RUB WITH——" "IF YOU DON'T USE —— TOOTH-PASTE NOW, YOU SOON WON'T BE ABLE TO." The embarrassment *motif* is, of course, simply a branch of this: "DOES IT EMBARRASS YOU, WHEN YOU CALL ON THE FAMILY OF YOUR BEST CUSTOMER, TO GIVE YOUR COAT TO HIS WIFE AND SHAKE HANDS WITH THE MAID? IF SO, WRITE FOR BOOKLET 'HOW TO OVERCOME SELF-CONSCIOUSNESS WITHOUT ANYBODY KNOWING IT.'" "YOU ARE A WALL-FLOWER. WHY? YOUR FRIENDS WON'T TELL YOU; IT IS TOO DELICATE A SUBJECT. WRITE FOR BOOKLET. IT WILL TELL YOU."

Mr. Louder's latest development is the so-called "veiled" advertisement. The department which handles this is concerned almost wholly with plays that are failing to fill their theatres. The method which up to now has been found the most effective is simply to get the "leading lady" to sign her name to a series of letters addressed to the producer, but sent as if by inadvertence to the newspapers, protesting that she finds herself humiliated by the frankness of her lines and that unless her part is expurgated she intends to break her contract and leave the wicked show. After two such letters as this there is usually Standing Room Only.

U. S. A.



Captain of Visiting Side (to youth who has made a brilliant 90 not out). "THAT WAS A FINE KNOCK. YOU MUST HAVE BEEN WELL COACHED."

Youth. "AY, MY OLD FEYTHER COACHED ME. 'E SAYS, 'JACK, WHEN THA SEES T' BALL CLOUT IT,' AN' THAT 'S WHAT AH DOES.'"

"Fish and Chip Saloons . . . don't be sorry if you miss them."—*Advt. in Provincial Paper.*
We promise we won't.

LONDON LEXICON.

II.

Gog and Magog.—Two legendary giants of grotesque exterior who are supposed to exercise a benevolent influence in the City and are instructed every week by "JOHN O' LONDON" in the elements of literary taste and composition.

Golf.—A Scotch pretext for taking exercise, which has surrounded London with open spaces called links and provided hundreds of thousands of dull men with a conversational topic in London trains, offices, private houses and clubs.

Gramophones.—Inferior musical instruments kept by the people next-door. See also *Piano.*

Grandmother.—The elderly female relative whom taxi-cabmen urge rival chauffeurs to bring out to drive in their stead. See *Repartee.*

H.—See the *Oval.*

Horse Down.—This form of accident, once so common in London, especially on wet days, becomes more and more scarce as the motor vehicle multiplies; but it still occurs now and then, to rejoice the hearts of those fortunate enough to be in the neighbourhood. The most likely districts for the connoisseur to visit in search of this ecstasy are Covent Garden, Billingsgate and the Docks.

Horse Guards.—It is here, in Whitehall, that the two sentry-boxes are situated with soldiers on horseback inside them from 10 to 4. The National Gallery, Westminster Abbey, St. Paul's, Cleopatra's Needle—all put up some kind of a claim to be considered interesting, but the Horse Guards' sentries are the real magnet.

"*I'm sorry, but there's still no reply. Will you repeat the number, please, and I'll ring them again.*"—The form of words employed by telephone exchange operators to cover the fact that they haven't yet rung at all.

Inspector.—The name by which wise people address policemen.

Lansdowne House.—Ask "CALLISTHENES."

Left, The.—That which no London pedestrian has ever been able to keep to.

Lord Mayor, The.—London's chief magistrate and the employer of the metropolis's most decorative coach and coachman. He sometimes acts as a movie-star's publicity-agent.

Lord's Cricket Ground.—The principal London cricket ground, and all through the season of 1924 the scene of a permanent exhibition of mackintoshes and umbrellas.

Lords, House of.—There is no need to hurry to see this building, even though its existence is continually in doubt. Threatened men live long.

Lost Property.—People who have left in taxis an umbrella of small value go to the Lost Property Office at New Scotland Yard, on the Embankment, between 10 and 4, in the hopes of getting a better. The other visitors to this office are susceptible ladies who have heard how charming the attendants are.

Manager, The.—The frock-coated official in restaurants who, when food is complained of, either maintains that it is the customer's duty to like it, or takes it away and returns it again as a fresh portion.

Mansion House.—The official residence of the employer of the Lord Mayor's coachman, the most splendid and important man in the City of London. At the side of the Mansion House in Walbrook is the door outside which his coach stands. It is bigger than Cinderella's, but otherwise quite enough like it to enchant the childish eye.

Mark Lane.—Although a large money prize has been offered, no satisfactory reply has yet been advanced to the question, "If Pa-rk Lane married Ma-rk Lane what would their offspring be called?" No, not Little Britains.

Minutes (Two).—The estimate of time made by every London waiter for the preparation of a dish that will take a quarter of an hour.

Modom.—The word by which the customers of London's milliners and dressmakers are unfailingly addressed.

Monday.—A bad day to order fish in London restaurants.

Motor-boats.—Vehicles admirably adapted for a line of Thames passenger traffic but forbidden for that purpose by the London County Council, although its new offices are on the river and are provided with a quay.

Music-Halls.—There has lately been a welcome revival in this old-fashioned type of entertainment; but there are so few artistes to go round that they merely pass from one house to another and become more and more difficult to escape.

Navvies.—Powerful men with straps below their knees who with extreme deliberation and in the presence of a hundred spectators break London paving and interrupt London traffic on the slightest provocation or on none at all. They have lately added to their armoury an electric pulveriser which shatters the nerves of all who hear it, except, of course, the navvies themselves, who are nerveless.

Nice.—An adjective applied by waiters to everything on the menu, and particularly to soles. See *Monday.*

Night Clubs.—See *Raids.*

No Bills.—Paper notices which the Londoner is continually being urged to stick.

Offices.—Rooms with names on the doors, in which husbands dining at restaurants with their typists or with other men's wives are nominally detained.

Olympia.—During the Horse-Show this cosy little building becomes Lord LONSDALE's favourite smoking-room.

Oval.—The cricket ground adjoining the Kennington gasometers where almost all the players' names begin with "H," but no stranger would guess it.

"*Perfect New Year's Gifts.*"—The articles in the shops which failed to attract customers as "Ideal Christmas Presents."

Piano.—A musical instrument kept next-door and played by incompetent hands.

Pickpockets.—Industrious fellows who notoriously occupy every Tube lift and pervade the Zoo, of whom, even when we are busily engaged in refraining from smoking and abstaining from spitting, we must still toil to beware.

Point Duty.—The policeman who with an extended arm appears in the middle of the road at the moment that your car, your taxi or your bus reaches him, is said to be on point duty.

Queues.—This French word, very indifferently pronounced, is given to the rows of people, in twos, who, having nothing to do, prefer to wait for hours to get into the pit rather than spend a shilling or so more and reserve a seat and go straight to it when their work is done. When they work, no one knows, nor when they eat. But London is crowded with them and congested by them. See *First Nights.*

Raids.—Opportunities to provide distraction, illegal refreshment and excitement for our bored police. E. V. L.

(*To be concluded.*)

Things that might have been Expressed more Happily.

"A friend of the Vicar in India has just died, reminding him of an example which might well be followed."—*Parish Magazine.*

"Sir Arthur Newsholme will preside at the State medicine and municipal hygiene section, at which will be discussed such questions as the immunization against diphtheria, tuberculosis, and employment."—*Daily Paper.*

We had fancied that England was already immune from the last disease.

"Miss Collett, the Canadian lady golf champion, who has been paying a visit to St. Andrews, played a few practice rounds over the Old Course this week. When she started her first round she put her second shot in the Swilcan. She then took another ball, and endeavoured to clear the hazard, but again found the burn. Her style of play was favourably commented on."
Scotch Paper.

For there is a tender chivalry about the St. Andrews caddie.



THE CONFIDANT.

THERE 's not a person hereabouts who really understands
The wonderful adventures that I have in foreign lands,
The little maidens in distress I rescue every night,
And all the cruel ogres that I kill and put to flight.

So I tell it all to Toby, who listens with a will;
He loves to hear the story of the ghost I couldn't kill,
And how I crossed the ocean sitting sideways on a whale,
And I know that he believes it 'cause he always wags his tail.

And if I 've fought a battle or a queen has come to sup
I never tell the grown-ups 'cause they 'd say I made it up;
But Toby 's always listening and begging me to tell
Exactly what I saw, and where, and how it all befell.









G. H. Chapman

AT THE PLAY.

"TELL ME MORE" (WINTER GARDEN).

THE First Scene describes itself as "The Three Arts Ball, Winter Garden, New York City," but as we were only allowed to see the interior of two boxes it was impossible to form any clear judgment as to the general effect of Prohibition upon the artistic temperament. But at least we were put in a position at once to appreciate its effect upon the Art of Poetry. There was no mistaking the quality of such words as these:—

"I implore
You to stay;
Don't go away;
Tell me more."

And again—

"You were mine
In divine
Days of yore."

You might think that "Tell me more" constitutes the *leit-motif* of this Musical Comedy, but you can't say that of a theme that "leads" nowhere in particular. I did not strain myself to follow the futilities of the plot, but I vaguely gathered that a certain gentleman loved a certain lady without knowing that she was the sister of a friend of his; that this lady, in order to assist another lady in her affair with another gentleman, pretended to be that other gentleman's sister with the idea that, when he joined a yacht-race party, he might acquire, in the eyes of the other lady's parents, a social *cachet* which he could not have secured on his own merits, his *métier* being to serve in a hat-shop. All this led to that confusion which is of the essence of the best musical comedy.

Mr. LESLIE HENSON played the part of the unpresentable shop-man and, having been recommended to ingratiate himself with his *fiancée's* parents by assuming a British manner, made the grave error of mistaking the word "British" for "Yiddish," with disastrous results. The unrelenting malice of Fate compelled him to take service as a black menial in the hotel where the yacht-race party were assembled. The disguise, however, suited him well, and he took advantage of the proprietor's instructions (which were that he should amuse the guests) to join with Mr. CLAUDE HULBERT (attired in snowy-white plus-fours) in a bout of what purported to be impromptu rhymes—a really excellent turn. Mr. HENSON was, in fact, what he would call "the life and death of the party." I hope, by the way, that there were among the audience some representatives of a certain school to hear him say, "He was my fag at Borstal."

I also very much liked Mr. CLAUDE HULBERT'S unobtrusive and almost apologetic style of humour. And he did some nice acrobatic feats so quietly and casually that you felt, however perfectly he did them, that he was trying them for the first time, just to see if they could be done.



MR. CLAUDE HULBERT TRIES A NEW METHOD OF VOICE PRODUCTION.

Miss HEATHER THATCHER, though always alert, was not at her happiest and the quality of her voice was very pale. Indeed Mr. ARTHUR MARGETSON and Miss ELSA MACFARLANE were the only singers who made any pretence of singing. Miss MACFARLANE, whose delightful performance in *The Duenna* will not soon be forgotten, condescended to play the nightingale in a woodful of wrens.

The chorus of fatuous men, as usual in this kind of entertainment, was apt to get upon one's nerves. So wonderful was their unanimity in the matter of clothes that they could only be differentiated by their club-ties, of which each of the twelve wore a distinct variety. Yet they looked as if they had all been at the same school.

Messrs. HARKERS' gay scene at Viewport, with yachts at their moorings, was a very clever achievement.

I would not go so far as to say to the authors (in the words of the title), "Tell me more," but I enjoyed most of what I was told. Altogether, of its kind, an excellent show, full of good foolery and exceptionally clean. O. S.

Mr. Punch is authoritatively informed that he was wrong in attributing the production of *The Cherry Orchard* to Mr. NIGEL PLAYFAIR. It is the work of Mr. J. B. FAGAN.



Mr. LESLIE HENSON (to Mr. CLAUDE HULBERT). "SAY, CLAUDE, YOU CAN'T SMILE LIKE THIS."

AT THE OPERA.

"ELEKTRA" (COVENT GARDEN).

The horrors of Herr STRAUSS'S *Elektra* may be greatly mitigated if you will buy and study beforehand a pamphlet called "A Guide to the Music," one of the best works of pure undesigned humour that I have ever sampled, and very cheap at two shillings. Here are set forth the motives of the opera, no fewer than forty-five of them, recurring on an average some dozen times apiece. They include such attractive themes as "The perpetual slaughter and footsteps slipping in blood;" "The trailing and staggering of the sacrificial train;" "The ghost of Agamemnon;" "The craft, untruthfulness and hysterical nature of Elektra;" "The Tutor of Orestes, the stern man who incites him to the deed of vengeance," and so on. The attempt to identify these in their various combinations and permutations and to extricate them from the general *mêlée* should afford a



Racecourse Tipster. "WOT DID LORD DERBY TELL ME AT NOOMARKET? WOT DID STEVE DONAHUGH WISPER TO ME AT CHESTER? WHAT DID THE ROSCHILDREN TELL ME ABAHT THE BIG RACE TO-DAY? THE RESULT OF ALL THAT HINSIDE HINFORMATION MY SECRETARY 'ERE WILL MARK ON YOUR CARDS FOR THE HINSIGNIFICANT SUM OF A TANNER."

pleasant distraction and make the time pass very quickly.

Several things will still shock you in this opera, if you have been well and Hellenically brought up: its very un-Greek lack of reticence; the competition in shrieks between *Elektra* and *Chrysothemis* which follows the culmination of the play in the killing of *Ægistheus*—a painful anticlimax; the total disappearance of *Orestes* when you are expecting him to come out and proclaim the triumph of his revenge; the mad dance and mortal collapse of *Elektra*, most improbable in the case of a woman whose powers of endurance and determination had been shown to be invincible.

You will be shocked, in fact, by Herr STRAUSS's sacrilegious treatment of a great tradition; but you will be careful not to say so aloud, lest you should be classed by Mr. WALKLEY among those Philistines who complain that Mr. EPSTEIN has abused the sanctity of the human form for his own ugly ends.

For myself, I drew what solace I could from the arresting beauty of *Elektra's* welcome to *Orestes*, the one redeeming passage in the opera. With SWINBURNE's *Chastelard* I can say of the penetrating beauty of that melody:—

"Your voice went through the shriek of slipping swords."

As *Elektra* Mme. GERTRUD KAPPEL sang nobly and acted with great intelligence. Mme. MARIA OLCZEWSKA'S *Klytemnestra*, a true figure of tragedy, conveyed remorselessly the horror of the situation and of the music that revelled in it. Mme. ROSEL LANDWEHR, as *Chrysothemis* (a part to which, for vocal and dramatic purposes, Herr STRAUSS assigns a much greater importance than SOPHOCLES gave to it), made a very womanly foil to her sister's masculine resolution. Herr FRIEDRICH SCHORR, though he sang well, was not very sympathetic or responsive as *Orestes*. He stood like a post (in the best WAGNER tradition) during much of *Elektra's* rapture at his return. And he was far too mature and stocky for a stripling still under the control of a tutor.

Just as in *Rosenkavalier* Herr STRAUSS (who seems a little shy of tenor parts) deviates from the law of nature in his distribution of his vocal score, so here he ignores the rules of convention. The adolescent *Orestes*, whom you would expect to have a tenor part, was a rich baritone; and that confirmed old reprobate, *Ægistheus* (Herr FRITZ SOOT), long past his amorous prime, was a barking tenor.

Herr ROBERT HEGER conducted the difficult music with great skill, but I think he put the best of his heart into Herr STRAUSS's beautiful symphonic poem, *Tod und Verklärung*, which preceded the opera.

"DER FLIEGENDE HOLLÄNDER."

A very large first-night audience testified to the popularity of this example of WAGNER's early innocence. His *leit-motifs* have not yet reached the stage of subtlety; a child could follow them. The lovely theme, constantly recurrent, of "Redemption," which has almost the dimensions of an aria, is adapted to the simplest intelligence. And the Italian influence, still strong upon the youthful WAGNER, permitted him to introduce, by way of interludes, the most charming melodies, whenever they oc-

curred to him, without asking himself whether they had any particular relation to the progress of his scheme.

On the reverse side, that *penchant* for static drama, which was to undergo a so prodigious development, is already menacingly indicated in the terrific pause which follows the apparition of the *Dutchman* when he is first revealed to *Senta's* fascinated sight. If they had stood staring at one another, motionless and silent, for another quarter of an hour I think the uninitiated among the audience must have tittered. They were on the verge of this deplorable reaction.

Herr SCHIPPER—not a bad name for the part—sang gloriously as the *Dutchman*. The make-up of this rather tedious old tar was as repulsive as ever, and must have put a cruel strain on *Senta's* visionary hero-worship. But never for a moment does she give any sign that he fails to realise her dream of his compelling attractions. Mme. FRIDA LEIDER, whose wealth of golden locks did not quite convince me of her youthful idealism, has a voice of great purity, if sometimes it seemed a little lacking in sweetness. Herr RICHARD MAYR's performance as the Norwegian skipper had the quality proper to a practical seafarer; and Herr FRITZ SOOT's *Erik* did all that you expect of a typical operatic tenor part, but without great distinction. I liked better the singing of the other tenor, the *Steersman* (Herr HANS CLEMENS), but he had the easier chance with his popular air, "*O lieber Südwind.*"

Herr BRUNO WALTER, who conducted, had for once a comparatively soft job.

As for the production, already WAGNER gives us here a foretaste of the heavy demands that he is to make—in *The Ring* and elsewhere—on the resources of stage-management. His ships in *Der Fliegende Holländer* always make one feel jumpy; and to-night their behaviour was not above reproach. Apparently the arrangements for making a vessel roll were confined to the right half of the stage. When the Norwegian was there she kept tossing about (though firmly lashed to the wharf), while the Dutchman on the left remained absolutely rigid. When they changed places for the Third Act the Dutchman heaved and wallowed while the Norseman stuck tight.

The effect of the cloud-rack tearing (from left to right) before the gale was good; but the Dutchman's flag seemed to have ideas of its own and streamed ostentatiously in the other direction.

Then, again, if I had paid for my stall, I should have felt that I had not had my money's worth in the matter of the Dutchman's foundering, which was dodged with some cinematographic device. And of course, as usual, there was no cliff for *Senta* to jump off; she simply went over the side of the wharf, where the whole of the male chorus (nautical) could easily have gone in after her, and didn't.

O. S.

THE STEW-PAN.

THE present vogue of tropical or sub-tropical plays is a cause to me of some alarm. If it be a bad thing to encourage an exotic tendency in poetry and sculpture, how much worse to encourage it in drama, where the presentment is so vivid and where, in point of fact, it is so much more likely to be seen! . . .

I witnessed, a few nights ago, the play called *Rain*. Nothing could have been finer than the acting. I have never seen the *rôle* of *Rain* performed so excellently well; its patter was magnificent, its downpour overwhelming. At one point an absent-minded old lady in the front row of the pit put up a green umbrella. There were loud calls for *Rain* when the final curtain fell.

But the plot of the piece was in the thoroughly bad and modern symbolistic manner. It presented a missionary behaving in a way in which no missionary is at all likely to behave. It presented him as a bigoted tyrant moving towards the Nemesis of a terrible fall. Everybody who has any acquaintance with English literature and drama knows that missionaries in the South Sea Islands and other tropical regions have one function and one function alone.

They are boiled by savages in a pot! They do not seethe with internal emotion, these poor men. They have no time for it. The cannibals take very good care that all the seething which goes on is done by themselves. It is for this reason that I have written my new play called *The Stew-pan*, which I hope will do something towards purifying the English stage.

We have here a doctor and his wife, a trader, a missionary and a lady who is no better than she ought to be—all marooned upon a tropical island and in imminent danger of being discovered by man-eating tribes.

The first three characters are non-descript persons, mere foils to the principal pair. They busy themselves by trying to make a raft with pieces of drift-wood found upon the shore. Throughout the First Act of the play a lisping of waves is heard, for the waves on coral beaches have always a pronounced lisp.

Meanwhile the missionary preaches. It is his opinion that they are all bound to be discovered by cannibals and boiled alive. He urges them therefore to repent. In particular he urges the lady who is no better than she ought to be to repent. He points out the peculiar unpleasantness of passing directly out of the frying-pan into the fire . . .

The others take little notice of the missionary's words, but the wicked lady is gradually impressed. In the First Act she is wearing a scarlet dress, a scarlet parasol and white kid-top boots reaching half-way up her calves. As the teaching of the missionary prevails, she begins to perceive the unsuitability of this form of attire, until by the time she is actually converted she is wearing nothing but a kimono. I don't know why conversion should have precisely this effect, but it does here.

Now comes the *frisson* of the play. Enter the Cannibal King. Behind him is carried by retainers, beating loudly on tom-toms, an enormous cauldron or pot. You will perceive that our anticipation has been worked up to this terrible yet inevitable scene. And now—this is even more ghastly—the *sound-motive* changes. No longer do we hear the lisp of waves against the coral reef. Preparations are being made by the savages. *We hear the boiling of water in the pot.*

The Cannibal King now announces (for he is a man of refinement and not gluttonous) that the captives will be eaten one at a time, and that they can cast lots or otherwise decide who is to be the first. The drift-wood raft is now almost ready for use, and there is every likelihood that under cover of night the rest of the little party will be able to escape. It is only in fact a question of to-night's dinner. Who is to provide it? Ah!

The sound of the boiling water rises louder and louder. The lots are cast. It is the missionary who is chosen. And now a most terrible and unexpected thing occurs. The missionary breaks down. He is a coward at heart; he cannot with equanimity face death by boiling. He weeps; he threatens to drown himself. The doctor and the trader, casting at him strong looks of disdain, quarrel amicably which of them shall take his place. The wife of the doctor also weeps.

And in the final sensation, which strains the audience very nearly to breaking-point, *the lady who is no better than she ought to be reappears in her scarlet clothing.* She has cast her repentance aside.

"You cowardly cur!" she cries to the missionary, shaking her parasol in his face.

Then with one short scream and still holding her parasol *she leaps into the boiling-pot!*

That is the end. Even the savages are mute with reverence at this marvellous act of self-immolation. Every-



Jones. "EXCUSE ME, SIR, ARE YOU SIR GEORGE COMPTON-KEEN?"
Famous Actor. "YES, I AM."
Jones. "I THOUGHT YOU MUST BE—YOU 'RE SO LIKE HIM."

body stands with bowed head as the curtain falls. If there is much applause and it has to be raised again the lady who is no better than she ought to be will of course rise and bow her acknowledgments from the pot. EVOE.

From the report of a fire at a boys' school:—

"Fifty-six boarders, in pyjamas, were quickly marshalled to the waiting-room of the station near by. The boys behaved with perfect coolness."—*Daily Paper.*

They would, in those trousers.

A Very Proper Distinction.

"——, the world's largest manufacturers of musical instruments and saxophones."
American Advertisement.

"SLOW-TIME RACE TO EARTH.
The man falls with his face on his back towards the earth, according to how he wears the 'knapsack.'"—*Evening Paper.*

And according to how he wears his face.

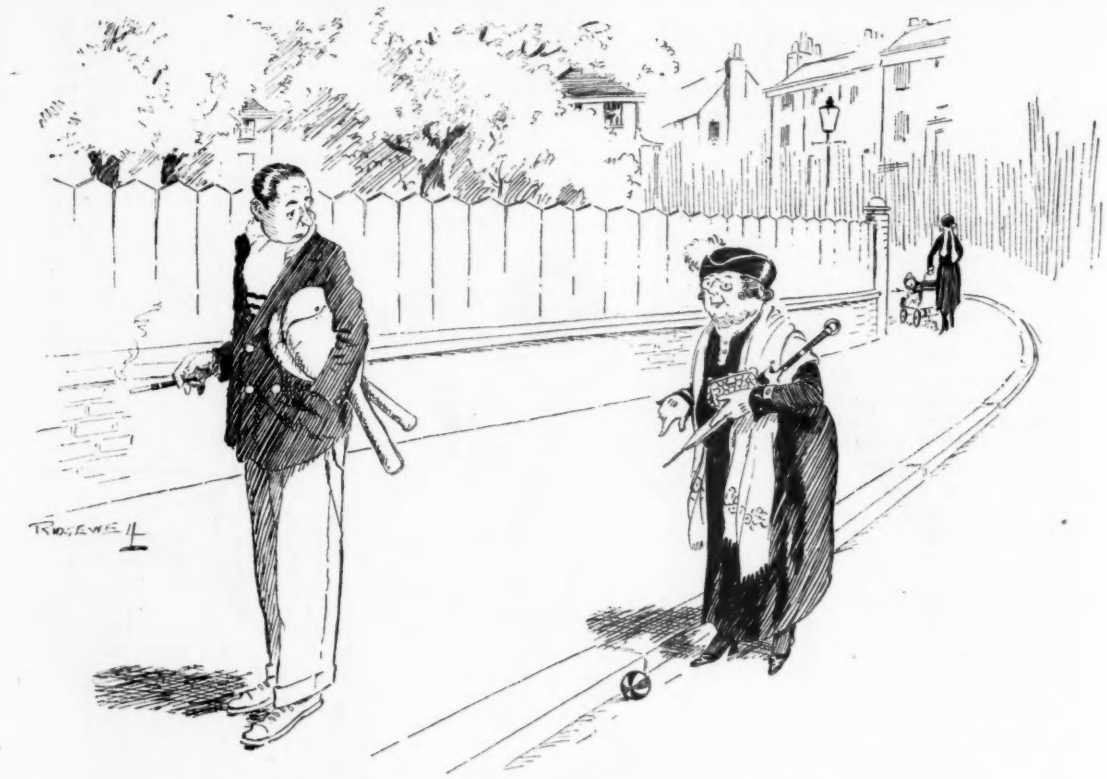
"GRUB IN THE NORTH.
GETTING DOWN THE TURNIP CROP."
Headlines in Scots Paper.

Has the porridge crop failed?

Another Impending Apology.

"The Court presented a strange appearance, for the jury and the prisoners on opposite sides of the room exactly balanced each other in number, and a stranger entering might have wondered which was which."
Provincial Paper.

There once was a man up at Cambridge
Who was awfully good at the game,
Bridge;
Yet he 'd struggle and strive
Over Euclid I. v.,
But that is, of course, not the same
Bridge.



Nice Old Lady. "EXCUSE ME, I THINK YOU 'VE DROPPED YOUR BALL."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

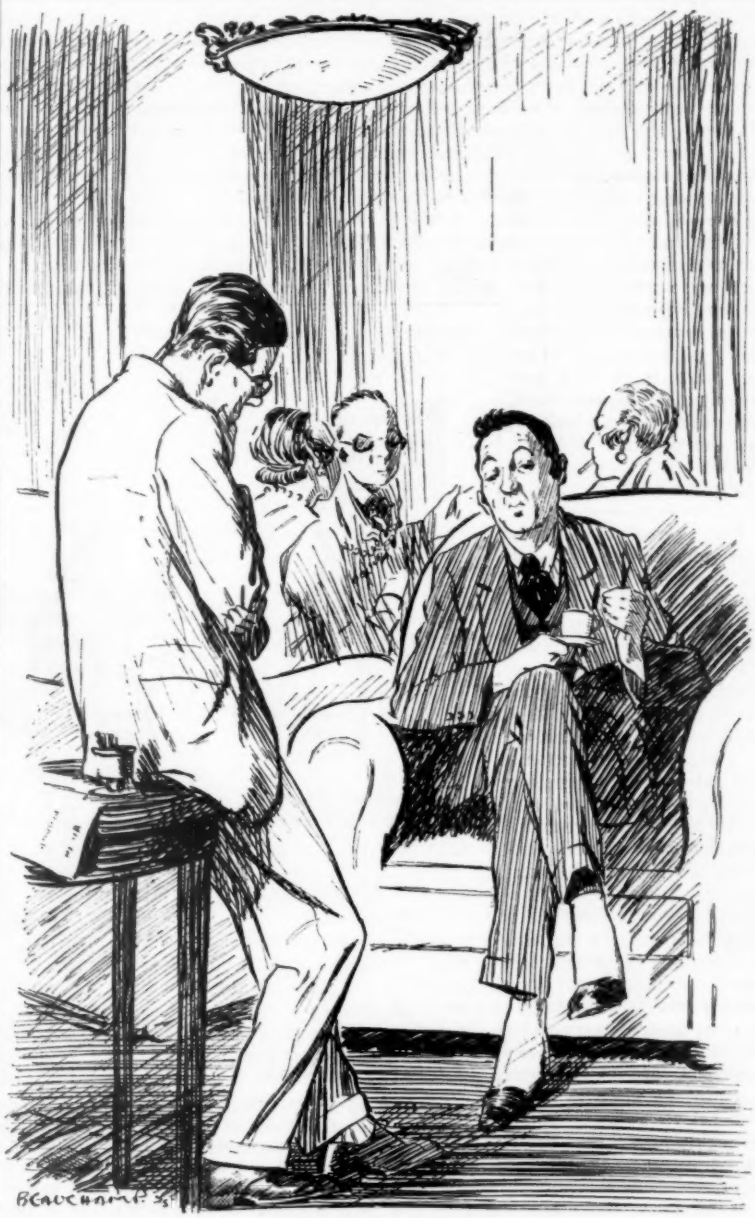
VERY few works of art exist in the HOGARTH tradition: when you are painting low life it is so easy to forget the beast in the man or the man in the beast. So when I congratulate Mr. W. B. MAXWELL on having recaptured the HOGARTH touch I am congratulating him on a rare, notable and, I think, useful achievement. The series of short stories he calls *Children of the Night* (BUTTERWORTH) is not a primer for the young. Nor was it written *seriatim* to tickle the magazine palate. What I like about it myself is its science—its author's science, not the borrowed plumes of some other practitioner. Take that ghastly narrative, "The Second Visit," in which two young Cockney roughs, entertained on a Bank Holiday by an old woman in a lonely cottage, return to rob and murder their hostess, and wind up by courting arrest in trying to feed her parrot. It is all so precisely observed in its own circumstances; and it is all so typically true of that fatal responsiveness to gusts of emotion which almost all modern criminals exhibit. You will find the same disease in "Unfortunates," the touching story of two girls, "professionals to the world but amateurs in their friendship;" and in "Man and Wife," where the weathercock husband is always being touched by the malice of fate to new issues of misery and degradation. Given an abundant lack of wise and tender guidance when young, sparse chances for good and endless outlets for evil during adolescence; add to these an absorption, practically unavoidable, into the maelstrom of the dullest routine work, and you will account for the criminality of most of Mr. MAXWELL's heroes and heroines. Advocate now for these and now for society, it is on the latter's behalf that he tells his one amusing legend, "Tears, Idle Tears;" while both society and the under-dog should benefit by his indictment of the modern prison, so much less humane in its Prussianism than the makeshift gaols of a ruder age.

About a hundred-and-fifty years ago ROBERT GRAHAM of Gartmore wrote the familiar lyric beginning, "If doughty deeds my ladye please," and thereby won for himself, at a rather easy rate, one cannot help thinking, the title by which he was always afterwards known, and which his descendant, Mr. R. B. CUNNINGHAME GRAHAM, the historian of Spanish America, has given to his latest book, *Doughty Deeds* (HEINEMANN). This is not quite an authenticated biography of the writer's poetic ancestor, for which there is hardly material enough available, but rather an estimate, based on its subject's letters, of his way of life in such contrasting places as the Jamaica and the Scotland of his day, both very different from what they are now. It cannot be said that the result is quite satisfactory. The author's work suffers from irritating minor repetitions and contradictions, with unconvincing little tags of philosophy that somehow always seem to have a sneer not far behind; and the central figure, who admittedly wrote much indifferent verse but only one poem, was really, on the weight of evidence, not altogether a desirable person. He certainly had a good enough, if not particularly notable, political record, but, on the other hand, he took a complacent share in "Burning, Hanging and Gibetting the prisoners" taken in a slave rising; while the fact that he acquired a large

fortune in minimum time may be put in either scale according to taste. But, even if the writer has had distinctly meagre and unpromising material to work upon, he has embroidered it with some fascinating passages of descriptive colouring, in which the glory of the sun-washed Indies, and the flowers and sands of the Island of the Blue Mountains are brought into contrast with the rugged bareness of the hills of the North.

Miss RADCLYFFE HALL had me guessing till three parts through her new book, *A Saturday Life* (ARROWSMITH), as to the meaning of the title. I then learnt that it derives from an Eastern tenet of re-incarnation which holds that certain spirits become incarnate seven times only on earth. The seventh incarnation is called "The Final Path" or, by Western seekers of the Way, "The Saturday Life." Here is shortly what Miss HALL quotes on the subject: "People who are living a 'Saturday Life' have no new experiences, but spend it in a last rehearsal of previous ones. They exhibit remarkable talent for different things, but can never concentrate for long on one. This also applies to their relations with people, which are generally unsatisfactory." On this thesis Miss HALL founds the clever and amusing story of *Sidonia Shore*, daughter of the late *Sir Godfrey Shore*, Egyptologist, and of *Prudence* his wife. We are introduced to *Sidonia* at seven years old, at which period she is dancing, literally dancing, through an existence as a Greek nymph of the Golden Age. After four years' study Greek dancing is discarded for the piano. In her sixteenth year music gives place to modelling, for which, when she is twenty, *Sidonia* gains a travelling scholarship, and in Florence discovers that she has a singing voice likely to make her famous. So the scholarship is abandoned for song; but when *Sidonia* is just about to be launched as a vocalist she falls head over heels in love with a stodgy young prig of a squire (admirably depicted), and to marry him renounces her career. We leave her nursing her first baby, who is obviously putting his father's nose out of joint. Though *Sidonia* jumps through her fancies and friendships like a monkey jumping through hoops, I can't help loving her, for she is, like all the characters in this capital story, so essentially alive. May I hope that Miss HALL will one day tell us what becomes of her heroine, from whom I part sadly? She is not going to "live happily ever after," I'm sure.

Martin Arrowsmith (CAPE) is a signal instance of the elaborate conscientiousness of the serious modern novelist. Mr. SINCLAIR LEWIS's hero is a bacteriologist who makes his way, *vid* practice as a G.P. in a middle-west country town—Main Street again—and an assistant-directorship in the department of Public Health in Nautilus, to the august *McGurk* Institute in Chicago; and the author gives an impression of having studied these environments intensively and at first hand. The pages bristle with the horrific technicalities of bacteriology and biochemistry, but, if you think this might tend to dulness, dismiss the hasty thought from your mind; in fact you get a very pleasant sense of being let behind the scenes. *Martin's* own character, with the persistent fight between his natural material ambitions and



OUR EXCLUSIVES.

"DO YOU NEVER READ THE WEEKLIES?"

"NEVER. ONE FEELS THAT THE ONLY PAPER ONE COULD READ WITH INTEREST WOULD BE UNDERSTOOD BY SO FEW PEOPLE THAT IT COULD NEVER BE PUBLISHED."

his spiritual sense of the fineness of thoroughly completed investigation (learned from his splendid old professor, *Max Gottlieb*), and between his love for his wife and his intense preoccupation with his work, is admirably drawn; and there is an excellent portrait of his dour and rugged colleague, *Terry Wickett*. Mr. LEWIS is never happier than when hitting a head, chastising the vulgarity and insincerity of the public and professional life of America, or the superb incompetence and complacency of the British authorities in the plague-stricken island of St. Hubert. I think he sees rather too bitterly, and that it is unlikely there could be such corruption and charlatanry in an institution like the *McGurk*, or such widespread vulgarity in the social and public life of his countrymen, who may be forgiven for thinking him guilty of the sin of HAM. But here is a live and conspicuously sincere book, with a rich vein of idealism; and the portrait of *Leora, Martin's* wife, is a lovely perceptive piece of work.

Poet, novelist and picturesque recorder of travel, Mr. LOUIS GOLDING has already attained to a certain reputation in literary circles which *Day of Atonement* (CHATTO AND WINDUS) should go some way towards consolidating. It is really a fine book, conceived on a big scale, written in a poetical spirit, and dealing with a subject that can hardly fail to be of perennial interest—the conflict between Judaism and Christianity. In effect, it is a sort of Jewish *Robert Elsmere*, with *Eli* the student in the place of *Robert*, and *Leah*, daughter of *Reb Yankel* and *Serra Golda*, as an even more determinedly self-sacrificing *Catherine*. A curious parallel, for there is certainly little in common between Mr. GOLDING and the late Mrs. HUMPHREY WARD. Yet different as is the general atmosphere there is a remarkable likeness between the main trend of the two stories. *Day of Atonement* is a strangely-constructed book, with a prologue and epilogue, both in Sicily, a section called "Prelude in Russia," and another with the cheerful title, "Drama in Doomington." It is also the most Jewish novel I have ever seen; it fairly bristles with italicised words proper to feast and ceremonial and religious observance. Some, no doubt, will feel uncomfortable under this hail of technical terminology; I admit that I sometimes found it a trifle irritating myself. But the picture of Jewish life, both in Russia and England, rings true all the time; and there are two scenes—the pogrom ending in the burning of Kravno and the final appearance of *Eli* in the synagogue—that will remain in the memories of many readers for a long while.

I yield to no one in my regard and admiration for Mr. R. W. CHAMBERS, but in *The Girl in Golden Rags* (CASSELL) this excellent novelist is rather below his normal form. He gets off the mark too slowly; when he is really moving he is apt to turn aside and moralise; indeed, his young artist, who plays the juvenile lead and wins the love of golden-ragged *Jacqueline*, ought to have taken a drastic cure for priggery. *Jacqueline's* mother owned a small farm and a large property beyond the northern frontiers of New York State. From the farm by the sweat of her brow she earned a meagre livelihood, the rest of the property being a swamp ("full of dozy trees"), which she regarded as valueless. Here she made a great mistake. The swamp contained some of the world's best woodcock and duck shooting, a fact which *Mr. Connor*, a multi-millionaire and very pleasing withal, by chance discovered. In his descent upon the farm he brought a young friend with him, and *Jacqueline*, who in the days of her poverty was an ardent and active kisser, promptly appropriated the youth and more than a little startled him.... Incidentally Mr. CHAMBERS finds occasion to give America some sound slaps on her face: "Year after year bigotry, greed, fanaticism, ignorance have sheared yet a little more from the Tree of Liberty until to-day it stands a gaunt dead pole with a little rag atop on which is printed 'Intolerance.'" Gee! I should never have dared to say things like that about God's country.



Short-sighted old Gentleman. "THAT 'S A VERY PRETTY BIT OF LANDSCAPE YOU 'VE CHOSEN TO PAINT, SIR. BUT DON'T YOU THINK YOU COULD WORK MORE COMFORTABLY AT AN ORDINARY EASEL?"

Mr. PETER BLUNDELL is a writer of humorous novels, and for his attempt to add to the gaiety of nations much may be forgiven him; but in *The Little Brown Baby* (LANE) I am compelled to say that his humour is tainted with vulgarity. The scene is laid in Jallagar, an island in a part of the China Sea where the monsoon blows for six months out of the twelve, and a pompous merchant called *Gladstone Mortimer* bragged and blustered the whole year long. It took something more than an ordinary rebuff to penetrate his self-esteem, but a revengeful lady found a way to puncture it. By making an exchange of babies at their birth she succeeded in foisting a coloured infant upon *Mrs. Mortimer*, while a native woman was presented with a white one. It was a situation that admittedly required some explanation, and in the *Mortimers'* efforts to deal with it some amusing complications arose. But for once Mr. BLUNDELL'S humour lacks spontaneity, and when one considers the foundations on which his story is built I do not wonder.

More Décolletage.

"The effect was alluring in the extreme. A ten-pound note would have covered these two gowns."—*Ladies' Paper.*

CHARIVARIA.

A VEHICLE has been produced which is a motor-car in front and an aeroplane at the back. We understand that a Mr. FORD of America is patiently pursuing his experiments to construct a vehicle that is a motor-car all over.

* * *

The Turf expert of a daily paper recently confessed that he didn't know the actual winner of a forthcoming race. The man must be losing his dash.

* * *

"The only horse I know anything about is the clothes-horse," said a woman witness recently. That 's the one to put your shirt on.

* * *

An orchid shown at the Horticultural Hall is described as looking like a baby's cradle. With a little enterprise it should be possible to grow an orchid which would resemble an orchid.

* * *

An Islington man was last week a guest at four weddings in one day. Morbid, we call it.

* * *

An American film actress, on being introduced to an impresario, realised that she had met him once before. It appears that she married him two years ago.

* * *

While fishing near Derby an angler hooked a wallet containing twelve one-pound Treasury notes. A native of Aberdeen has written to ask him what bait he was using.

* * *

Mr. IRWIN EDMAN asks, "What could be as dead as last week's newspapers?" We know the answer. Next week's.

* * *

The L.C.C. made £287 last year from the sale of waste-paper; so those resolutions tabled by the Socialists were of some use after all.

* * *

Mr. W. B. MAXWELL says that we have as our birthright the finest literature in the world, but we seem to have sold it for a fearful mess of something or other.

* * *

Now that experiments at the Jardin d'Acclimatisation in Paris have demonstrated that flowers can dislike a person, we shall have to cover our aspidistra with a cloth in case it tries to bite the piano-tuner.

* * *

A physiognomist says that eyes set wide apart denote a passion for music, but it may only be the result of an attempt to watch the antics of the conductor and the jazz-drummer at the same time.



Balloonist (drifting at the mercy of the gale). "HI! ARE WE ANYWHERE NEAR CAMBRIDGE?"

Rustic. "NO. YOU WANT TO TURN SHARP TO THE RIGHT."

According to a fashion note, high rubber boots, in multi-colourings, have been specially designed for shrimping. It is expected too that something *chic* in whelk-picking gloves will shortly be on the market.

* * *

The American doctors at the Guildhall banquet are said to have been impressed by the white-coated chefs who carve the barons of beef. This is regarded as a fine tribute to British surgery.

* * *

In the U.S. there exists a society which believes the earth to be flat. They steadfastly refuse to accept the grim fact that if they travelled from America and held a straight course they would ultimately land back in America.

Historians have told us the past, and Mr. GEORGE BERNARD SHAW last week told us the future, and now the only thing we are hazy about is the present.

* * *

"Are musicians clubable?" asks a Daily Paper. In our opinion many of them are, but we so often leave our club at home.

* * *

A correspondent of a contemporary cites cases of longevity in Scotland. Most cases of Scottish longevity, of course, occur in England.

* * *

"I am not at all sure that innocence is not a vice," says Mr. R. D. HILL. We doubt it. None of our young playwrights has seized on innocence as a theme.

A GOODLY HERITAGE.

WHERE Chailey laughs across the Sussex Weald
(I have been there and so can tell you true),
The little crippled child is nursed and healed
And trained for service such as strong men do;
And in the process life goes very gaily
Among the "Heritage Craft Schools" of Chailey.

Each has a private garden, girls and boys,
And breath of tonic uplands, pure of taint,
And over all, to bless their simple joys,
The chapel of St. Martin, soldier-saint;
And loving hands to guard, and gentle smiles
Always to help the lame ones over stiles.

Yet have they needs your kindness may repair:
They lack for "Rollier" beds that go on wheels,
Easy to navigate to places where
The sun, that best physician, warms and heals;
And other things, all very much *donanda*,
Including, if you please, a new verandah.

Won't you go there and with your own eyes read
This good work's record from the open page,
And of your charity, so swift at need,
Make of it yet a goodlier "Heritage"?
So when, your visit done, you 've said your "*Vale*,"
You 'll thank me for inviting you to Chailey. O. S.

[*Please Note Well.*—Only some of the more immediate wants are here mentioned; but the Heritage Craft Schools, which have no endowment, are in constant need of help for the carrying on of this very big work. Mr. Punch, who has often appealed for Chailey, an old love of his, and takes this opportunity to congratulate the Foundress and her fellow-workers upon its recent coming-of-age, begs that his generous readers will send the largest gifts they can possibly afford to the Hon. Treasurer, The Heritage Craft Schools, Chailey, Sussex.]

THE PRINTED FORMULA.

From Miss Psyche Flutter to Mr. Phil Page, author of "The Boiling Pot," "Royalties Abundant" and other popular romances. *June 1st.*

DEAR MASTER,—I suppose you must have many letters from thousands of admirers of your magnificent works, and yet I dare to hope that you may spare a thought to a humble but constant reader. I am *not* an autograph-hunter—far from it. I merely wish to lay at your feet my tribute of gratitude for a life brightened and *transfigured* by the offspring of your soul. Ever, dear Master,

Your sincere admirer, PSYCHE FLUTTER.

Mr. Page to Miss Flutter (printed form).

Mr. Phil Page begs to acknowledge the receipt of your letter, and to thank you for the very kind expressions therein contained.

Miss Flutter to Mr. Page. *June 3rd.*

MY DEAR MASTER,—It was a joy and a privilege to receive even a printed form, and to know that the words originated in the brain of a *genius*. It brought back to me, oh, so vividly! that truly wonderful chapter in *The Boiling Pot* where *Sophy* receives the letter from *Paul*. Now I want to ask you something. *Is Sophy drawn from real life?* And yet I need hardly ask. Reality leaps to the eye from every word. Is she real, dear Master?

Ever your disciple, PSYCHE FLUTTER.

Mr. Page to Miss Flutter (printed form).

Mr. Phil Page begs to acknowledge the receipt of your letter, and to thank you for the very kind expressions therein contained.

Miss Flutter to Mr. Page. *June 5th.*

MY DEAR MASTER,—How modest you are! How reticent! How *noble* in your silent strength! I felt somehow that *Sophy* was real, and now I know, for you do not deny it.

But, dear Master, only the cold printed form yet again? How a written word would bring light into my cold dark days! I often wonder what you are like. I picture you as tall above the average, with the slight stoop of the scholar, hair crisply curling, greying at the temples, the keen penetrating eyes softening to kindliness, with the ever so slight lines of secret sorrow, the mobile sensitive mouth, firm yet whimsical. Am I right? How I would treasure a photograph, with the firm signature to show that this is HE! Can such a privilege be the happy lot of

Ever your loyal follower, PSYCHE FLUTTER?

Mr. Page to Miss Flutter (printed form).

Mr. Phil Page begs to acknowledge the receipt of your letter, and to thank you for the very kind expressions therein contained.

Miss Flutter to Mr. Page. *June 8th.*

MY DEAR MASTER,—I read with a thrill that you are the Honorary Treasurer of the Munchausen Memorial Fund. May I from my scanty store offer my humble mite? Like the little courtier in *Royalties Abundant* (sweet child!). Will you send me a receipt, dear Master? I shall preserve it among my greatest treasures.

I have just read your masterpiece, *The Boiling Pot*, for the eighth time. Ever at your feet, PSYCHE FLUTTER.

Mr. Page to Miss Flutter (printed form, with enclosure).

Mr. Phil Page begs to acknowledge the receipt of your letter, and to thank you for the very kind expressions therein contained.

(*Enclosure.*) *June 9th, 1925.*

RECEIVED from Miss Psyche Flutter the sum of Ten Shillings and Sixpence, being a donation in aid of the Munchausen Memorial Fund. For the Hon. Treasurer,

H. A. DEE,

£0 10*s.* 6*d.* With many thanks.

Miss Flutter to Mr. Page. *June 15th.*

You do think you are clever, don't you? With your printed forms and your stuffy old secretary. Just like a *man!* No woman would ever be so uncivil. But I 've got the better of you. I *am* an autograph-hunter all the time, and I've got your autograph—so there. You didn't think of that when you were *endorsing my cheque* for the Munchausen Fund, did you, Mr. Smarty? Well, I 've got it. And I know you are short and fat and bald, with a red nose and spectacles. You must be, to be so rude to a woman who can't defend herself. It is true that I have read all your books; but you needn't trouble to write any more, because I just won't read them. PSYCHE FLUTTER.

Mr. Page to Miss Flutter (printed form).

Mr. Phil Page begs to acknowledge the receipt of your letter, and to thank you for the very kind expressions therein contained.

From an account of the Fourth of June at Eton:—

"Speeches were delivered before a distinguished assemblage in the ancient Slipper school."—*Evening Paper.*

Where, as all Etonians will remember, their Dames were wont to administer suitable castigation.



THE DOUBLE LIFE.

FIRST MESSENGER (*from Newspaper Office*). "WONDERFUL WRITER, THIS LORD BIRKENHEAD."
SECOND DITTO. "YES—AND I HEAR HE DOES A BIT OF CABINET WORK TOO."



Aunt. "DON'T YOU THINK BABY LOOKS SWEET IN HER NEW FROCK, BETTY?"
Niece. "NOT BAD—BUT SHE'LL HAVE TO GET RID OF HER OLD-FASHIONED FIGURE."

ECONOMIES.

"THINGS," she said simply, quietly, bravely, "have come to a crisis."

"Who is he this time?" I asked.

"I am afraid," she answered, fixing me with a cold and challenging eye, "that I do not understand."

"Oh," I assured her, "you may depend on my absolute discretion."

"What I specially don't understand," she continued with unabated severity, "is the expression you used, 'this time.'"

"I've noticed that myself," I mused; "how this time is ever so much harder to understand than last time or the time before. Looking back, one realizes what he—or she—really meant; one grasps what she—or he—intended; one sees that he—she——"

"I am speaking," she interrupted, this time not so much severely as like the jury's verdict when it 's against you—and rightly so—"I am speaking neither of he's nor of she's."

"Oh, your husband!" I exclaimed, enlightened. "I didn't understand."

"You don't," she agreed. "The crisis I mean is financial."

I shook my head.

"That 's not a crisis," I said; "that 's permanent, perpetual——"

In turn she shook her head.

"It 's worse," she said.

"It always is," I pointed out.

"Well, what 's to be done?" she asked.

"Oh, heaps of things," I answered. "Spot a winner; buy a penny paper and have an accident; arrange in order of merit the advertisements of Puffer's pills; take somebody's salts every morning; ask the income-tax people to call it square for once—they 're very susceptible if approached in the right spirit. Take your choice."

"They all sound promising," she confessed, "but I've already decided. I shall economize."

"Bravo!" I cried.

I saw that my approval touched her.

"I shall begin," she said brightly, "by giving up a lot of superfluities—you, for instance."

"If you do," I threatened, "people will suspect the worst."

"So long as it 's you they suspect," she answered with resignation, "and not me."

"Why not," I urged, "begin elsewhere? Your house, for example. It 's much too big for you and the rent 's atrocious. Take a flat instead."

"Now that 's an idea," she cried. "There 's one to let in Park Lane too. The rent 's only two hundred pounds more than we're paying where we are, and a flat always feels so much cheaper."

"'Nothing is but feeling makes it so,'" I quoted, "as Mr. MCKENNA says of the gold standard. Anyway, there 's a start. Then there 's your car. Sell it. An excellent make and in good condition. You 'll get a long price."

"Do you think so?" she asked eagerly. "Then perhaps if we put a little to it we might get another more up-to-date. An up-to-date car is practically a necessity."

"Why 'practically'?" I asked.

"It 's a way of speaking," she explained.

"Your holidays," I went on. "Holidays are not really necessary and they're exceedingly expensive. For my part I've never had a holiday since I left school."

"No," she agreed, "but then you 've never worked either."

"They used to say that at school, but they gave me holidays all the

same," I answered gloomily. "Life was more bright, more just in those days. One had one's deserts."

"Yet you survived," she wondered.

"In a manner of speaking," I said cautiously. "Well, give up your holidays. Where were you thinking of going? Cornwall? Scotland? Give them up. A round of country-house visits? Give them up and put into War Loan what you 'll save in tips."

"Splendid!" she cried. "We will; and I don't suppose we shall miss a holiday much if we just spend a month or two in Deauville."

"Not a scrap," I agreed. "Now we come to your servants. In these days servants are an indefensible luxury."

She gave a hollow laugh.

"Indefensible, yes," she sighed, "but a luxury? A luxury! The bitterness of that word, the irony of it."

"I mean," I explained, "from the point of view of expense."

"It 's the only point of view," she declared. "No other exists."

"Very well," I persisted; "you must give them notice."

"But that 's not possible."

"Why not?"

"Because they always give me notice first."

"But if you 're quick, very quick indeed."

"They 're always quicker; it 's practice that does it. And then the expense I should be put to in getting others. The fees, the advertisements. You simply can't imagine how it mounts up."

"Don't pay fees; don't advertise."

"But then," she answered, smiling a little, "I shouldn't get any servants; you hadn't thought of *that*? Thank you so much. Some of your suggestions are splendid and I shall certainly carry them out, but the last was a little—well, fanciful. Stop a taxi for me, will you? Taxis are an extravagance, I know, but we 've been so economical all the morning that I can afford a little indulgence, can't I? Good-bye."

"Good-bye," I said. "So glad to have been a help."

At the Sign of the Stork.

"BABYLAND BORO' MARKET.—Our New Arrivals are Reliable and at Popular Prices. Please Call."—*Advt. in Local Paper.*

"The most interesting fact about the Thibetans is that they in no way resemble the neighbouring Chinese, but are quite like the Americans. They are big, truculent, powerful men, who live simply and practise polyandry, four or five men taking one wife."

American Paper.

The procedure, however, is different; in Thibet these marriages are concurrent, in America consecutive.



Boy (relieving the umpire). "TAKE CENTRE, JARGE; NEW OOMPIRE!"

THE LAST RESORT.

[The Ministry of Agriculture announces that the custom of thrashing walnut-trees has nothing to recommend it and is, in fact, harmful rather than beneficial.]

ALL women, dogs and walnut-trees,
Declared an ancient rhyme,
Increase their readiness to please
If whacked from time to time
(Our forebears clearly thought it odd
That anyone should spare the rod).

But bludgeoning one's better half
Had gone clean out of date
Ere I, who love to wield a staff,
Had come to man's estate,
And it was no defence in law
To quote this justifying saw.

And, knowing well that I should win
A reprimand from Her
Were I to venture to begin
On our domestic cur,
Here too I curb my natural bent
For corporal admonishment.

With two proverbial victims gone,
Perforce it has occurred
That I have concentrated on
The uncomplaining third;
Folk came for miles to gaze at me
Performing on the walnut-tree.

But since, it seems, this course has no
Nuciferous effect,
My stick has struck its final blow
And I must re-direct
My energies to golf, which brings
My only chance of hitting things.

WEMBLEY REGAINED.

IV.—PALESTINE.

PALESTINE, I confess, rather baffles me. Palestine is just one of those awkward cases where my strong confidence that I can deal soundly, tactfully and exhaustively with any named subject in a single short article does not indeed desert me, but ever so slightly wavers. Few modern writers, however, would be modest enough to feel such a doubt, so let us boldly proceed.

When I first mentioned Palestine to the Illustrator (after lunch) he said:—

"How do you mean, Palestine? Why Palestine? Isn't it under one of these mandrakes or whatever they call 'em?"

"Mandate," I said firmly, "not mandrake. Mandate."

"Same thing," he replied; and, after stopping on the way to deliver a lecture on the right use of masses of colour in a garden, with special reference to lupins and anchusas, he led me rapidly into Canada, which, we both agreed, is improved by the immense electric-lighted panorama running the whole length of the pavilion. There was a model freight-train stopping at a grain-elevator, and tiny motor-lorries were traversing the paste-board prairies far away. I could have played with them for hours. We then lingered a moment to look once more at the PRINCE OF WALES in butter. He sits life-size outside a Red Indian wigwam, wearing the dress of a Red Indian chief, with a life-sized butter pony tethered behind him. We were both of us afraid that, owing to the extreme heat of the afternoon, His Royal Highness might be feeling a little overcome. But we need not have feared. He remained perfectly unaffected and cool. I doubt whether New Zealand or Australian butter—— However, as I said sharply to the Illustrator, this was not Palestine.

* * * * *

The mandated Palestine of Wembley is not a large pavilion, but it is prosperous, having many things, such as oranges, wine, tobacco, woven goods and carved olive-wood for sale. We were most of all fascinated, however, by an exhibit which was not meant to be purchased but only to be admired. This was a modern Arab plough. The type has not been altered apparently since the days of ARAUNAH the Jebusite or the Judges. "I wonder," I said, "whether all these fellows who are going back to the land in consequence of the Zionist movement know exactly what they are in for," and we tried to picture some returning Zionist, whose interest had lain chiefly in finance rather than in agriculture, propelling this primitive wooden implement with great devotion through the ancestral loam.



"NO, MADAM. THIS SWORD, SCIMITAR, YATAGHAN OR WHATEVER YOU CALL IT, IS NOT FOR PEELING JAFFA ORANGES."

"Though as a matter of fact," I observed, "I have always believed firmly, as one of my great-aunts did, that the English are the lost Ten Tribes of Israel, and I don't see why we shouldn't settle a part of our own unemployment problem by persuading people to emigrate and return to Palestine, a land practically flowing with wine and oranges. A fellow like you, Illustrator, with all your knowledge of flowers and things, instead of getting a cottage in Surrey, ought rather to be cultivating at this moment a little plot in Beersheba. I put you down as belonging to the lost tribe of Issachar. Issachar," I explained kindly, "is a strong ass couching down between two burdens. I see by the handbook," I continued, "that during the month of June 'the climate of Palestine is ideal both in the hills and in the plains. The atmosphere is soft and full of fragrance and the hills are ablaze with a carpet of flowers,' principally lupins and anchusas, I expect. It also says 'that to have visited Jericho in December or January, when Jerusalem is cold, with rain and sometimes snow, is a delight never to be forgotten.' And to think that when I was at school 'Go to Jericho' was still a kind of rude expression signifying contempt. Apparently you can go anywhere in Palestine nowadays by train or motor-car with perfect comfort and ease. That is all owing to the British Administration. Although I've got rather a stiff arm I have half a mind to go out there and do a little spade-work myself."

"I should put you down," said the Illustrator, "as belonging to the lost tribe of Gad."

"There was nothing wrong about Gad," I answered lightly. "A troop shall overcome him; but he shall overcome at the last. I should probably make a bit of a good thing out of pipless oranges."

* * * * *

After this we visited the annexe of Palestine, which contains exact models of the Tabernacle carried through the wilderness, all the Temples of Jerusalem, and the Mosque of OMAR. It may sound silly, but on entering this annexe I had a distinct feeling that I ought to take off either my hat or my shoes, or both, and this feeling never left me and made me rather uncomfortable during the whole time that the Demonstrator expounded the details of the models, failing, it seemed to me, in some cases to make due allowance for the knowledge of these matters that a Victorian childhood ensures . . . Thus I knew that the covering for the tent was of rams' skins dyed red, and that there was a covering also of badgers' skins . . . And I knew all about the Cherubim, and felt more shocked than I can say when the Demonstrator calmly took them out and explained to

me what they symbolised . . . And I knew pretty well of what materials the Temple of SOLOMON was made . . . And I knew that it took seven years to build, beginning in the month Zif and ending in the month Bal, and that SOLOMON'S own house took thirteen years; and I was aware there came no such almug trees, nor were unto this day . . . But I didn't know that these models, constructed by the indefatigible Austrian, Dr. SCHICK, had been made for sixty years, and had never left Jerusalem until they came to Wembley, and that one of these models, that of the Mosque of OMAR, took thirty years to make. It is worth a matter of five thousand pounds; but KING SOLOMON, of course, could have built four full-sized temples (or two private houses) costing far more money in the same time. I forget how long the QUEEN'S Doll's House took to build . . .

The Demonstrator told us that an American who had lately come to England from Jerusalem asserted that he had learnt more about that city from the models at Wembley than he had been able to find out on the spot, and I should think it is very possible. You can scarcely construct out of your imagination the temples of SOLOMON, ZERUBBABEL, HEROD, HADRIAN and JUSTINIAN, and place them consecutively on the site of the Mosque of Omar, however agile and intelligent a tourist you may be. I have never seen quite so much history put into a concrete form.

* * * * *

When we had examined all these marvellously delicate pieces of laborious workmanship I asked the Illustrator, couching between the two burdens of a Palestine shawl and a bottle of Palestine wine, what building he proposed to examine next.

"I know," he said; "there's just time to go over and see them assembling the Ford Car."

It takes twenty minutes to accomplish the building of a Ford Car . . . .

EVOE.

Luxuries of the Idle Rich.

"A real ivory 4-fingered Hand for Itching, most favourite with high-class ladies."
Indian Paper.

"Good Home Wanted for two Young Dutch Girls where they can perfect their English and be as one of the family."—*Daily Paper.*

For Dutch girls they must be unusually slim.

THE GARDEN BEAUTIFUL.

IT was entitled *The Garden Beautiful*, and on the cover was a picture of a cool stretch of extremely green lawn backed by blue-tinted hedges and a lot of pink flowers. It rested me just to look at it. Inside was "A Foreword to Our Friends." They said they were sending me their catalogue in the hope that I would find it a complete handbook of tools for work in the garden. I did.

Their claim of friendship was not lightly made. They offered proof. For instance, on page 3 they called my special attention to a thing known as the "Willing Worker" Lawn Mower, with which, they said, it would be possible for me to cut the grass myself without assistance. I hurriedly reached for a sheet of paper and made a note of it.

And there was also Armstrong's One Man Saw. From what they told me it appeared that a Mr. Armstrong had invented this implement expressly for the garden owner, and it was suitable for the heaviest labour. "Works equally well in wet or dry weather," I read, and jotted it down.

Of the "Diligent" Wire Rake they pointed out that, as it was ideal for removing worm casts and could be adjusted for gathering up either grass or leaves, there was practically no season of the year when its purchaser would not be busy with it. I added it to my list and turned to the Modern Hand Cultivator.

Underneath an illustration of a long pole bearing a bunch of spider-like prongs was a note stating that "One man with this Hand Cultivator can do more than two with a hoe or fork." My neighbour Carruthers, an indefatigable gardener, uses a hoe. The idea of anyone doing more work than two Carrutherses staggered me and I set down the name of the Modern Cultivator almost with awe.

But it was on the subject of rollers that *The Garden Beautiful* was most indispensable. It assured me that the "Everlasting" Water-Ballast Garden Roller, "as supplied to thousands of private gentlemen and clubs," weighs anything up to nine hundredweight. Yet, incredible as it may seem, there was actually an astonishing device whereby water could be poured into a hole in the side of the machine with the deliberate intention of increasing its weight to goodness knows what.

I thought of those thousands of private gentlemen toiling with the "Everlasting" Roller up and down the suburban lawns of England whilst their families stood by clamouring that the thing was not yet heavy enough and that still more water must be added. And, completing my list with the addition of the "Everlasting" Roller, and heading it "Things to be Avoided in the Garden Beautiful," I settled down to make out my order.

"GENTLEMEN (I wrote), —Please send me one 'Siesta' Garden Chair with adjustable head-rest and leg-extension, as shown in the small illustration on the last page of your invaluable catalogue."



Prospective Settler. "VELL, I DON'D DINK MUCH OF DESE ZIONIST LAWN-MOWERS."

Auto-Suggestion?

"The bride wore a gold slave bangle: the gift of the bridegroom."
Provincial Paper.

But did she say "obey"?

"The twelfth German submarine has been salved from Scapa Flow, where it was sunk according to Treaty by Messrs. Cox and Danks, of London."—*Liverpool Paper.*

Now we know who won the War.

"John Daniell, who will be 47 in December, carried his hat through Somerset's innings."
Sporting Paper.

A very wise precaution at his age.

Our Refined Contemporaries.

How one of them describes the opening of a butcher's shop:—

"There is a charming pictorial flavour about this new home of sanguinary industry."
Local Paper.

Official notice recently received by one of our correspondents:—

"Attention is drawn to the address of the enclosed telegram which is insufficient to admit of delivery without difficulty.

The Post Office staff is seriously depleted on account of withdrawal of telegraphists and others for service with the Colours, and the Postmaster-General gives notice that insufficiently addressed telegrams must either be treated as undeliverable or held over until staff can be spared to make the necessary enquiries."

Somebody ought to tell the P.M.G. that the War is over.

THEATRE RHYMES.

V.—THE OPERA TENOR.

THE Opera Tenor is handsomely paid,
And deserves every cent he may earn,
Because, if he wishes to master his trade,
There are so many tricks he must learn.

He must know how to dance and to fence and to ride,
He must know how to groan and to faint,
He must know how to woo or to murder a bride,
And to play the guitar and to paint.

He must know how a fiery dragon is floored
If he wishes to play in *The Ring*,
And how on an anvil to fashion a sword
Without ever ceasing to sing.

In *Tosca* they shoot him in front of a wall,
And, although dummy bullets are used,
Unless he has practised the right way to fall
He 's sure to get very much bruised.

In *Cavalleria* he 's stabbed with a knife,
A process he does not survive;
In *Samson* he 's thankful to take his own life,
In *Aïda* he 's buried alive.

And, should he live on, still his fate is not tame;
He is never consigned to the shelf;
As a rule he is wed to some carolling dame
Who is even more stout than himself.

IF LIFE WERE A FILM.

THE RATE OF MORTALITY AMONG THE GRANDMOTHERS OF JUNIOR CLERKS MAINTAINS ALARMING PROPORTIONS.

WILLY JUPP, OF THE FIRM OF STEPHEN SWOTHARD, BUNG AND BARREL MANUFACTURER, BRACES HIMSELF AGAINST THE BLOW OF HIS SUDDEN BEREAVEMENT.

Willy fidgets uneasily upon the carpet of his chief's private office. Upon his face there rests a respectful melancholy; in his heart there stirs a faint—a very faint—hope.

STEPHEN SWOTHARD, A MAN OF IRON, HAS GIVEN HIMSELF TO HIS WORK. NO GOOD WOMAN'S LOVE HAS EVER COME BETWEEN HIM AND HIS BUNGS.

You need only to glance at that granite countenance to see that the boulderous chin has never known the caresses of baby fingers. Whilst other City magnates play golf, doze at the club or wanton in their flower-gardens, Stephen designs bungs and barrels. He is on the eve of evolving the bung of bungs. Nothing else matters.

"MR. SWOTHARD, I WISH TO HAVE A LITTLE TIME OFF. MY GRANDMOTHER IS BEING BURIED THIS AFTERNOON. SHE WAS VERY FOND OF ME."

Willy is crying now into what may once have been a clean pocket-handkerchief. The simple pathos of his appeal has unmanned him. Not so Stephen Swothard. His teeth close a shade more tightly upon his fivepenny cigar, one of his few luxuries. His eyes narrow and his nostrils contract with a strong man's contempt for human weakness.

"IN THIS OFFICE NO MAN GETS LEAVE TO ATTEND ANY FUNERAL EXCEPT HIS OWN. BACK TO YOUR DESK, BOY, AND LET ME HAVE NO MORE OF THIS."

In the passage Willie registers diabolical rage. It is dreadful to see a young face so contorted. The mental vision of the green grass at the Oval, beneath which so many honoured grandmothers have been interred, maddens him.

"OLD BLIGHTER!"

This primitive cry of a baffled soul bursts from him as he raises clenched fists behind the closed door. Some one thrusts him mockingly aside.

"LIKE TO DO THE OLD MAN IN, EH, YOUNG 'UN?"

It is Percy Swothard, nephew of Stephen and the firm's town traveller. He cares nothing for bungs unless it is a case of knocking one in. Suave and sinister, he carries in his face all the dissolute characteristics of a man who is in debt for snooker, owes for his wife's frocks and has not paid his broadcasting licence. It is a large white face and there is plenty of room for all this. He hisses:—

"SEE NO ONE DISTURBS US."

and enters the private office.

Stephen Swothard hastily thrusts into a drawer the almost completed model of the bung that is to make his name revered for ever in the brewing trade.

"WHY ARE YOU NOT BOOKING ORDERS, PERCY?"

Percy, smiling cynically, sits down and lights a cigarette.

"NOTHING DOING, MY DEAR RELATIVE, UNLESS YOU HAND YOUR LITTLE PERCY THE GLAD CHEQUE. I CANNOT PAY MY DEBTS AND I 'VE JUST BOUGHT A BULLDOG."

The old man's face, which no woman or child has ever fondled, goes nearly black with fury.

"I WILL SEE YOU STARVE IN THE GUTTER BEFORE I GIVE YOU ANOTHER PENNY. THE FIRM HAS NO FURTHER USE FOR YOU. GO!"

His face, having gone nearly black, now goes nearly white, for Percy is toying with a revolver which, being a cheap one, is liable to go off any moment. Willy Jupp, whose vengeful eye has never left the keyhole, sees the "man of iron" lulled into stupor by means of a chloroformed powder-puff; sees him neatly gagged with a sample bung, and sees the rapacious Percy registering cold calculated triumph as he purloins the model of the bung upon which the old man has spent the best years of his life.

What is this? Percy is dropping poison into the water-carafe on the mantelpiece. Willy grasps the idea at once. The old man will recover from the effects of the chloroform and stagger to the bottle for a drink. Never did conflicting emotions conflict so much as they do on Willy's face. If the old man dies the office will be closed for the day and so he (Willy) will be able to attend his grandmother's funeral. But the blood of a boy scout runs in his veins. A good deed must be done somehow.

"PERCY SWOTHARD KNOWS I HATE THE OLD MAN. HE WILL FIX THE BLAME ON ME. I MUST DO MY DUTY."

But how? The door is locked. Shall he call for help? No. Shall he fetch the police? No. Anybody could do things like that. Besides, Percy is getting out of the window. In a trice Willy's brain functions. In another trice he is out of the office, across the street and up seven flights of stairs in the building opposite. He sees Percy stepping on to the telephone cable which spans the street. Good. They will meet halfway.

They do. Percy has the bung clenched between his teeth. Willy closes with him and also bites into the bung. Something must happen soon. It does. Percy's teeth are false; Willy's are his own. Percy takes a short cut of some sixty feet into a dust-cart, leaving his teeth and the bung behind him.

Willy staggers onwards. He arrives, not too soon, but just in time to dash the water-carafe from the hand of his dazed and bilious employer. Percy's teeth are still stuck in the precious bung; the criminal will be convicted out of his own mouth.

"TO-MORROW, WILLY, YOU SHALL BE A PARTNER IN THE FIRM."

Stephen Swothard is stroking the boy's head. The old man's character is undergoing a tremendous transformation. His face fairly undulates under the strain.

"AFTER WE HAVE HAD LUNCH I WILL GO WITH YOU TO YOUR GRANDMOTHER'S FUNERAL. YOU WILL ENJOY IT MORE FROM THE FIVE-SHILLING SEATS." D. C.

Hot Weather Fashions at Westminster.

"M.P.'s IN SHIFTS."
Headline in Daily Paper.



Bert (who has just returned from spending a week-end in Boulogne). "GARSONG, QUEL UR ATE EEL?"
Waiter. "N'SAIS PAS, M'SIEUR."
Bert. "GOOD LOR! IS IT AS LATE AS THAT?"

DISMISSED.

["But when I became a man . . ."]

THESE were his masters once: the Following Tread,
The Ogre guggling in the bathroom drain,
The cellar Wolf, the Thumping by his bed,
And the Black Terror scraping at the pane.

These ranged triumphant through the list'ning night
And battered at the stronghold gates of sleep;
Now from their shadowed haunts in furtive flight
He who no longer fears them sees them creep.

For he is ten, and they are dispossessed.
He watches, gravely courteous to the last;
He would not hasten a departing guest
(Ah! how they chased *him*, made his heart beat fast!).

Sticks had they, or umbrellas? Well, so long.
They must come back some time, drop in to tea.
A hand of Bridge? Or do they like Mah-Jongg?
They file out, shaking where-their-heads-should-be.

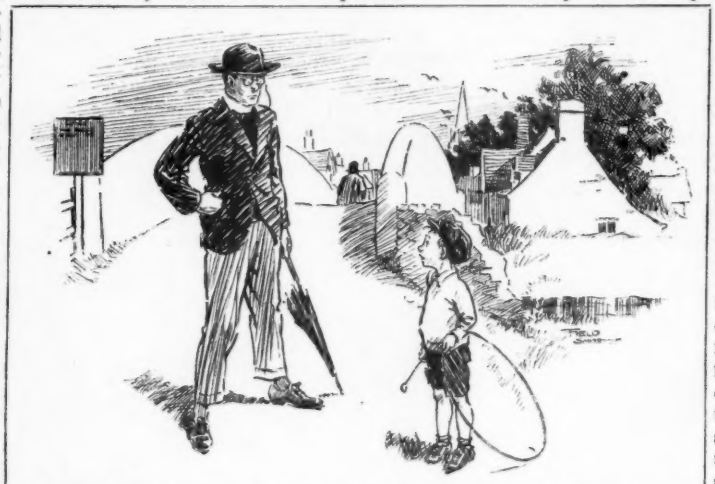
Silently from the doors of their domain
After ten tyrant years they pass exiled;
Homeless they face the barren streets again,
Seeking the nursery of another child.

"This continued sunshine is nice for we ordinary mortals."
But rather bad for our grammar. *Daily Paper.*

THE BLACKLEGS.

IT was a member of the Labour Party who first complained about Lord BIRKENHEAD'S journalistic activities. The odd thing is that not a Labour Member has taken his stand in this matter upon Labour principles. They are concerned for the State; they are anxious for the integrity of India; they fear for Lord BIRKENHEAD'S health; but not a word do they say for the really interested persons, namely, those fools and unfortunates who write for the papers for a living.

It is generally accepted that these persons are the scum of the earth. There are few worse things that one man can say of another than that he "writes for the papers;" and the only one that occurs immediately to the mind is the phrase commonly in use at the Old Bailey when the K.C. tells the jury that the gentleman in the dock is one who "lives by his wits." Further, it is now known that the only good writer is a dead writer, and, if he was not born in the sixteenth, seventeenth or eighteenth centuries, he had much better have never been born at all. In the recent bicker in the book-binding, book-printing and book-distributing trade, the only persons who were not so much as mentioned were the only genuine producers in the entire trade, the wretched book-writers, on whose industry and brains the printers and the binders and the packers, nay, the very publishers, are but parasites and bloodsuckers.*



"I TOLD YOUR FATHER I SAW YOU STEAL THOSE APPLES. WHAT DID HE SAY TO YOU?"
"HE SAID I WERE TO TAKE A GOOD LOOK ROUND NEXT TIME."

However, it is not honour that we seek but money. And what with the cinema, the cross-word, the wireless and the Courts, why any man should cherish still that fantastic hope passes the understanding. With every onward sweep of science and education but one thing certainly emerges, that fewer people read books, while of these the number of borrowers, as compared with buyers, steadily increases.

Still, it is answered, there are always the newspapers. There are. If one is fortunate enough to be the near relative of a murderer, a forger, a blackmailer, the wife of an ex-Prime Minister, a jockey, a general, an actress, a duchess, a Cabinet Minister or even a K.C., one can, it is true, command large sums from the Sunday and, in exceptional cases, the week-day Press. No rewards are too high for the writings of those who are not writers; no qualification is considered too bizarre. Let her go once or twice through the Divorce Court and a woman can be an author to-morrow; pull off a pretty piece of forgery or blackmail and a man need want no more. The only certain disqualification is to practise regularly the trade of writing.

And if it is not forgers it is clergymen. When one thinks of the wickedness in our land, the drink, the dice, the constant dancing, one is shocked to behold the stream of reverend authors, bishops, deans and common ministers, who find time to put their casual views on paper and send them to the worldly organs for money. Shocked, but not surprised; for deans, it is believed, fetch very little less than murderers.

There is nothing new in this. It has been calculated that ninety-nine per cent. of the human race are born with the loathsome itch for writing; and from the beginning of time few serious attempts have been made to stop them. But now we have a new thing. We have the Labour Party; we have accredited champions of the Workers; we have Trade Unionism; we have a vast machinery, almost a religion, for the protection of every craft against invasion by outsiders; and what I want to know, as the orator said, is, "What about it?" What has the voice of Labour to say about this? A man may not lay a brick except after years of apprenticeship, but any fool may write a book as the whim takes him. There was a strike not long ago because a man who cleaned lamp-shades did not belong to the Electrical Union; but the meanest nobleman may butt into our profession and no questions asked. And while we cannot hope that a good Socialist will think so much of a mere book-writer as he does of a bookbinder we have at least a right to expect that they will lend us a hand in our struggle against the cruel competition of Cabinet Ministers, burglars and divines.

Does Mr. TOM JOHNSTON care *nothing* for the worker? Is it nothing to him that there are hundreds of worthy writers working half-time or under and drawing no dole, while peers and blackmailers steal their dwindling markets? What would the boiler-makers say, I wonder, if a man was admitted to the highest place in their profession on the principal ground that he had attained distinction as an engine-driver? What would the Nail-hammerers Union say if the best nail-hammering jobs were given to clergymen at rates of pay unknown to practising nail-hammerers? How long would the Society of Operative Plasterers look on unmoved while the plums of their profession were flung to persons solely famous for the scandal of their lives or connection by marriage with a homicide? I venture to say that there is not a nail-hammerer nor an operative plasterer, nay, nor a working cheese-parer who would tolerate for ten minutes the conditions under which we labour.

Comrades, let us get down to realities. Not long ago I read in a Sunday newspaper one of a series of articles by a Mr. MONTAGUE NOEL NEWTON, purporting to be an account of the part played by himself in a recent notorious criminal conspiracy. Obviously the thing was intended as a romance; for, could it conceivably be taken as a narrative of fact, the author, of course, would long ago have been arrested and tried by our vigilant authorities. But there it is. Mr. NEWTON, for whom nothing is too good—Mr. NEWTON, who has been recalled to his native shores, honoured by the State, enriched by a bank, has now been admitted, on such terms as I dare not even imagine, to the literary craft; and his principal qualification is the presumably false claim that he has taken part in a conspiracy to blackmail.

Comrades, I take no high moral

* I get these phrases, and indeed the whole tone of the article, from *The Daily Herald*.



WORK AND PLAY.

Old Gentleman (by a Scotch river in late evening). "WELL, YOU 'VE HAD A PRETTY STIFF DAY'S WORK IF YOU STARTED FISHING AT FOUR IN THE MORNING. HOW DO YOU MANAGE TO GET SO MUCH TIME?"

Angler. "WE 'RE ON STRIKE THE NOO."

Old Gentleman. "WHAT FOR?"

Angler. "WE 'RE STRIKIN' FOR A SEEVEN-OOR DAY."

ground in this matter. The private life of Mr. NEWTON is nothing to me. I simply complain that he is a "blackleg" battening on my profession. And between Mr. NEWTON, Lord BIRKENHEAD and, for the matter of that, Dean INGE there is in principle no distinction. Surely Mr. JOHNSTON, with that passion for principle and logic which invariably inspires the utterances of his party, can see this point and sympathise. I do not share his fears that Lord BIRKENHEAD'S devotion to his journalistic duties will adversely affect the Government of India. In my opinion India will pull through. No, no; we simply say that one profession should be enough for any man, and if a nobleman must have a second then let him seek admission to the building trade and see what happens.

Mr. NEWTON is a blackleg.

Lord BIRKENHEAD'S articles are "black" articles.

Dean INGE is a parasite upon the craft of journalism. I put it no stronger than that.

And so the wheel comes round again. SHAKESPEARE had the same trouble with an ex-Lord Chancellor; and even now he has not entirely thrown the fellow off. Lord BIRKENHEAD, it may be, has hopes of becoming the BACON of to-morrow, and doubtless in a hundred years there will be societies who seek to prove that Lord BIRKENHEAD was the author of Mr. GALSWORTHY'S novels and most of Sir JAMES BARRIE'S plays. This one can do nothing to prevent. But with the help of the Labour Party we can at least see to it that he shall not write the newspapers as well.

Comrades, shall we have that help?

Not that any of us are particularly attached to our vile profession. Most of us would willingly do anything else. And, speaking for myself, if his Lordship finds it quite impossible to keep off the pen, I am prepared to take over the India Office at any time. A much easier job. A. P. H.

"THE SHANGHAI BUTCHERY.

Under the auspices of the Independent Labour Party."—*Advt. in Daily Paper.*

Really, my dear; these Socialists!

"TO NEWLY-MARRIED COUPLES.—Unique little House for one or two people."

Daily Paper.

Which one?

"A saxophone player is in his prime only for a period of about three years."—*Wireless Paper.*

Some of the performers we have met don't seem to know this.

"Chemistry had preserved food to such an extent that it was often mummified dyspepsia. Gastro-intesti ilanesmsdeash shsem dyspepsia."—*Evening Paper.*

It sounds awful.

"WEMBLEY.—Comfortable accommodation for visitors, 1 minute from Wembley; 3*s.* 6*d.* bed and breakfast; two sharing bath."

Scots Paper.

But how awkward if one wants h. and the other wants c.!

"Blackpool has had a successful Writ-week so far as the number of holiday-makers was concerned, but there is great complaint that money was exceedingly tight, and the holiday purse lamentably lean."—*Manchester Paper.*

But what else could be expected in Writ-week?



She. "WHAT WOULD YOU DO IN A CASE LIKE THAT, MR. SHARP?"
He. "I-I-I-I-I W-W-W-WOULDN'T HES-HES-HESIT-T-T-T-ATE TO TER-TER-TER-TER-TELL HIM W-W-W-W-WHAT I THOUGHT OF HIM. I-I-I-I'D BE V-V-V-V-VERY SH-SH-SH-SHORT WITH HIM."

THE PHILOMEDDLERS.

SCENE—*Any Suburban drawing-room, some days ago.*

COME on, then. This bally headphone hurts a good deal. . . . My scalp aches and a drowsy numbness pains the flap of my left ear. Ter-*rum*, Ter-*rum*. That's not the nightingale, you know. As you say, it's The Savoy Hotel. Dance and Provençal song and the latest mirth . . . When *are* we going to get on to the nightingale, anyway? . . . Ter-*rum*, Ter-*rum*, Ter-*rum*. Why did he call them the Savoy Orphans? They seem pretty merry orphans—Oh, I get you . . . Hurrah! it's stopped—

"And the bright brown nightingale amorous
Is half assuaged for Itylus,
The Thracian ships and the foreign faces."

I can hear an American gentleman talking at the Savoy now . . . and somebody else saying Haw! haw! haw! . . . that's always the part I like best, the chit-chat after they've finished applauding the fox-trot . . . "Chit-chat," I said, not chiff-chaff . . . Hullo, here's 2LO . . . "I will now ask you to come with me to Oxted, where we will endeavour to guess each sweet wherewith this seasonable month endows—endeavour to catch the song of the nightingale. It is singing better every night now, but a good deal of wind is getting up at Oxted," says he, "so that we may be unsuccessful. We're going to give him the violoncello to set him going. Splendid! Now, ready, steady . . ." Good heavens—what a roaring! They must have a regular tempest at Oxted . . . Oscillation? . . . I think he's got the wrong number, that's all . . . Phil-double-o-mela, are you there? Anyhow, no nightingale could make itself heard in a hurricane like that . . . Let's read *all* the poets on the nightingale:—

"Oh, I will tell thee, Minstrel of the Moon,
Most musical, most melancholy bird,
That all thy soft diversities of tone
Are not so sweet as is the voice of her,
My Sara—best of human kind—
When, breaking the pure soul of tenderness,
She thrills me with the Husband's promised name!"

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE. Fancy a modern poet writing that about a nightingale! But there's another of his, you know. "All is still,
A balmy night! And though the stars be dim . . ."

2LO again. "We're going back to the Savoy for a bit; we shall be making another attempt to catch the nightingale in thirteen minutes." Meanwhile, Ter-*rum*, Ter-*rum*, Ter-*rum*, Ter-*rum* . . . We'll just have a look at WORDSWORTH during this one.

"O nightingale, thou surely art
A creature of a fiery heart.
These notes of thine—they pierce and pierce;
Tumultous harmony and fierce!
Thou sing'st as if the God of Wine
Had helped thee to a Valentine."

Does about equally well for a fox-trot, doesn't it? But WORDSWORTH didn't *like* the nightingale, you see.

"I heard a stock-dove sing or say
His homely tale this very day.
He sang of love, with quiet blending,
Slow to begin and never ending;
Of serious faith and inward glee;
That was the song, the song for me!"

Ter-*rum*, Ter-*rum*, Ter-*rum*, Ter-*rum*. Clap, clap, clap, clap, clap. . . . Ha, ha, ha, ha! Haw, haw! Haw, haw! . . . Hullo, we're going to have another stab at the nightingale. . . . Whoosh, whoosh, whoosh. Sirocco still raging at Oxted. More cello! Beautiful! . . . That ought to move the beggar. . . . Whoosh, whoosh, whoosh. Twit—twit . . . There, there—did you hear it? There he goes . . . Sort of a faint chirrup. Gone away . . . Whoosh, whoosh, whoosh. . . . There now.

"Hark at the nightingale
The tawny-throated.
Hark! from that moonlit cedar what a burst,
What triumph! Hark, what pain!"

Whoosh, whoosh, whoosh. . . Whoo-

oo-oosh. . . . Yap, yap, yap, yap, yap. . . . . Yes, that was a dog. . . . Just fancy. I heard your *darling* little terrier barking all the way off at Oxted last night . . . Whoo-oosh. We're going back to the Savoy again. We shall try once more in half-an-hour. Ter-*rum*, Ter-*rum*, Ter-*rum*, Ter-*rum*. Orpheans again! all alone with you in a little rendezvous, isn't it? Darkling I listen. Ter-*rum*, Ter-*rum*, Ter-*rum*.

"Like clouds above the flower from which they rose,
The singing of that happy nightingale
In this sweet forest, from the golden close
Of evening till the star of dawn may fail,
Was interposed upon the silentness."

Hullo, the cats have started outside. Ter-*rum*, Ter-*rum*, Ter-*rum*, Ter-*rum*. Very little really, except hyænas, that hasn't been "interposed upon the silentness" to-night . . . Clap, clap, clap. Ha, ha, ha. Haw, haw. Hullo, there goes that American again.

"Now more than ever seems it rich to die,
To cease upon the midnight with no pain,
While thou art pouring forth thy soul abroad
In such an ecstasy!"

Wait a minute; we're going back to Oxted . . . . This is for the third and last time of asking. . . . Give him the cello strong. That's the spirit . . . . Now. . . . Whoosh, whoosh, whoosh, whoo-oosh. . . . What was that? Was it? Twit-twit, yap, yap, yap, yap, yap. . . . *Dear* doggie . . . Whoosh, whoosh, whoosh. No luck.

Alone aloud in the raptured ear of men
We pour our dark nocturnal secret, and then,
As night is withdrawn
From these sweet-springing meads and bursting boughs of may,
Dream, while the innumerable choir of day
Welcome the Savoy band.

Good-night all. EVOE.

OLD WORDS AND NEW RHYMES.

BESET by the metrical demon,
But gravelled for lack of a rhyme,
I turn to old HOLLAND (PHILEMON),
Who wrote in ELIZABETH'S time.

For though he is now a back number
I've culled some delectable mem.'s
Of words that illumine his lumber—
Of really genuine gems.

Thus it's nice when your brain's feeling addled,
Or when with your work you're depressed,
To be able to say that you've "baddled" *
Your time on a profitless quest.

Or if, when conditions are baffling,
Your touch or your utterance fails,
'Tis a comfort to know that you're "maffling" †
Your putts or your speech or your tales.

Or again, if you're called on to grapple
With problems that harass the soul,
By a steadfast refusal to "frapple" *
Alone can you win to your goal.

In fine, though incentives to grumbling
And shoving and hustling abound,
Be it yours to refrain from all "thrumbling," †
For so shall contentment be found.

So here's to the worthy PHILEMON
Who fills me with grateful regard
For throwing a transient gleam on
The verse of a doggerel bard.

* Fooled away. † Bungling or stammering.

* To wrangle. † Squeezing or jostling.



Bluejacket (to officer's guest who has fallen on slimy steps). "FUNNY THING, SIR, BUT MY MATE 'ERE 'AD A BET THAT THIS WOULD 'APPEN AS SOON AS 'E SEE YOU WAS WEARIN' THEM RUBBER 'EELS."

A Vicarious Cure.

"Friends of Messrs. D. —— and George ——, who are patients in adjoining sun rooms at Aberdeen Hospital, are making splendid recovery from recent operations."
Canadian Paper.

"Advertiser wishes to assist firm desiring to develop anti-fouling side of their business."
Advt. in Technical Journal.

We gather that he has just discovered that honesty *is* the best policy.

From an official pamphlet on the advantages of the telephone:—

"The services of an Electrician, Plumber, or Gas-fitter may be secured without delay."

We wish the POSTMASTER-GENERAL would introduce us to his plumber.



Lady (suffering from the heat). "I SAY, ISN'T THIS PERFECT WEATHER TOO AWFUL FOR WORDS?"

WHAT TO DO IN THE HOT WEATHER.

(*By our Harley Street Journalist.*)

WITH the advent of hot weather I find it useful to reiterate the few words of advice which I have been giving annually, or at least every summer, for very many years.

It is not advisable to wear precisely the same clothes or eat and drink the same food as in winter. Tight and stiff collars should be avoided. It is true they will not generally keep stiff very long, but it saves time and trouble to have them soft from the start. Heavy clothing is not necessary to keep the sun's rays from the body. At the same time woollen clothing, let us not forget, is the best absorber of moisture.

Heavy luncheons of pork and suet pudding (even pease pudding) are a mistake. I cannot approve even of thick soup, boiled cod and beef steak for dinner if followed by a heavy pudding and a Welsh rarebit. At the same time I am not urging for a moment that you should not take enough to eat. Almost as much harm is done in this way as by over-indulgence in heat-producing foods.

Nor do I like to say too much about knocking off drinks. An old friend and colleague of mine lost the greater part of his practice last year through incautiously ranging himself (under his own name) as a Summer Prohibitionist. No; I am all for liquid refreshment—in moderation, of course. Still, on a really hot day it is difficult, I think, to take too long a drink. Nature is always the best guide.

A room will keep delightfully cool if the windows are shut and blinds drawn before the sun becomes powerful. It may, of course, be rather dark for literary work. But after five in the afternoon the windows can safely be opened.

It is a good plan to take a rest before each meal. It is not a bad plan to take another rest after it. Long rests between meals however should be avoided as far as possible.

Due protection of the head and neck is essential. For this reason, unless your hair is exceptionally thick and fuzzy, I do not recommend going out in the heat of the day without a hat or cap. Black bowlers, unless very glossy, are also a mistake. It should not be forgotten that it is always better to reflect heat than to absorb it. Boots should be highly polished.

Red is a cooler colour than white. It destroys the actinic rays. You may not think so, but it does. I remember saying so in the summer of 1921. Anyway, try it, if you have the nerve. I once had a red waistcoat, many years ago, though it is true I used it for autumn wear. The objection is that you are liable to be taken for a club servant.

Excessive cigarette-smoking is bad. In fact I recommend the avoidance of excess in everything—even in advice. Do without as many things as you can.

As to putting ice in your bath, I cannot recommend it. You 'll want all you can get for your drinks.

Above everything, don't hurry! I put this in italics because it is a very important rule. Indeed it is so important that you would be almost certain to follow it by instinct, without any advice at all.

"Obesity makes sleepiness, and too much sleep makes fat; and hence is formed a vicious circle."—*Daily Paper.*

Which the tailor's measuring-tape ruthlessly records.

"'I have a public duty to perform, and though I much regret it I shall find this defendant 40*s.*,' said Mr. —— at —— Police-court."—*Sunday Paper.*

Out of his own pocket, we trust; not from the poor-box.

"Even the Socialists now admit that the dole system of work without pay is bad for the community, but they have no remedy to propose."—*Sunday Paper.*

Though some of them, we understand, approve the system of pay without work.



A TWO-SIDED TRIANGLE.

JOHN BULL. "IN THIS PACT YOU WILL SEE THAT I HAVE UNDERTAKEN TO HELP EACH OF YOU IN THE EVENT OF AN ATTACK BY THE OTHER. MAY I ASK IF YOU PROPOSE TO DO THE SAME FOR ME?"

FRANCE. "THAT GOES WITHOUT SAYING."

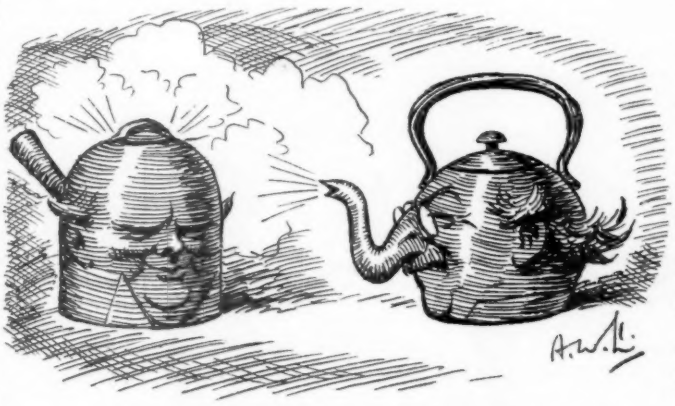
JOHN BULL. "STILL, I THINK IT MIGHT BE WELL TO HAVE IT SAID."

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Tuesday, June 9th.—When the House of Commons resumed business a good many Members were absent, including the SPEAKER. A degree at Cambridge was his sufficient excuse; eighty degrees in the shade furnished theirs.

Questions were mostly unimportant, and were fitly answered by Under-Secretaries; but the HOME SECRETARY was in his place to put Mr. LANSBURY in his when the hon. Member once more protested against the Government's refusal to allow foreign "Reds" to attend the Communist Conference at Glasgow.

Mr. LANSBURY was equally unfortunate in his intervention on behalf of one HOMER, who had been arrested for attempting to transmit an official document to "the other side"—*Anglicè* Moscow. Apparently Mr. HOMER, like his namesake, "sometimes nods," for the document that he proposed to smuggle over to his Bolshevist comrades turned out to be an old edition of *The Naval Annual*.



THE POT AND THE KETTLE EXCHANGE COMPLIMENTS.
MR. WINSTON CHURCHILL AND SIR ALFRED MOND.

Another time-honoured British institution is about to disappear. The MINISTER OF HEALTH is requesting Boards of Guardians to abolish oakum-picking in casual wards. And they call this a Conservative Government!

Mr. MAXTON, however, will not be satisfied till the amenities in these institutions equal those provided for political prisoners in Mandalay gaol, which, according to Lord WINTERTON, include lawn-tennis, badminton, ping-pong, dumb-bells and a plunge-bath.

Outside the House a newspaper placard announced, "Murder: by Lord Birkenhead," and inside the pertinacious Mr. JOHNSTON again raised the question of the INDIA SECRETARY'S journalistic activities. Mr. BALDWIN, usually so frank, was on this topic discretion itself. He said that the Government have reaffirmed the principle that Ministers should refrain from publishing articles connected with current public policy, but, when pressed to say whether his brilliant colleague's lucubrations came within its scope, took refuge in the plea, "I very rarely read the evening papers."

When the House went into Committee on the Finance Bill the first Amendment was moved by Mr. HUDSON, who proposed to reduce the duty on tea. To the bulk of his audience tea suggested Terrace, and out there they flocked to get it. A few stalwarts remained, such as Captain WEDGWOOD BENN, who rallied the Tories on the "relay" system introduced by their ingenious Chief Whip. Apparently, he said, the orders were that half should be absent and half should be silent—an allusion, perhaps, to WORDSWORTH'S description in *Peter Bell* (first edition) of

> "... a party in a parlour ...
> All silent, and all damned."

A little later Captain BENN dug out the Patent Medicine Acts to show that duty was authorised on Clyde's Balsam and Wheatley's Ointment; but the Labour Party was not tempted to join in the protest, and, after Mr. SNOWDEN had made one tart speech on the MCKENNA Duties, the Liberals were left to keep the debate alive.



"PAN-COBDENISM"?
COL. WEDGWOOD ADVOCATES FREE TRADE IN MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS.

There was a lively duel of the pot and-kettle variety between Sir ALFRED MOND and Mr. CHURCHILL, each lauding his own fiscal consistency at the expense of the other's—an amusing but rather otiose performance for a House which has not forgotten that they were both members of the Coalition Government.

The night was hot, but Commander EYRES MONSELL, mustering his men by platoons, had enough in hand to meet all comers; so the Labour leaders were willing to let the MCKENNA Duties go through by midnight. But Captain BENN decreed otherwise; and he was aided by Sir ARCHIBALD SINCLAIR, whose studied vagueness was such that he managed to speak for ten minutes on one Amendment while the CHAIRMAN and the CHANCELLOR thought he was moving another. An appeal from Captain BENN to the Labour Party to break silence and join the sport was unanswered; but after midnight the Clydesiders could no longer endure to let Radicals talk all the nonsense, and Mr. NEIL MACLEAN, taking advantage of Colonel WEDGWOOD'S proposal to abolish the duties on musical instruments, put in a word for the jew's-harp.

Mr. LANSBURY candidly called the whole debate "footling," but Leith and the Clyde in alliance kept the House sitting till the first glimmer of dawn.

Wednesday, June 10th.—Shocked by the news of the sudden (and unhappily mortal) illness of Mr. WIGNALL, a justly respected Member of the Labour Party, Members were in no mood for much heckling of Ministers.

A few wavelets of criticism broke harmlessly against the rocklike impassivity of Mr. RONALD MCNEILL; and even Lieut.-Commander KENWORTHY'S insatiable curiosity found little to complain of in the PRIME MINISTER'S statement that the proposed Pact between the Allied Powers and Germany was not one-sided but "of strictly bi-lateral character."

Members who had to give mornings to taking parties of constituents round St. Stephen's silently approved Mr.

MAXTON's suggestion that professional guides should be appointed; but the most topical question of the day was one suggesting that the Government should ensure fair wages to the makers of thermometers.

The Silk Duties came in for a good deal of varied criticism, and Mr. CHURCHILL had to move the closure before getting the first Amendment disposed of. This put up the Opposition's backs, with the result that the House again sat late.

It was broad daylight before the Silk Duties, Hop Duty and standardised Sugar Duty had been put through Committee, and in the shadows under the galleries Members were strewn on the benches in attitudes of reflection indistinguishable from slumber. Although Mr. SNOWDEN, who now discreetly makes a practice of speaking after Mr. CHURCHILL, had "sharpened his arrows and whetted his tomahawk," as WINSTON said, and had got in some shrewd blows, there was no high feeling during the debate.

The House refused Captain WEDGWOOD BENN's proposal that artificial silk should be statutorily defined as "filaments of cellulose resolidified from various solutions," but it thinks more highly of that substance now that it has learnt from Mr. MACKINDER that artificial silk is capable of absorbing moisture. That process makes human life tolerable in this weather; and there were grateful cheers when the MINISTER FOR AGRICULTURE assured the House that the new duty on hops would affect neither the price nor the quality of beer.

Thursday, June 11th.—At Kensington Palace this afternoon the thermometer registered eighty-seven in the shade. At the Palace of Westminster, with a hot dampness creeping in off the river, one would have guessed it to be even more.

The House groaned inwardly when the PRIME MINISTER, pale but pursuing, proposed a long programme of work, presaging another sleepless night. Mr. MACDONALD, who believes in the motto, "Early to bed," protested and as Leader of the Opposition (Major) offered an "arrangement," which Mr. BALDWIN ultimately accepted. But Captain BENN, as self-appointed Leader of the Opposition (Minor), was not consulted and refused to be bound.

The Resolution for a duty on lace promised fine scope for the obstructionists. But fortunately even heroes grow hungry, especially when they have been up for two consecutive nights; and, while Captain BENN was snatching his modest chop, the Unionists and Labourists, sinking their differences in a common desire for sleep, got the main division through.

The debate revealed the growing rift in the Labour Party. Mr. HAYDAY and



PHILIPPA MINDS THE BABY.
(*After* REYNOLDS).
"A Promising Industry."—MR. PHILIP SNOWDEN.

Mr. SPENCE supported the duty in the interests of the Nottingham unemployed, but Miss WILKINSON, looking in her green frock as cool as a cucumber, discovered in the new impost further evidence of the Cabinet's spite against women. Dimly echoing LEWIS CARROLL, Sir JOHN SIMON said the Government's motto was "silk yesterday and lace to-day," and suggested a tax on American golfers, to safeguard the Scottish greens. Sir ALFRED MOND added that the reason why the Unionist Party allowed Mr. CHURCHILL to be Chancellor of the Exchequer was one of the mysteries of modern politics. Mr. CHURCHILL smiled but did not explain.

At Question-time Mr. BALDWIN announced that, though the Dominions will still deal with the COLONIAL SECRETARY, the business will not pass through the Colonial Office, whose very name irritates them, but through an independent department; and Sir SAMUEL HOARE told Sir FREDERICK SYKES that next winter he might be able to travel by air from Egypt to India, and as the result of his recent flight to Iraq was able to give his personal testimonial to the safety of the landing-grounds.

All said and done, however, the brightest thing in the House of Commons to-day was Viscount CURZON's attire—dove-grey suit, bright pink shirt and black cummerbund.

Friday, June 12th.—When Mr. LEES SMITH moved an Amendment to postpone the Imperial Preferences in the Finance Bill he little thought that he was throwing a bombshell into his own camp; and still less that he would find his principal opponent in Mr. DAVID KIRKWOOD, who has hitherto dissembled his love for the British Empire. To-day he seemed to be almost lyrical in its praise. And moreover he was speaking on behalf of his Clydeside colleagues, who, as he explained in a contemptuous aside to a Liberal interruptor, were "awa' beating Pringle."

As stout KIRKWOOD with his eagle eyes surveyed the Empire, Mr. SNOWDEN and other Free Traders on the Front Opposition Bench "looked at each other with a wild surmise," but did not venture to put their apprehensions into words. In the division Mr. J. H. THOMAS and a score more Labourites supported the Government, and the Amendment was defeated by 277 to 93.



EASTWARD HO!
SIR SAMUEL HOARUS, A RELATIVE OF THE SKY-GOD, STARTS AN AIR SERVICE FROM EGYPT TO INDIA.

"BAKERS.—Young man; used to over work: no dough to make."
Daily Paper.

It is unusual in these days to overwork if there is no "dough" to be made out of it.

"Ex-Service Man, unable find regular employment, wishes correspond with Homely Young Woman with small means, view marriage."—*Provincial Paper.*

Her face, we infer, being of less importance than her figure.



BILLIARDS AT THE ZOO.

The Bear. "LET 'S SEE, OLD MAN, DID YOU SAY YOU WERE SPOT?"
The Leopard. "DON'T BE SILLY!"

AN UNKNOWN BENEFACTOR.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—For just thirty-five years I have been familiar with St. James's Park, never more beautiful in its long history, since it was first enclosed by HENRY VIII., than it is to-day. It is true the laburnums are fading, but the rhododendrons are still magnificent, and only this morning I found it hard to decide between the rival splendours of "Madame Carvalho" and "W. E. Gladstone." *Iris* is running at the Adelphi, but to me the irises in the park are a greater draw.

In the illuminating pages of WHEATLEY AND CUNNINGHAM'S *London Past and Present* I find it stated that "the finest views in London of architecture in combination with foliage are to be obtained from different parts of St. James's Park and Gardens." It is quite true. The view of the "Old Buck House" (as it is irreverently called by some exalted personages) from the bridge before the veil of morning mist has passed away is just now positively entrancing. You might be in the grounds of some stately home a hundred miles from the heart of London. And the view from the bridge facing east at night has always been my favourite London prospect.

Then there are the adorable ducks and the inimitable pelicans, owls by night and the tuneful finches of the grove by day, the sand-pit and the playing-ground on the north side—all within a compass of little more than sixty acres. Truly a miniature paradise, only marred by (1) the unhappy reminder of unemployment in the prostrate forms of the derelicts who make a dormitory of the park as soon as it is opened, and (2) the waste-paper, the collection of which is one of the most laborious parts of the daily task of the workmen in the Park.

But why, you may ask, descant on so obvious a theme as the pageant of summer as revealed in St. James's Park? My answer is that you, Mr. Punch, played an active part in the removal of those restrictions which in your early years hampered the enjoyment of the park by precisely those people who now enjoy it most. We owe the park to CHARLES II. It was he who beautified and decorated it, planted trees and made walks, introduced the ducks and the pelicans. It was, however, essentially a Royal park, and, as you, Sir, have noted in your historic pages, workmen in fustian were not admitted until the middle of QUEEN VICTORIA'S reign. The public might and did use it, but subject to regulations now happily long abolished. How strongly they felt about it even in the eighteenth century is shown by a story which HORACE WALPOLE tells of QUEEN CAROLINE'S proposal to shut up St. James's Park and convert it into a noble garden for the palace of that name: "She asked my father [Sir ROBERT WALPOLE] what it might probably cost; and he replied, 'Only three Crowns.'"

But I have another reason for celebrating the complete restoration of St. James's Park to all, and more than all, its pre-War amenities. We know the names of the people who were employed by CHARLES II. in beautifying the Park—LE NÔTRE, the architect of the groves and grottoes of Versailles; PHILIP MOORE, the gardener, and SYDRACH HILCUS (Phœbus! what a name), who contrived the duck decoy. But in an age when the most negligible and futile activities receive the widest publicity I have so far never seen any mention of the magician—for he is little less—who is responsible for the floral glories of the Park. Whether he comes from Scotland, where most good gardeners come from, or from Kew (like the good Sir JOSEPH PAXTON) he deserves a very good mark indeed for his contribution to the happiness of Londoners in general and dwellers in Westminster in particular.

Yours obediently, PETTY FRANCE.



"TIDE BE A-GOIN' OUT, ZUR."
"WELL, I 'M KEEPING PACE WITH IT, I THINK."

LONDON LEXICON.

III.

Repartee.—The mythical gift of witty and humorous retort with which drivers of hansoms and growlers, omnibuses and taxi-cabs, are credited by provincials.

Rotten Row.—The soft track in Hyde Park where Londoners exercise on horseback. The Row takes its epithet from the prevailing quality of the riding.

Round Pond.—It is on the waters of the Round Pond in Kensington Gardens that our retired admirals sail their ships once more. They may be seen, venerable figures with long poles, hurrying to meet the incoming vessel and encroaching on the children's preserve.

Royal Academy.—The picture-gallery in Burlington House, opened on the first Monday in May, to which no Academician dares send anything but a replica of last year's work.

Royal Standard, The—The flag above Buckingham Palace when the KING is in residence. When he is away, the guard is changed in Friary Court at St. James's Palace at 10.30, instead of at Buckingham Palace at the same hour. People who like to march to music should remember this.

Sackville Street.—This thoroughfare should be avoided by all pedestrians who require occasional support, as it has no lamp-posts in it.

"Safety First."—The ironical counsel offered by a city after failing to enforce the rule, "Keep to the Left."

St. James' Square.—A West-End enclosure near the Automobile Club where first lessons in the makes of cars may be had free. Everything is here from a Rolls-Royce to a Ford, which are the only two cars that can be named in print without trouble with the Advertisement Department.

Sales.—Annual displays of articles of drapery, offered at prices which may or may not be cheap, but which are low enough to call out everything that is acquisitive, everything that is competitive, and everything that is combative, in what is sometimes called "the weaker," and sometimes "the gentler," and sometimes "the fair," sex.

Screevers.—The name given to the exceedingly gifted but also incredibly ragged men who in dry weather make pastel pictures on the pavements. Why so called no one knows. Like everything else, screevers are not what they were, the tendency to bring pictures already made and lean them against the wall being on the increase. The true screever is always on his knees and always putting finishing-touches; he has hands like a prism; he depicts slices of salmon and mutton chops; he writes legibly about the fact that the pastels are his own work and that the labourer is worthy of his hire; and he leaves it to the passer-by either to toss a penny into the dirtiest cap on earth or to ignore him.

Serpentine, The.—A winding lake in Hyde Park, the ice of which is broken at dawn by a little band of swimmers all through the average English summer.

"Sorry to trouble you."—A meaningless phrase used by late-comers to theatres as they force their way past you to their seats. See *Stalls.*

Spring.—The season when nearly everyone wishes to leave London, but when London is delicious. She is, moreover, in such a hurry that you can taste the joy of spring in London and then not be too late for spring in the country too.

Stalls.—Rows of uncomfortable but very expensive theatre seats, with no room to pass, occupied chiefly by people who begin by coming late and spend a good part of the evening in going out and in.

Steamboats.—A once popular but now obsolete means of transit on the Thames.

Stock Exchange.—A building in the City where shares change hands in the intervals of practical joking and Limerick composing. Always superstitious, the members of the Stock Exchange have a peculiar dread of the sound of hammering.

Strand, The.—This is one of the

favourite streets of those people who like to sit in or on motionless omnibuses for hours. It is famous for horn-rimmed spectacles and vendors of gold bricks.

Suburbs.—Outlying London districts where other and inferior people live. Between 8.45 A.M. and 5.30 P.M. they are inhabited solely by women, children and jobbing gardeners. At 1.30 every afternoon most of the women go to London, either to look at the shops in Oxford Street or to attend matinées. At 5.30 the men return, with the exception of those who have other engagements. See *Offices.*

Sunday.—Foreigners are advised to have as little to do with London on Sunday as possible. No theatres or music-halls may open, although it is the day chosen by private dramatic societies for their most daring efforts. Cinemas, however, for some reason escape the ban; there are a few concerts; and the museums and picture-galleries allow you to peep inside for an hour or so after lunch. You may go to the Zoo, but only if you can get a friend to give you a ticket; to pay money to see wild animals on Sunday being impious. You may also buy tobacco, drugs, sweets and newspapers on Sunday, but not a clean shirt or handkerchief.

Swiss Cottage.—An inn in the Finchley Road which serves as the headquarters of the yodelling profession. Teachers of this art, so necessary to all winter-sportsmen, are always in attendance. Fees moderate; noise excessive.

"*Thank you very much.*"—The phrase which in recent years, in the mouths of London shopkeepers, has taken the place of "Thank you," without, however, signifying any more.

Theatres.—London has many theatres, but most of them are in league with indigestion, there being only three or four where the curtain rises late enough for one to have dined comfortably first.

Three O'clock.—The hour at which the 6.30 edition of the evening papers can be bought in the streets.

Toast-masters.—Resonant gentlemen acquainted with dignities and titles who at public dinners either pray our silence or bid us charge our glasses. It is in their honour that all official banquets are really given.

Tussaud's, Madame.—This famous Exhibition was used during the War as the headquarters of the Waacs. In 1925 it was destroyed by fire, with the result that Lord DARLING wrote a poem in *The Times.* Until it is re-opened our leading horrors must be sought for elsewhere—at family gatherings, in clubs, newspaper offices, etc.



THE CLUE TO IDENTIFICATION.

Geordie (repeating last year's trip to Wembley). "EH, LAD, THA MUST REMEMBER ME! AH WERE THE FELLER THAT ASKED YER THE WAY TO T' AMUSEMENT PARK THAT DAY WHEN IT WUR RAININ'."

Wardour Street.—Traditionally famous for its old curiosity and old furniture shops, but now a suburb of Hollywood, Los Angeles.

West End.—Strictly speaking, the fashionable residential quarters of Mayfair and Belgravia, but to sub-editors almost any part of London where clubs are raided.

Winners.—In the search for these mythical animals most of London's energies are employed every morning, encouraged and incited by the Press, from *The Times* downwards. Winners, if ever backed at all, are backed exclusively by others; and information concerning their failure to benefit ourselves is carried noisily through the streets by running youths four or five times every afternoon except Sunday.

Wren, Sir Christopher.—The architect of St. Paul's and other London churches, some of which have been already pulled down to make room for more lucrative buildings, while others are threatened.

Wrong Numbers.—The reward of careful enunciation when calling up the telephone exchange.

E. V. L.

"Everybody chatted together quite informally at the Mayor's reception and dance, and, after indulging in some rather frivolous remarks with a light-headed lady in blue . . ."
Gossip Column from the Provincial Press.
These civic orgies are becoming abominable.

AT THE PLAY.

"THE MAN WITH A LOAD OF MISCHIEF" (HAYMARKET).

"A thing of beauty," said the poet, "is a joy for ever;" and if the poet was correct Mr. ASHLEY DUKES' play is in for a long run. For it is nothing if not beautiful. Beautifully written, and for the most part beautifully acted, it is a triumph of form over matter. It is that very rare thing, a sustained effort in style. Almost any writer can be stylish for a sentence or two, but at the third or fourth, if he is writing dialogue and attempting to be at the same time witty and intelligible, he will find himself tumbling to the colloquial and writing "don't," "get ready," and so forth. To maintain the elegant for three Acts without ever dropping the literary note or losing the human interest is a feat indeed.

The play is a period play (the Bath period), and it would be absurd to say what happens, except that four persons, lord and lacquey, lady and maid, are together for a night at a wayside inn; and there they talk and are witty and make love like figures in Dresden china, as charming and remote, yet somehow real. When a character is left alone he is quite capable of talking poetry to himself for several sentences, the meaning of which for the most part escaped me, nor do I think that any other person understood it better; but they were so finely written and delivered and the author at least so clearly knew exactly what he meant that nobody minded. And, though these porcelain figures talked and behaved like this, they were more alive and personally moving than either the stylish characters of old plays or the persons equally fantastic but innocent of style in certain contemporary comedies. When Miss FAY COMPTON, the Court lady, tired of Courts and dandy lovers, departs at last with the high-souled lacquey, she has achieved reality not only in the sense intended by the author but in our minds. It is as though one discovered oneself to be profoundly interested in the future of a china shepherdess. And what could be more satisfactory than that?

But let no one suppose that the play lacks that admirable quality called vulgarly "guts." The characters are full-blooded; the spirit triumphs over the flesh, it is true, but in fairness to the author I hasten to say that there is a common impropriety (OFF), though it is so delicately presented that the affair becomes positively chaste. Indeed, the author has things every way.

Miss FAY COMPTON charmed all hearts by singing sweetly to the spinet (and to music by Mr. NORMAN O'NEILL), not only after dinner but before breakfast. She looked beautiful, and was equally at home in the scornful and the wistful moods of milady.



KILLING THE BUCK: A DUEL OF WITS.

A Lady . . . . . MISS FAY COMPTON.
A Nobleman . . . . . MR. FRANK CELLIER.

But I thought the acting honours went to that very fine artist, Mr. FRANK CELLIER, for the ease and finish of his performance as milord. He was



THE WAY OF A MAN AND A MAID.

The Lady's Maid . . MISS JOYCE KENNEDY.
The Nobleman's Man. MR. LEON QUARTERMAINE.

the perfect cynic and dandy, heartless and hard, but all the time delightful.

Mr. LEON QUARTERMAINE had a more difficult task as the graceful lacquey with the genuine heart with whom Miss COMPTON escapes from the tea-cup, but carried it off with his usual elegance of speech and movement. Miss JOYCE KENNEDY was perhaps less happily cast. I do not blame Miss COMPTON or her, but the truth is they were the wrong sizes. Nevertheless her maid was a most attractive baggage.

Mr. AUBREY HAMMOND, in the dresses and the scene, has done his work in perfect sympathy with the author's conception, and he and the producer, Mr. LYALL SWETE, are especially to be congratulated on the supper-table scene at the end of the first Act, which is a most lovely picture, excellently lit. The Haymarket, the proper home of style, may well be proud to possess this charming play. A. P. H.

"HAY FEVER" (AMBASSADORS).

A zealous preacher has recently been very fiery about "carrion dramatists." I suppose Mr. NOEL COWARD has presented *Hay Fever* as proof that he does not belong to that deplorable class (Mem.: Must obtain carrion detector, as I find I miss these intriguing manifestations of modern life). *Hay Fever* is an exercise in sheer good spirits, with a dash of the gentlest satire by way of flavouring.

At Cookham there has settled down a strange family of devastating impossibles. *Judith Bliss*, who has retired very formally from the stage, perpetually regrets her decision, as I believe is common, and play-acts the livelong day, extracting the most from every situation that Cookham life offers. Her husband, *David*, is a popular bad novelist and feminine psychologist; the son, *Simon*, is a temperamental amateur of the art of caricature and master of the gorgeous rudeness of modern youth; and *Sorel*, the daughter, pathetically uses a part of her restless energy in trying to mitigate the appalling crudeness of the family manners, without, it must be confessed, much success.

It so happens, and it has evidently so happened frequently before, that each of this astounding quartette has asked a guest down for the week-end. Nobody has told anybody else, not even the harassed maid-of-all-work, *Clara*, an ex-dresser of *Judith's*; and the usual housewife's problem as to whether there are rooms, or food and drink, or things for people to do, is left suspended according to the authentic *Bliss* tradition. *Judith* has asked a young square-figured amateur boxer, who has long worshipped her from the wrong side of the footlights. *David's* choice is a certain little *Jackie Corydon*, whom he has casually met in a tea-shop and thinks would make a model for a character in his novel now on the stocks, *The Sinful Woman*.



TWO'S COMPANY; OR, AN EMBARRASSMENT OF BLISSES.

Myra Arundel . . . . MISS HILDA MOORE.
David Bliss . . . . . MR. W. GRAHAM BROWNE.
Mrs. Bliss . . . . . MISS MARIE TEMPEST.

Sorel has fixed upon a blameless middle-aged gentleman in the Foreign Office; *Simon* on a beautiful siren "who uses sex as a shrimping-net." The four guests dribble in round about tea-time. Introductions are unknown in the *Bliss* family. *Simon* carries off his siren; *Judith* accepts the adoration of her ingenuous boxer, while the Foreign Office gentleman and the flapper are left isolated on the *chaise longue* to make conversation, without any points of contact. When tea is eventually served the family proceeds to wolf it—*Myra* the vamp being alone among the guests in having the presence of mind to snatch her share.

By the Second Act, the same evening, there is a change of partners. *Richard*, the diplomatist, lured to the sofa by that elderly romantic *Judith*, imprints a light kiss upon her ear, whereupon it pleases that dramatic lady to ask, "What shall we do?"—apparently suggesting nothing less than that they should fly from Cookham to Dieppe or some such home of freedom. All *Richard's* carefully acquired diplomacy is unequal to this intriguing situation. *Sorel* and *Sandy* are meanwhile exchanging casual kisses in the library. *Myra* has attached the philandering *David*, and the two are discovered in a modern half-hearted embrace by the outraged *Judith*, who forthwith "gives" her husband to this wrecker of homes; while *Simon* rushes in to announce his engagement to *Jackie*—an engagement which has no foundation in fact, but is merely a part of the family routine for week-ends.

The Third Act shows us the guests stealing furtively down into the breakfast-room with the evident intention of escaping from this asylum before the keepers discover and detain them. Plans are hastily framed, and the outraged and astonied guests effect their retirement on tip-toe while the *Blisses* are conducting one of their celebrated debates with a maximum of noise and temper.

A good, innocent and laughter-moving affair altogether. Something must be done about Mr. NOEL COWARD. Could not he be put in quarantine for a period? I am tired of praising his work and am told that critics only thrive on acids.

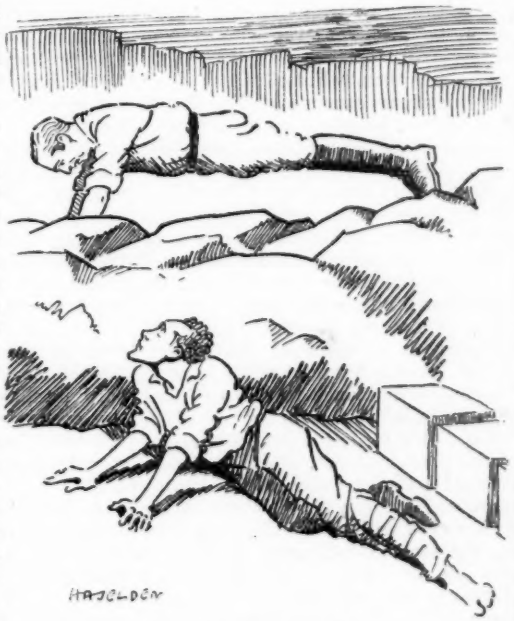
Perhaps the most delightful thing of the evening was to see Miss MARIE TEMPEST coming into her own again with a part which gave every scope for her really distinguished sense of comedy and her admirable technique. Incidentally she moved the house to a storm of spontaneous applause by the exquisite singing of a little *chanson d'amour*, and was in perfect voice—not a note strained or even thin. A quite charming peformance. Mr. GRAHAM BROWNE was at his best in the part of the kindly hot-tempered author, admirably restrained and subtly humorous. Of course Miss HILDA MOORE looked ravishing and did her "shrimping" with the most engaging air. I liked very much Miss HELEN SPENCER'S difficult, abrupt young person, *Sorel*. Mr. ROBERT ANDREWS (*Simon*), Mr. ATHOLE STEWART (*Richard*) and Mr. PATRICK SUSANDS (the boxer) could hardly have been better. Miss MINNIE RAYNER'S *Clara* was an excellent piece of BELCHER. But perhaps the cleverest acting "on handicap" was that of Miss ANN TREVOR as the simpering *Jackie*.

The play was extremely well produced (by the author) and went with an admirable swing, as these things should go, from start to finish, and was received with what seemed to me genuine (not claque-made) appreciation. T.

"THE RIVER" (ST. JAMES'S).

IT would be idle, I take it, to pretend that Sir PATRICK HASTINGS has drawn the noble-hearted specimens of mankind which throng his nice, ingenuous romantic play from his experience of the human animal in the Courts of Justice. The only flaw in any of his characters is that a certain Scottish doctor at the British Residency at Bornu makes rather a harsh judgment, but not unnaturally on the evidence, of one of his heroes. The rest is virtue ecstatic, triumphant, unapproachable. Of course one excepts persons of foreign birth. Nothing could be more hopelessly or unreasonably villainous than a Portuguese foreman and a gentleman of uncertain nationality who are foils to the noble-hearted Britons. This is all as it should be in this kind.

It would appear that a certain *John Carew*, who is projecting an expedition to a mysterious river where there are



THE FLAT DIVER
(Mungana River Style).

Mr. OWEN NARES (Walford) to Mr. LESLIE FABER (Carew). "I 'M A BIT OF A HERO MYSELF, BUT I 'D NEVER DARE TO DO A DIVE LIKE THAT."

diamonds of unmitigated beauty and lavish bulk, is not really *John Carew* at all, but a certain *Richard Mainwaring* who had distinguished himself in the War by returning from the Front without leave and shooting his wife's lover. He had been saved from the hangman by his wife's confession in the witness-box of her flagrant infidelity, and, after serving two years' imprisonment, had betaken himself to an obscure corner of the West Coast of Africa, having given himself out as dead. Is it necessary to say that of course the wife's confession was made purely to save him from the gallows, that her presence with her lover was none of her choosing, but had been contrived by a dastardly trick, and so forth? Obviously it is not.

By one of those extraordinary coincidences peculiar to this order of romance *Mary*, the wife, under a false name, of course, turns up with a charmingly understanding chaperon just as *Carew's* expedition is starting for *The River* after diamonds. Wife and husband do not meet, but there is time for the young ne'er-do-well, *Anthony Walford*, who has come out by the same boat and fallen under the spell of *Mary*, to ship as engineer in place of the native, whose arm had become inextricably mingled with a particularly active portion of the gear. This bland young ass, having been solemnly warned that it was quite impossible that the expedition should ever return, goes with the mad *Carew* merely because *Mary* wants him "to do something."

We are then whisked away to a very picturesque gorge of *The River*. *Anthony* has a broken leg, unquestionably contrived by the villainous Portugee, *Silvera*; the throb of tom-toms is in the air; the rifles of the party, having been conveniently placed in a position which makes them liable to be most easily removed, are duly removed by a crawling native clad in a hearth-rug; doom is imminent. *Anthony* pleads that, as his leg prevents him from escaping, it is essential that *Carew* should swim a hundred miles or so to deliver the diamonds to *Mary* so that she may be in comfort for the rest of her life and able to defeat the solicitations of the persistent *Mr. Messell*. *Carew* gets to the station; is accused of having murdered *Anthony* for his share of the find, a view enthusiastically supported by the two sable-hearted foreigners; and all is finally well only when *Anthony*, who had been conveniently removed by his native boy into the bush, turns up at Bornu just when the case is blackest against his friend and rival, to confound all aliens and justify the reputation of the Anglo-Saxon for chivalry, determination, pig-headed obstinacy, chastity and delicacy. It all works out, of course, according to traditional plan.

It is not very easy to treat this kind of thing seriously, but I must frankly confess that I was entertained and diverted by our ex-Attorney-General's *jeu d'esprit*. One character loomed out above all the rest and in its way was a little masterpiece of observation, humour and national character-drawing. *William*, the Cockney, the rolling stone, the imperturbable, the reckless—there were six of them in every company between 1914-1918—taking life as he finds it (and death), a little idealised certainly, but substantially true to type, was quite splendidly played by Mr. CLIFFORD MOLLISON. Mr. LESLIE FABER, happy in his air of bearish nobility, was a credible Kiplingesque figure as *Richard Mainwaring* alias *John Carew*. Miss JESSIE WINTER, has, so far as I am concerned, only to murmur in that extraordinarily attractive voice of hers to make anything she chooses to do credible and interesting. I have seldom seen Mr. OWEN NARES happier than in his part of *Anthony Walford*.

Mr. LEWIN MANNERING did not make me believe in the villainy of *Theodore Messell* because I cannot imagine there are any libertines however lustful who go about their business in the crude preposterous way suggested by Sir PATRICK. Mr. WILLIAM HALLMAN as *Silvera* was the complete villain of romance, hectoring when things are going well, cringing when the game is up. As the discerning chaperon Miss HELEN FERRERS was extremely plausible, attractive and noble in the casual way of the English governing classes. Mr. ERIC STANLEY was very sympathetic and faithful as the foreboding friend of the adventurous *Carew*.

Altogether a delightful example of the relaxation of the overworked professional. "Does he paint, he fain would write a poem."

I see no reason, especially if the sun veils his flaming head, why patriotic Englishmen and Englishwomen of standard intelligence should not applaud this convenient exhibition of our well-known national characteristics for many months to come. T.

A Matinée, under the patronage of PRINCE HENRY, PRINCESS MARY, Viscountess LASCELLES, PRINCESS LOUISE, Duchess of ARGYLL and PRINCESS HELENA VICTORIA, and organised by Lady HANBURY-WILLIAMS and Mrs. FRANK BRAHAM, will be given at the Aldwych Theatre on Thursday, July 2nd, at 3 P.M., in aid of the Victoria Dock Children's Country Camp. Mr. NIGEL PLAYFAIR will produce *At the Same Time*, a new play by Mr. A. P. HERBERT ("A. P. H." of *Punch*). Tickets (Stalls, three guineas and two guineas; Dress Circle, two guineas and one guinea) may be obtained from Mrs. FRANK BRAHAM, 22, Paulton Square, S.W. 3. Cheques should be made out to the Hon. Sir WILLIAM GOSCHEN, K.B.E.

THE ANCESTOR.

As long as I remember I 've been terrified to scan
The portrait in the drawing-room of the stern old man;
He wears a terrible tall hat of most prodigious size;
He has a firm and tight-shut mouth and blue forbidding eyes;
A grass-green fob with shining seals, a choker round his throat,
And a row of bright brass buttons on his blue tail coat.

He stands there, in the middle of a rocky mountain range,
Immaculate, with gloves and spats—he ought to go and change;
Instead of which he watches us wherever we may be
And disapproves of all our ways, as anyone can see.

He listens to the things we say, he notes the things we do,
And doesn't mind our knowing what he thinks about us too!
For, if you drink a cocktail or smoke a cigarette,
You get one look from those cold eyes—and never quite forget.

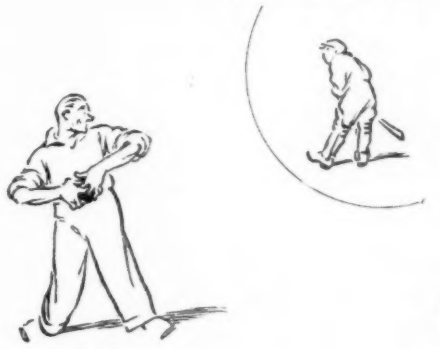
He disapproves of wireless, he hates the gramophone;
Our conversation bores him stiff—you almost hear him groan;
And as for clothes, he nearly fails to hold himself in check,
I 'm sure I heard him mutter once, "Pray cover up your neck."

He cannot bear to see us jazz, it gives him real distress,
But takes an interest in bridge and does not frown on chess,
And, if you talk of hunting and describe some thrilling run,
It 's really quite pathetic how he listens till you 've done.

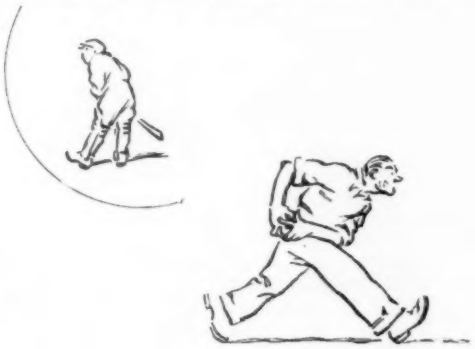
I 'd always been afraid of him, but suddenly one day
I found he 's not so dreadful as he 'd like his look to say:
Because, you see, at Christmas-time, when somebody I know
Came home at last and kissed me underneath the mistletoe,
When I glanced in apprehension at the terrible old man
He was actually smiling—so I know he can.

LEG-BREAKS.

IT ISN'T EVERYONE WHO CAN BOWL A DECENT LEG-BREAK—



BUT—



FORTUNATELY—



ANYONE—



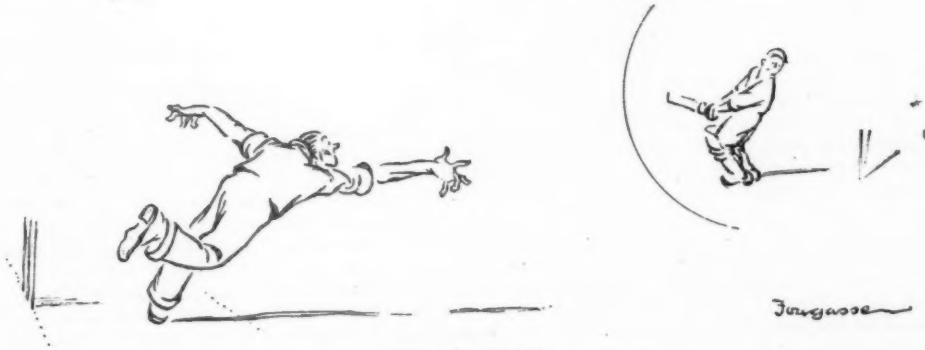
CAN SUCCEED—



IN—



GIVING—



THAT IMPRESSION.



Donkey-Boy. "'ERE Y' ARE, MISS—AS FAR AS YER LIKE FOR SIXPENCE!"
Small Girl. "I 'VE ONLY GOT FOURPENCE-HALFPENNY. CAN'T YOU TAKE ME NEARLY AS FAR AS I LIKE FOR THAT?"

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

WHAT ill-starred convention is it, I wonder, which almost always impels the foreign traveller or resident in Italy to cast his reminiscences in the form of a novel? HANS ANDERSEN did it; and his *Improvisatore*, full of exquisite travel-pictures, is one of the worst pieces of fiction ever written. HAWTHORNE had a shot in the same direction, and I have always held that *The Marble Faun* is the dullest and least convincing of his novels. And now comes Miss G. B. STERN, who cannot forbear introducing a highly pathological plot midway through a simple chronicle of Italian domestic life. *Thunderstorm* (CHAPMAN AND HALL) opens delightfully. It recounts the fortunes of *Vanna* and *Ettore*, a great-hearted serving-woman and her boastful and not over-honest husband, in the service of four *Inglesi*. The *Inglesi*, who rent a villa on the Ligurian coast, are of that tiresome race, born and bred in the briar-patch of post-war finance, which cares very little for Italy and the Italians and very much for luxuries unobtainable in England. However, I was well content to watch *Vanna* and *Ettore* serving these strange gods, until Miss STERN insisted on a transference of interest to the deities themselves. An English appointment hangs in the balance, and the story becomes excessively engrossed in its disruptive effect on the coterie. Having found my little *donna di servizio* and her peccant spouse extremely droll and engaging, I naturally resented their relegation to the background. And I beg Miss STERN either to revert, in her next book, to the artistic homogeneity of such admirable novels as *Tents of Israel*, or to paint her sketches of Italy in the pleasant and unassuming manner of Mr. MONTGOMERY CARMICHAEL'S *In Tuscany*, with merely such effects of refraction as are due to her own temperament.

The Influence of Racing and the Thoroughbred Horse
On Light Horse Breeding, is a book of force;
HURST AND BLACKETT sponsor it, and no man could you fix on
More fit to be the author than WILLIAM SCARTH DIXON,
Who tells us how in Hunter, Hackney, Coach Horse, Cleveland Bay,
Runs the Blood, the Blood Triumphant, of a royaler than they.

Then the great names jostle, names of dam and sire
Who 've left us their courage, who 've left us their fire;
Here are solid facts and figures, no fables here or fancies,
But read them and heed them, and you 'll find in them romances;
Read the notes on Katerfelto and then tell me if I err,
Or on little Polly Agnes and all that came o' her.

Last we learn of polo-ponies, and again 'tis said
That there 's naught for stoutness like the sire that 's thoroughbred;
And Mr. DIXON tells us that our thoroughbred, in fine, is
Of origin more insular than even yours and mine is,
And would prove we owe his greatness to our grass and love—and least
To the Ishmaelite and Arab and the stallions of the East.

Even if a girl has masculine eyebrows, a heavy nose, headstrong affections and a vast American income, it seems a thought unkind to allow her to lavish them on a suitor so little eligible as her middle-aged mother's tattered but

still youthful lover. Yet this is the catastrophe contemplated throughout the greater part of *The Mother's Recompence* (APPLETON); and, although Mrs. EDITH WHARTON, with apologies to "the decorous shade of Grace Aguilar," has insisted, from the title-page on, that it is the mother's problem that counts, I could not help feeling that a little more sympathy with the daughter would have rendered the story, if considerably less easy to tell, a great deal more persuasive in the telling. However Mrs. WHARTON has chosen to stand or fall by her portrait of *Kate Clephane;* and if you can manage to concentrate on *Kate* and regard her daughter *Anne* as a mere butt for maternal affection you will give yourself the best possible chance of receiving the subtle and distinctive impressions of this in many ways exquisite book. *Kate*, having fled a detested husband with the first lover that came to hand, is retrieved from the Riviera, after twenty years' exile, on her orphan daughter's majority. In the interval she has led a futile but respectable life, apart from one furtive week with a young artist, *Chris Fenno.* Rumours of her virtuous behaviour have so impressed New York that her rehabilitation is easy; *Anne* is suitably filial and all goes well until *Fenno* reappears as the girl's suitor. To do him justice, *Fenno* is committed to *Anne* before he realises her mother's identity; but his subsequent conduct is so unpardonable that I cannot regard it, as his creator allows his old mistress to do, with ultimate resignation. At the same time I know I shall remember *The Mother's Recompence* for its sure light handling of American social diplomacy, its enjoyably ruthless pictures of Anglo-American wasters disporting themselves on the Continent, and the pathos and grace of half-a-dozen arresting moments in the life of its heroine.



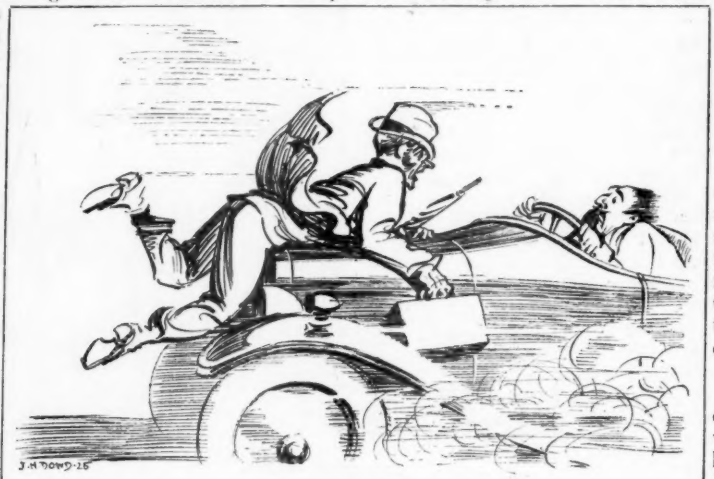
Visitor to real caves. "DOING MUCH BUSINESS?"
Ticket Man. "NO, SIR. YOU SEE, WEMBLEY HITS US PRETTY HARD."

So far from being too old at forty, an author must have reached that age before he begins to live. That at least appears to be the view of the critic who has thinly disguised himself as "LACON," and who, in his *Lectures to Living Authors* (BLES), has addressed twenty-three writers, of whom all but three, I think, are on the far side of fifty. In these addresses "LACON" has tried hard to be severe with his victims (and so justify the expectations aroused by the publisher's announcement on the wrapper), but for the most part his essential kindliness has been too much for him. Not one of the twenty-three will be a penny the worse for the criticism in this book; all of them, in fact, may find something of interest and perhaps of profit in these considered judgments of one who has read widely and who strives always to be scrupulously fair. In his literary preferences "LACON" is unashamedly a conservative, of an almost "die-hard" tinge. Cranks he abhors, but he is fair enough to admit that the truth may often lie with the crank rather than with himself. It is, however, a pity that "LACON'S" engaging habit of self-examination should so often have led him into what is merely trivial reminiscence. There is much in this book that he will want later for his *Gleanings from My Literary Life in London.* In a book of anonymous criticism it is out of place. Not that I would deny the impressiveness of it. "LACON" was at Winchester, he says, about the time that Mr. GALSWORTHY was at Harrow, which is as near to "seeing SHELLEY plain" as one can reasonably hope to get. And he has played chess with Mr. MORLEY ROBERTS.

Miss HELEN SIMPSON'S *Acquittal* (HEINEMANN) is one of those clever but uncomfortable novels which are increasingly becoming a habit with the younger school of authors. Its uncomfortable quality is not so much due to painstaking exploration of the less pleasant byways of the human mind (though Miss SIMPSON analyses without mercy a moral coward and draws a Society woman of the garbage-hunting type with a concentrated ferocity which suggests that the portrait is from life) as to her literary craftsmanship. Miss SIMPSON'S story may be briefly described as a feminine version of Mr. HICHENS' *After the Verdict.* *Beatrice Laurier* has been tried for the murder of her husband, and acquitted;

and the book deals with her attempt to rehabilitate herself with the world and with her own conscience. It is obvious from the start that she is to some extent guilty; just how much or how little the reader is left to decide from a few exceedingly vague hints dropped in the course of the story. And in this respect I am not sure that Miss SIMPSON has quite played the game. After all, if one is invited to solve a jigsaw puzzle, one is entitled to ask that all the pieces shall be there; and a close reading of *Acquittal* has convinced me that in this case one or two—and those rather important ones—are missing. At any rate, either denseness on my part or cleverness on Miss SIMPSON'S "leaves me guessing" as to the precise nature of those "dozen unbelievable words" in which *Beatrice* reveals her secret to her faithful lover.

The novels of Mr. J. D. BERESFORD appeal rather to the intellect than to the emotions. He poses a problem, but is more concerned in providing ingenious arguments on either side than in finding an actual solution. Perhaps in consequence of this his stories, excellent in many ways, seem somehow to lack vitality. Here, for example, is *The Monkey-Puzzle* (COLLINS), that very fine *Araucaria imbricata* that grew on the vicarage lawn at Zeal-Afford, to which we are introduced at some length in the opening chapter. A gross libel on nature, as *Tristram Wing* reflected, stiff, mechanical, unyielding and impervious. "You couldn't attack it. It was defended trunk, branch and leaf. Touch it anywhere and you were lacerated." In effect much the same as that curious sense of parochial propriety personified by the author of *Speed the Plough* as *Mrs. Grundy*. *Tristram's* wife, *Brenda*, has outraged the feelings of the parish, of which the *Wings* have been squires for generations, by encouraging her two small daughters to take sun-baths on the lawn, and, worse still, by permitting *Abby Mattocks*, an unpleasant artist of genius, to kiss her by moonlight. She was out, of course, to save him from his worse self, but unhappily there was a witness, and it got round the parish, and the Vicar and his wife—especially his wife—thought it their duty to interfere. All this earlier part of the book is excellent, with some first-class character-drawing in the *Orpins*, the *Fullertons* and *Mrs. Priestley*. Also no one can help liking *Brenda* herself and her husband. Indeed they are almost too sweetly reasonable with each other. The question posed to them is briefly: How far ought she to go, how far has she a right to go, in order to restore to health the soul of a great artist? They debate it to and fro, at very considerable length, but in the end the conclusion is evaded after all. A novel of worth, but something subtle for the general reader.



Victim of Collision. "THANKS FOR PICKING ME UP—WATERLOO—MUST GET THE 6.30!"

Miss OLIVE GREGORY apparently regards love as *The Spice of Life* (LANE); at any rate her book is chiefly concerned with the two loves of her heroine, *Gloria Kaye*. I note too that the phrase, "Love and Friendship are the Spice of Life," appears on her title-page over the initials "O. G.," from whose works she has also been able to cull some remarkably apposite extracts with which to head her chapters. *Gloria*, who "in spite of her twenty-two years" has "kept the vigour and freshness of eighteen," sets off to Paris in the first chapter, and her voice is soon acclaimed by a distinguished French master of singing. In common with most of the people who like her, he is anxious, for the sake of her temperament, that *Gloria* shall fall in love, and this she obligingly does at the first opportunity. *Hugh*, her lover, remarks of himself, "You 'll think me a boar," and I certainly did, though *Gloria* apparently didn't. Despite the trifling drawback (a commonplace in this class of fiction) that he is already married, she is setting off to join him on a month's trip to America when the illness and death of a girl in a neighbouring flat prevent her. This, coupled with the fact that he returns to find her nursing the dead girl's baby and accuses her of being its mother, breaks off their connection. Later, "spurned" by remorse, *Hugh* takes to reckless driving, and the traffic of Paris does the rest. *Gloria's* second venture is calmer and much more fortunate, although once "her tense eyes glowed on Teddy's face," which doesn't sound comfortable for either of them. By allowing herself to be so careless in her writing and conventional in her situations Miss GREGORY has injured the effect of some quite clever work.

I wish that writers of adventurous stories would not use their heroes as mouthpieces. *Ronny Drysdale*, of *The Third Warning* (METHUEN), was beset by perils, but I could never be seriously concerned about his safety because Mr. AUGUSTUS MUIR has permitted him to tell the tale from his own mouth. When *Ronny* became Laird of Brackenbridge (in Berwickshire), which sounds very pleasant and peaceful, he exchanged a dull life for a dangerous one. In turn he was nearly stabbed and nearly shot, to say nothing of an incidental bite from a mad dog. But in spite of warnings that his presence was distasteful to various people in the neighbourhood he was not to be frightened into leaving his property. I admired his courage as much as I despised his judgment. If I had been attacked as he was I should have been suspicious of everyone and very cautious; but he simply walked into a trap which was gaping before his eyes. Of course he got out of it or he couldn't have lived to tell the tale. The concluding scenes, with their ups and downs of fortune, prove Mr. MUIR to be both inventive and dramatic. And whenever a novel is published at three shillings and sixpence I like in these days to mention the fact.

"While a nurse was bathing off the coast of Scotland, she was caught by the tide and, keeping her presence of mind, floated five miles to the Isle of Wight coast, where she swam ashore."—*American Paper.*

This convulsion of nature (of which we had not previously heard) seems to have taken place just in the nick of time.

CHARIVARIA.

IT is pleasing to note that the whole of England enjoyed several English summers last week.

* * *

The headline which ran, "Commons' Late Sitting—Silk, Hops and Sugar," reminds one that the House of Commons is still the best night club in London.

* * *

We are bound to admire the modesty of Mr. A. J. COOK. He says he is one of the Big Five. What surprises most people is that he didn't announce that he was the other four too.

* * *

Mr. ZINOVIEFF may be astute, but it's of no use his trying to persuade us that the shattered fragments of China have just "come off in me 'and."

* * *

We are told that the new reservoir will take three weeks to fill itself; but you ought to see the bath in our seaside hotel.

* * *

It is said that dancing helps you to keep your balance, but this view is not borne out by the report of our Bank cashier.

* * *

A new non-corrosive paint has been discovered that is unaffected for months by a temperature of 725 degrees. And yet the modern girl says that nothing is ever invented for her benefit.

* * *

At a recent lunch mannequins wore dresses appropriate to each course. The salad, we hasten to say, was served with oil and vinegar.

* * *

In order to improve his singing an operatic tenor has had his nose remodelled. We want to do something like that to the man in the flat above, only he keeps the bathroom door locked.

* * *

If any more of these light two-cylinder aeroplanes are built we shall supplement our "Trespassers will be Prosecuted" notice with a couple of large fly-papers.

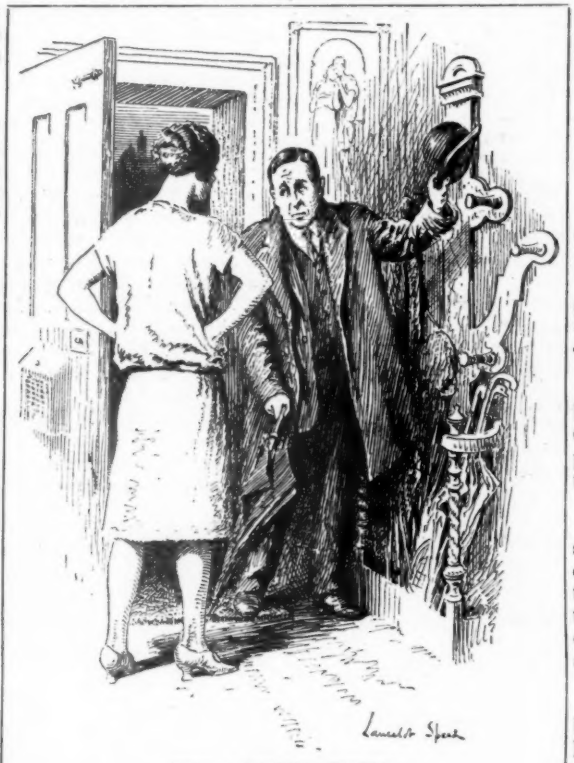
* * *

The Industrial Fatigue Research Board reports that rest pauses in light repetition work are followed by an increase in output of five to ten per cent. We've noticed this ourselves in a bunker.

A scheme to relieve the London traffic congestion by straightening the course of the Thames between Vauxhall and the Tower is to be brought before Parliament. As this change would affect the riparian amenities of tea on the terrace the project is likely to meet with strenuous opposition in the House.

* * *

An artist has delivered in Hyde Park a twelve hours' denunciation of the EPSTEIN panel. We often wonder what artists do in their spare time.



THE "RUSH" HOUR.

Wife (petulantly). "YOU 'RE VERY LATE."
Breadwinner (wearily). "MY BUS WAS HELD UP IN VARIOUS BLOCKS FOR AN HOUR-AND-A-HALF. I DON'T THINK I EVER RUSHED HOME SO SLOWLY."

The coarse fishing season has opened on the Thames. Devotees of this sport may easily be recognised by their direct and vigorous manner of speech when questioned as to their success by passers-by.

* * *

A tortoise belonging to a *Daily Mail* reader has laid two eggs. The creature will have to improve upon this form to have even an outside chance in our contemporary's egg-laying competition.

* * *

A statue of a wrestler waiting for his opponent has mysteriously disappeared from a Bond Street gallery. One theory is that the wrestler is so lifelike that he got tired of waiting for his opponent and went out to look for him.

* * *

According to a trade journal a resident of Aberdeen has a bottle of whisky which he has kept for sixty-three years. You notice where the gentleman lives? Very well. We say no more.

* * *

M. STEKLOFF, the editor of the Russian journal *Izvestia*, has been dismissed from that office by the Soviet, because he failed to observe party discipline. It appears that he *would* keep dipping his pen into ink instead of blood.

* * *

A South Kensington lady reports the loss of two lovebirds. It is thought that they may have eloped.

* * *

Bride and bridegroom, and everyone taking part in a Blackburn wedding last week were named Robinson. Telegrams were received from Messrs. Smith, Brown and Jones.

* * *

It is now claimed that wireless can be traced back to 50 B.C. Our own theory is that as a practical thing it can only be traced back as far as B.B.C.

* * *

PHILIP MEAD, the Hampshire batsman, has recently caught a shark off Highcliffe, thus setting a noble example to some of his colleagues, who content themselves with going after ducks.

* * *

Nowadays a boy cannot hide behind his mother's skirts, but he can behind his father's Oxford bags.

* * *

There is much to be said for the defence of the man who, having stolen a necklace, told the police that he thought he was quite in order as the owner was an actress.

* * *

Russia is anxious that we should send her goods. We are now wondering if Mr. POLLITT can be classified as "goods."

* * *

Efforts are being made to popularise tea as a beverage in America. There is only one quick method and that is to bring it under the Eighteenth Amendment to the Constitution.

* * *

A cheese delivered at Mellor (Lancs.) Agricultural Show was labelled "Live Stock—Urgent." We hear that it took first prize for Elocution.

WHAT EVERY OTHER WOMAN WANTS TO KNOW.

["As space for description of dresses to be worn at Their Majesties' Courts on June 25 and 26 will be strictly limited, inquiries should be addressed to the Social Editor . . . at the earliest possible moment." *Daily Paper.*]

An earnest student of the Press,
My tastes are catholic, I hope;
My mind to most things I address
That come within my mental scope;
In all that 's reasonably human
And makes the general heart to burn
It is my habit to assume an
Intelligent concern.

I wallow in the cricket screed;
Darwin on golf I lap like wine;
I take my Walkley and I feed
On Shaw, the funny Philepstein;
So, like a bee, I go a-sipping,
Though I will own that I am not
Poignantly moved by "Mails and Shipping"
Or drawn to Cotton (spot).

Yet would I never look askance
At what to other men appeals
Who in the Meat Mart find romance
Or poetry in Copra deals;
My sympathies are not so shallow;
My heart, I trust, is far too big
To mock my neighbour's taste for Tallow,
His pash for Iron (pig).

Each to his hobby; 'tis an age
That treats all types with tolerant airs;
But I have tried in vain to gauge
What rudiments of sense are theirs
Who pounce upon their morning paper
To gather from the trade reports,
Compiled by those same hands that drape her,
What Moddam wears at Courts. O. S.

POINTS OF VIEW.

By a railing in Hyde Park a group of self-appointed Art experts are regarding a recently-erected Memorial. A couple of ducks are seated on the lawn with their tails somewhat ostentatiously turned to the sculpture. But what does a duck really know about modern art?

The Uninitiated. Well, of all the——! Just look at her 'ands—as big as her 'ed! . . . What arms he 's given her—all flat and pointed like! . . . Quite *the* most hideous thing I ever—— (*and so forth*).

Mrs. Woolley (*to her husband*). How do you like it, dear?

Mr. Woolley (*whose opinions take some time to disentangle*). Well, of course it 's just a little—but, all the same, I 'm not sure I don't feel that there 's a—a *something* about it that—— (*He sketches a gesture by way of concealing a certain vagueness in his impressions.*) And after all, what *really* matters is the meaning he has tried to express. (*He hopes he will not be questioned as to this.*)

Mrs. W. (*to his intense relief*). Do you know that 's exactly how *I* feel about it.

Miss Perugia Slade (*to Mr. John Raggett, her fiancé*). Jack, I think it 's simply *too* wonderful! What a sense it gives one of profound peace, doesn't it?

Mr. J. R. Dunno. She can't be having much profound peace with all those vultures and things about.

Miss P. S. But surely you feel the force of that uplifted head with the marvellous sweep of the brow!

Mr. J. R. Swept most of it off, hasn't he?

Miss P. S. (*reflecting, not for the first time, that there are occasions when poor dear Jack can be distinctly trying*). I think I had better take you away.

An Impartial Spectator. Mind you, I don't say that it wouldn't be most impressive if it were moved to some other place—for instance, in the heart of a primæval forest.

His Friend (*less unprejudiced*). I have much pleasure in seconding that motion.

First Milliner's Apprentice. I see he 's given her a Marcel wave, dear.

Second Ditto Ditto. Not a very good one. And if he 's so up-to-date as he 's made out I should ha' thought he 'd have shingled her.

First Hospital Nurse (*to Second*). If *I* had to diagnose her, I should call it a case of dislocation of the left shoulder and malformation of the right hip.

Second Hospital Nurse. Yes. And her left thigh doesn't strike me as quite normal. But Carver would jolly soon put *her* right.

First H. N. Rather! He 's such a perfect lamb at operations, isn't he? Why, the very first time I was with him in the theatre, he—— (etc., etc.)

Mr. Chelsey Whiskard (*to his fiancée, Miss Fox-Trotter*). D' you know, Joan, my chief feeling is unspeakable relief that one at least of our parks should have been redeemed from banality by a thing of such divine beauty.

Miss Joan Fox-Trotter. If she 's *your* idea of divine beauty she jolly well isn't mine.

Mr. C. W. That, Joan, is because, if you will forgive me for saying so, your ideas on the subject have never been correctly trained.

Miss Joan. Rats! Don't tell me you honestly admire that creature.

Mr. C. W. I do not merely admire her, I consider her the most perfect work of sculpture that genius has created since the age of Pheidias.

Miss Joan. You can't say she 's perfect when she hasn't got any legs. And even if she had I bet you wouldn't care to be seen at Ciro's with her. *Come*, now!

[*Mr. C. W. is again oppressed by a lurking doubt whether Joan, charming and delightful as she is in many ways, will ever qualify as a true soul-mate.*

Neo-Georgian (*piloting his friend, a Post-Neo-Georgian*). I want it to strike you first from just here. There! *Isn't* it magnificent?

Post-Neo-Georgian (*pained*). My *dear* friend! You don't mean *that!* You *can't!* Not *you!*

N.-G. (*tacking judiciously*). Of course I see what you *mean;* but——

P.-N.-G. (*with authority*). Believe me there is *no* but. A great opportunity has been missed—absolutely thrown away! He might have done something unique, colossal, epoch-making for its sheer unflinching brutality. Instead of which he has succumbed to the lure of the "pretty-pretty"—given us a figure with *curves*, if you please, with features that are distinctly recognisable, extremities that do not symbolise but actually represent hands! I can only call it a tragic return to the bad old Edwardian conventions.

N.-G. Quite. But after all I suppose every genius has to make *some* concession to popular taste.

P.-N.-G. He needn't *pander* to it.

Small Girl (*to her nurse, with decision*). And *now*, Nana, we 'll go and see *Peter Pan* again. F. A.

Another Glimpse of the Obvious.

Mr. —— has just had hatched fourteen Rhode Island chicks from a sitting of thirteen eggs. It is thought that there was a double-yolk egg amongst them."—*Agricultural Paper.*

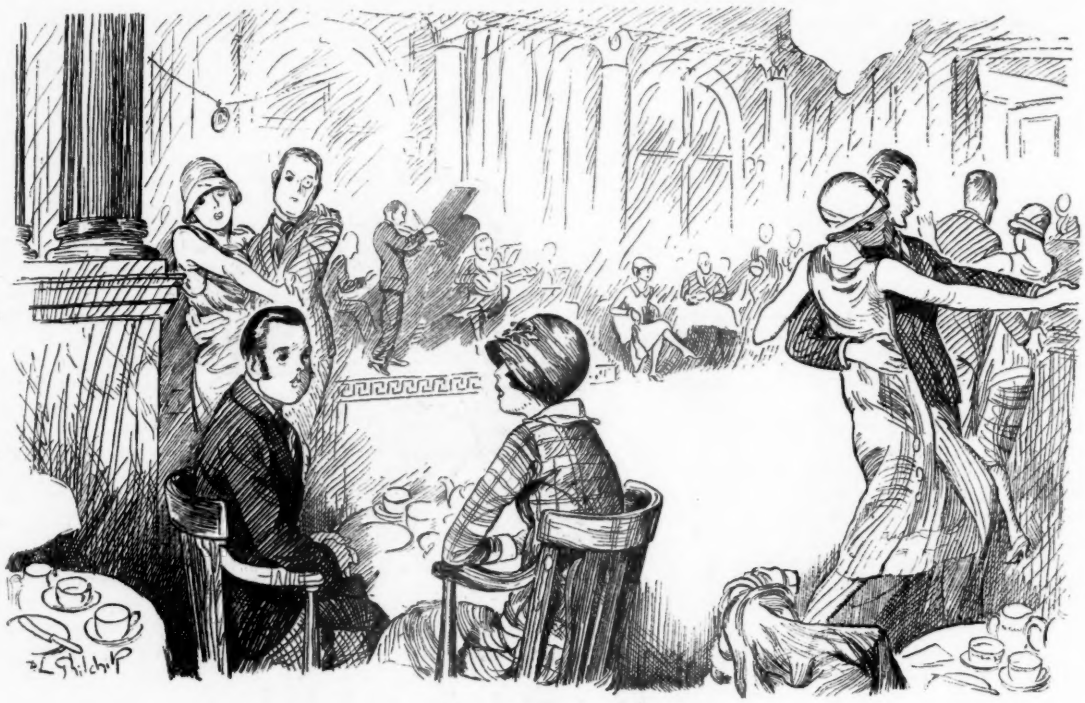


HIGHLY COMMENDED.

MR. J. H. THOMAS. "GOOD OLD CLYDESDALE!"

THE HORSE. "WHAT ABOUT THE NEXT OBSTACLE?"

MR. THOMAS. "I'M NOT ASKING YOU TO TAKE THAT. I DON'T FEEL LIKE IT MYSELF—NOT THIS ROUND, ANYHOW."



THE VALENTINO VOGUE.

Young Woman. "YOU DON'T TANGO? THEN YOUR WHISKERS ARE A SHEER WASTE."

THE LITTÉRATEUR.

"To-NIGHT'S bedtime story," announced Charles when the band permitted conversation, "will deal with the reasons for this dinner."

Audrey and I looked at each other in surprise.

"You don't need reasons for having dinner," I protested. "I don't want to boast, but personally I have one almost every day."

"What he means," explained Jennifer kindly, "is—why were you two people invited?"

"Because we looked thin and hungry," suggested my wife.

"Or to impress the head-waiter," I said hopefully.

"Or even——"

"No, no, no! Idiots!" laughed Jennifer, "this is to celebrate a frightfully important occasion." She paused impressively. "Charles has just burst into print!"

There was a pained silence, while we looked at Charles in disgust.

"These young authors are so sensitive," murmured Audrey at length. "We must try to think of something polite to say."

"It's the first time he's ever submitted anything," went on Jennifer joyously, "and they accepted it immediately. Wasn't it splendid?"

"Natural genius," said Charles modestly.

"This unnerves me," I confessed. "I came here a short time ago with a healthy appetite, but now——"

"Saved!" muttered Charles audibly. "We can cut out the *entrée* and the savoury."

"——it's entirely gone. Apart from" (here I hastily inspected the menu) "—apart from a little smoked salmon, perhaps some turtle soup, a tournedos, a Coupe Jacques, a morsel of camembert and a glass of old brandy, I shall barely touch a thing."

"I'm so sorry," said Jennifer contritely, "but he really did think it was important. Here you are—you can read it if you like."

I unfolded the newspaper cutting and paused doubtfully.

"Good health for a farthing a day," I began. "Are you melancholy, nervous, moody and irritable? It *may* be your artistic temperament but more probably it's your liver. Why make yourself a burden to your friends and relations when the remedy lies close at hand? Just take a small pinch, enough to cover——"

"So he's the man who writes those things," broke in Audrey admiringly. "One of my favourite authors, and I've never guessed it before!"

"The other side, you ass!"

"Oh, sorry!" I hastily reversed the cutting and discovered the marked paragraph. "Heavens! is that his line of literature?"

"Do let me see," said Audrey. "Oh, you dears!"

"What d' you think of it?" inquired Charles.

"Rotten," I said candidly. "The phrasing's antiquated, the sentiment's early-Victorian, the whole idea's been done several times before——"

"All the same——" began Audrey.

"All the same," I agreed, "bless you, my children! Here's your jolly good health."

For of course the literary masterpiece began:—

"A marriage has been arranged and will shortly take place. . . ."

Answers to Questions of the Hour.

THE CUCKOO'S INTERVAL.—The cuckoo has no interval. It just keeps on without stopping.

THIRD-CLASS SLEEPERS.—These are people who *will* eat lobster-mayonnaise the last thing at night.

JIM AND SILVIA.

ONCE a moonbeam in a glade,
When the world was younger,
Somehow got herself mislaid,
Tells an old talemonger;
How she did it I don't know—
Carelessness, no doubt; her
Lady-mother had to go
Crossly home without her.

Silvia was the moonbeam's name;
Fast her tears went flowing
Down her pretty nose at Dame
Dian's darksome going;
'Twould ha' melted heart of stone,
Set a butcher sighing,
To see Silvia all alone
Crying, crying, crying.

But to that most lorn of girls,
Tiptoe o'er the meadow,
Came a boy with yellow curls;
Silvia jumped and said "Oh!"
He was golden, he was slim,
All his face was one beam;
And he said, "They call me Jim;
I'm an early sunbeam."

Then, a-sudden, near and far
Thrushes sang together
As bright Phœbus drove his car
Just like L.-for-leather;
Phœbus smiled paternal at
Silvia from above, nor
Wept she now but asked, "Who's
that?"
Jim replied, "The Guv'nor."

Oh! how Silvia gasped to see
Everything look other
Than it did o' nights when she
Went about with mother;
Woods were green and skies were
blue,
Flowers were gaily twining;
"Come along," said Jim, "ah, do,
Come and see me shining!"

And so jollily shone Jim,
Goldly, strongly, surely,
That she fell in love with him,
Silverly, demurely;
Jim loved her and said it, oh!
Openly and boldly;
Then they kissed each other, *so*
Silverly and goldly.

All too soon came close of day;
Clasped they one another;
"Dear," said Jim, "I cannot stay;"
Silvia sobbed, "Here's mother!"
And they hugged each other tight,
Anguish on their features;
Wasn't it a touching sight,
Little beamish creatures?

Jove, in fact, benign and boon,
Said, as surely you would,
"One ray each from Sun and Moon—
Who would miss 'em—who would?
Let these poppets then be one"
(All men uttered praises);
"Silvia, child, and Jim, my son,
Be the first o' daisies."

So we see them, when we walk,
Happy ever after,
Single stem and single stalk,
Under heaven's rafter;
Jove has blent their beamish
charms
(Jove is jolly clever);
Silvia has her silver arms
Round Jim's neck for ever.



Old Lady. "I WANT ONE PENNY STAMP, PLEASE. ER—YOUR FACE SEEMS VERY FAMILIAR TO ME."
Official. "YES, I HAD THE HONOUR TO RESCUE YOU FROM DROWNING A MONTH OR TWO AGO."
Old Lady. "INDEED! THEN I'LL HAVE A *SHILLINGSWORTH* OF PENNY STAMPS."

Our Pampered Pets Again.

"Luxurious invalid chair, excellent condition, suitable donkey or small pony, to sit or lie in."—*Advt. in Weekly Paper.*

The Hot Spell.

"We wonder what the two members of an artistic Club, who slept in the smoking-room all night, said when they were charged for berdooms."—*Sporting Paper.*

Whatever it was, we don't suppose our contemporary could have printed it.

WEMBLEY REGAINED.

V.—THE ILLUSTRATOR ASSEMBLES A FORD.

"How truly," I said to the Illustrator as we stepped smartly into the Palace of Transport and Housing, which in the early pioneering days was known as the Palace of Industry—"how truly does LEON TROTSKY say on the hundred and seventy-fourth page of his *Literature and Revolution*, at the point where he finds fault with SHKLOVSKY'S uncompromising attitude towards the historico-materialistic theory of Art, 'From ancient times on the waggon has been based on one and the same theme, namely, axles, wheels and a shaft.'"

"Who did you say says that?" asked the Illustrat r grumpily.

"TROTSKY, in his new book on *Literature and Revolution*, which I am turning into a light opera," I replied. "Does it not strike you as a pithy and pregnant remark of the great Russian dictator?"

"Ugh!" said the Illustrator.

"Your comments, Illustrator," I said, "remind me of those lines by KLIEUV, which occur in that wonderful poem, 'The Brass Whale':—

"'The golden sounds
Hang like clusters on the trees;
Like halcyon birds the words
Settle on the branches.'

"The debt that some of our modern English poets owe to the Russian has never been properly admitted."

"Ugh!" said the Illustrator again.

By this time we had arrived at a mound of glittering metallic *débris* above which a placard had been erected, saying:—

PUZZLE COMPETITION.
CAN YOU ASSEMBLE A FORD CAR, USING EXACTLY THIS NUMBER OF PIECES?
FIRST PRIZE . . £100.

Almost immediately two things occurred. In the first place the light of science began to glitter in the Illustrator's eyes.

"Blowed if I don't have a shot at this myself," he said.

"All on your own?"

"Absolutely."

It was exactly at this moment that I observed standing in front of the slag-heap a man who had just returned from Chile, and with whom I had often drunk rum underground and performed other military evolutions during the recent War. Such a *rencontre* very naturally entails conversation, and the conversation, which is long and touched with a vein of kindly sentiment, runs upon certain fixed lines. As thus:—

"Well, how are you getting along in these days?"

"Oh, so-so. And you?"

"Same here."

"Seen anything of old ——?"

"Yes. [No.]"

"Is he as fat [thin]
foolish [wily]
teetotal [non-teetotal]
as ever?"

"Yes. [No.]"

"Remember him that night [morning, afternoon] at ——?"

"You bet I do."

"And what 's old —— doing now?"

"Chicken-farming."

"Bet he breaks the eggs."

"Always. But they tell me he 's invented a patent device to prevent the chickens from getting trench-feet."

"Remember him that afternoon [night, morning] at ——?"

And so on, and so on.

Thus it was that the Illustrator's manœuvres amongst the ironmongery were for a long time veiled from me. Sounds arose from him like those of Vulcan in his forge under Etna, so well described in I forget which Book of the *Æneid*. Once I saw his head peering out of the bonnet, into which he had carelessly forgotten to put the engine, and heard his voice plaintively asking for a spanner. Once I saw him dangling by his legs from an elevated metal frame, like a professional gymnast on the music-hall stage. He had a magneto in his mouth at the time. . . And once there was a cry from the assembled mob as he dashed in amongst it, pursuing a wheel, with an axle in his right hand, looking rather like a small boy with a hoop.

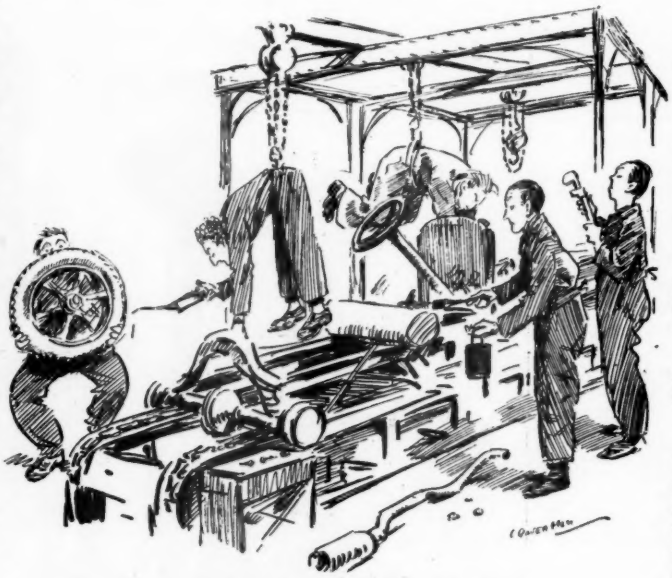
We had just got on to some reminiscences of old ——, who was stockbroking, I fancy, and had grown whiskers (but was cheery as ever), when the Illustrator stepped proudly back with his arms akimbo and very oily hands.

"There!" he said. "That's done it. Under forty-five minutes by the clock."

"I 've seen Ford cars looking like that," said the man from Chile meditatively, "on the Menin Road."

I scrutinised it carefully.

"There 's *something* wrong with it," I said, "but I can't



MECHANICAL MARVELS AT WEMBLEY.
THEY CAN ASSEMBLE A CAR IN TWENTY MINUTES, BUT—



YOU CAN REVERSE THE PROCESS IN ABOUT AS MANY SECONDS.

say what . . . I know. You 've got the body on upside down, and vertical instead of horizontal. It 's more like a hansom-cab."

"Body has to be perched high in a Ford," said the Illustrator. "That 's the beauty of the thing."

"Very likely," I said; "but I 'm sure the differential oughtn't to be stuck up over the top like an umbrella. Besides you 've got the steering wheel in front of the engine; that 's absolutely wrong."

"Never mind, my boy; you can't worry about trifles like that in a Ford. I've put the mascot in the right place anyhow. Don't blow on it," he went on anxiously to a girl who was peering rather too closely. "Some people have no idea how to treat a valuable motor-car," he explained to us. "By the way, what are these?" and he took a handful of small objects out of a trouser-pocket.

"Sparking-plugs, I think," said the man from Chile. "You ought to have found an odd corner for those somewhere."

"Too late now," he replied, putting them hastily back again.

"Remember," said the man from Chile, "old —— assembling a Lewis gun at——?"

"Rather," I said. "I 'll tell you another thing that 's wrong, Illustrator. The gear-box. You 've fastened it into the luggage carrier with a boot-lace. That can't possibly be right, you know."

I had hardly spoken before there was a loud cracking sound, followed by a ruinous crash. It was rather like the kitchen scene in a pantomime or a shell exploding in an ammunition dump. Pieces of hardware glissaded on all sides and bounced about the hall.

The Illustrator had assembled a Ford car in forty-five minutes. It had dispersed itself in ·33 of a second.

"Never mind," said the man from Chile consolingly; "it stayed put for at least five minutes. I 've seen Ford cars shoved together by professionals piled up in much quicker time than that."

"None of these cheap cars, you know," observed the Illustrator with his devastating logic as we went out, "is built to last. Come and have a look at the banana-grove in Jamaica."

* * * * *

The Illustrator denies pertinaciously the truth of the little episode I have narrated above. He says for one thing that nothing would induce him to touch a car of non-Imperial manufacture. He says furthermore that I was too busy talking of bygone days to attend to the actual performance, and that I invented this rubbish to cover up my negligence. The real truth is that he is unable to draw upon paper anything so utterly fantastic and unserviceable to mankind as the Ford car which he actually erected on the spot. There is a multitude of witnesses, including the man from Chile, who can swear to the truth of everything which I have described; and not only in English but far more finely and convincingly in the Spanish tongue.

EVOE.



Paperhanger. "SOME WORKMAN, YOU, AIN'T YER? ALL THE BLINKIN' ROSES UPSIDE-DAHN! DIDN'T THEY TEACH YER BOTANY AT SCHOOL?"

"Unfurnished Service Flat; two bed fitted constant hot and cold."—*Advt. in Daily Paper.*

Just the thing for our changeable weather.

"NEWS IN ADVERTISEMENTS.

The following item is taken from the advertisement column in this issue of *The Times*, where details will be found:—

"The 'loviest tower in the South' urgently needs repair."

And it shall have it too, ze ickle darling, so there.

From the report of a religious procession:—

"The different communities and the guilds, in their distinctive habits, the bellowing banners, etc."—*Provincial Paper.*

We don't much care for these loud colours.

THE RIGHT TO SIGN.

You will have noticed—and, if you are not a mayor or a doctor or a lawyer or a clergyman or one or two other things of the kind, you will have felt, as I do, rather annoyed about it—that only people of certain specified callings (if, indeed, you can count a thing like J.P.-ship as a calling) are qualified to sign their names on official documents in testimony of other people's characters. "To be signed," it says, "by one of the following . . ." and there follows this invidious list.

Now I am not one of those who cry "one man is as good as another," or "one man's trade is as good as another's," or "many a heart of gold beats under a whatever it is"—but I do say this, that it is very unreasonable the way these lists are compiled. It is stupid, for one thing. Take a barrister-at-law. What is a barrister-at-law? In nine cases out of ten he is a man who ate some dinners in his youth in order that he might stand a better chance of getting a job as a land-agent or an actuary or a quantity surveyor—or even a journalist. And none of these is on the list.

Or again take mayors. I have never myself consciously seen a mayor—that is, a non-Lord Mayor—but I am told that it is no uncommon thing for a butcher—a practising butcher, mark you, not an ex-butcher—to be a mayor; and butchers aren't within miles of the list.

Then, if a solicitor, why not a stockbroker? If a doctor, why not a schoolmaster? There are plenty of good stockbrokers and schoolmasters; and, on the other hand, I know a parson who—but I don't want to be nasty.

There is nothing more humiliating than to have to refuse an application for your signature on the grounds that you are not fit to sign by reason of your vocation in life. There is nothing more mortifying than the thought that your neighbour, who may at this very moment be beating his wife or cheating at Mah Jongg, is entitled to outsign you by virtue of being a J.P. or a Notary Public. It is to my mind a rotten state of things; and it is little wonder that in actual practice these conditions are liable to be ignored.

This has been proved to me to-night by the case of Edith. Edith is my cook. She has been my cook for the past five years, and would, I believe, have gone on being my cook for ever, only that some irritating sister of hers persuaded her to abandon my comfortable home for her shack—I presume it is a shack—in Canada. To-night Edith presented me with her Immigration Paper—a kind of large Final Notice—and asked me to sign where marked X.

"Certainly," I replied. "Leave it on my desk."

She left it; and I picked up my pen to sign.

"I hereby certify," it ran, "that the applicant is personally known to me and . . . .

(Indicate what you know of the applicant's character, industry, honesty, and whether you believe the above questions have been correctly answered.)

Name ..... Date .....

Calling ..... Address ..... "

And underneath, in brackets and italics: "To be signed by one of the following, to whom the applicant is personally known:—Any Mayor, Minister of Religion . . ."

I threw down my pen in disgust. I, who had employed, housed and fed this woman for the past five years, was precluded from testifying to her character because I was not a great fat mayor or a thieving attorney. I, who had commanded her respect through all this period, was to submit at this last moment to the indignity of explaining that I was not fit to sign her form.

There was but one consolation. Edith could not go to Canada after all. There was no one to sign her form. For Edith did not hold with church-going and had not had a day's illness since she had been with me; and it was a certainty that she couldn't know any magistrates or notaries public.

I rang the bell.

"Edith," I began, "I 'm afraid——"

"Oh, yes, Sir," she interrupted; "I forgot to say that the girl at the office told me it would be quite all right if the gentleman I 'd been living with for five years filled it in."

"But," I replied, pointing to the offensive list, "I don't quite see how I can do it."

"It 's quite all right, Sir," she assured me.

"Yes; but what am I to put here—against 'Calling'?"

"It 's quite all right, Sir," she repeated eagerly, perceiving, no doubt, that her plans depended on my acquiescence; "the girl told me that if the gentleman I 'd been—who 'd been living with me wasn't any of those things, he could leave that blank."

"It sounds all wrong," I murmured, picking up my pen.

"It 's all right, Sir," she said again.

"You 're sure she said 'gentleman'?" I asked, signing my name.

"Yes, Sir."

"Very well," I replied; and "Gentleman" I wrote—just to show. L. B. G.

THE BALLOONATIC.

A LARGE red toy balloon danced into the road far ahead of us. Robinson reduced speed.

"Some little chap has let his balloon go," he said.

"Slow down more or you 'll pop it," I warned him, pressing vigorously with my feet against the floor boards.

The balloon, drifting bumpily along the road before the wind, swung over in front of us. Robinson steered across to the right so as to avoid it. "Mustn't break the little fellow's toy," he said quietly.

It was out of our way now and seemed to look coyly over its shoulder at us. Then with a coquettish twirl it drifted into our path again.

"Hi, look out!" I yelled, gripping the side of the car as Robinson swerved madly. The car mounted the pavement and then, fifty yards further on, crunched back on to the roadway and came to a standstill.

We had avoided the balloon by inches.

"It was sheer luck that we missed it," I said; "you ought to have slowed down more."

Ignoring my remark and oozing magnanimous satisfaction, Robinson got out and took up the balloon.

A pram arrived upon the scene propelled by a breathless nursemaid and containing a cacophonous infant.

"There, there, all right, little chap," cried Robinson "his balloon is quite safe—don't cry."

Smiling benignly he bent down to give it to the screaming child and received a resounding smack in the face.

"I wanted it to go pop," shouted the child furiously, "I wanted it to go pop."

THE NEWT.

THERE never was a louder suit
Than that affected by the newt.
In springtime, when they ask his banns,
He joins the Brighter Garden fans,
And wears an iridescent coat
Extremely open at the throat,
To show the ladies lots and lots
Of orange vest with nigger spots.

He swims and strolls and takes the air;
He goes round swanking everywhere,
And almost everywhere collects
The admiration he expects.
But, when Cook met him unawares
One Sunday on the cellar stairs,
She shrieked and screamed and threw a fit,
Which did not trouble him a bit.
It might have hurt his feelings, though,
If somebody had let him know
That she had made the grave mistake
Of calling him a "dirty snake."

MOODS AND MODES AT ASCOT.



HOW THE PADDOCK IMPRESSES YOU AFTER THE HORSE YOU HAVE BACKED HAS FAILED TO SECURE A PLACE—



AND AFTER YOU HAVE PULLED OFF A TEN TO ONE CHANCE.

ONE UP.

WHEN I heard that my old friend Alfred Arrow, the distinguished poet, was reciting some of his own works broadcast, I determined I would take half-a-pint at the "Jug and Strawberry" that evening. For the "Jug and Strawberry," I knew, though it has bad beer, has an admirable loud-speaker.

Arrow and I were at school together; at Oxford we swore eternal friendship; since Oxford we have never met. I do not blame Arrow. He has become great and famous, if not rich. And I——

It would be p'easant then, I thought, to hear his voice again, returning to me over the years and booming over the chimney-pots; perhaps some of those very poems which in humbler days he used to boom at me across the midnight cocoa in his room in Garden Quad. I still thought those earlier works were (some of them) his best. One in particular I hoped he would recite, the graceful lyric which begins—

"Charming Phyllis has no peer."

That was inspired by the waitress, Maud, at Bole's Restaurant in the High. We were both in love with her. I discovered her. Then Arrow came along and cut me out. Not that either of us went very far. The most daring thing I ever said to her was, "Your cap's crooked, Maud."

And she replied, "Thank you for nothing."

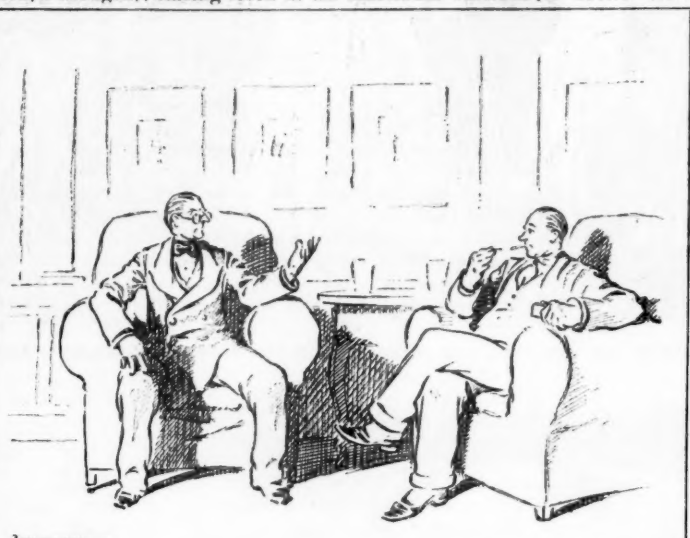
But Arrow was bolder. He used to say such things as "You're looking very nice to-day."

And she would answer, "I don't want no impertinence, thank you." Or "Think you're clever, I suppose." Still, she always brought his muffin promptly, which made me jealous. I ate endless muffins for that girl's sake, but they came late. Once she refused to take a tip from him. Mine she took always with alacrity. This rankled. It rankled for a long time.

Well, that poem is now the most often quoted of Arrow's works. It is recited at bazaars; novelists print a line or two at the heads of chapters; I have seen an extract on a tombstone. I could remember Arrow reading the first draft to me (at that time the girl's name was Chloe), and how we argued about it. He always swore it had nothing to do with Maud.

And now I was almost certain to hear it again. Arrow would have the laugh of me, I felt, if he knew. For in those old days I used to tell him he was too precious and superior, not to say obscure, to win popular favour. And now, here he was addressing the largest possible audience. And I—— Ah, well!

I entered the "Jug and Strawberry" a little too early. The loud-speaker ensconced at the back of the bar was blaring forth in an emotional baritone



"NO, MY BOY, THE PUBLIC TASTE IS NOT WHAT IT USED TO BE. WHY, IF SHAKESPEARE HIMSELF WAS TO TURN UP NOW, I DON'T BELIEVE HE'D GET A HEARING."

"OH, I DON'T KNOW; IT'D ALL DEPEND ON THE SORT OF STUFF HE WROTE."

the words: "*Trees where you sit shall crowd into a sha-ay—ay-ay-ay-ay-ay-ay—ay-ay-ay-ay-ay-ay— Shall crow-ow-owd—intoo-oo-oo a shade.*"

I ordered half a bitter, for it seemed bad taste to enter a public-house for the sole purpose of hearing poetry and music. There were a number of watermen in the bar, some discussing the tide, the others gazing fixedly at the loud-speaker. I took my place with them and drank in alternately the HANDEL and the beer.

At length the trees crowded into a shade for the last time and the cool gales blew away. There was a pause, and then the Voice of Olympus announced the name and history of Alfred Arrow. I listened, a little jealous, I admit, to a recital of the virtues and distinctions of my one-time friend and equal. There was another pause, and suddenly I heard the voice of Alfred.

The voice was amazingly clear, amazingly familiar, the voice of fifteen years ago, scarce altered; only a faint new note of confidence and pride was added. And well there might be. Alfred, I felt, must be thoroughly enjoying himself. I could see him standing in that curtained room upon Olympus, immensely conscious of the far-flung multitudes who listened to him. And if only he could see into "The Jug and Strawberry," could see me hanging on his words among the watermen, he would be content indeed. Yes, Alfred was definitely one up.

The voice came clear and loud from between a bottle labelled MARTINI and a bottle labelled BUNG'S BEST UNSWEETENED GIN. The voice said:—

"Charming Phyllis has no peer."

I thrilled. He was beginning with the poem about Maud. Again, as though the years had never been, I saw Maud, the charming red-haired strapping thing, prancing down between the tables with Alfred's muffin, dawdling slow-footed with mine. I heard Alfred's easy "You're looking very nice to-day." I heard the affectionate response: "I don't want no impertinence, thank you," so fondly, so roguishly delivered. And once again, believe me or not, the old jealousy and passion burned in my breast. For here was Alfred to all the world proclaiming his triumph and his love—

"Charming Phyllis has no peer;
Mortal eye will never ——"

But at that moment the voice ceased.

I knew well what should come, I knew the verse by heart—a brief descriptive catalogue of Phyllis's principal features, with the startling conclusion that no one else was quite like Phyllis. There stood the loud-speaker still, between the bottle of vermouth and the bottle of gin; but nothing came from it.

I gazed at the object, horror-struck. Had Arrow fallen in a fit at the B.B.C.? Had Nemesis or conscience stricken him at last, and was he now prostrate before the microphone on Savoy Hill, feebly mouthing the guilty name of Maud?

Or what?

The three watermen, I observed, were still discussing the tides. They did not



Old Lady. "NOW, BEFORE YOU GIVE HIM HIS FOOD I WANT YOU TO SAY, 'DIDDUMS DINKIE WANT OOS DINDINS?' AND IF HE YAWNS HE 'S NOT QUITE READY."

appear to notice that Alfred, perhaps the first poet of England, had stopped reciting. I smiled slightly at this.

"What," I said to the barmaid (she was not unlike the lovely Maud) "has happened to the wireless?"

"I've switched it off," she replied. "*He's only talking.*"

Deep in my soul I laughed long and loud. "Only talking!" Alfred Arrow, perhaps the first poet of England, was emptying his heart to the "Jug and Strawberry," and the "Jug and Strawberry" had turned him off (like a noisy tap) on the ground that he was neither HANDEL nor a Jazz band; Alfred was pouring out his soul to the million, and some at least of the million had simply cut him out of their lives, on the ground that he was "only talking." Perhaps the whole million. Perhaps *nobody* was listening to Alfred. Glorious thought! We were all square now.

However, I felt I must strike a blow for my old friend. "It is a comic turn," I said, "which I particularly wished to hear. *Would* you mind——?"

It took more time to switch the poet on than it had taken to switch him off. Stray fragments of Alfred began to issue from the trumpet, but interspersed with formidable cracklings, scrapings, coughings and spittings.

"Such graces — crash," I heard, "crash—gurrr—her smiles—crash—gobble—gobble—plok. Plok—so the nymph—crash—plok—her eyes . . . ."

This went on for some time. But at last the voice of Alfred emerged again clear and unmolested. He was beginning—I knew it so well—that last tremendous verse concerning Maud's tenderness and truth.

"*Nor less in spirit*——" he began, and once again "The Jug and Strawberry" was at the Muse's feet.

Then the door opened and ten watermen entered. And all these watermen called aloud for beer. And one said to another, "Be a big tide this evening, Joe." And another said, "Bigger 'n yesterday, I shouldn't wonder." "As big a tide as ever I see yesterday," said a third. And others, "Is that right Mr. Grummet 's selling 'is boat?" "Ten pounds he's asking." "I wouldn't give ten pounds, not for Mr. Grummet's boat." "Nor five neither." "Nail-sick, that 's what she is." "Mild-and-bitter, Miss." "Here 's health, Joe!"

And in the genial din which followed the poet Arrow was submerged for the last time.

"One up at last," I thought as I crept away. "Perhaps two."

"*Only talking!*" Ha! A. P. H.

Our Confident Tipsters.

"All the horses running . . . cannot lose, and three of them must finish in the first three."—*Sunday Paper.*

"Detective Tubbe said that T—— came to the C.I.D. office and surrounded himself."
South Afri an Paper.

This sort of thing saves the police a lot of trouble with their cordons.

At Ascot:—

"The Countess of —— was in a finely striped brown and cr.am silk dress with a tight fighting brown silk toque."—*Morning Paper.*

Very suitable for getting through the scrum in the Paddock.

"Hearne became 51 after playing for an hour-and-a-half, mostly on Saturday."
Evening Paper.

Some of our Middlesex batsmen age very rapidly during a heat-wave week-end.



"I WANT A LITTLE MASCOT FOR MY CAR. DO YOU KEEP SUCH THINGS?"
"YES, MADAM. MR. SAMPSON—FORWARD!"

NEW YORK CITY: A GUIDE FOR SETTLERS.

XI.

THE KU KLUX KLAN: ORIGIN, GROWTH, REGRETTABLE DECADENCE OF, ETC.

BEFORE the Englishman has been in America very long he will more than likely receive a letter telling him to get out, and signed "K. K. K."

As he may be in doubt as to the meaning of this signature and might like to know something about his correspondents, I have decided to say a few words that may tend towards his enlightenment, including at the end a suggestion as to the most advisable course of action to follow in regard to the letter.

There is some confusion in America to-day as to the origin of the curious title of this organisation; many theories have been put forward, but they have all sought too elaborate an explanation. The true explanation is so simple that it has been completely overlooked.

THE SOUTHERN ORIGIN OF THE KLAN.

The beginning of the K.K.K. goes back to about 1863 or 1864, the closing years of the great controversy between the North and South over the servant problem. Its founder was, as you might suppose, a Southerner, one Quincy Cluck, Esquire, a man of little intelligence or education, who even at the age of twelve had already become addicted to the habit of putting a sheet over his head and wandering among the slave quarters at night playing ghost when he should have been asleep.

In the period of Redestruction after the war he gathered to himself a few of his boyhood friends and took up the playing of ghost professionally, wandering from village to village, much like the strolling actors of QUEEN ELIZABETH'S time, entertaining this community to-day and that to-morrow. They were known through the country as Quincy Cluck's Clan. This title in time was abbreviated to Q. Cluck's Clan, and when the advertising value of alliteration was discovered it was finally changed to Ku Klux Klan, or K.K.K.

The Klan, of course, became popular in the South at once. The soldiers, returning home after four years of excitement, leapt at this chance of relieving the monotony of peace. The flower of Southern womanhood, whose fingers were still worn to the bone from making uniforms and shoes and flags for the flower of Southern manhood, who were shooting at the flower of Northern manhood, set in to make the uniforms for the Klansmen. It was a comparatively simple task, as these uniforms included no troublesome trousers and didn't need to fit particularly well at the shoulders; so a great many were turned out in a very short time and the Klan grew rapidly.

Galloping about at night disguised in sheets soon developed into such a fascinating pastime that rumours of it spread to the Northern States and attempts were made to found branches of the Klan there.

ITS DEVELOPMENT IN THE NORTH.

But the Northern branches encountered two fundamental difficulties. (1) There were only a very few negroes there to be frightened; and (2) the weather was so much colder that it was necessary for the members to wear their sheets over large coats and mufflers, whose enormous bulk was more amusing than terrifying. Had it not been for the peculiar pleasure arising from galloping about at night disguised in sheets, whether or not anyone was frightened, the Klan in the North would surely have soon disappeared. As it was, however, it continued to exist, though it grew hardly at all.

About the year 1900 somebody discovered that the fear of ghosts was not confined to the black race; some white people were found in the North who were afraid of ghosts too. This opened up an entirely new field to the Klan and it suddenly began to grow.

After the matter had been tested out it was discovered that there were so many white people afraid of ghosts that it would be necessary to discriminate in some way as to which of them should be concentrated on. They appealed to a member named Isaac Rosenkopf, a man who had made his living, before he joined the Klan, by practising law; and, after some consideration, he suggested that they should go about the thing mathematically, that they should attend to everybody whose Americanism totalled less than ninety per cent. The question was immediately raised, Why ninety per cent.? Why not a hundred? Mr. Rosenkopf said that a hundred per cent. was hunky dory with him, and it was settled.

The next question that came up was how could a hundred-per-cent. American be distinguished from anybody else. "By his nose," one member suggested. But Mr. Rosenkopf objected. "By his religion," suggested another. But Mr. Rosenkopf objected again. It was finally decided to call all the members of the Klan a hundred-per-cent. American and put the rest of the inhabitants into various groups, whose percentages would range from ninety to zero.

It was thought for a time that the easiest way of making America safe for Americans would be to inaugurate another Passover. A warning would be issued through the country that every family should chalk up its average percentage on the front door, and during the night the Klan would go through the nation and attend to every family that fell below a certain per-cent. But unfortunately the plan had to be postponed indefinitely, for at just this time America entered the War, and most of the low-per-cent. Americans joined the army, leaving hardly anybody in the country except the Klan.

ITS DECLINE AFTER THE WAR.

Soon after the War the Klan began to decline, and now it is heard of only sporadically. A short time ago a man on Long Island declared that the world on a certain night was coming to an end, and that everybody (which included the Klan) except him and a few of his friends (none of whom was a Klansman) was certain to be exterminated. He and his friends were going to be conducted to the Promised Land, which in this case happened to be California. The Klan objected to this and stationed a guard about his house on the eventful evening with the evident intention of accompanying him as far towards the Promised Land as possible. This sort of defiance arouses their indignation, and they unite to oppose it with some of their old splendour; but unquestionably they have deteriorated and, except at the time of a threatened ending of the world or an election of some sort, are as meek as any other band of ghosts.

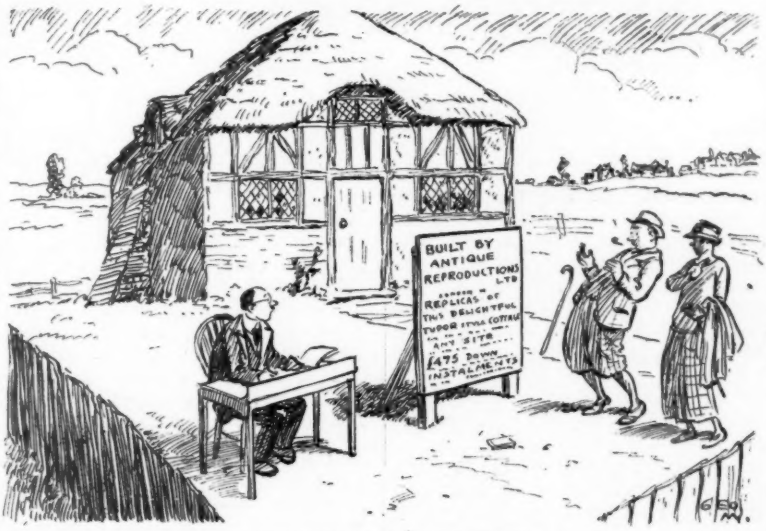
The loss is felt keenly. America had become tuned to excitement, and the antics of the K.K.K. formed one of its main sources of amusement. If only we could hope for an old-fashioned parade now and then it would help us to put up with the dearth of lynchings. But they are all gone, lynchings, parades and everything, and America has successfully taken another step towards standardization. Nothing can be done about it, and monotonous dulness reigns.

HOW TO DEAL KINDLY WITH ITS THREATS.

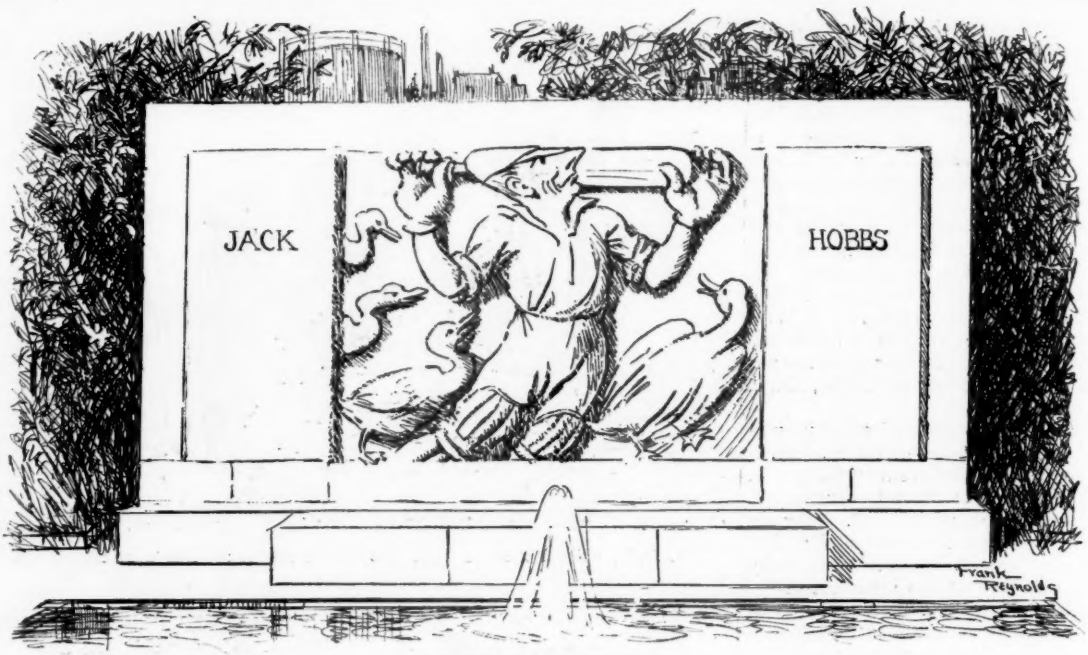
Upon second thought I doubt if the K.K.K. have spirit enough to send the newly-arrived Englishman the letter I have referred to. If he had come over in the good old days they would probably have served it to him on a fiery cross; but all that ceremony is gone now, and visitors come and go in boredom. If however they do send him this letter, I hope he now knows enough about them through what I



The Lady. "WHAT A DELIGHTFUL OLD TUDOR COTTAGE! LET 'S GO ROUND AND—



SEE WHAT IT 'S LIKE IN THE FRONT."



ANOTHER TRIBUTE.

PROPOSED MEMORIAL TO A CRICKETER WHO HAS NO INTEREST IN DUCKS.

have said to be kind to them. It would be asking a good deal if I requested that he indulge them to the extent of getting out of the country, but if he could do something, anything, to encourage them I know they would appreciate it. It wouldn't do any good to give the letter to the daily papers, as that sort of thing isn't news any more, and they probably wouldn't even print it on an inside page. If he would only be charitable enough to move to another hotel I am sure they would be grateful to him. They have developed an inferiority complex and any little thing he would be willing to do to make them think that he stood in awe of them they would value. I shall do everything I can towards increasing their self-respect by asking the Editor not to give my address to any foreigner in a white hood and by signing this article about them as timorously as type will permit. U.S.A.

Commercial Candour.

From a trade catalogue:—

"John —— supplies the same manufacturer's goods—as sold in West End at 20% cheaper."

"UNIVERSITY NEWS.
OXFORD.
The 'grates' exams. are nearly over."
Weekly Paper.

These are the well-known ordeals at which undergraduates are hauled over the coals.

RHYMES OF THE R.A.F.

XX.—THE SERVICE.

In days of war, in days of war,
The valiant Royal Flying Corps,
Linked to the bold R.N.A.S.,
With courage, pep and steadfastness
Strove o'er the angry fields of Mars
Ad astra (meaning "to the stars").
Their sole ambition was to slosh
The Turk, the Bulgar and the Boche,
An aim in which they well succeeded,
Doing precisely what was needed.

And in these halcyon days of peace
Their arduous labours never cease;
At home or serving overseas
They scorn to seek luxurious ease,
And vie amongst themselves to share
The hazards of the upper air.
The only time they fret or grieve
Is when compelled to go on leave,
For idle hours alone can irk
These lads who simply live for work.

Wherever troubles may be brewing
The R.A.F. are up and doing.
Mid Himalayan peaks and chasms
Wild tribesmen suffer sudden spasms
When from their watch-towers they descry
Small specks appearing in the sky.
Where Sion's pleasant brooklets flow
Their transport lorries come and go,
Careering through the mud and rain
When Jordan's waters flood the plain.
In Iraq's sheik-infested spaces
Bold Bedouins, camped by green oases,
Hear through the insect-haunted night
The droning murmur of their flight;
And where the playful crocodile
Sports by the margin of the Nile
The shadows of their cambered wings
Skim lightly o'er the tombs of kings.

The scions of Adastral House
Accept their lot without a grouse,
And are, in brief, the sort of crowd
Of whom the Empire may be proud.
Trustees of progress, peace and quiet
In regions somewhat prone to riot,
They there fulfil our obligations
As watchdogs of the League of Nations;
Till soon, there 's reason to suppose,
Deserts will blossom as the rose,
And lean mosquitoes put on fat
Round every Air Force habitat.

"One afternoon I came to a large field on which a group of cows had alighted."
Local Paper.

After jumping over the moon?

"Mr. —— has retired from the —— Railway Company after forty-five and a-half years. He came to —— on May 5, 1880, and has been in the left luggage office there ever since."
Yorkshire Paper.

It is supposed that somebody mislaid the ticket.



JACK AND THE DRAGON.

BRITISH TAR (*to China*). "LOOK HERE, MY FRIEND, IF YOU PERSIST IN TREATING ME AS A 'FOREIGN DEVIL,' THERE'LL SOON BE THE 'FOREIGN DEVIL' TO PAY."

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Monday, June 15th.—Speaker LOWTHER ruled, some years ago, that, now that India enjoyed a measure of self-government, only important questions affecting it ought to be brought before the House of Commons. Some Members, however, evidently consider that any question that they put down becomes important *ipso facto*. Mr. SNELL, for example, was pained because Lord WINTERTON could not give him any information about a police-raid on a Calcutta library.

De minimis non curat lex as a legal maxim is out of date. Mr. ORMSBY-GORE, called upon to report the progress made in breeding beneficial parasites to destroy insect-plagues in various parts of the Empire, announced with tears in his voice that certain parasites designed to make the New Zealand earwig's life a burden to him had perished in their prime.

As Secretary of the Overseas Trade Department, Mr. A. M. SAMUEL has one foot in the Board of Trade and one in the Foreign Office. In the latter capacity he was called upon to answer a host of questions about the disturbances in China. They chiefly emanated from the Labour Party, who, whatever they may have thought about the Chinese coolies' activities in South Africa twenty years ago, evidently consider that in his own country he is a kind of "plaster saint," disgracefully treated by "international sweaters"—Mr. JACK JONES's phrase.

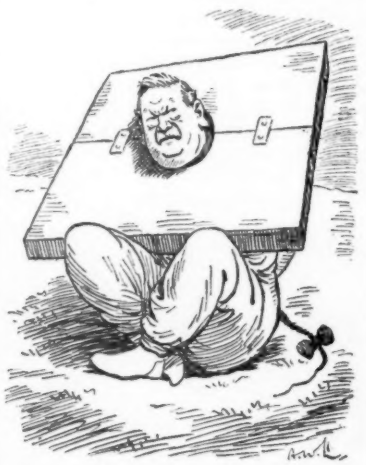
Mr. WILL THORNE talked of "beastly low wages," and said that Labour took such a deep interest in the matter "because many of us, including myself, have been exploited." That, he explained, was when he was sixteen; it is hard to imagine anyone doing it now.

With the courage that only a Professor of Economics could display Mr. LEES SMITH opposed the reduction in the income-tax. The notion that it would benefit trade was, in his opinion, a "mischievous delusion."

This view was stoutly combated by Captain EVANS, who complained that the reduction had not come up to expectation. I fancy, however, that his principal object was to get off a phrase about men paying through the nose and women through the hose.

Mr. CHURCHILL drew from the Amendment the inference that under a Labour Government there would never be a reduction in the income-tax. This idea was promptly repudiated by Mr. SNOWDEN, but seemed to find some favour with Mr. LANSBURY, who apparently imagined that the only result of the present reduction would be to give the "idle rich" a few more sixpences to "blue" at Ascot. The Amendment was defeated by 184.

Tuesday, June 16th.—Most of the



Mr. WILL THORNE (on Chinese labour conditions). "MANY OF US, INCLUDING MYSELF, HAVE BEEN EXPLOITED."

peers, to judge by their non-appearance, were extending their already prolonged Whitsun holiday; but a few faithful ones turned up to discuss the future of Bethlehem Hospital. Lord SOUTHWARK, in the interests of the children



HE WHO MUST BE OBEYED.
Little Toomai takes charge of Kala Nag.
CAPT. WEDGWOOD BENN AND MR. LLOYD GEORGE.

of his eponymous borough, urged that the site should be turned into a playground, and Lord MONK BRETTON for the London County Council took the same line. But Lord BURNHAM, while yielding to neither of them in his desire for open spaces, pointed out that, as the proceeds of the sale were earmarked for the care and cure of the mentally afflicted, the Council, if it wanted the land, ought to pay a commercial price for it; and, backed by Lord DONOUGHMORE, his view prevailed.

A reference to a certain firm as the "originators" of the Tanks brought Captain DOUGLAS KING to his feet with a prompt correction. The firm in question was only one of many claimants to the honour; among them being, I believe, the present CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER.

It would seem that the part taken by the Labour Party in helping to set up the Irish Free State was not entirely disinterested. Mr. ADAMSON complained that certain Irish labourers had been imported into Suffolk to work upon sugar-beet farms, and seemed to be quite surprised when Mr. WOOD told him that Irish labourers were in no sense aliens, and could no more be excluded from this country than those from Canada or any other Dominion.

Rousing Ministerialist cheers greeted the appearance of Mr. T. C. MOORE, the victor of Ayr; and there was an approving murmur when Mr. MACQUISTEN presented, without speech, a Bill "to restore the liberty of small shop-keepers"—including, I trust, the liberty to sell an ounce of tobacco to a jaded journalist after 8 P.M. without breaking the law.

Ever since the Finance Bill got into Committee Captain WEDGWOOD BENN has taken charge of the Liberal Party. A convinced Free Trader of the most extreme type, it is he who has directed the policy, drafted the Amendments and made most of the speeches. And with remarkable self-abnegation his nominal chief has accepted the situation. One is reminded of an elephant meekly obeying the prods of a tiny *mahout*.

In the debate upon the new Lace Duty Captain BENN gave the key-note to the Opposition by accusing the PRIME MINISTER of breaking his election pledge; and thereby moved Mr. LLOYD GEORGE—the author of the Safeguarding of Industries Act—to denounce it as "the advance guard of a general tariff."

Mr. SNOWDEN could not understand how Mr. BALDWIN could remain silent in the face of such accusations, and Sir JOHN SIMON (as the result of seeing the *Elektra*) compared his conduct to the perfidy of *Clytemnestra*. But the PRIME MINISTER, unmoved by these gibes, was content to leave his defence to Sir P. CUNLIFFE-LISTER, and was rewarded by a comfortable majority of 112.

Wednesday June 17th.—The House of Lords received back into its bosom

Lord BEARSTED (on his promotion to a Viscountcy) and Lord READING (on well-earned furlough from India), and welcomed two new recruits, Lord STONEHAVEN (formerly Sir JOHN BAIRD, and Lord LEVERHULME (in succession to his father).

It then listened to Lord DANESFORT protesting against the payment by the Government of £900,000 to the Irish Free State, largely for the purpose (as he asserted) of compensating rebel sympathisers with the murder-gangs. He was supported by Lord CARSON, who pleasantly observed that if the directors of a company used their shareholders' money in that sort of way they would find themselves in the dock. Lord CLARENDON, however, put a very different face on the matter, and asserted that the Government had made a very fair bargain; and Lord SALISBURY pointed out that, good or bad, it was made by the Labour Government and not by the present Administration.

There was a storm in the Commons at Question-time, with Labour Members jumping up like surprise targets on a rifle range, all protesting because they were not to have an early chance to debate unemployment. This concerted protest would have been more impressive if their Party had not refused the offer of to-morrow for debating any subject it chose. Mr. LANSBURY capped a series of thundering supplementaries by asking whether he and his friends were to "sit here day after day like dumb dogs"—a strange expression when the Clydesiders and he were in full cry.

Despite this protest, Mr. MACDONALD asked the Government to give time to-morrow to debate the crisis, not in our coal-fields, but in China; whereupon Mr. LLOYD GEORGE arranged behind the scenes that the Liberal Party should open a debate on unemployment on the first available day. This did not improve feeling between the two Parties. When Mr. LLOYD GEORGE, repeating in a minor key the melody of the Land Song, protested against any concession being made to landlords in respect of Death Duties, Mr. WHEATLEY viciously asserted that the Liberals attacked the landed gentry in the interests of millionaire manufacturers. Mr. CHURCHILL was clear and persuasive in defence of his new proposal to leave Death Duties on land at the 1919 level.

Before midnight the House arrived at the schedules of the Finance Bill and kept to its task till 6.25, when it completed the Committee stage. Its labours were chiefly pedestrian, nearly four hours being occupied in dividing.

If anyone hoped to rouse Mr. CHURCHILL's old fighting mood they were disappointed. To the end the CHANCELLOR remained benign and business-like, and manœuvred his grey top-hat with a flourish as he moved amendments. But he confessed to weariness in trying to make arrangements with the rival Oppositions. As soon as terms were made with the Mukden War Lord, the Christian General disavowed them. Come to think of it, isn't there something Celestial about Captain WEDGWOOD BENN, D.F.C.?



THE CLYTEMNESTRA STUNT.
MR. STANLEY BALDWIN AS SEEN BY SIR JOHN SIMON.

Thursday, June 18th.—The Government met their Waterloo in the House of Lords when, on the Summary Jurisdiction (Separation and Maintenance) Bill, Lord ASKWITH carried against them a new clause providing that magistrates should have power to order the division of the furniture in the home between the separated spouses. The Bill was not perhaps of first-class importance; nor were the figures—16 to 15—particularly impressive; and so far the resignation of the Ministry has not been announced. But supposing the defeat had been inflicted at the instance of Lord OXFORD AND ASQUITH!

"WINSTON is now only able to undertake very light employment"—the phrase leapt to the eye in a question to the MINISTER OF PENSIONS and caused one to look anxiously at the Treasury Bench. But there was the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER looking as fresh as paint and answering questions with his customary vigour within nine hours of his leaving the House this morning.

Mr. HERBERT WILLIAMS called the attention of the MINISTER OF HEALTH to the prevalence of mosquitoes in many parts of the country and asked for advice. Mr. NEVILLE CHAMBERLAIN said the proper method was to identify the species of mosquito and then to take appropriate steps to destroy them. First label the pest; then swat it.

The PRIME MINISTER then announced that Lord BIRKENHEAD had "most readily fallen in" with his suggestion that he should cease his contributions to journalism. In justice to his lordship it is only fair to say that he is not the only statesman who writes for the Press. A few minutes earlier Mr. CHURCHILL, on his attention being directed to a recent article by the French PREMIER in a Sunday newspaper, had replied, "I am afraid I am not able always to read all articles by eminent foreign statesmen in newspapers."

Mr. WOOD'S "silken and seductive eloquence" (in the phrase of Mr. FISHER) did not altogether silence criticism on the Tithes Bill. Mr. RAWLINSON (Cambridge) joined his Oxonian colleague in attacking the "grotesque finance" which would subsidise the Universities with one hand and rob them with the other. But, aided by a capital maiden speech from Captain HENDERSON, an authority on this abstruse subject, the Government carried the Bill by 209 to 120.

Afterwards the FOREIGN SECRETARY, just off the boat train, replied to some rather tepid criticisms by Mr. TREVELYAN on our action in China in a speech, firm but conciliatory, which received the whole-hearted support of Mr. LLOYD GEORGE. Even Mr. RAMSAY MACDONALD gave it his general approval—not altogether to the satisfaction of his back-benchers. Mr. JOHNSTON, for example, was of opinion that "we should clear out of China altogether and leave the Chinese to run their own factories in their own way"—a rather remarkable doctrine to come from an apostle of Labour internationalism.



Magnificent Person. "WELL, GOOD-BYE—SO ENJOYED YOUR LITTLE PARTY—HAD SOME CHARMING CONVERSATIONS—SO DELIGHTED TO GET IN TOUCH WITH THE PEOPLE."

PROTÉGÉS OF THE PANEL.

THE advantages of the "panel" system in medicine are still a subject of controversy, but there can be no doubt or dispute as to its beneficent results in the domain of Park architecture. As yet, however, these results have only been casually dwelt upon by the champions of the English RODIN, who have been more concerned to point out that the "rumpus" stirred up by Philistines has called the attention of thousands, hitherto unacquainted with the works of HUDSON, to that admirable writer, and bids fair to convert him, though posthumously, into one of our "best sellers."

This acknowledgment, however, only touches the fringe of the question. The designer of the panel, notorious for his self-effacement and the reticence of his supporters, has thus diverted the homage due to his own colossal genius to the merits of a comparatively unknown writer. He makes us think, so we are assured, not of himself but of HUDSON. But not necessarily of one HUDSON. The transition to other members of the clan is easy and obvious. In the centenary year of the Railways we are led on to recall the exploits of the famous Railway King, GEORGE HUDSON, who numbered the PRINCE CONSORT among his acquaintances, whose parties at Albert Gate were crowded by the aristocracy of London, who was twice Lord Mayor of York, M.P. for Sunderland, dominated the railway world for many years, enriched his personal friends by early information and the allotment of shares, and was described by CARLYLE as a "big swollen gambler."

I have heard that some critics have professed to discover in the physique and attitude of the figure on the famous panel a symbolic reference to GEORGE HUDSON, the arms being suggestive of a signal or semaphore. This may be so, but it is beyond question that the revival of interest in the Railway King is largely due to the memorial to his namesake. The illustrious manufacturers of a widely-used detergent are happily in no need of such aids to publicity, but I understand that HENRY HUDSON, the navigator, and "HURRY" HUDSON, the eminent diplomatist, have been rescued from the oblivion into which they had fallen by the prominence into which their patronymic has been raised by the self-sacrificing efforts of our modern PHEIDIAS.

But this does not by any means exhaust the salutary repercussions of the controversy which rages round the Hyde Park panel. The study of DANTE has received a wonderful stimulus from the fact that the sculptured figure irresistibly suggests the *Rima* of the famous Florentine, though that was only a *terza Rima*, and therefore stands on a lower level than the creation of the Russo-Polish super-MICHAEL-ANGELO.

Our Versatile Actors.

"Sir Frank [Benson], in the rôle of Quince, played with his customary skill as Bottom."
Theatrical Paper.

"Mr. Neville Chamberlain pointed out that, although the Bill was drafted to provide that the rating authority was the body to prepare the valuation lists, it could be easily altered to provide that there should be separate bodies for those purposes, if thought desirable."
Daily Paper.

Enough "z."

ASCOT.

A-TISHOO! A-tish-oo! A-tish-*oo*! A-TISH-OO!

Merciful heavens! why did I come to this place?

I came here to write an article about Ascot.

The sun . . . the distant hills . . . the trees . . . a-tish-oo! . . . the ribbon of turf . . . the charming frocks . . . the KING . . . the horses . . . George . . . hay-fever . . . a-TISH-OO!

I sneezed all the way to Ascot. I have sneezed all round Ascot. Pray Heaven I may soon sneeze my way home. A-tish-oo!

Can it be possible that all these teeming creatures are *enjoying* themselves—these labelled lords and ladies, these labelled bookmakers, these labelled horses—while I—a-TISH-OO?

This is the crown of the Season. This is the zenith of the year. This is what the Socialist papers call wanton luxury. If only they knew how miserable I am!

There is a tickle in my nose, my eyes, my throat, my ears. . .

However, this is Ascot.

Why did I bring George to Ascot?

It was a mistake to bring George to Ascot.

Ascot for such as George is real hard work. It is perpetual motion. First of all we fight our way to the Paddock (a guinea or two). Then we fight our way round the Paddock, violently exercising our powers of judgment. We examine the horses for the 1.30. So far as I can see, one racehorse is like another racehorse—only some are thinner than others, and others are more ethereal than the rest. But George sees that Milksop is sweating, and Mutton-broth is not. George observes that the horse Phalaris is on his toes, while the horse Briar-root is clumping round the place on his heels. So we fight our way through the Paddock again and send a telegram to a man called Pipp (Eustace Pipp) about the horses Mutton-broth and Phalaris. Then we fight our way through a long underground tunnel (no extra charge for this) and up a huge staircase (another guinea or two) to the top of the Grand Stand. There we survey the race. Mutton-broth is last and Phalaris is last but one. Then we fight our way down the stairs, through a crowd of people who have backed Beet-root, the winner, through the tunnel again and back to the Paddock.

There we examine the horses for the 2.30. We select Bull's-eye and Dog's-body, we struggle to the Post-Office, we jostle through the tunnel, we battle up the stairs, we see Pease-blossom win, and we stagger back to the Paddock (through the tunnel) in time to select Bear's-grease for the three-o'clock. And so on . . . .

And, speaking for myself, sneezing the whole time . . . .

That is Ascot.

That is the crown of the Season.

That is the zenith of the year.



THE NICETIES OF ETIQUETTE.
(Scene outside the Royal Enclosure.)
Policeman. "NO GLASSES, PLEASE."

If you have a label on the left breast
LORD HADDOCK, M.V.O., G.B.,
P.S.A., T.C.

you miss out the tunnel and the stairs and hover in the Royal Enclosure between fights. But George and I are not allowed in the Royal Enclosure—extraordinary thing—and me in my new Panama!

So, as far as I am concerned, Ascot is too much like work. I have now seen three races. I decline to see the 3.30. I will sit here and sneeze quietly in the Paddock.

* * * *

After the three-o'clock, as a matter of fact, we made a variation. Instead of fighting our way through the tunnel we fought our way over-land through Tattersall's (a large area of land entirely populated by wild beasts) and along the course to the Paddock. Against the railing dividing the course from the Royal Enclosure stood a large crowd, gazing frankly at the persons in the Royal Enclosure. Not to be outdone in admiration, we joined this crowd, and George raised his field-glasses the better to see. Up comes a policeman and taps him on the shoulder.

"No glasses, please," said the policeman.

"But mayn't I look at the lords and ladies?" said George. "Everybody else is doing it."

"Looking's one thing," said the officer, "glasses is another. Where's yer manners?"

"Do you mean to tell me," said George, "that it is manners to stand in a row and stare with the naked eye, but unlawful to stand in the same row and look through a magnifying-glass? A nice distinction indeed."

"I don't know nothing about that," said the officer firmly, "but no glasses, please."

"The whole thing is grossly illogical," said George.

"Illogical's one thing," said the officer, "glasses is another."

"The people I am looking at," said George, "have labels on their chests, giving their names and titles. What are these labels for? For the purpose of identification, I take it?"



THE TATTERSALL MALE VOICE CHOIR.
PUNTER WITH MUSICAL TASTES SEIZES HIS CHANCE OF DOING A LITTLE CONDUCTING.



AFTERNOON TEA AT ASCOT. POOLING OUR LOSSES.

"You can take what you like," said the officer, "but no glasses, please."

"It is impossible for me to read their labels," continued George, "without the aid of a high-powered glass. I may easily mistake the Earl of Rudd for Colonel Bungay, K.V.O."

"I can't help that, Sir," said the constable, unmoved.

"As a matter of fact," said George loyally, "I 'm looking at His Majesty the King."

"Then you don't need no glasses," said the constable. And this was an answer so conclusive that George slunk on into the Paddock.

I shan't bring George to Ascot again.

A-tish-oo!

I shall never come to Ascot again.

* * * * *

Here in the Paddock, now that the horses and the people have gone to the race, it is very peaceful. The 3.30 rolls round the course unheeded. To be perfectly frank, I do not care very much who wins the 3.30. I have seen Saucy Sue running; I know no horse will run more beautifully than that: why worry, then?

It is surprising how many people are still in the Paddock, entirely ignoring the 3.30. Over there is a "Champagne Only" bar . . . A-tish-oo! Damn!

Here come the crowd again, all agog for the four-o'clock. Such dresses! And such faces! Oh, dear!

I see a vision—the back-view of a vision. Surely a frock so ravishing must clothe a vision! She turns and approaches. On her breast is the label

ROYAL ENCLOSURE.
LADY TAFFETA BLOOM.

Her face . . . . Oh, dear!

This grieves me, for, if the aristocracy cannot produce visions, then what is it for? With all the time, the trouble, the money . . . .

George says, "Just seen a charmer, old boy." He says this every few minutes.

Either George is very lucky or our tastes differ. I have wandered up and down the race-course and not one genuine vision have I seen, only the horse Macaroon, who took my fancy in the march-past for the three-o'clock and was last but two.

"George," I said, "I have seen more visions on the Underground Railway in five minutes than I have seen at Ascot in a whole day."

"Quite right, old boy," said George. "But look how beautiful the men are! Come and have a Champagne Only."

I come; but what an over-rated drink is champagne! And by what strange law am I allowed to drink champagne at half-past three in the afternoon? Never mind. I have missed another race. Another hour or two and the day will be over. . . . Here are the first, second and third of the four-o'clock in three separate pens. Each of these animals has run seven furlongs on a hot day. All are sweating disgustingly—especially Pintail (third). I shall not buy Pintail. They are being weighed. Or the jockey is being weighed. Or the owner is being weighed. Who knows? A black ball is hoisted at the fore. The horses go away, still sweating. I shall never see Pintail again. Yet I backed Pintail to win. Pintail has lost again. I shall now have another Champagne Only by way of consolation. George backed Flute-player, who did win. He will

have another Champagne Only by way of celebration. The KING is going away. The horses are massing for the five-o'clock. "George," I cry, "what is it all *for?* A-TISH-OO!"

"Don't sneeze, old boy," says George. "Not at Ascot." A. P. H.

THEATRE RHYMES.

VI.—THE PLAYWRIGHT.

If you wish to write drama to capture the stage
You must castigate all the defects of the age.
You must picture Society as a morass
In which every man is a knave or an ass;
In which every woman's a flirt or a shrew
With too much to spend and too little to do.
They have cast aside shame and ambition and hope,
They all of them drink and they most of them dope.
The gentlemen bully and gamble and swear;
The ladies mix cocktails and shingle their hair.
The gentlemen occupy most of their lives
In paying attentions to other men's wives;
The ladies so rashly make free with their charms
That they're found by their husbands in other men's arms.
When thus they're discovered, all parties of course
Proceed with delight to arrange a divorce.
If Society thus you're prepared to arraign,
It will flock to your drama again and again,
And, although it's unlikely to see that you meant
To chasten its folly and make it repent,
It will listen delighted to all that you say
And applaud you for writing a capital play.

De Minimis.

"For my part, I see little to condemn in modern female costume."—*Daily Paper.*

Nor do we—or to approve either.

From an advertisement of golf-balls:

"We have only 250 dozen left, and to each buyer we guarantee to send as a free Gift a genuine full size Alpine Ice Axe worth 10/6."
Daily Paper.

Very useful, no doubt, as a substitute for the niblick in the ordinary British summer, but just now——?

There was a young fellow of Oxfordshire
Who went to a dance with odd sox-fordshire.
The left one was green
With spots of carmine,
Whilst the right was black silk with blue cloxfordshire.

AT THE PLAY.

"MARY, MARY, QUITE CONTRARY" (SAVOY).

AFTER sitting, not altogether without difficulty, through Mr. ST. JOHN ERVINE's



THE WOMAN WITH A LOAD OF FIANCÉS.

Sir Henry Considine MR. EVELYN ROBERTS.
Mary Westlake . . . MISS EVA MOORE.
Geoffrey . . . . . MR. JAMES RAGLAN.

light comedy, I came to the conclusion that he must have done it for a bet. "You see, I'll put this over," he must have said to some genial colleague after a pleasant little dinner; and apparently



Sheila (in difficulty about her love affairs). "CAN'T YOU HELP ME, MR. HOBBS?"
Mr. Hobbs. "NO, I AM A THEATRICAL MANAGER, NOT A MATRIMONIAL AGENT."
Sheila . . . MISS JILL ESMOND MOORE.
Mr. Hobbs . MR. FRANK BERTRAM.

he has; for this little piece, tried on the provincial dog, has survived the ordeal and now challenges the verdict of the town. I cannot think that verdict will be favourable.

Or conceivably he may have been (in his rather frequent puckish mood) trying to present to the "theatricals" the portrait of an actress, brainless, wayward, insincere, ineffective. "This is what I think of you people," he may be saying, with the ancient derisive gesture of thumb to nose and extended fingers. And I could not help thinking what Mr. ST. JOHN ERVINE, the not too kind critic, would have said if he had yesternight sat under Mr. ST. JOHN ERVINE, the maker of light comedy.

In a South-coast fishing village, "just far enough from London to keep you in touch with the people you like and out of touch with the people you don't," there is a vicarage with a vicar who has never heard of Shaftesbury Avenue or the famous *Mary Westlake*, except that recently his son, having begotten a five-Act poetic drama on the subject of JOAN OF ARC, has arranged for the famous lady to come down to Hinton St. Henry and discuss the details of production. Seeing *Mary Westlake* and hearing her banalities, you are not surprised that she cannot quite make up her mind whether to take, on the enthusiastic advice of her manager, a play in which the hero, having been cast upon a desert island in his childhood, grows up under the impression that he is a baboon, or, on the other hand, the poetic drama woven by the Vicar's son round the Maid of Orleans.

The Vicar has a niece, an entirely modern young lady, as she is never tired of repeating, but we were just a little tired of hearing, who has set her heart on carrying off the young playwright to the altar. She scents danger in *Mary* and, showing her hand as no reasonably instructed modern young woman would think of doing, gives way to passionate fits of jealousy which deliver her into her adversary's hands. The quite contrary *Mary*, whose idea of a restful week-end is to get engaged to every unattached man she meets, carries off the Vicar's brother, a K.C.M.G. and formerly Governor of Anderbar, rows him out to sea and loses the oars (she would!), upon which the young dramatist declares that either he or the Governor must marry *Mary*, so badly compromised by this adventure. As if anybody, even in Hinton St. Henry, who had ever seen *Mary* could possibly think she could be compromised by anything.

The unlikelihood of all this obviously does not matter; what did matter was that the fun wore rather thin. Stage clergymen have to be much more amus-

ing than the *Rev. Canon Peter Considine* to be justified to-day. The profoundly stupid British Empire builder, or soldier or what-not, ought by now to have finished his run as a figure of comedy. The trouble was that Mr. ERVINE's fundamental seriousness would keep breaking through, and the little love passage between the Vicar's niece and son seemed singularly forlorn and out of place in its extravagant setting.

Mary's manager, the little Cockney *'Obbs*, was an original and amusing character most excellently interpreted by Mr. FRANK BERTRAM; and Miss LUCIE EVELYN heroically presented a roomy figure of fun in the ardent church-worker, *Miss Mimms*, officer in the Girl Guides. Mr. EVELYN ROBERTS handled the ex-Governor with tactful plausibility, and Mr. EDWARD PETLEY did not (under great temptation, I am sure) overdo the Vicar. Mr. GEORGE CHILD offered us an amusing little portrait-study of the rather decadent author of the play which had a baboon as hero.

One does not know quite what to say about Miss EVA MOORE. She is too competent an actress to be ineffective and apparently she enjoyed her part; but her vagaries ceased to be amusing long before the fall of the curtain, and I cannot think that anybody really imagines that hobbling about the stage with one fisherman's boot on and the other off is really funny business. It was pleasant to see Miss JILL ESMOND MOORE in the part of the most un-modern modern *Sheila*. Mr. JAMES RAGLAN did all that was possible with the part of the young playwright, and I liked Miss MARGARET EMDEN'S restful *Mrs. Considine*.

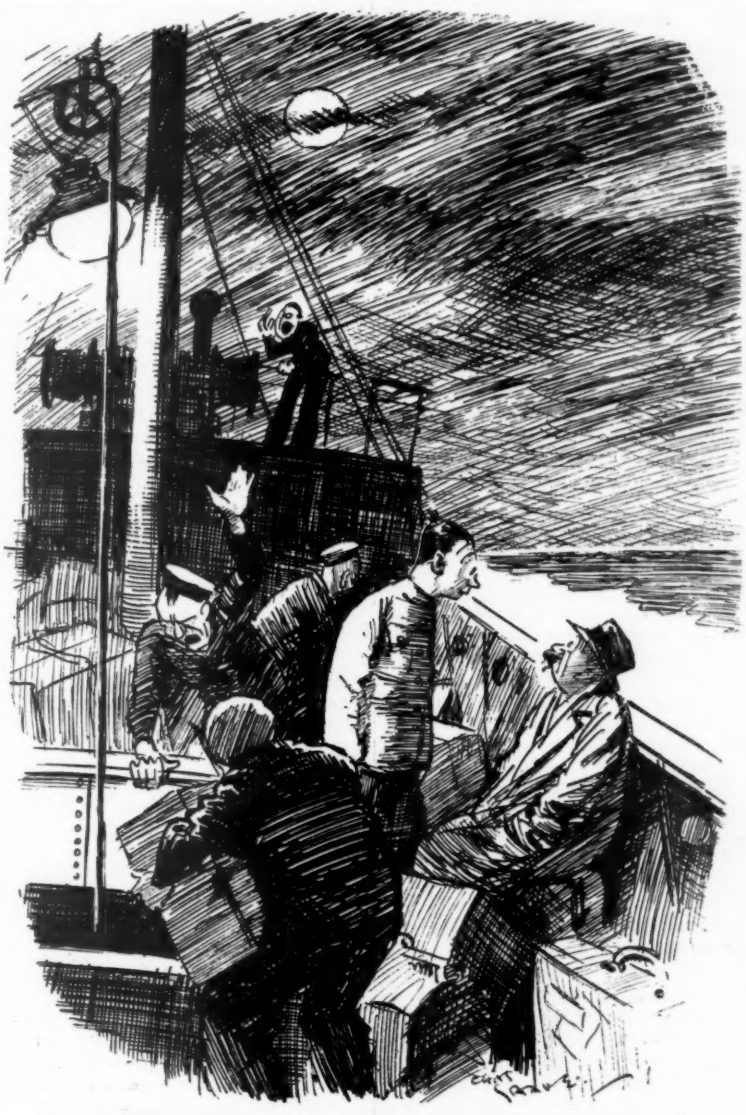
I propose forthwith to re-read *Jane Clegg* and *John Ferguson* so as to restore a sense of fitness considerably disturbed by the beautiful bromide *Mary*.

The Savoy has a patent stall seat which explodes like a bomb. Really late play-goers got a great deal of fun out of this gadget. We others got much less.

T.

The annual Theatrical Party in aid of the Actors' Orphanage (President, Sir GERALD DU MAURIER) will take place in the Royal Hospital Gardens, Chelsea, on Tuesday, June 30th, opening at 3.0 P.M. Nearly all the money that is needed for the maintenance and education of more than seventy Orphans has to be raised at this party. There will be fifty side-shows run by celebrities of the Stage and chances of winning valuable prizes. Entrance tickets, if bought before the day, cost 3*s*. Rover tickets, at two guineas, admit to every show. If you send your money to any Actor or Actress that you particularly fancy, addressed c/o A. J. AUSTIN, 3, Middle Temple Lane, E.C.4, an autographed receipt will accompany the tickets.

A "Geranium Ball" (the Sandringham Players Orchestra) will be held at the Ritz Hotel, on Monday, June 29th, in aid of the Greater London Fund for the Blind. Tickets (£1 10*s*., including buffet and supper) can be obtained from Lady MURIEL PAGET, 1, Devonshire Terrace, Lancaster Gate, W.2. (Telephone, Paddington 1227.) Cheques should be made payable to "Sir CECIL RODWELL, Greater London Fund for the Blind."



Steward (on crowded steamer). "SORRY, SIR, BUT YOU CAN'T SLEEP HERE."
Passenger. "NO, I 'VE NOTICED THAT."

Brighter Cricket.

A new stroke:—

"Mcdonald bowled with force and judgment for an hour, but without moving Hearne and Hendren, although the former kned nothing about several suicks that went between his legs and the stumps."—*Sunday Paper*.

We must get HEARNE to teach us the "suick."

"MENTIONED IN THE DOOMSDAY BOOK AND SINCE UNTOUCHED.

To be Sold, this singularly quaint old House," etc.—*House Agent's Advertisement*.

We suspect a snag somewhere. Probably the drains went wrong during the Crusades.

UNKNOWN MARTYRS.

ACCORDING to Henry, history shows that most of the world's martyrs have been men. I don't care a hang about history. When it comes to the real, enduring, heroic spirit of martyrdom, woman can beat man all along the line. And I can prove this without having to drag in JOAN OF ARC's name once.

It was at my hairdresser's that I first heard of the great army of martyred women who walk in our midst and never voice their wrongs. I was going through that process known as "getting permanently waved," and as it was my first experience I felt uneasy.

I suppose it 's all quite safe?" I asked as I regarded the steel fittings, the elaborate overhead apparatus.

"Well, of course they 're always going on improving and experimenting, Madam."

"Experimenting on whom?" I said faintly.

"On ladies who wish to be permanently, Madam. They will have it, you know, and they take the risk of accidents."

"Then—then there are accidents?"

"There are miscalculations, Madam."

In the large mirror opposite to me I saw that my face had paled. A slight moisture appeared on my brow. "By miscalculations you mean——?"

"Too much heat can be applied—that can easily happen with a careless assistant. Then when the metal caps are taken off the hair comes off as well."

"Does this often happen?" I asked in a small voice.

"It is happening every day, Madam, where care is not exercised."

I was aware that he desired to impress upon me my extreme good fortune in having come under his skilled care instead of falling into the hands of the ruthless type of novice who, according to him, seemed to be largely employed at the rival hairdresser's opposite. But I was not reassured.

"W-what happens to the ladies who get their hair burnt off?" I asked tensely.

"They wait until it grows, Madam. There are many excellent restoratives on the market. Sometimes it won't grow again. One lady I know of got her scalp burned—not in this establishment, of course. They had forgotten to put on the rubber protectors and——"

"But this is terrible!" I exclaimed. "Don't the victims protest—bring actions for damages?"

"Certainly not, Madam. Permanent waving has now been employed, more or less successfully, for over eighteen years. Have you ever heard of a lady bringing a case like that into the courts? It 's amazing what they will endure without complaint when they wish to improve themselves. Indeed, ladies are wonderful."

Let Henry quote history as much as he likes. When I think of all those silent martyrs who have been burned in such a cause I feel a glow of pride in my own sex. What fine qualities of courage and endurance we possess! The hairdresser is right. Ladies *are* wonderful.

FRASCATI.

FRASCATI laughs among the hills,
And all Frascati's silver rills
  And all her dancing fountains
Are yours if you will drink the wines,
Mellowed with warm suns, of the vines
  That flank her purple mountains.

As gold as any topaz gleams
That fleck the tawny hillside streams,
  And joyously inspiring,
Is this brave nectar which invites
The pilgrim to Frascati's heights
  To tramp and tramp untiring.

And then, supposing you have had
The wine that makes the heart grow glad,
  Frascati's golden blessing,
You 'll feel that all the singing rills
And opal-veiled eternal hills
  Are there for your possessing.

It may be that the selfsame vine
Which bore your draught of magic wine,
  Your glass of molten amber,
Sprang from the very plot of earth
That gave some ancient vine its birth
  And lent it heart to clamber;

Perhaps a parent vintage, sipped
By youthful Venus, ruby-lipped,
  Or golden-browed Apollo,
Or quaffed by Bacchus and his crew;
And that 's (it may be really true)
  A pleasant thought to follow.

Mixed Sport.

"Dr. Burgess was a member of the Devon tennis team which defeated Somerset by seven goals to two."—*Local Paper.*

In the final chukkar, we understand, the Doctor survived two confident appeals for l.b.w.

"THE SCHOOL SCARER.

Motor-boat races for the Duke of the N.S.P.C.C. with her daughter, aged 5, and asked him to frighten the child into attending school."—*Daily Paper.*

We don't know his Grace, but gather that he is a bit of a terror.

"The saxophonist put on a picture hat and swayed his body while he played 'Little Miss Buttercup.' What would Gilbert have said to this?"—*Evening Paper.*

And what would *Little Buttercup* have said at being given a "Miss"?

MUSICAL NOTES.

THE attractions of the Italian Opera season are not merely vocal and instrumental but capillary. It is one of the strange illustrations of the eternal dualism of modern life that, at a time when in the world of fashion the curtailment of the *chevelure* has become obligatory, a notable factor in the prodigious success of Mme. JERITZA has been her own long golden hair. As my gifted colleague of *The Evening Standard* happily observes, "As she has hair of her very own as long as the wigs of *Isolde* and *Mélisande*, she most rightly allowed it to come down during her struggles. She sang 'Visse d' Arte' completely buried in hair and lying prone."

* * *

Whether the prone posture could be profitably adopted on the concert platform is a question which is seriously exercising some of our leading singers and voice producers. It is obvious that the volume of sound emitted might be seriously diminished if the vocalist lay with his or her face to the floor, but otherwise the change would introduce a welcome element of surprise into the routine of recital-giving. Greater difficulties would have to be surmounted by pianists who assumed this attitude, but they might be got over if the keyboard was placed beneath the body of the instrument.

* * *

I noted that in the *foyer* last Tuesday night few spoke of JERITZA's singing; what struck them most was her tremendous radio-active personality. A noted scientist remarked *à propos* of the new elements recently named Masurium and Rhenium that it was high time the nomenclature of physics should be revised so as to perpetuate the claims of outstanding individuality. He expressed a strong hope that, instead of these vague or territorial names, such as polonium, radium and argon, we should substitute such titles as Jeritzium, Epsteinium, Arlenium, Noelium and Pirandellium.

* * *

It is perhaps premature to argue that a capillary revolution is likely to result from Mme. JERITZA's triumph. In any case some years must elapse to allow the locks of the present generation to reach a pre-war length. I have not been able to obtain the views of M. MARCEL on this subject, but an interesting rumour is afloat that Signor MUSSOLINI is credited with the intention of restoring the ruins of the Theatrum Marcelli, originally dedicated in honour of the young MARCELLUS, the nephew and adopted heir of AUGUSTUS, as a graceful compliment to his illustrious namesake,



"WILL YOU LET ME HAVE A MOUSE-TRAP AS QUICKLY AS POSSIBLE, PLEASE? I WANT TO CATCH A TRAM."

whose undulatory theory has been one of the greatest landmarks in the annals of the Trichocosmic Art, which has always been assiduously cultivated by musicians.

* * *

The early aspirations of the eminent, as revealed in *T. P.'s and Cassell's Weekly*, are full of interest. We all remember the admission of the late Mr W. P. FRITH, R.A., that it was a toss-up whether he became an artist or an auctioneer, and WHISTLER's genial comment that "he must have tossed-up." Now we learn that SIR LANDON RONALD, at the age of fourteen, had serious thoughts of becoming a clergyman. It is a staggering thought that but for the lure of Euterpe he might now be brightening the episcopal bench.

* * *

The inclusion of nightingales as performers in the programmes of the B.B.C., though approved in the main by the possessors of wireless sets, is likely to lead to trouble in other quarters. The nightingale, so far as we are aware, receives no remuneration and is therefore liable to the charge of "unfair competition" with human vocalists, who find it increasingly difficult to earn a living wage. As a further complication I may note that the musical critic of *The Times* calls attention to the efforts of the wood-pigeon to compete in rhythm and phrasing with the advanced school of modern composers. In view of the enormous bulk and the sleek and prosperous appearance of the pigeons in St. James's Park, it is to be hoped that some Labour Member will demand an explanation from the FIRST COMMISSIONER OF WORKS with the view of preventing these birds from cooing in septuple time, and restricting them to the traditional phrase, "Take two, Taffy."



Husband (who has insisted on doing all the packing himself). "HERE 'S TEN POUNDS. GO OUT AND BUY SOME MORE TRUNKS."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

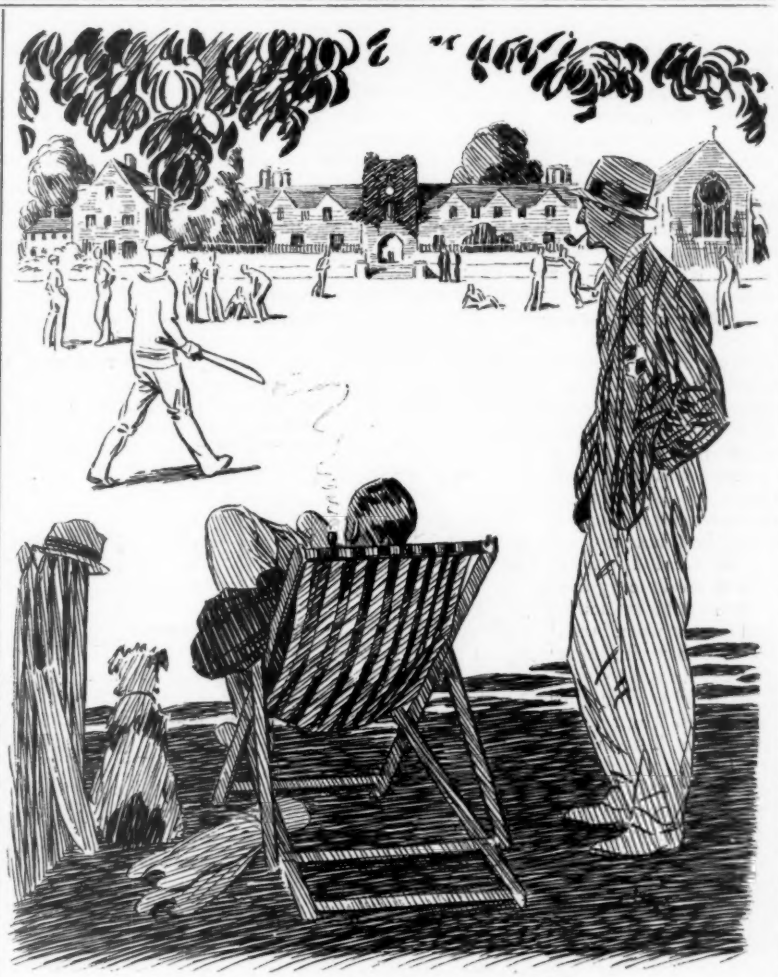
To all English gentlewomen who are returning with enthusiasm to their kitchens after a Babylonish captivity of some hundred years in the drawing-room, I recommend *The Gentle Art of Cookery* (CHATTO AND WINDUS), by Mrs. C. F. LEYEL and Miss OLGA HARTLEY. This is not a text-book, but an anthology. It is not meant for the reluctant understudy of the unobtainable plain cook, but for the wise and witty housewife whose heart is in her business. Ancestral good sense and alert modernity, foreign research and appreciation of home excellences have gone to its making. It is here and there perhaps a little too French and a little too complicated; the future, I feel, is with what Italians call the *cucina casalinga*—homely dishes unimpeachably well done. When a gourmet or a great man gives you a recipe it is usually something simple. Here, for instance, you have Colonel KENNEY HERBERT'S "Jugged Peas" and DUMAS' "*Haricots au Lard à la Villageoise*"—"both," as *Mr. Petulengro* would say, "sweet things." Cooks of course—and the book should delight the profession—will prefer such *tours-de-force* as MONY'S "Nesselrode Pudding," given under "Chestnuts." It is one of the distinguishing marks of the book to arrange its recipes under the head of their chief ingredient, so that the housewife can shop (as a Frenchwoman does) first and compose her dinner afterwards according to what she has been able to get. Other sensible features are a preponderance of vegetable and fruit dishes, and a whole chapter on cold supper fare of a particularly appetising kind. There is also an "Arabian Nights" dinner, with recipes for dishes actually mentioned in the stories; and a chapter on children's cookery, suggesting several dainties that a child might help to make or eat. The whole book is written with unobtrusive friendliness and unusual literary skill. But oh! Mrs. LEYEL and Miss HARTLEY, whose watch was it that was greased with the best butter? Surely not the dormouse's?

Things are pretty dull in the country nowadays, and I admit that it is difficult to overstress the scarcity of interests and occupations which bind the English villager to the English soil. Yet I doubt if the situation is quite so lugubrious as Mr. MARTIN ARMSTRONG makes out in *The Goat and Compasses* (CAPE), or if any single rural community contains quite so many shiftless, immoral and demented units as that presided over by his titular public-house. Crome, the habitat of the community in question, is an old Channel port, reduced by eroding tides to the status of a hamlet. Its annals are poor pasture for the ordinary novel-reader; but had they been more statistically rendered they would, I feel, have been peculiarly grateful to the enthusiast for colonial emigration. Three at least of its lax and aimless inhabitants—the Vicar's son, *Philip*, a

labourer, *Young George*, and *Rose*, the younger daughter at the inn—become amazingly continent and strenuous after six or seven years in Canada; while all who stay behind—including *Bella*, *Rose's* originally stalwart and enterprising sister—sink into bovine apathy or rise into uncontrollable mania. As Canada is only heard "off," the story resolves itself into a recital of the follies, crimes and misdemeanours of Crome, the crimes and misdemeanours being confined to the grosser forms of self-indulgence, while the follies are refreshingly varied. The aberrations of *Miss Furly*, who imagines herself the secret bride of an unknown sailor, are perhaps the most convincing. But the palm for picturesqueness is taken by *Mrs. Dunk*, who steals flowers from all the graves in Crome to propitiate the restless ghost of the late *Dunk*. When all is said and done, however, I am afraid I do not believe in Mr. ARMSTRONG'S rustics. They speak by the book and not out of provincial English hearts; and their sub-human cravings are stressed out of all proportion to their kindlier qualities.

Declension (MILLS AND BOON) is not a treatise on grammar, as the title might suggest. The author is our old friend the "GENTLEMAN WITH A DUSTER," who turns from the job of polishing up the mirrors of Downing Street to that of clearing the eye of John Bull from the motes and beams which prevent him from recognising his parlous position. *Declension*, writ shorter, is the decline, fall, smash and general bust-up of the British Empire, which is the logical outcome of our economic vulnerability—itself in turn the result of our general decadence and slackness. Much of what the gentleman says, or preaches, is quite sound doctrine. I don't doubt his sincerity; I rather admire his frankness. All classes come under his lash. But his criticisms, to my way of thinking, suffer from two defects. First of all, in the field of economics, the evidence of our impending *débâcle* is largely drawn from interested witnesses—German and American—the first to profit by our elimination as competitors. Secondly, his censoriousness is tinged by a conscious rectitude and suffused with an "uplift" which is rather trying. He does not belong to the formidable class of awakeners who speak with such authority that they make you feel thoroughly uncomfortable. I place him rather with those who convert pessimists into optimists by overdoing their warnings and painting us blacker than we really are. A study of English history after the Napoleonic wars is the best antidote to the depression caused by our present industrial troubles. They are serious enough in all conscience, but this sort of duster only kicks up more dust.

"Compelling and captivating stories of the East" is the publishers' description of *The Soul of China* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON), and I will not quarrel with it. The enthusiasm of the expert is always captivating and always compelling. Mrs. LOUISE JORDAN MILN knows China and the Chinese as very few Westerners do, and she will not hear a word against either. Earth has not anything to show more fair than China, and if the Chinese have their faults it is not from Mrs. MILN that you will learn about them. There are ten tales in this book and in all of them are sunshine and laughter and children, young and old. There is poverty too, much of it, and occasional disaster (or how should we get to know of the heroic fortitude of the Chinese?), but there is not a villain in the book—hardly indeed a man or woman or child who is not definitely lovable. Whether this is the real China or not I cannot say, nor does it greatly matter; regard these as fairy tales if you will, and they will still delight you. Cumulatively their effect is perhaps a little cloying; and it would be better not to read them all at a sitting. Take one or two at bedtime and be thankful that in this age of cynical disillusionment there remains such a happy spirit as Mrs. MILN'S.



"WHAT SORT OF A BAT IS THIS NEW CHAP?"
"OH, RIGHT-HANDED."

It is impossible to think of anyone better qualified to write of *The Land and Its People* (HUTCHINSON) than Lord ERNLE. A lifelong student of history and agriculture, he was for many years agent to the Duke of BEDFORD, and so was able to test his knowledge in practical application. The Great

War furnished him with a still wider opportunity, for in 1916 he became Minister of Agriculture, and in that capacity presided over, and in many cases initiated, the experiments in State control of agriculture which were forced upon us by the U-boat campaign, and which resulted in an amazing increase in the production of home-grown food. In normal times the home-grown bread-supply lasts only for ten weeks; for the remaining forty-two weeks we rely on the foreigner. But in 1918, thanks to the measures taken by the Ministry and the patriotism of the farmers, "land-girls" and other workers, the position was almost exactly reversed, and the United Kingdom furnished enough bread-stuffs for forty weeks' consumption. Why cannot something nearer to that condition be attained in peace-time? It is, of course, mainly a question of prices. The British farmer in present conditions cannot cope with his foreign competitor. Protection is out of the question until the urban population recognises that it is worth while to pay more for its staple food rather than let the land go out of cultivation and flood the labour-market of the towns with further hordes of dispossessed agriculturists. Something, but not much, can in Lord ERNLE'S opinion be done by the Government in reducing the burdens upon land. But in the main, he is convinced, farmers will have to rely, as in the past, upon their own exertions. The way to renewed prosperity must be found in harder and more scientific work on the part of individuals and in closer co-operation one with another. He would like, in fact, to see an up-to-date revival of the "village-farm," of which he gives a fascinating account in the earlier pages of this delightfully stimulating volume.



"DID YOU READ YOUR LESSON OVER TO YOURSELF, AS I TOLD YOU TO?"
"YES."
"THEN HOW IS IT YOU DON'T KNOW IT?"
"I S'POSE I CAN'T HAVE BEEN LISTENING."

When *Captain Glanvil* took *S.S. Vega* into Naples to discharge his cargo, he did not foresee that, instead of proceeding to England, he would get orders to go to Panda, an outlandish spot in Portuguese East Africa, and would also be cajoled into giving passages to an Englishwoman and her child. *Mrs. Salvia's* objective, in the pursuit of which she showed more determination than discretion, was her Italian husband, who had left her and gone off to Panda. In *Sea Horses* (CASSELL) we are given an illuminating account of *Mrs. Salvia's* unconscious influence over the minds and morals of the *Vega's* officers. No female passenger ever caused more flutterings of the heart. Mr. F. BRETT YOUNG has all of these men under his microscope, and his observation of them is profoundly intelligent. When the *Vega* arrived at Panda the situation became less piquant and more confused. Although the adventures ashore were varied and perilous I think that Mr. YOUNG, as far as this story is concerned, is more in his element on sea than on land. There is distinction in all his work, but in describing the hostilities which *Glanvil* conducted against *Salvia* (a wastrel of the worst type) and other ruffians his subject does not seem quite congenial to his talent. Incidentally I got such an unpleasant impression of the scene of these events that in future when I wish evil to my enemy I know where I shall consign him by way of a change. "Go to Panda," I shall say.

In *Turkey in Travail* (LANE) Mr. HAROLD ARMSTRONG, while rendering a lively account of his personal adventures in the land of the unspeakable Turk, manages at the same time to summarise the story of that country's fortunes through the extraordinary vicissitudes of the last few years. Beginning with a short but grimly vivid notice of the siege and fall of Kut, and touching lightly on the now familiar details of imprisonment at Kustamouni, he reaches the more fascinating part of his record only where others break off—at their release on the signing of the Armistice, which left them free to live happily away from Turkey ever after. So far was the author from having had enough of that unholy turmoil which is called the Near East that he actually hurried back to Constantinople for more, and since then, either in the centre of the diplomatic web at the British Embassy or thrillingly chasing brigands as a Superintendent of Gendarmerie, he has made use of quite exceptional chances for studying the appalling problems and really rather unpleasant peoples of the land of his temporary adoption. He has learnt facts from gaoler and from prisoner, and has weighed up the racial values of Turk and Greek and Armenian as he has sifted the truth from the lies that all alike have tendered him. His general conclusion, that Turkey, stripped of imperial encumbrances that she was unfitted to control, and broken loose from the Western ideals that she was unable to assimilate, has now been reborn a vital national organism, is one that may not be generally accepted, but certainly deserves attention.

In *The Double Thumb* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON), which provides the title to Mr. FRANCIS D. GRIERSON'S fourteen short stories, it is stated that "Professor Wells's scientific researches had won for him an international reputation, but few people were aware of his relations with Scotland Yard." I take leave to boast that I am among the chosen few; indeed, thanks to Mr. GRIERSON'S previous books, nothing in the matter of detective fiction is more deeply impressed upon my inner consciousness than the indebtedness of *Inspector Sims* to *Professor Wells*. Familiarity with the *Professor* has been far from breeding contempt for him, but in this series of tales it is conceivable that you will regard his mannerisms and methods as a little too obvious. "The Dummy Soldier" is the most ingenious of the collection, "The Silver Shell" the most dramatic, and "The Fascination of Pim" introduces the *Professor* in a holiday mood. If you also are in that mood I recommend an occasional dip into this volume.

CHARIVARIA.

WE are celebrating the centenary, not the bi-centenary, of railway travelling. The Southern Railway is not nearly so old as it looks.

***

The Coroners' Society for England and Wales held their Presidential election last week. The gay season seems to be at its height.

***

Sir EDGAR HARPER writes, "There is one thing man cannot produce, and that is land." Otherwise the steward on our boat would often have had a bigger tip.

***

We read in a contemporary that a woman income-tax collector has been appointed in the Midlands. She must be the lady the coon-singers keep referring to as Hard-hearted Hannah.

***

Should Mr. ARTHUR BOURCHIER be elected to Parliament there is some talk of his being asked to enter the House from the prompt side.

***

It is reported that very few of the pictures shown at the Royal Academy this year have been sold. The public seem to have no room for the Art-for-Artists'-sake School.

***

A witness recently described barbers as pirates. We should never be surprised to hear ours exclaim, "Yo, ho, ho! and a bottle of Bay Rhum."

***

M. LECLERCQ, who directs the traffic at Port Saint Denis, and has the largest moustache in France, has been knocked down by a motor-car. It appears that the driver was in a bit of a hurry, and crashed into the moustache instead of driving round it.

***

A Nature writer states that even the fly can enjoy itself. At the same time it is only fair to say that very few cases of rowdyism amongst flies have been reported of late.

***

In boxing, we read, it is all a question of how you stand, and where. We are grateful for the information. If ever Mr. DEMPSEY picks on us we shall adopt a Safety First attitude and stand about eighteen feet away from him.

***

A commission agent has chartered an aeroplane to take twelve bookmakers to Paris. For all we care he can take our tipster with him as well.

***

A detective on the look-out for pickpockets at Caerleon Races had his own pocket picked. In the best criminal circles this is regarded as a breach of etiquette.

***

After reading the Reverend A. A. Moss's remark that the atmosphere of Morayshire seems perfumed with the breath of whisky, we can understand where Mr. EUSTACE MILES got those ideas of his about deep-breathing exercises.

***

The man at Wembley who slides down a rope holding by his teeth has one advantage over the rest of us. Look how easily he can strap-hang, and have both hands free to manage his newspaper.

***

According to the Reverend NICHOLAS BITTON, "China has always been keenly desirous of adopting the best of our European civilisation." So that 's why she 's so busy with strikes.

***

PIRANDELLO has a play about six characters looking for an author. It would be interesting to know what would happen to the author of *The Guardsman* if some of its characters caught him.

***

It is said that flour is to be cheaper during the summer; but then, of course, owing to the fact that a healthy tan is more fashionable than the effect of nose-powder, less of it will be used.

***

If, as is promised, professional men are to be allowed a rebate of income-tax for depreciation of plant, will our dentist be able to claim anything for the back numbers of the magazines in his waiting-room?



"PARDON ME, MADAM. WOULD YOU LET YOUR LITTLE BOY BREATHE ON MY WINDOW ALSO? THE VIEW IS SOMEWHAT REPELLENT."

The Riffs are said to live on dates, but that 's no excuse for the man at Liverpool Street who tried the other day to suck his off an old ticket.

***

Wriggling is stated to be a cure for indigestion. This should be a comforting thought for an early bird who has just had an obstreperous worm for breakfast.

***

We don't mind a man calling a spade a spade, but we do object to his calling it three no trumps.

***

Houses in Cornwall are being built from a variety of china. We hope it is not a common experience down there to be told by the cook that there 's no breakfast because the kitchen 's just come off in her hand.

***

The Right Rev. H. R. WAKEFIELD says that girls ought not to over-copy men. Of course not. It tends to make them so effeminate.

***

When you read that one person out of every fourteen in Canada has a motor-car you can understand why thirteen is supposed to be an unlucky number.

***

Magna Carta Day was celebrated at Runnymede last Sunday in commemoration of the time when England was a free country.

***

An article in a contemporary informs us that the House of Commons is cooled by air drawn from the river Thames. And heated by air drawn from the river Clyde.

***

According to a daily paper Captain AMUNDSEN, immediately on his return to Spitzbergen, coolly sat down to write his despatch. He couldn't, of course, have sat down so coolly in Fleet Street.

***

A correspondence school for boxing has been started in America, and we look forward to enclosing the result of our first lesson with the second instalment of our income tax.

A Delayed-action Bomb.

"Casey's second service, however,

Continued on Page Eight.

Continued from Page One.

. . . is a model of what a second service should be."—*Evening Paper.*

Yet there seems to be a certain leisureliness about it.

THE HOUSE-MATCH.

"DEAREST ANN," I wrote,—"Mummy and I are coming down next Saturday afternoon. Is that all right? or are parents only allowed at half-terms? We won't take you away except for tea—ices, I think, this weather, don't you?—and if there is a match on we should like to watch it."

"DARLING DADDY," she replied. "Thrills! It will be lovely to see you both. There isn't a school-match on, but there 's a house-match—us against Winton; and it ought to be fearfully exciting, as Winton have won the cup for the last three years, and this time we hope to beat them. I 'm not playing, so we can watch together. Ices any weather for me."

When we arrived at the school my wife went off to Ann's house to have a talk by arrangement with the house-mistress while I made my way alone to the cricket-ground. The match had begun. Threading my way between groups of girls and mistresses I sat down on the grass in a lonely corner of the field, with my back comfortably supported by some wire-netting. Hardly had I done so when Ann's voice reached me from the other side of the wire.

"Hullo, Daddy! It 's awfully jolly to see you and all that, but you simply mustn't stay there a moment longer. It isn't allowed, and hundreds of people have seen you already."

"Ann, dear, this isn't exactly the kind of welcome I expected. And anyhow, you 're wrong. This is the new parents' enclosure; we had a circular about it last week."

"Oh, Daddy, *please*——"

"All right, old thing, I 'll come at once. To be quite frank with you, I did notice people looking at me, but hoped it was the new brown suiting."

"Thanks, Daddy, awfully; and you do look lovely, but you mustn't get through there. Go right round and I 'll meet you at the entrance on the other side."

Having fetched a compass round the field (or, to be more precise, two compasses and a half—the entrance being narrow and obscured by spectators) I was finally rescued by a radiant Ann and piloted to a place of safety.

"This is jolly," I said. "And now tell me all about it. Your house is in, isn't it? Who are these two girls batting now?"

"Sh-h, Daddy; anyone can hear you."

"Sorry, dear. I didn't know it was a secret. Remind me to ask you again at tea."

"Oh, there 's Mummy talking to Miss Watson," said Ann. "I must go and speak to her."

Left to myself, I had an opportunity of watching the game. It impressed me considerably. The stage-management was really excellent. The field took up their places promptly, there was no delay between the overs, and, so far from questioning the umpire's decision, a girl given out l.b.w. ran from the wicket as if relieved of an intolerable burden. Still more impressive was the conduct of the spectators, in whom, as it seemed to me, enthusiasm struggled with decorum and retired defeated. Or perhaps girls don't shout. But there was certainly no lack of interest, for most of them had brought score-books and pencils. For all that I could not help recalling the house-matches of my youth and the sore throat one had for days afterwards. Evidently girls are not boys even yet.

At this point Ann returned rather flustered but obviously amused. "Oh, Daddy, what am I to do?" she said. "Mummy is talking to Miss Watson and making the most frightful smashes. I didn't think anyone could say so many wrong things in a few minutes."

"Ann," I said firmly, "you shall not be humiliated like this. I 'll go and fetch her away at once." And I moved off.

"Not that way!" she cried after me. "You 'll have to go right round the field."

"Much as I love you, I think not," I replied, sitting down on a convenient bank.

Ann came and sat next to me. "I don't think we 're really supposed to sit here," she said, "but perhaps no one will see us."

At that moment a girl fielding close in at mid-on took a red-hot drive, one-handed, and held it. It was too much for me. "Well held, Sir—I mean Madam!" I shouted.

Ann buried her face in her hands. "Daddy, you 'll kill me," she said.

"Do you know," I said, "that was the finest catch I 've seen on a cricket-field since A. O. JONES caught TRUMPER at Edgbaston in 1908. If I mayn't shout I must somehow tell that girl what I think of her. May I write to her when I get home?"

"Of course not," said Ann indignantly. "She 's the head girl."

"Baffled again!" I exclaimed bitterly.

"What 's the matter, Daddy?" said Ann, putting her hand in mine.

"Well, dear, I can't help feeling a little sore. Having been brought up at one of England's oldest public schools, I did think I knew how to behave on the cricket-field if nowhere else. And now I find that I simply don't know the first thing about it. Wherever I move on this ground I feel that I 'm walking on QUEEN VICTORIA'S sacred hearthrug, and if I applaud a catch you all behave as though I had cheered the choir in church."

"But you *are* enjoying it, aren't you?"

"Oh, rather! I mean, as well as I can, considering that half of the things I want to do aren't allowed and the other half aren't done."

"Never mind, Daddy. Don't worry about it. Come along and give me some tea. We 'll pick up Mummy on the way."

At the tea-shop, I was glad to observe, decorum relented sufficiently to permit Ann to consume, among other things, two ices and an ice-cream-soda.

We returned to the field to find the end of the game in sight. Nine of the enemy's wickets were down and they were still four runs behind. Ann watched me warily.

"It 's all right," I said. "I never make the same mistake more than three or four times."

In the next over the last wicket fell and Ann's house had won. My silence must have been felt a mile away.

* * * * *

"Good-bye, Ann," I said as we left; "it has been ever so jolly to see you like this. I hope it hasn't been too terrible for you."

"Oh, Daddy," she said staunchly, "it 's been heavenly! Do come again soon."

THEATRE RHYMES.

VII.—THE PROGRAMME.

It 's lucky in theatres they turn out the light,
Or I should be reading my programme all night;
There 's so much to read that I easily might.

It sets competitions and asks me to guess
The name of an actress beginning with S,
And tells me odd things she 's prepared to confess.

It says who is who in the green-room, and deals
With what the handwriting of actors reveals,
Their favourite colours and favourite meals.

And while I was reading my vision might stray
Even into a corner where, buried away,
I 'd discover the name and the cast of the play.

"Fine quality Mercerised Lisle Hose with All-Wood Feet."—*Advt. in Local Paper.*
Another dreadful result of the Silk duty?



WORK FOR THE AXE.

MR. CHURCHILL. "SO FAR, SO GOOD. NOW FOR THE REGIONS OF ETERNAL ICE."



First Young Lady. "YOU OUGHTN'T TO HAVE SUGGESTED COMING HERE. I DON'T BELIEVE IT'S AT ALL THE SORT OF PLAY FOR GRANDFATHER."

Second ditto. "OH, IT WON'T HURT HIM. HE'S TOO OLD TO UNDERSTAND IT."

THE PILLAR-BOX.

WHENEVER my City friends greet me nowadays with their usual cheery "Good morning; how are you?" I reply, "Oh, just Polish." This naturally provokes a question, which gives me an opportunity of explaining, at least once to each of them, what I mean. You see, I've discovered that I and the Poles have something in common, a fact of which neither of us had been aware. We are both having trouble about pillar-boxes—plural in their case, singular in mine.

You never regarded the pillar-box as a likely source of trouble, did you? The uniformity of their design, dimensions and complexion, and the bland complacence of their habitual expression suggest a simple nature. Pillar-boxes are, or used to be, trustworthy things; but now, whenever I and the Poles think of pillar-boxes, we see red. Our cases are dissimilar, however. Their trouble arises from the inherent inconvenience of living in a "corridor," while I am merely the victim of an alteration of the landscape ordered goodness knows why by goodness knows who.

Now, the Poles are a temperamental folk, and, having a passion for pillar-boxes, they've gone and planted a lot in Danzig, and the Danzigers object and have forbidden anyone to use them. Hence the difficulty. The matter has been referred to some Court or other, with the result that the boxes have been sanctioned but their use prohibited.

My case is totally different. I *had* a pillar-box, but it has been taken away and I am helpless and hopeless. You see, after the War I had to get in somewhere, so I took this house. You know the formula, "All that residence dwelling messuage hereditament, etc., known as PRZEMSYL." Ah! that was one of the things that made the War such a grim affair. Time however is a wonderful healer, and you had almost forgotten. With me it is different. I'm not allowed to forget. The previous occupier had had the name carved, hewn out of the solid masonry, above the door. Mere paint on the gate could have been scraped or burnt off, but this was carved. The house had not been so much christened as branded. *But there was a pillar-box just outside.*

You will see why I clung to it. I never told anyone where I lived, verbally, I mean. Not that I am secretive, but I couldn't—I didn't know how to. And there are no numbers on the houses in The Drive. Of course I used a tremendous lot of cards.

ANTHONY PERSMITH,
"PRZEMSYL,"
THE DRIVE,
LITTLE MUCHMORE, MIDDLESEX.

And I generally added, "The house opposite the pillar-box, you know." Of course the local tradesmen were used to it and never had any real difficulty—in finding me, I mean. The postmen and rate-collectors were pretty good as well, and the Inland Revenue fellows were not long about it either. But you see how that pillar-box saved the situation for friends who wanted to come out by train. "As soon as you leave the station," I used to explain, "turn to the right and keep straight on till you come to the pillar-box. That's where I live."

But all that is over now. A week ago, as I was starting out for my morning dash from the breakfast-table to No. 4 platform, I barged into a bunch of workmen engaged in digging my pillar-box up by the roots. They had already

excavated all round it a deep hole which went far below the limit of its vermilion paint. I asked what they were doing, and they said, "Shifting it." Just that.

And they did. When I got home it had gone. It is now eighty yards further up the road, in a nasty dangerous position right on the next corner.

And the results? First, every morning the path outside my gate is littered up with letters and things that I and others thought we were posting in the old place the night before. Secondly, the old gentleman who lives round the corner where the pillar-box now is has twice violently collided with the beastly thing as he came round the bend on two legs, so to speak, to catch the last clearance.

And finally I happened to meet Thompson at the club this morning. He said it was very lucky, as he wanted to come out and see me on Saturday and couldn't remember my address. I gave him my card and had to explain that, as soon as he leaves the station, he turns to the right and keeps straight on until there isn't a pillar-box where it used to be.

IMPENITENT AGE.

I've never been down in a submarine
  Or up in a Vickers-Vimy;
And never, I ween, shall I be seen
  In trousers purple or creamy;
I've never beheld the Sisters TRIX,
  Or GISH, or BILLY MERSON,
And I've never met "JIX," or SEYMOUR HICKS,
  Or the wonderful PICKFORD person.

I've given a miss to the startling plays
  Of NOEL, the daring COWARD,
On whom the pæans of fulsome praise,
  The vials of wrath are showered.
I know their names, but I know of the aims
  Of EDITH, OSBERT and SACHA
No more than I do of the fabric new
  That 's advertised as Kasha.

My taste in dress and art, I confess,
  Is free from fashion's fetters;
My fancy shies at the Oxford size
  Of bags, and at Fair Isle sweaters;
I don't go out to dine in a suit
  Of dingy and soiled grey flannel,
And I haven't seen, so I can't dispute,
  The merits of EPSTEIN'S panel.

But I've heard LISZT play in his magical way;
  Seen JEFFERSON'S *Rip van Winkle*;
I've laughed at the jokes of ROSINA VOKES
  And FRED, that incarnate twinkle;
Heard PATTI hymn the Bright Seraphim
  Or as *Zerlina* dazzle,
And seen shot out from the cannon's snout
  The lady whose name was ZAZEL.



NO DOUBT JONES COULD HAVE GOT A MUCH BETTER OFFICE FOR HALF THE RENT HE PAYS FOR HIS STUFFY LITTLE TOP-FLOOR BACK IN THE IMPOSING MAMMOTH HOUSE—



BUT ONE HAS TO THINK OF THE LOOK OF THE THING ON THE STATIONERY.

I've dined with LIDDELL of *Liddell and Scott*,
  And husband of Mrs. LIDDELL;
I've spoken to LOHMANN and ALBERT TROTT
  And heard SARASATE fiddle;
I've heard JOHN BRIGHT and seen JOHN MILL,
  And DIZZY down Whitehall strolling;
I've shaken hands with BUFFALO BILL
  And seen GEORGE FREEMAN bowling.

There may be truth in the views of youth,
  But I *do* resent the censure
Of those who hold that the days of old
  Were barren of all adventure;
Though we hadn't GROCK, or the one-piece frock,
  Or the flashing of night news gratis,
Girls never said "Hell!" and the world went well
  In the 'seventies and the 'eighties.

Curiosities of Cricket.

Sussex *v.* Gloucestershire:—

"Sussex won by five weeks."
West-Country Paper.

Lancashire *v.* Middlesex:—

"Parkin came on again at 155, but after a few overs he lost his length, and Hendren punished him for four hours—three in one over."—*Evening Paper.*

Yorkshire *v.* Glamorgan:—

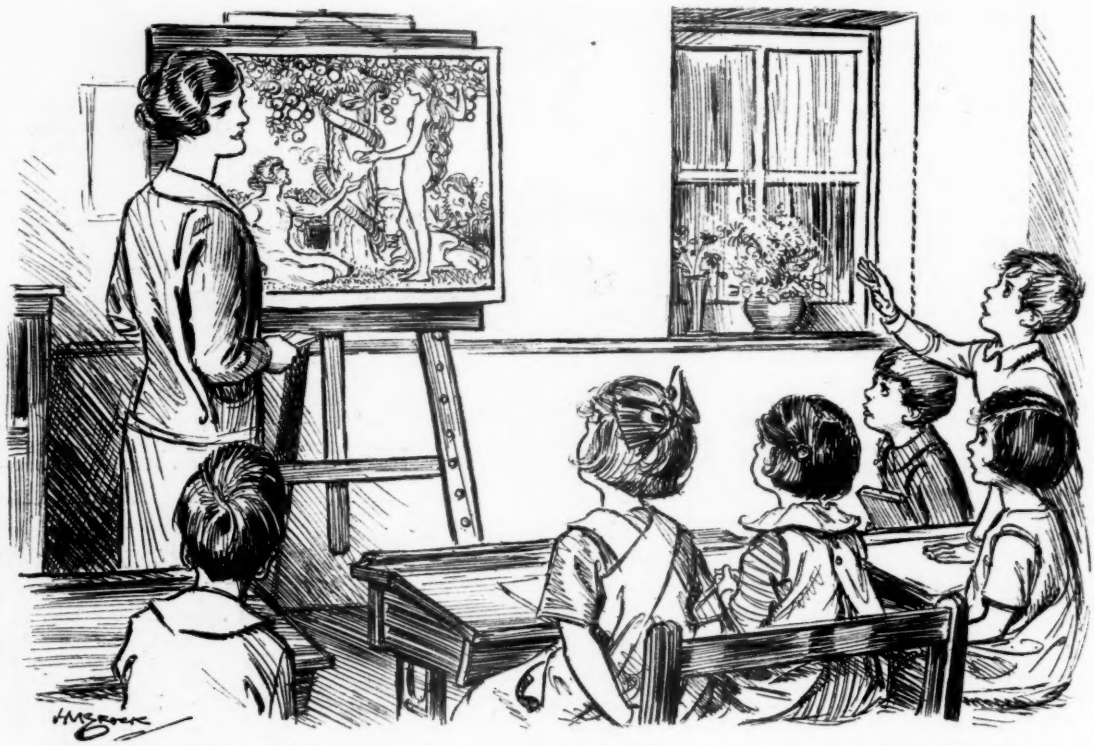
"Robinson and Macaulay batted vigorously, scoring 110 in 15 minutes, the latter batting ten hours."—*Manchester Paper.*

"Coal is the keystone of the arch of our industry."—*Provincial Paper.*

We fancy we got a bit of it in the last batch delivered in our cellar.

"Tears ached at her throat."
Serial in Daily Paper.

We know those tears. In the next instalment they will have got into her voice.



Teacher (showing picture of Adam and Eve during Scripture Lesson). "WHAT DO WE LEARN FROM THIS PICTURE?"
Bright Boy. "EAT LESS FRUIT."

MR. SHAW, MR. EPSTEIN, AND THE PRETTY BIRDS.

THAT venerable but perhaps faintly complacent author, Mr. BERNARD SHAW, wrote a letter to *The Times* not long ago about the EPSTEIN panel, of which he said that it was "unquestionably the real thing, with all the power of strong and all the illusion of strenuous passion, and even movement, that live design can give. But it was a sample, and a ridiculously small one .... That is what comes of ordering a monument when you have only money enough to pay for a Christmas card. We get a monument to our national meanness in matters of high art. Next time, if we cannot afford to give Mr. EPSTEIN *carte blanche*, we had better get the job done in the Euston Road in a thoroughly commercial manner."

Mr. SHAW'S complaint that the panel is too small is surely the worst thing that has yet been said on the subject. The one opinion that is common to all in the matter of the panel is that there is quite enough of it. Mr. SHAW, it seems (indeed his words can bear no other meaning), would like to see a mass of powerful EPSTEIN statuary or a strenuous expanse of EPSTEIN wall. Like many others, he seems to have forgotten the birds. I have met no one yet who has seen a bird in the Bird Sanctuary, excepting the two bewildered ducks I saw myself. And what Mr. SHAW would wish, it appears, is not a Bird Sanctuary but an EPSTEIN Sanctuary.

However, one does not wish to take his utterances too seriously. But in raising this question of size, or rather proportion, Mr. SHAW has blundered on to the real charge against the sculptor, that he has failed to adapt himself to the limits of space allotted him. He complains that Mr. EPSTEIN was only given four yards. But there is nothing wrong with four yards; what is wrong is the way in which they have been filled. The work sprawls; it laps over its limits, like some of Mr. SHAW'S plays. For Mr. SHAW is equally incapable of expressing himself in a small space, and the panel is like an attempt by Mr. SHAW to write an eight-line lyric on marriage, or to put that elephantine work, *Back to Methuselah*, into the space of a ten-minutes sketch. For this Mr. SHAW blames "our national meanness." But he condemns, not the nation nor even the committee, but Mr. EPSTEIN; for a really great artist, if he is given four yards, will not go to work as if they were forty; either he will fit himself to the four yards or he will decline the commission. If Mr. EPSTEIN, as Mr. SHAW suggests, knowing that four yards was not enough for his powerful genius, deliberately produced a makeshift, then what he did was every bit as "commercial" and as bad as anything they would have done in the Euston Road.

Probably Mr. SHAW is doing Mr. EPSTEIN an injustice. But, whoever is to blame, there is here a definite artistic defect which the despised Philistines immediately detected. And the suggestion that if there had only been more money there would have been a larger expanse of stone is a banality which none but Mr. SHAW perhaps would have thought it worth while to put down on paper and send in a letter to *The Times*.

But he went further. He passed on to the "tastes" of "the honest folk whose sense of beauty is outraged by Mr. EPSTEIN'S powerful proceedings." And he said that "exactly what they wanted" was a photographic representation of Miss FAY COMPTON or Miss GLADYS COOPER with a stuffed pigeon on each wrist, a holly branch, etc. It is a little curious that Mr. SHAW, who owes his great reputation to the taste of these

same honest folk, should still be girding at their folly.

But that by the way. The fact is that the "honest folk," having more faith in British art than Mr. SHAW, believe that their race is capable of producing something which is neither EPSTEIN nor "commercial," something both graceful and dignified, both beautiful and "powerful," and above all suitable to its purpose. And we will add, that, had the thing been thrown open to competition, there is little doubt that such a design would have been forthcoming.

It is commonly said by Mr. SHAW and his friends that for this memorial we did not want something that was "pretty." For the word "pretty" (I never know why) is nowadays a term of contempt. Yet I wonder why this piece of sculpture should not have been pretty. Every other part of the sanctuary is pretty. The very birds (if they ever have a look in) will be pretty. I have lately, for the second time, been dipping into HUDSON'S *Birds of La Plata*; and I was struck by the constant appearance, in the author's descriptions of the various birds he saw, of—what do you think?—the word "*pretty*."

P-R-E-T-T-Y—pretty. And not only the word "pretty," but the words "graceful," "delicate," "charming," "soft," "little," and even "sweet." Over and over again.

The author even describes a Tyrant-bird as "pretty and graceful." Other epithets, of course, occur in connection with vultures and the like. But it is clear that HUDSON at least saw no objection to the pretty, at any rate in a bird; indeed it is safe to say that in a bird he admired the pretty rather than the powerful.

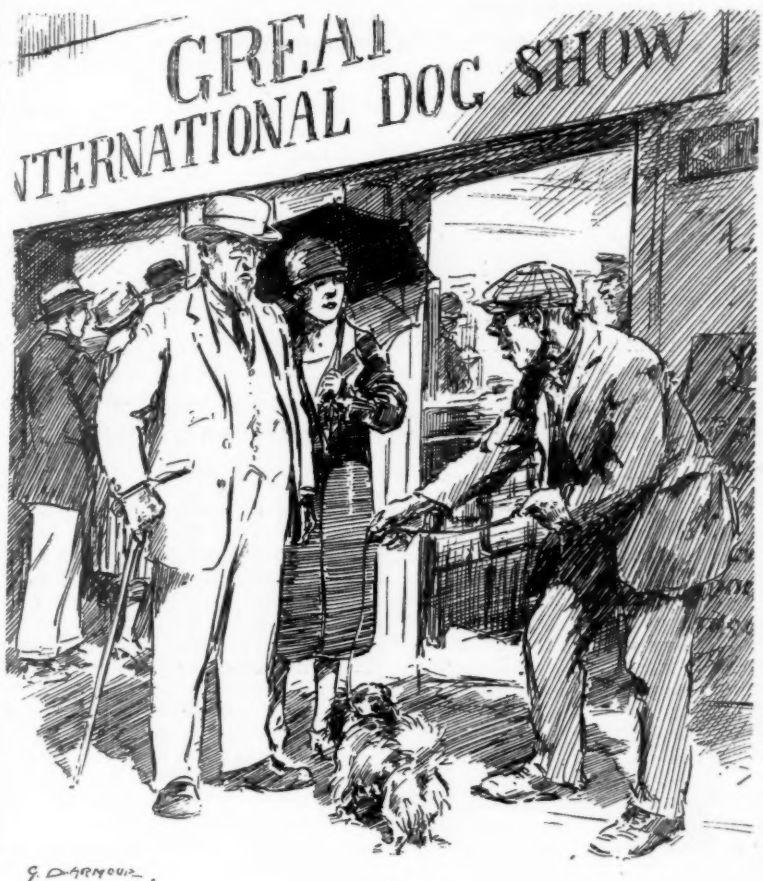
And even if I admitted that the conditions compelled the artist to suggest the idea of strength, I should still take leave to ask why anyone should imagine that this quality can only be expressed through the medium of ugliness of form.

However, I do not know that I feel very strongly about Mr. EPSTEIN, but I feel quite strongly about Mr. SHAW. I do not for a moment suppose that he likes the EPSTEIN panel any better than the keepers in the Park. But he had to be against the majority, and he had to sneer. These itches, pardonable in an undergraduate, are tedious in a man of his mature years. A. P. H.

"A BOON TO VISITORS.

At the entrance . . . is a rest-room for visitors . . . with cosy lounge choirs."
Weekly Paper.

Very restful—so long as they don't attempt to sing.



Dog Merchant. "ERE Y'ARE, MISTER; BUY A DAWG FOR THE LIDY, 'ARF THE PRICE OF THEM IN THE SHOW. GENUINE ROYAL BLOOD FROM THE PALACE OF PEKIN."
Prospective Purchaser. "DOESN'T LOOK PARTICULARLY ROYAL."
Dog Merchant. "BLESS YER 'EART, GUV'NOR, THAT'S 'CAUSE 'E'S INCOG."

A FORERUNNER OF EPSTEIN.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—I think that I have traced the source of EPSTEIN'S inspiration in the productions of that great tragic artist and poet of the 19th century, the late EDWARD LEAR. I would ask you to refer to that page of LEAR'S immortal volume, the *Book of Nonsense*, whereon are depicted the idiosyncrasies of a venerable inhabitant of Dundee. Here will be found a striking resemblance to Mr. EPSTEIN'S manner. There is the same up-rush (as *The Times* writer so well puts it) of the birds, the same lofty disregard for commonplace conventions of form, the same naïf simplicity of design.

I am far from suggesting any conscious plagiarism on the part of our great national sculptor, but I do find in his work signs of subconscious memories, dating probably from his infancy, signs of what may perhaps be more fitly described as a LEAR-comp'ex, which supply a key to the HUDSON memorial design, and other of his productions. Yours, &c.

"How did the huge stone used in constructing the monument get to Stonehenge? It had been suggested that they were carried there by a glazier."—*Devon Paper.*

With intent, we suppose, to throw them through windows for the encouragement of trade.

From Smith Minor's "General Knowledge" paper:—

"The canon burst and killed the bishop."

"John Milton was England's greatest epidemic."

"An optimist is a woman who marries two husbands."

"It is not very pleasant to go to sea in a small boat on a flatulent day."

"He was imprisoned for bamboozling money."

THE EVERLASTING PERCY.

(A rattling little railway epic somewhat after the manner of J. M.)

I USED to be a fearful lad,
The things I did were downright bad;
And worst of all were what I done
From seventeen to twenty-one
On all the railways far and wide
From sinfulness and shameful pride.

For several years I was so wicked
I used to go without a ticket,
And travelled underneath the seat
Down in the dust off people's feet,
Or else I sat as bold as brass
And told them "Season," in first-class.
In 1921, at Harwich
I smoked in a non-smoking carriage;
I never knew what Life nor Art meant,
I wrote "Reserved" on my compartment,
And once (I was a guilty man)
I swapped the labels in guard's van.

From 1922 to 4
I leant against the carriage door
Without a-looking at the latch;
And once, a-leaving Colney Hatch,
I puts a huge and heavy parcel
Which I were taking to Newcastle,
Entirely filled with lumps of lead,
Up on the rack above my head;
And when it tumbled down, oh Lord!
I pulled communication cord.
The guard came round and said, "You mule!
What have you done, you dirty fool?"
I simply sat and smiled, and said,
"Is this train right for Holyhead?"
He said, "You blinking, blasted swine,
You 'll have to pay the five-pound fine."
I gave a false name and address,
Puffed up with my vaingloriousness.

At Bickershaw and Strood and Staines
I 've often got on moving trains,
And once alit at Norwood West
Before my coach had come to rest.
A window and a lamp I broke
At Chipping Sodbury and Stoke;
And worse I did at Wissendine:
I threw out bottles on the line
And other articles as be
Likely to cause grave injury
To persons working on the line—
That 's what I did at Wissendine.
I grew so careless what I 'd do
Throwing things out, and dangerous too,
That, last and worst of all I 'd done,
I threw a great sultana bun
Out of the train at Pontypridd.—

* * * * *

It hit a platelayer, it did.

I thought that I should have to swing
And never hear the sweet birds sing.
The jury recommended mercy,
And that 's how grace was given to Percy.

And now I have a motor-bike
And up and down the road I hike,
Seeing the pretty birds and flowers,
And windmills with their sails and towers,
And all the wide sweep of the downs,
And villages and country towns,
And hear the mowers mowing hay,
And smell the great sea far away;
And always keeping—cars be blowed!—
Well on the wrong side of the road,
And never heeding hoots nor warners,
Especially around the corners,
For even down the steepest hill
Redemption saves me from a spill.

I have a flapper on the carrier
And some day I 'm a-going to marry her.

EVOE.

EUPHEMIA IN THE WITNESS-BOX.

I WAS unable to cross the Channel so early in the year, owing to the possibility of an encounter with certain gentlemen of His Majesty's Inland Revenue—an encounter which I at all events should have much regretted.

The children, their nurse and I remained on the French Riviera to escape Income Tax as residents abroad, while Euphemia crossed alone in one of the worst gales known for fifty years—I forget which one—and travelled up to Edinburgh in a blizzard, to give evidence on behalf of a young ship's officer who was suing the Yellow Jack Shipping Company for wrongful dismissal. He had been accused of gallivanting with the passengers' servants in general, and with our Wrighton as one of the particulars. Wrighton is the nurse, skilfully chosen by Euphemia as combining the maximum of efficiency with the minimum of comeliness.

The year being now suitably advanced, I have brought the children across, and Euphemia has returned to the bosom of her family clothed with the aggressive righteousness of one who has accomplished a public duty regardless of the cost to herself. It does not distress her to any noticeable extent that her offer to give evidence, including the price of a new hat to impress the judge, has cost me just over twenty pounds.

Her evidence, as represented by herself, seems to have been strikingly effective.

"It is a ducky hat," she told me; "black; perfect. So plain that he couldn't doubt my virtue, yet so smart that he was bound to value my opinion. I wore earrings to match. Black earrings are so chaste."

"No carrings are chaste," I said; "but go on."

"Our man—advocate, I mean—said, 'Tell us something about the voyage.' So *I* said, 'Well, the food was abominable and the attendance was bad, but the decks were clean.'"

"I don't remember," I objected, "that you ever complained of the food."

"Of course not. I didn't know then that they were going to dismiss that poor blue-eyed boy."

Before I had recovered my breath she went on:—

"But the dear old judge-man—sheriff, is he?—put the finishing-touch. He said, 'Not much use giving you clean decks if they were starving you, was it?' And *I* said, 'Oh, yes, my lord; when you are dying of hunger it is a great comfort to know that you are near to godliness!'"

"'Dying of hunger!'" I exclaimed; "I distinctly remember your complaining that your waist had grown an inch during the voyage."

"One is bound to follow the judge's lead," replied Euphemia coldly. "That is what judges are for."

She paused, then murmured gently, "*Nice* a nice Scotchman is."

A smile hovered about her lips; she looked at me out of the corner of her eye.

"And the advocate for the Yellow Jack Company," I asked then—"what did he say to this irrelevant attack?"

"That is exactly what he called it," she answered with scorn. "He said, 'I put it to you that these irrelevant statements are also inaccurate;' and *I* said, 'You may put it to me, my dear man, but that doesn't make your insinuation true, does it?' And he sat down quite quietly and didn't ask me any more questions."

"*My dear man!*" And the Yellow Jack Company had briefed the most eminent K.C. in the Parliament House. For the first time I felt that the circumstances which had detained me in France were not altogether to be regretted.

When Euphemia spoke again it was on a softer domestic note, without the acerbity of the law.

"The worst of it all is the difficulty of finding another nurse suitable for India."

"What 's wrong with Wrighton?" I asked, surprised.

"I am not going to take a flirtatious woman back to India."

"But, my dear girl, the man won his case; the charges were disproved. What on earth did you take all that trouble for if you really believed them?"

She looked at me with lofty pity.

"Men have *no* vision," she said.

And Euphemia, owing to our being legally domiciled in India, has at present no vote. But sooner or later, I suppose, she will have one.

RAILWAY CENTENARY SPORTS.



THE MILK-CAN RACE.



GANGWAY SPRINT FOR RESTAURANT-CAR ATTENDANTS.



PUTTING THE PARCEL.

CURIOS FROM CANADA.

I.—GAS.

WE faced the hill.

"With a clear run," said Charles, opening wide the throttle, "we ought to do this on top. What's the betting?"

Pop . . . pop . . . pop-pop . . . POP!

"Little beast!" exclaimed Charles unjustly; "she's nearly out of gas. I wonder how far the nearest filling-station is?"

We leant forward, to encourage the engine, and the Ford responded gallantly. She reached the crest, accompanied by a perfect Hallelujah Chorus of pops, and paused, trembling violently all over. We of course trembled with her.

We hailed a passing Chevrolet, a car which, costing, I believe, a few cents more than a Ford, is frequently tempted to fall into the deadly sin of pride upon meeting with this honest but humble member of the motor world.

"How far to the nearest gasoline station?" called Charles, who, having been five months in Canada, had conquered the word "petrol."

"How far to——?"

The fat man in the Chevrolet bulged himself over the side.

"Take your beetle-trap off 'n the concrete!" he bawled. "Think you own the whole darn road?" And he grazed as near to us as he dared, his car fortunately being newer-looking than ours.

"Much more of that and I'd have overlooked him," declared Charles. Ever since he wished away an alleged wart on his Aunt Erica's hand he has felt that he possesses uncanny powers.

We moved on, and as we did so a forlorn and faded sign, sagging on a charred up-rooted tree-stump, caught my eye. We were four miles from Jakesville.

Soon we came to a small unpainted wooden hut, like a coffee-stall without its wheels, set a little way back from the road. A miniature cinder driveway was marked out with a double curve of empty whitened tomato cans. Propped up below the counter was a large blackboard, on which was chalked in an unsteady hand:—

DRIVE RIGHT IN HERE, FOLKS.
THERE'S SURE SOME GOOD EATS TO-DAY!
Soft Drinks. Cold Meats. Fruit.
Candy. Ice Cream Cones. Hot Dogs.
Special To-Day.—PIE WITH CREAM. OH BOY!

A hot dog is a steamed sausage, or *wiener*, inserted in a roll that is slit down on one side. You smear all the mustard you may require on the exposed side of the dog by means of a young canoe paddle.

"Two hot dawgs, Jimmy?" asked the merchant, as Charles leant out to inquire the nature of the road, and, without waiting for an answer, he whisked two steaming sausages into the already slit rolls and held them out. "Cool weather, ain't it?"

He was a genial chap, though his hands were terrifying. Charles took the dogs meekly.



Little Girl (as milk boils over). "MUMMY, COME QUICK! THE MILK HAS GOT BIGGER THAN THE SAUCEPAN!"

"Is it a flat road to Jakesville?" he asked.

"You betcha," answered the man, chewing a wooden toothpick. "There's a dandy concrete highway all along, and not a raise in the hull stretch. You'll make Jakesville in ten minutes, easy."

We moved on again. Safely out of sight we threw our *wieners*, in their stale greyish-coloured jackets, to a dusty mongrel that, unlike us, had not seen the vendor's hands.

In a very short space of time we saw Jakesville before us, the main street spreading itself out at the bottom of a small incline. A few buildings, unable to squeeze in at the foot, straggled up the hill beyond.

"Where can I get some gas?" called Charles to two men who were sitting on the steps of what had once been the "hotel," but now apparently divided itself between the local dentist and an undertaking "parlor."

They spat simultaneously before answering; then one butted his head in a northerly direction, while the other said, "Top of the mount'n, son."

(You must never make the mistake of thinking they are joking in Ontario when they talk like this. Hills are museum pieces. Were London, Eng., in Ontario the natives would be using alpenstocks.)

"Thanks," said Charles bitterly, and the engine stalled. He whirled the self-starter for several minutes in vain, and the sound drew a druggist, a barber and the two Greek proprietors of a shoe-shine den to their respective doors.

"Hey, mister!" cried a small boy at the top of his shrill voice, "try a can-opener, why don'tcha?"

The barber and the druggist roared and even the Greeks smiled. Charles assumed an air of great dignity, but dignity and a recalcitrant Ford make a fantastic combination. The group on the sidewalk were thoroughly enjoying our "turn."

At last however dogged perseverance was rewarded and we vibrated once more.

"We shall have to go up in reverse," said Charles; "there's nothing else for it."

We proceeded up the hill, back to front, steadily but inelegantly, accompanied by the small boy, who continued to offer insulting advice until he was pounced upon by an irate female relative and hauled out of sight. Thankfully we drew up beside the scarlet pillar of a decrepit garage.

A little be-spectacled black-coated man was sitting near by on an upturned packing-case.

"Five, please," said Charles.

The little man rose and strolled towards us, his hands beneath his coat-tails. "Well, folks," he said, "how's things?"

"Not too bad," said Charles, grinning. "I want five, please."

The little man spat. "I hain't the guy what runs this yere joint," he explained. "It's Joe Churchill. He'll be along presently." He leant his arms on the window-frame and chewed the cud at us. "Well," he said conversa-



Hostess (chaffingly, at small informal dance, to old-fashioned young man who has turned up in white gloves). "HOW NICE OF YOU TO BRING GLOVES! GIVES MY DANCE QUITE AN AIR."

Young Man. "MY DEAR LADY, NOTHING COULD GIVE AN AIR TO ANY OF YOUR DANCES."

tionally, "I guess youse folks has come a long ways?"

"From Vancouver this time," Charles told him.

"Is that so?" He turned and spat again. "A fine country, I hear by all accounts, but it ain't got nothin' on Jakesville. No, Sir!" and his spectacles flashed defiance.

"Ah," said Charles, to tease him, "it's a fine climate in Vancouver—a fine *growing* climate. There isn't a better anywhere."

The little man bristled. "Huh! Not a better anywheres, eh? I don't know so much about that. Maybe it's news to you that right here in Jakesville we grew the largest punkin ever seed in Canada? And if you tell me I'm a liar jest you walk right up to Sy Hicks's and you 'll see that there punkin settin' in his parlour windy, for he cut out'n the meat and varnished it, and a dandy job he made of it too. And if Vancouver 's gotten anythin' better to show I'll be right glad to see it."

He swung pugnaciously forward on to his toes and flicked his coat-tails out behind him.

"I think you win in the pumpkin class," admitted Charles; "but what about the girls? They 're simply magnificent in Vancouver. The finest complexions from Baffin Bay to Mexico. Yes, Sir."

"Gals!" The old man spat his scorn. "I don't take no count of *gals*. But, if you *are* talkin' of 'em, I reckon there ain't nothin' in Vancouver kin touch Rillia Snitzel down at the hardware store. Why, that gal ain't got a single blemish on her skin, fer as you kin see, and *pretty*—I 'll tell the world! And there 's some shape to 'er too. You bring along a bunch of Vancouver gals and set 'em beside our Rillia, and I reckon they 'd look like last year's circus ad."

He paused, panting triumphantly. At this moment a siren hooted. "Ah!" said the little man, "dinner-time. I reckon youse folks 'll have t' excuse me. There 's salt pork and apple-sass, and I shore am right ready fer 'em. But, say, Joe there won't be along now till after dinner, so I guess you 'll have to wait some fer that gas."

He seemed quite glad about it.

"How long, do you think?" asked Charles.

"Pretty well all of an hour-and-a-half." He flicked his coat-tails joyfully. "You see, Joe's stomach ain't too good and he dassn't hustle it."

Joe didn't hustle it. We were more than two hours in Jakesville.

"Can any reader advise us whether a scheme for the extermination of rates by electrocution has ever been devised or put in operation?"
Technical Paper.

We think not. We should welcome any method of keeping the things down.

From a sermon:—

"There are poople to whom work is a druggery."—*Canadian Paper.*

Judging by the time he takes to make up a prescription we fancy our chemist's assistant is one of them.

"The road from Buttevant to Mallow is a model one, and the surveyor or gander, under whose supervision it was carried out, deserves commendation."—*Letter in Irish Paper.*

We hope he will get first prize at the next poultry show.

From a criticism of PIRANDELLO'S *Henry IV.*:—

"Speaking as one who loves the Lingua Romano in Bocco Tuscano, and who is ashamed that he is not better versed in that beautiful language."—*Sunday Paper.*

Hear, hear!



Mother. "I THINK NURSE MIGHT HAVE GIVEN YOUR SPADE A GOOD SCRUB BEFORE WE STARTED."

Jill. "I LIKE IT BEST DIRTY, MUMMY, 'COS I FINK IT GIVES ONE SUCH A *TRAVELLED* LOOK."

MY GODFATHER (CURSE HIM!)

A FEW weeks ago I was very much annoyed to discover that one of my godfathers had been made a K.C. Normally the heart of a dutiful godson should leap for joy at such a piece of news, for it would prompt any godfather worth his salt to write a letter something like this:—

"MOST GOLDEN OF GODSONS,—The coronet of Fame has fallen from Paradise on to the head of Ambition, and the time for the giving of alms is at hand. I hope the enclosed will come in useful."

But I received no such communication; indeed, so far as I can remember, since I was born I have received nothing from this miserly godfather (curse him!) beyond a christening-mug, a photograph, and half-a-guinea. I too am a godfather now, and the way *my* sponsor falls short of my own very high standard excites anger within my breast.

Accordingly I sat down and wrote to him as follows:—

"DEAR GODFATHER," I said—"Allow me to congratulate you very heartily and to express the hope that you will be more successful as a K.C. than you have been as a godfather. As to the Christian duties we have both undertaken at different times, I feel bound to point out that the first and foremost business of a godparent is to send his godchild a present at least once a year. Even if you belong to the school of thought which holds that this responsibility ceases with the child's confirmation, you still owe me presents for all my birthdays between the ages of one and fourteen. It is a purely disinterested regard for the traditions of godfatherhood that prompts me to pen these lines. Believe me (if you can) to be

Your very dutiful GODSON."

I received no reply to this letter, nor indeed did I expect one. About a fortnight after I had written it, however, a vast packing-case was delivered at my door. I could conceive of no one likely to send me such a large present as it promised to contain. It took a long time to open. When at last it had finished disgorging its contents a multitude of toys lay strewn about the floor. There was a complete model railway, an air-gun, a water-pistol, a whole army of soldiers, horse, foot, and guns, a cricket-bat, a football, two yachts and a steamship, *Eric, or Little by Little; St. Winifred's, or The World of School;* a spade and bucket, a rattle, and a ring for a table-napkin inscribed "Baby."

Somehow I think my godfather is one up. (Curse him again!) On the other hand I have the consolation of feeling that my own godson is in for a very good time.

TO THE SUBLIME PORTE.

[In defiance of the Moslem prohibition of statues, an effigy of President KEMAL, done by a Viennese sculptor, is to be set up in front of the Sultan's Palace at Constantinople.]

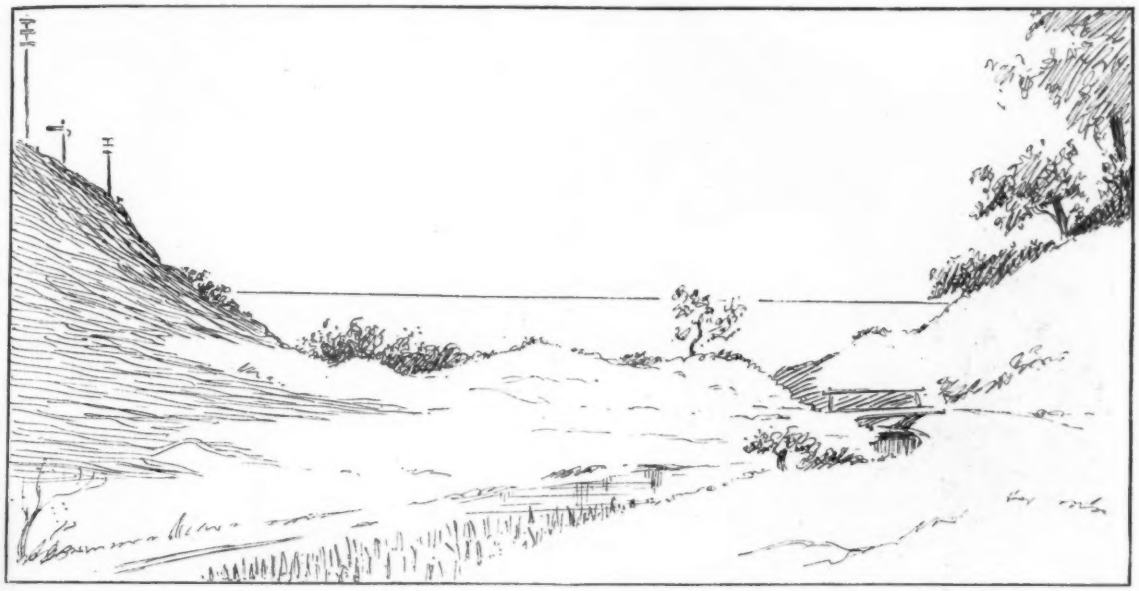
SIRS, if a stranger may advise,
Let your projected statues go;
Ere it is yet too late be wise,
Choose to remain *in statu quo*.
In letting law be overthrown,
I beg you will be more meticulous,
Or you may fall (in carven stone)
From the Sublime to the ridiculous,
Turned by some Epstein into stuff
for mockery,
Like HUDSON'S *Rima* in the Hyde
Park rockery.

"It is now known that Captain Amundsen, eight hours after leaving Spitzbergen, had got within two hundred yards of the North Pole."
Irish Paper.

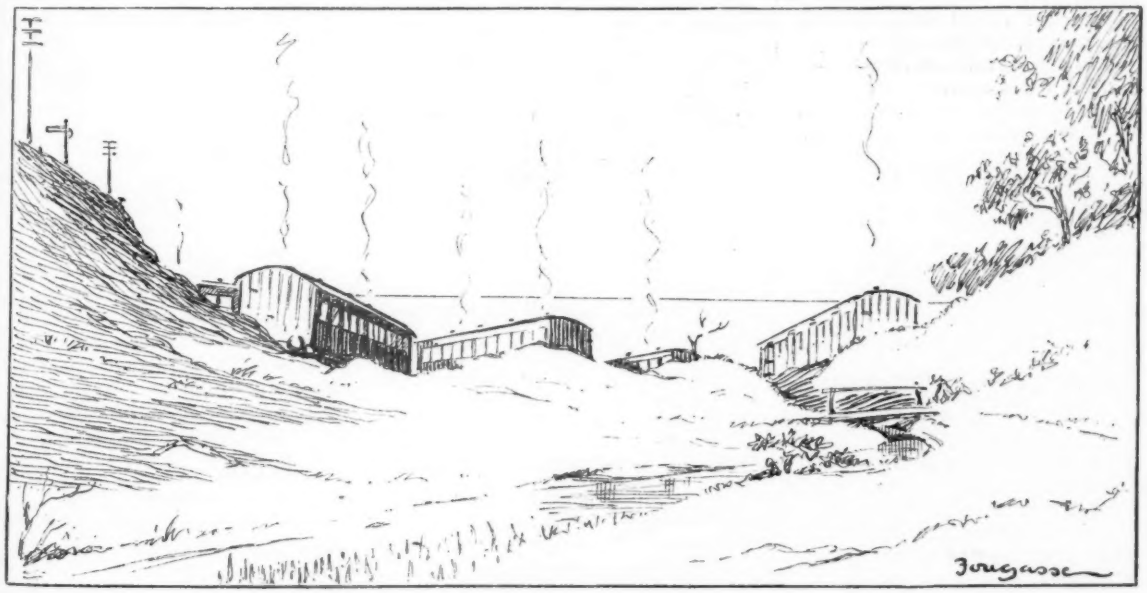
Just an iron shot from the pin.

OFF THE LINE.

YOU KNOW THAT RATHER ATTRACTIVE LITTLE COVE, JUST WHERE THE LINE TURNS ROUND BEFORE ENTERING SEAVILLE?



WELL, I'M SORRY TO SAY THAT IT'S RECENTLY BEEN THE SCENE OF A MOST APPALLING TRAGEDY.



NO, NOT A RAILWAY ACCIDENT, BUT THE NEW WEEK-END SETTLEMENT THAT HAS SPRUNG UP THERE.



Model. "I WAS SITTING TO A MAN CALLED PIPSTEIN THIS MORNING. HE STANDS ON HIS HEAD TO PAINT."
Acute Revolutionary. "GOOD! WE WANT MORE OF THAT SPIRIT."

THE KING WHO COULDN'T BE BOTHERED.

I WENT to the King on Monday
And told him my tale of woe,
But it seemed to me that his Majesty
Was anxious for me to go;
He was busy, he said, on Mondays—
Could I manage another day?
It would be so kind, if I didn't mind,
So I thanked him and came away.

I went to the King on Tuesday,
But knew I had called in vain,
For he scratched his head as he frowned and said,
"And so there you are again."
He was busy, he said, on Tuesdays
With Household Affairs of Trade
(He had ordered a pot of apricot,
And they 'd sent him marmalade).

I went to the King on Wednesday
And hoped he enjoyed good helf;
He stretched his flanks and said "Nicely, thanks,"
Then added, "And how 's yourself?"
He was busy, he said, on Wednesdays
With the Washing Book Report,
And he'd had to say he refused to pay,
With a sock and two collars short.

I went to the King on Thursday,
But I didn't have any luck;
He was playing at shops with peppermint drops,
And he gave me one to suck.
He was busy, he said, on Thursdays,
Making sweets for the Royal chicks,
So I left him alone on his Royal own,
And again came away with nix.

I went to the King on Friday
And made my politest bow—
"I hope that your Grace will weigh my case
And give me your answer now?"
He was busy, he said, on Fridays,
As his fish and chips he fried,
But it pleased me to see that his sympathy
Was entirely on my side.

I went to the King on Saturday;
He had changed, that was very plain,
And could not disguise his annoyed surprise
At seeing me there again.
He was busy, he said, on Saturdays,
With cleaning the Royal car,
"Which is only a Ford with a tin footboard;
But you know how poor kings are!"

I went to the King on Sunday;
He was cross as cross could be:
"Your story, I 'll swear, is your own affair
And nothing to do with me!
I usually rest on Sundays"—
But I said he 'd be glad to know
I had called that day in order to say
I 'd forgotten my tale of woe.

L. G.-T.

"A CORRECTION.

In the ninth line from the bottom of my letter printed in to-day's —— the word 'provided' should be voluntary. It is not a printer's error, but a *Capsus Calaeni* for which I am myself responsible."
Letter in Irish Paper.

But the printer, we understand, claims the sole credit for "*Capsus Calaeni.*"

"ASIATIC NEWS SERVICE.

Berlin, May 23.—Friends and others of late Lord Haldane, former English Lord Chancellor and Minister of War, celebrated in London his one hundred years old birthday yesterday."
Chinese Paper.

Happy thought; perhaps the news that China sends us is no more accurate than what she receives.

From a list of "general knowledge" questions:—

"How long did Rossini take to compose his opera, 'Le Marriage [sic] de Figaro'?"
Daily Paper.

Just as long as MOZART took to compose *Il Barbiere di Siviglia.*

From an article on the drawbacks of the Riviera:—

"The bone-biting minstrel, which clouds the Promenade des Anglais with dust."
New Zealand Paper.

It looks as if another minstrel-boy to the wars has gone.



Fiancée (*who has been pouring out her troubles*). "YOU ALWAYS GIVE ME THE KIND WORD, TED DARLIN', AND THE SOFT LOOK, DON'T YOU?"

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Monday, June 22nd.—In flagrant defiance of the "one-man-one-job" principle of the trade unionists Mr. GODFREY LOCKER-LAMPSON, Under-Secretary for the Home Department, is also spokesman for the Office of Works. In the latter capacity he had a busy and variegated afternoon, having to deal in turn with the romantic interest of Mr. LIVINGSTONE in the ruins of FLORA MACDONALD'S home, the æsthetic horror of Colonel APPLIN at the litter in the Parks (Lady ASTOR thought that hon. Members themselves might set a better example of tidiness) and the curiosity of Mr. PENNY as to the cost to the country of all-night sittings.

For these the pertinacity of the die-hard Free Traders is only partially responsible. It is an open secret that when a debate has lasted just too long for the Labour men to catch their last trains they keep it going all night, at a cost to the country of thirty pounds a time, in order to save taxi fares.

From an economical point of view there is something to be said for Mr. PENNY'S suggestion that char-à-bancs should be provided at the public expense to take the Clydesiders to their lodgings. But I doubt if those self-protective Scots would trust themselves to the mercies of a Government chauffeur. They would fear that one fine morning he might treat them as *Mr. Tony Weller* treated his coach-load of voters and tip them into the Thames.



Q. "WHAT MADE THE MALTESE CROSS?"
A. "SIR GERALD STRICKLAND."

The King's Indian orderlies, four grave, bearded men in khaki, with turbans, were in the Distinguished Strangers Gallery. I wonder what they thought of an interlude after Questions when Sir GERALD STRICKLAND rose to make a personal explanation. He is a native of Malta and a member of the local legislature. He has apparently offended his colleagues—or some of them—by the questions he asks at Westminster, and they have sent Whitehall a resolution about it. Sir GERALD'S problem was to defend himself without reflecting on another Parliament of the Empire. He had three or four tries and told us a good deal of his family history before he was finally pulled up by the SPEAKER, but at the finish the House was still in doubt as to what made the Maltese cross.

Mr. GUINNESS was unable to accept Sir ARTHUR CHURCHMAN'S suggestion that the ploughboy in lodgings should be allowed to brew beer from two bushels of malt without licence; but with a fine disregard of family interests he pointed out that the privilege could be

exercised not only by rural cottagers, but by anyone else occupying a house of a low valuation. Thereupon some of the Labour men began to wonder whether they had not been short-sighted when they insisted on the Government building parlour-houses for their constituents.

On the Report stage of the Finance Bill a good example of how circumstances alter cases was furnished by Sir LESLIE SCOTT's proposal for an abatement of income-tax on the undistributed profits of public companies. Last year, when it was pressed upon the Labour Government, most of the Unionists supported it, and it was only defeated by Liberal votes. This time it was supported by Liberals like Sir ALFRED MOND and Mr. HILTON YOUNG, and firmly resisted by Mr. GUINNESS; to the disgust of Mr. HANNON, who "feared the Government was not very sympathetic to industry," and to the delight of Sir PATRICK HASTINGS, who gladly seized the opportunity of demonstrating the inconsistency of every Party but his own.

In resisting an attempt to reduce the tobacco duty, the Secretary of the Treasury, Mr. GUINNESS, found a potent ally in Lady ASTOR, to whom the fragrant weed is hardly less repugnant than alcohol. That a native of Virginia and a Member for Plymouth should adopt an attitude so little in keeping with Elizabethan traditions shocked Major HORE-BELISHA.



The Virginian Queen. "WITH THIS RING I WAS WEDDED TO ABSTINENCE." *Inset:* The Ring.

[Suggested by the Queen Elizabeth fresco in the Palace of Westminster.]

MAJOR HORE-BELISHA, LIEUT.-COLONEL CUTHBERT JAMES AND LADY ASTOR.

Women, he thought, had special cause to complain of the Budget. Attacking them at both ends—through their stockings and their cigarettes—it was, he implied, a sort of foot-and-mouth disease.

Colonel JAMES's attempt to secure Lady ASTOR's support, or at least her benevolent neutrality, for his proposal that an off-licence holder should be allowed to sell spirits by the pint bottle as well as by the quart, was, of course, a failure. With her, as with Mr. SCRYMGEOUR, "the real question is not the size of the bottle; it is the contents of the bottle."

Tuesday, June 23rd.—Lord SALISBURY presented, without explanation, "a Bill for the prevention of abuses in connection with the grant of Honours." Under recent Administrations the Honours Lists have been so uniformly respectable that legislation on the subject does not seem exactly urgent; and the Peers were left wondering whether some dark secret had been suddenly discovered.

I am afraid Lord LINCOLNSHIRE's Bill for securing to agricultural labourers a minimum wage of thirty shillings a week sprang from his heart rather than his head. It met with a chorus of kindly but destructive criticism from all quarters, and was painlessly extinguished by 69 votes to 22.

Only a few Members were present at Question-time, and they were cold, in sympathy with the thermometer. The gentle voice of Sir WILFRED SUGDEN, expressing the desire of his constituency for "a suitable foghorn," roused a momentary titter; but thereafter dulness descended upon the proceedings, until Mr. WHEATLEY asked what the Government were going to do about unemployment. Mr. BALDWIN's promise of a full statement on the Ministry of Labour Vote did not satisfy Mr. MACDONALD, who promptly threatened a Vote of Censure. But this did not stir the PRIME MINISTER out of his usual calm. He stoutly resisted all attempts to make the Government intervene in the coal crisis, and expressed "a legitimate hope" that masters and men would be able to find "a solution of the difficulties common to them both."

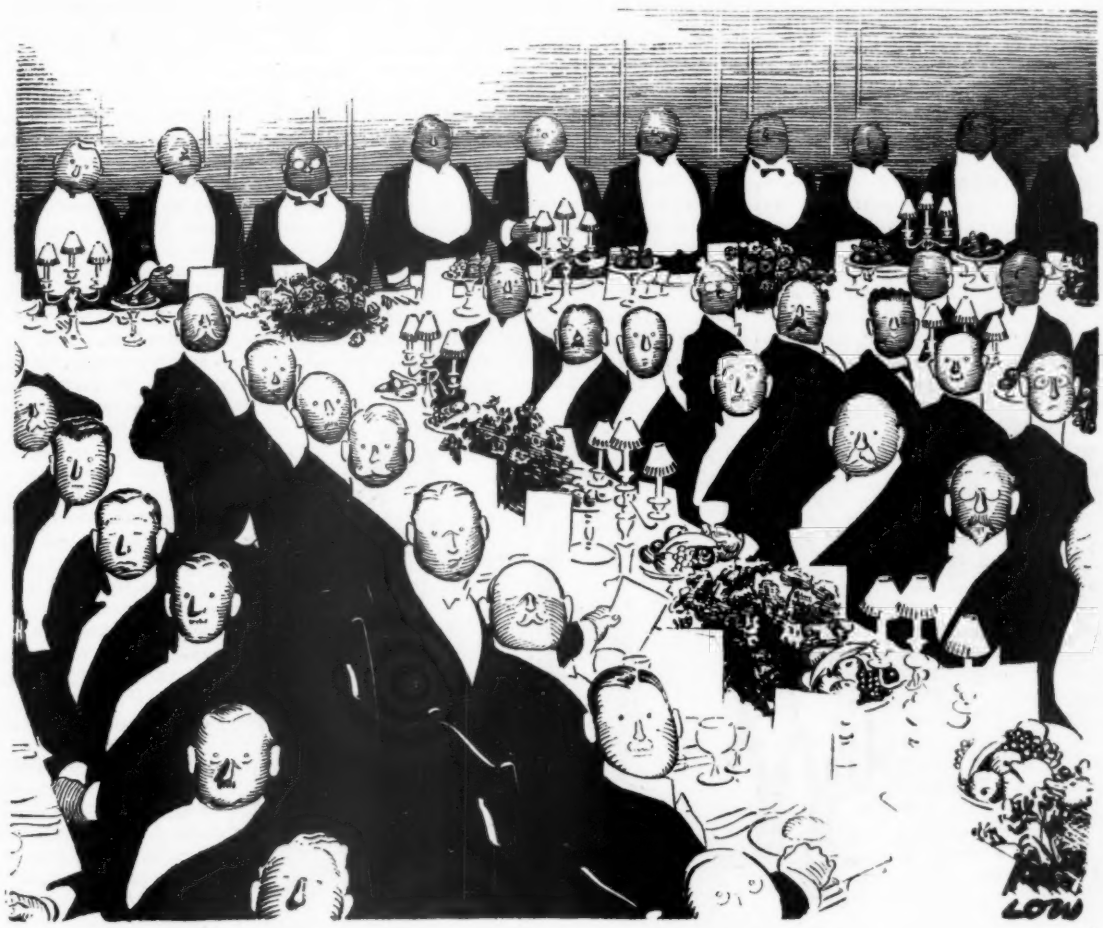
Mr. CHURCHILL, while unable to promise any reduction in the Estimates during the present year, described it as "an object of extreme national importance towards which the Government in all its Departments must earnestly strive."

The cheers that greeted the return of Sir REGINALD HALL as Member for Eastbourne did not come exclusively from his Unionist colleagues. "Blinkers," as his friends call him, is popular in all quarters of the House.

The Report stage of the Finance Bill was completed in a listless House. Almost the only gleam of humour in a perfunctory debate came from Mr. CHURCHILL, who, in reply to Mr. SNOWDEN's complaint of the changes made in the Silk duties during their passage through the House, said that there was nothing wrong in change if it was in the right direction. "To improve is to change; to be perfect is to change often."

Wednesday, June 24th.—The genial atmosphere appropriate to Midsummer Day and suitable to the discussion of a Pact of Peace, prevailed only in the Distinguished Strangers Gallery, where the French and German Ambassadors were observed to be cordially shaking hands. The rest of the House was cold; and the almost apologetic tone of the FOREIGN SECRETARY did little to raise the temperature. His point was that the Pact would in no way increase the obligations inherent in our European position, but would merely define and limit them. As a rival practitioner Mr. RAMSAY MACDONALD did not dispute the diagnosis, but declared that his own prescription, the Protocol, if he had been allowed to try it, would have been much more likely to effect a cure. Mr. LLOYD GEORGE too was doubtful whether the new treatment would be suitable for a case that had baffled him for four years, and gloomily recalled a prophecy made to him by Lord ROSEBERY early in 1914 that the Entente Cordiale was bound to end in war. Roused by these and other criticisms, Mr. CHAMBERLAIN made a second and much livelier speech, containing the welcome news that if the new spirit of goodwill continued we should evacuate Cologne within two months.

In passing, he candidly confessed that he had never liked the phrase "to



THE LEVELING TENDENCY OF MODERN LIFE.

(As exposed by the flashlight camera.)

find a formula." Glancing across at Mr. LLOYD GEORGE he said it meant looking for words, not to embody an agreement, but to conceal a difference.

Mr. SHAW followed portentously, and the House, still thinking hard, adjourned the debate.

"FROM LONDON TO ROME BY CANOE.

Rome.

Lieutenant Smith, the Canadian canoeist, who has paddled from London, arrived ere this afternoon, being welcomed by large crows."

South American Paper.

If on the left they were a bad omen.

"We do not want to sing because we are frightened of what our next-door neighbour might think, but when once he has heard your voice, and you have heard his . . . the psychological effect upon both of you is considerable."

Provincial Paper.

As the advertisement says, "Try it in your bath."

"PUNCH'S" APPEAL TO ETON.

[A recent article in *The Eton College Chronicle*, inspired by the celebration of the Fourth of June, expresses strong dissatisfaction with Eton costume generally.]

IT *may*, of course, be "writ ironical,"
This screed, O Eton, in your *Chronicle*,
Complaining of the rites sartorial
Prescribed for ages immemorial
Upon the Fourth of June; and yet
It seems to *Punch* a serious threat,
Breathing a note of modern mutiny
That calls for close and careful scrutiny.
Already, drawing from their stores
Of mixed and mangled metaphors,
Ingenious journalists allege
It is the thin end of the wedge,
Which, if not promptly nipped in bud,
May probably unloose a flood
Destined to extirpate the collars
And jackets of the Eton scholars.

But whether the surmise is wild
Or can with fact be reconciled,
The point involved in this debate
Causes the gall of *Punch* to grate.
Let other less august foundations
Enforce new codes and regulations,
Teach economics and mechanics
And how to quell financial panics,
Finding the cure of all disquiet
In hygienic dress and diet;
Yours be it, Eton, to remain
Detached, romantic and urbane,
And at your games or at the desk
Determined to be picturesque,
Deaf to all journalistic racket,
True to your collar and your jacket.

"THE CHANGELESS EAST.

BOGNOR RESIDENT'S IMPRESSIONS. INDIA HOTTER THAN SUSSEX COAST."

Local Paper.

But not such hot stuff as Thanet.

AT THE PLAY.

"THE GUARDSMAN" (ST. JAMES'S).

"Thomas C. Dagnall, in conjunction with Hans Bartsch, presents *The Guardsman*, a play in Three Acts, by Franz Molnar; translated from the Hungarian by Grace I. Colbron and Hans Bartsch." One can't think why.

One was very sorry for the actors and actresses. One was sorry for the audience. One was almost sorry for the vociferous critics in the gallery. But for anyone responsible for dragging this play from the Hungarian and dumping it at the poor old St. James's, not much sorrow. Are we really so bankrupt in comedy and farce that, in order to exploit the peculiar gifts and personality of Mr. SEYMOUR HICKS, it was necessary to burrow in Central Europe and disinter *The Guardsman* for the second time in a generation? For another version of this play was given in London, I understand, in 1911.

Mr. HICKS, an *Actor* disguised as a French Prince, with helmet and cuirass, makes love to his own wife to test her fidelity and his own powers of acting. That is nearly all. The play has amusing lines and real flashes of humour, but in what a waste of dull dialogue, what length, what repetitions! No one seemed to know whether he was assisting in comedy, farce, drama or what-not, and the subleties and restraints which might have relieved the not too pleasing theme did not appear.

I understand that the piece has been performed a great many times in New York, and it is just conceivable that there was (at one time) more in it than met the eye at this performance. If this is so I fear Mr. HICKS, producer and principal performer, is the culprit. Few pieces can successfully be played in three different keys at the same time, and Mr. HICKS, having won our laughter by his inveterate tricks of gagging and clowning, must not the next minute expect us to take him seriously. Not that one would not like to take him seriously: all through his skilful and entertaining performance one was regretting (impertinently, perhaps) that his great powers are never used to better advantage. One would like to see him playing a straight comedy part, forgetting that he was Mr. HICKS, and really made to do as he was told.

One was very sorry for Miss MADGE TITHERADGE, who did not, one fancies, wildly enjoy herself. Miss MARGARET YARDE seemed more at home (if that is not offensive) and was richly amusing as the actress's dresser and accomplice; and Mr. WILLIE WARDE played a small part attractively.

It is, I know, as much as a man's life is worth to say a word against one of the gallery first-nighters, who, so I have heard, have intelligence and taste beyond anything possessed by the boobies in the stalls. But, being so intelligent, they presumably read *Punch*, and I venture to address a humble word to such of these super-gods as have the (to me) detestable habit of booing. If there are any among them who saw Miss TITHERADGE wilt and shudder as under a blow, and almost totter from the stage, and did not then forswear the boo for ever, it is of no use to appeal to their Olympian mercy. But to take a lower ground, do they realise, I wonder, that they defeat their own genial ends? For invariably, as in this case, the booing provokes a storm of sympathetic applause, and the house, by a human reaction, does all it can to think well of the piece. No good is done, but many people feel sick, and some suffer tortures. Far more effective (though polite) was the conduct of the gallery at a disastrous First Night I attended some years ago. At the final curtain the stalls looked heavenward, expecting such a boo as never was on sea or land; but the gods, without a word, without a sound, filed terribly out. That play ran for two days, but nobody was insulted.

Neither gods nor mortals are forced to assist at a First Night. But if they do they take a risk, and should abide by it. Further, if it is true that these gallery first-nighters have a taste and judgment out of the ordinary, they have probably an imagination to match, and it is a pity they do not exercise it. Let them try to imagine the days and weeks of labour and care which have gone to the production of even the most awful play. Let them imagine the feelings of the actors on the second night of a play which has been crowned with democratic booings on the first. And then, if they cannot stand the play, let them sit in silent censure, or quietly creep away, or write an angry letter to the manager, or even, if they feel that way, to the actors and the author. In this way their valuable opinions will strike home to the right quarter. But a boo has neither label nor direction and may hit anyone. And the gods, since they shoot with thunderbolts, should above all others be careful of their aim. A. P. H.



A COURTESY MOTHER-IN-LAW.

The Actress (introducing her dresser). "THIS IS MAMA!"

The Actor . . . . MR. SEYMOUR HICKS.
The Actress . . . . MISS MADGE TITHERADGE.
"*Mama*," *her maid* . MISS MARGARET YARDE.

STONES AND BREAD.

ONCE upon a time there was a great Artist. He was great because he was modern, not modern because he was great; this is more difficult and is called genius.

He said that he wished to study the primary colours and come face to face with Nature in her fiercest moods. So he went away to see the wild places of the world. And in the wildest place he found an Englishman with the desert in front of him and the barren mountains behind him.

"Hullo!" said the Englishman, "have a drink." And he brought drinks in enamelled iron mugs.

"And now," he added, "tell me some news of home."

"There is nothing to tell," said the Artist. "England is in a poor way. Artistically speaking, she has ceased to count. Her people have no soul. Even in London——"

"Ah — London!" murmured the Englishman, leaning forward.

"Even in London," went on the Artist, "where you might expect to find some sort of intellectual life, some appreciation of the things that matter,

what do you get? Nothing beyond the second-hand opinions of a few young whipper-snappers calling themselves critics. Now in Paris——"

So he talked of Paris; but the Englishman didn't know Paris.

And, when the Artist had taken himself off, the Englishman sat on alone in his deck-chair and watched the sunset. Purple and gold it was, fading out to amethyst and a brittle crystal green.

"That," he said to himself, "is rather jolly. I'm afraid I don't understand about art."

* * * * *

Once upon much the same time an eminent Politician journeyed forth to get an insight into administration in the remote parts of the Empire.

He came to the desert and the barren mountains and the Englishman, who was taking observations with a theodolite.

When they had observed the ritual usual among British people who meet unexpectedly, they sat down to talk.

"And now," said the Englishman, "what is the news from home?"

"Bad!" said the Politician. "We have, of course, got a Government at last which may improve matters in time, but they have a lot of ground to cover. It will take years to undo the mistakes which have been made. London, for example——"

"Yes, London?" said the Englishman eagerly.

"It's a disgrace to a civilised community," barked the Politician, "with its scandalous traffic mismanagement, its housing problem and its slums. Take Poplar alone——"

But the Englishman hadn't studied Poplar, so he couldn't take it, and the Politician thought him an unintelligent fellow.

When he had gone the Englishman's servant came to him and said, "Huzoor, there are many bad men in this place and they talk much evil against us. There will be trouble at nightfall."

"Say to the headman that I will speak to him," replied the Englishman, "and it were well that I should not await his coming too long."

So the headman came, and the Englishman spoke and there was no trouble.

That night he stood at the door of his tent and looked up at the stars.

"It may be raining in London," he thought; "I am afraid politics are not in my line."

* * * * *

And yet again, not many moons later, a Simple Man set out to wander round the world.

He gave no reasons for doing this. He had done it before, and he supposed he would do it again, till the wind that blows for adventurous souls called him on a longer and stranger journey.

He too happened on the Englishman in the desert, and they looked straightly at one another and shook hands.

"Tell me about home," said the Englishman wistfully.

"Why, I don't suppose you would find that things have altered much," began the Simple Man; "London still looks just like London."

So he talked of Piccadilly Circus, where, if a man have half-an-hour to spare, he may watch the world drift by; of Bond Street with its pretty girls, and Kensington Gardens where you will find the jolliest children on earth.

Many things he remembered. The flower-women at Charing Cross in their dingy shawls and battered hats that yet have a swashbuckling gallant air; faces seen suddenly in the light of a coffee-stall; the Embankment of a summer morning, with the busy tugs on the river trailing their lines of inert barges, and Westminster grey against the cool clear blue of the sky; and, last, those rare moments, between twilight and dark, when London mysteriously withdraws herself from her people and leaves them lonely in a city of unreality.

Stuff and nonsense? Maybe; but the stuff and nonsense that dreams are made on surely, for the Englishman listened with his soul in his face.

Yet the Simple Man knew very little about questions of the day. He only understood human nature.



Customer. "I WANT AN OLD BOYS TIE."
Salesman. "YES, SIR. WHAT SCHOOL?"
Customer. "OH! ANY GOOD SCHOOL."

"It should become the normal thing for all teachers of children over eleven to take a degree course. In this matter, it is necessary to advance by degrees."—*Provincial Paper.*
Naturally.

MY SECRETARY.

OF course I always knew that I should never be a really genuine author until I had a secretary. So the other day I put an advertisement in the paper about it. "Wanted, a nice kind secretary, guaranteed gentle with authors"—that sort of thing. I got ever so many samples too, but I only kept one. She is still with me. She is an awfully good secretary.

Apart from wanting to be a really genuine author, one other reason why I sent out and got a secretary was because I thought that, if I had someone else to do most of my work for me, I shouldn't have nearly so much to do myself. That is where I was wrong. I now have to work exactly ten times as hard as I ever did before.

My secretary is a very efficient person, you see, and she can't bear idleness. It wouldn't be a bit of good to double her salary either, in the hope of getting her to let me off a little more lightly, because she'd only want to do twice as much work in order to earn it. That is the sort of person she is. I expect she'd sooner see me break down with exhaustion at her feet than not earn her salary. One of these days I probably shall. That ought to teach her.

You see, the trouble is that, if I don't work, she can't either; and that worries her a good deal and makes her dreadfully stern with me.

I am mixed up with a new novel and I dictate to my secretary twice daily, all the morning and after tea. In the afternoon we play hide-and-seek; I hide, and she comes to find me and tell me she hasn't any work to do, and what about it? She nearly always finds me too. She is a most persevering woman. Then I have to work like anything inventing excuses why I haven't any work for her.

I think I shall have to write to Mr. GILBERT FRANKAU about it and ask him how it is done, because I'm sure he must keep his secretary very busy indeed. When she is not busy writing one book on top of another for him she seems to be busy with letters to cigarette firms saying how much he likes their cigarettes. Mr. GILBERT FRANKAU'S secretary must have a tremendous respect for a man who can keep her as busy as that.

There is one very curious thing about dictating, I find, and that is that you can only do it on the move. This makes authorship a very wearing profession. As far as I can ascertain it works out at about three miles to the thousand words.

I calculate that I do about eight miles' work every morning and four after tea. She goes at six o'clock, and I am always very glad, for by that time I am so exhausted that I can hardly stand up. If she stayed till seven I should be reduced to crawling up and down on my hands and knees, and that would be so very bad for both of us. One has to be exceedingly careful about one's dignity with a secretary, you see. Once let her lose her respect for you and where are you?

Then there is her efficiency. She knows ever so much more about my characters than I do. Of course this is very helpful to me, because an author can't find out too much about his characters, can he? She doesn't a bit mind telling me, either; there is no false reticence about my secretary.

This is the sort of thing that happens to us:—

Me (*gallantly embarking on the sixth mile*). He looked at her quizzically new paragraph inverted commas why query end of inverted commas he said ironically comma twisting his waxed moustache with a nonchalant no an ironical no we had that before a satirical air full-stop inverted commas why not query end of inverted commas he sneered full-stop next line inverted commas because I won't so there now comma curse you exclamation mark end of inverted commas replied Dorothy comma her lip curling sardonically semi-colon——

My Secretary. I don't *think* Dorothy would say that, would she?

Me. Oh! wouldn't she?

My Secretary. No, I'm *sure* she wouldn't. You see, she's so refined, isn't she?

Me. Well, yes; I suppose she is rather refined. Well, what about just "drat you"?

My Secretary. No; she'd just say, "Because you're no gentleman, Lord Smith," quite simply.

Me. Would she? Yes, perhaps she would. Thank you very much. Well, then, inverted commas because you're no gentleman comma Lord Smith comma curse you quite simply oh dash no not *a* dash just *dash* no cross all that out will you because you're no gentleman comma Lord Smith comma end of inverted commas replied Dorothy comma turning a bright shade of postman's lips.

My Secretary. Postman's lips?

Me. Yes. Isn't that one of the new colours?

My Secretary. I've never heard of it. If I were you I should just say "blotched magenta."

Me (*humbly*). Thank you very much. Very well—replied Dorothy comma turning a bright blotched magenta.

And so on for three more miles.

My secretary was very severe about the plot too; but she likes it better now that I have altered it as she suggested. It is a better plot too, I know, because my secretary is always right. She is that kind of woman.

Very soon now a new book will be coming out. It will have my name on it, but it won't be my book. It will be my secretary's. My secretary is very kind to me. I think it is awfully nice of her to let me put my name on her book, don't you? A. B. C.

HER KNOCK-OUT BLOW.

[The "Medusa" type of coiffure for women has arrived. The idea, according to *The Westminster Gazette*, is "to give as snaky an appearance as possible."]

WHEN first I paid addresses
To Grace, two years agone,
Her rich (and virgin) tresses
Were fair to look upon;
About her "crowning glory"
I'd nightly rave and sigh;
Few swains in song or story
Were half so struck as I.

But soon I felt this fervour
Receive a sudden check
On chancing to observe her
Appearance round the neck;
I saw her finest feature
Of half its charm was robbed
When the misguided creature
Was mercilessly bobbed.

Although my weakened ardour
Recovered by degrees,
It proved a good deal harder
To stick her second wheeze;
In grief, with horror mingled,
That she could look so odd,
To her remark, "I'm shingled,"
I answered, "Ichabod."

Love's dream to-day is ended
(Our third and final row),
And Grace, my late intended,
May be Another's now;
But as for me I'll choose a
Career henceforth alone;
One glance at Miss Medusa
Has turned my heart to stone.

A New Military Composer.

"Fugue in E flat . . . Major Bach."
Concert Programme.

"Lost, Airedale Dog; answers to Brutus."
Provincial Paper.

We don't know what form his reply takes; possibly "*Et tu quoque.*"

From a police-court report:—

"William ——, milk-vendor, was 13 per cent. deficient in fat."—*Welsh Paper.*

WILLIAM must feed up.

"The difference between rising every morning at six o'clock or eight, amounts in the course of forty years to twenty-nine thousand two hundred years."—*Provincial Paper.*

That's the worst of early rising; it makes the day seem so long.



Artist. "HIS WIFE SIMPLY RAVES ABOUT THE PORTRAIT."
Well-meaning Friend. "WELL, OF COURSE YOU CAN'T PLEASE EVERYBODY."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(*By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.*)

IT is a curious sign of the times to find Mr. ARTHUR WALEY apologising for the "conventional fairy-tale" element noticeable in the first chapter of the first volume of *The Tale of Genji* (ALLEN AND UNWIN). My own impression of the whole first instalment of the book, a Japanese Court romance of the eleventh century, is that it is not so unlike the French Court romances of the seventeenth that I should object to its supersession by something more like folk-lore—much as the aristocratic narratives of SCUDÉRY and LA FAYETTE were superseded by the fairy-stories of HAMILTON and PERRAULT. Moreover, such enjoyment as is to be got out of SCUDÉRY and LA FAYETTE would be seriously minimised if one knew next to nothing about these ladies and their times; and I feel that Mr. WALEY would have been well advised to begin his work (as he proposes to end it) with a history and diary of its authoress, Lady MURASAKI. *Prince Genji*, on his own merits, is an enervating young man. Son of an Imperial favourite of low birth, he is cut off by popular disapproval from the succession. His wife, daughter of a powerful Minister, is as cold as she is beautiful; but, as *Genji* spends his entire time flitting from flower to flower (his mother's successor in the Imperial favour being not the least of his conquests), his case is not so hard as it seems. Finally he adopts the heroine of the story, called, like its writer, *Murasaki*, promising, as she is still a child, to "play a mother's part." His interpretation of this rôle is hardly satisfactory; but *Murasaki* herself, modest, vivid and affec-

tionate, is one of the few characters in the book in whom it is possible to take a whole-hearted interest, and her future adventures should be well worth following. The translation is of course delightful to read; its one flaw—and Mr. WALEY is in two minds about it himself—being its use of the terminology of other religions, from "vespers" to "Vestal virgins," to express the ceremonies and *personnel* of Buddhism.

It is a fact by this time accepted, however unwillingly, even by those who clung longest to the hope that the windjammer might continue to find a sphere of usefulness in certain special trades, that the square-rigger will very soon be as extinct commercially as she long ago became navally. What is perhaps less generally recognised is that, through the agency of the motor engine, a similar revolution is being silently wrought in those ancient and fascinating local varieties, mostly of fore-and-aft rig, which a good many people believed would succeed in weathering the storms of change. This melancholy fact is forcibly brought out by Sir ALAN MOORE, Bart., in his admirable study in "nautical comparative anatomy," called *Last Days of Mast and Sail* (OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS). His book differs from most of those on the subject in dealing mainly with the present, or perhaps one should say with the recent, rather than with the remote, past. Here are none of the more or less wearisome and highly speculative reconstructions of the *Great Harry* and the *Ark Royal*. Most of the craft described—and illustrated by Mr. R. MORTON NANCE'S delightful little drawings, which combine the exactitude of diagrams with the spontaneity of thumbnail sketches—are such as have come under the author's personal observation between the Orkneys and Aden. They include nearly all British coasting types—there is one rather surprising omission, the Falmouth quay punt—as well as those of the principal Mediterranean countries and of Northern Europe. Sir ALAN MOORE brings to his subject the whole-hearted enthusiasm of a true lover of mast and sail, but not everyone will be prepared to go the whole way with him in his conservative views about wooden hulls and single topsails. Beauty and expediency were, after all, never more admirably united than in some of the iron-hulled double-topsail clippers of the 'sixties and 'seventies.



The Showman. "NOW, MIND YOU, THIS AIN'T A SHOW FOR KIDS AND WOMEN. IT AIN'T FOR EVERYONE. ITS APPEAL IS TO *YOU*—TO MEN OF THE WORLD."

Mr. ARCHIBALD MARSHALL has discovered a method of work that seems to suit him and a certain leisurely section of the public (if indeed we have any leisurely section left) almost equally well. *Anthony Dare's Progress* (COLLINS) is, for example, the third volume of a series which began with *Tony* at school, continued with his life at Cambridge and, for a short time, in a City office, and has now taken us (through a spell of journalism and the writing of a novel) to his marriage. And through all these vicissitudes Mr. MARSHALL has contrived ingeniously to keep our expectation awake. Nothing very much happens, but the reader has a suspicion that something may happen soon—if not in the next chapter then in the next but one. And in any case it is pleasant enough to be carried gently along, tracing the placid sweep of *Anthony's* career. A most excellent series of books to take out, let us say, on the Broads or up some retired backwater in a punt, they make a commentary on Life, not worked up with any violent emotions to a crisis, but just cut into lengths suitable for commerce. Both Mr. MARSHALL and his readers can take pleasure in the thought that only a few of the original characters are dead, while several new ones have already sprung up since Volume I. There is no real reason why the series should ever cease. *Dare* himself is still young—his wedding-bells have hardly yet ceased ringing; and in due course we may hope for a second generation to provide an excuse for further rambling. And you will find that these stories are not mere sequels. The publisher is careful to explain that you can pick up any one of them and begin the family history at any point—though of course it is better to start fair with the hero's education. In my own humble opinion the series improves as it goes on. But then I have always had a kindness for the leisurely style.

Mr. M. A. NOBLE, in *Gilligan's Men* (CHAPMAN AND HALL), has written a thoroughly sound and sensible account of the recent M.C.C. tour in Australia. However short our memories may be I doubt if any of us will soon forget the hopes and fears with which we waited for the result of the Third Test Match. In this volume Mr. NOBLE explains, and to a certain extent excuses, our failure to win the rubber. "If Gilligan," he writes, "had won the toss in, say, two out of the first three matches, would England have regained the 'ashes'? No one can say; yet, in the light of experience and observation, and realizing how close they came to victory under adverse conditions, I think it is fair to assume that they would." The view of an ex-Australian captain cannot be neglected. Yet for my own part I would make no such assumption, but prefer to admit that we were beaten by a side who, though they had some luck to help them, deserved to win because their batting tail wagged better than ours. Next year we shall be given another chance, and it is good to hear that KIPPAX and GRIMMETT will almost certainly be here to try to prevent us from taking it, for the former as batsman and the latter as bowler have excited great interest in this country. The photographs in Mr. NOBLE'S book are really marvellous. From more than one of them I gather that GREGORY'S greatness as a bowler is almost equalled by his distinction as a gesticulator.



Old Lady (hard of hearing). "WELL, I THINK YOUR BERT OUGHT TO SEE A DOCTOR—COMIN' OUT IN SPOTS."
The Niece. "I DIDN'T SAY 'E COME OUT IN *SPOTS*, AUNT. I SAID 'E COME OUT IN *SPATS*."
Old Lady. "WELL, ANYHOW, 'E OUGHT TO SEE A DOCTOR."

I see from the title-page of *Mrs. Fuller* (HURST AND BLACKETT) that Miss MARGUERITE BRYANT is the author of seven other books and of an "*et-cetera*" suggesting at least two more. Her name therefore should have been familiar to me, but, after reading the book, I am inclined to regard my ignorance leniently. It is the story of a murder committed in circumstances which throw suspicion on a young man, *Martin Fuller*, who, though innocent, decides that appearances are too strong for him. In his flight he is knocked down by a motor-car and loses his memory, but is befriended by a girl who, posing as his wife, protects him until his innocence is established. The book is full of dramatic situations, but as a "thriller" it does not quite come off. In part this may be due to the author's candour in refusing to make a mystery of the murder. Taking *Martin Fuller's* innocence for granted, we immediately suspect the housekeeper, and nothing occurs to put us off the scent. A little uncertainty would have helped us through some tedious moments spent in the company of the bemused *Martin*. (It was not his fault, poor man. You can't help being dull if your memory is gone, and novelists who are attracted by this device might do well to remember it.) As a companion for a railway-journey the book may beguile an hour or two if you haven't the luck to get a corner seat. I am afraid I cannot put it more highly than that.

My first impression on taking up *The Amateur Criminal* (ALLAN) by G. E. LAYARD was that here we had merely a sheaf of those typical magazine-stories which are such a weariness to the flesh and which, raising exaggerated hopes in the opening paragraphs, dwindle to an entirely unplausible ending. I found, however, that to every one the author had given an ingenious twist which lifted it out of the ruck. The idea of a distinguished statesman whose secret passion is the collecting of *objets d'art*, a passion gratified without scruple and necessitating a secret chamber that pretended to be the mausoleum of his dead wife, into which this heroic receiver of stolen goods steals at dead of night to gloat over his treasures, is original and handled with considerable dexterity. I was also particularly pleased with the method adopted by a celebrated dentist of revenging himself upon those members of the Epicure Club who had blackballed him, though it certainly adds a new terror to the "chair."

With a book called *Secret Gold* (METHUEN), and an author as popular as Mrs. C. N. WILLIAMSON, I imagined myself to be on the brink of several hours' enjoyment. But I never got beyond the brink. Many improbabilities can be forgiven and many coincidences swallowed in a story of this *genre*, but one must for one's pleasure be able to believe in the principal characters, and I could not so much as begin to conjure up any belief in *Santa*, the leading lady of this treasure hunt. My debt to Mrs. WILLIAMSON for her previous stories is not to be forgotten, and I don't propose to linger over my present disappointment. Rather would I assure you that, however unsatisfactory the hunters themselves may be, you cannot fail to be delighted with her descriptions of the scenes—New Mexico and Arizona—through which they passed. Here Mrs. WILLIAMSON does better than herself, a feat big enough to commend any tale.



PUZZLES AND PROBLEMS.

"So it's good-bye to 'Flaming June,'" said the Sage. "For once in a way—though the abnormal effort was followed by a relapse—she has earned her customary epithet: she has flamed. And her passing brings me to one of those stages at which it is my pious habit to review the progress of things during the half-year *ult.* What would you say has been the dominant feature of our social life in these last six months?"

"Unquestionably the Cross-word Puzzle," replied the Cynic. "I am not forgetting that among our young barbarians and Philistines we have of late seen an outburst of the cult of assertive ugliness. But the allure of EPSTEIN and Oxford trouserings has been for the few; the Cross-word Puzzle captivated the general. Coming, like most of our enthusiasms, with the *cachet* of a foreign derivation, its appeal to the British bosom has been universal. It touched all classes, because it made demands upon a modicum of intelligence common to them all. But its vogue, which has been marked by an exceptional vitality, is now moribund. It survives only in places where the light of culture is slow to penetrate. As a topic of conversation it was noticeably neglected in the Royal Enclosure at Ascot."

"I lament its decline," said Mr. Punch. "It has been an educational force. I myself acknowledge that its operations have made me familiar with words, largely of three letters, which had previously been outside the range of my vocabulary. It has also extended, however slightly, my knowledge of geography. And, though it has had its mercenary side—the Press has seen to that—the flower of our manhood and womanhood have pursued this quest for the pure joy of attainment. In that respect I understand that it differs widely from the quest of the winner of the 2.30."

"It could never hope," said the Cynic, "to rival the permanent appeal of the Turf. The Turf is almost unique in its attractions for our common mortality. Living (it has been remarked), we all plunge upon it; dead, we all lie beneath it. It is no respecter of person or parties. Time was, I am told, when Ascot, on the superior side of the course, was regarded as the preserve of Tory Society. But to-day—well, I hear that there was no more prominent figure at this year's meeting than Mr. J. H. THOMAS, and that his hat and general appearance were of the most distinguished."

"The day of privilege is over," said the Sage. "We must recognise that Labour, which conquers everything, is in the forefront of the betting movement. I happen, as you know, to live at the very heart of Journalism and am in a position to witness the emergence of its publications from the first evening sheet (shortly

after breakfast) to the 6.30 edition (shortly after luncheon). To the former our toilers devote their morning leisure in the pursuit of directed knowledge. Each later edition, as it comes hot from the Press, they eagerly scan for the results of their labours."

"I often permit myself to marvel," said the Cynic, "how they can afford to indulge in this unprofitable luxury—unprofitable, that is, for themselves, but very lucrative for the bookies, those bloated capitalists (as they would call them in any other trade) to whom they daily offer their faces to be ground. One hears the most appalling accounts of the constriction of industry, yet the class that you would expect to suffer most from it seems always to have some superfluous money to put on the wrong horse.

"There never was a time," he continued, "when people of all classes threw their money about so recklessly. Regard the almost universal motor-car; the restaurant habit; the congestion of the costliest holiday hotels. We eat and drink and rise to mote and dance, as if to-morrow we were to die. All this is no longer excused by the immediate fear of an upheaval of society under a Socialist Government. But there are still heavy taxes to discourage retrenchment. Why should I worry to save if a third of the income derived from my economies is to be lifted from me by the minions of the Treasury?"

"You may make what excuses you like," said the Sage, "but the truth is that we have lost our love of work. The conquest of the world is going to those who keep that love. Unless we shake ourselves free from our present flabbiness, can you doubt for a moment what nation will come out top in fifty years' time? It will be Germany; it will be the nation that to-day works hardest and makes most sacrifices for its work's sake."

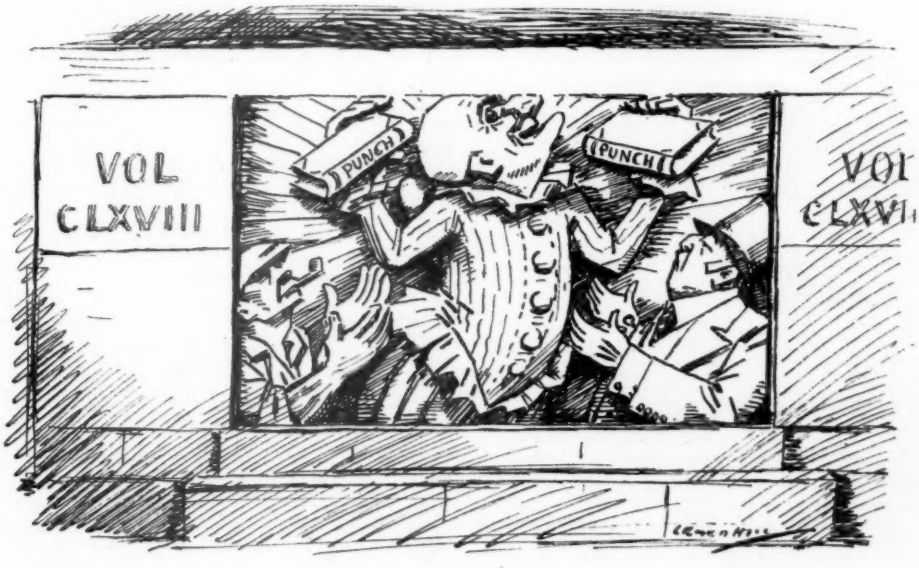
"I read," said the Cynic, "of the rapid decline of many of our industries—the coal-trade in particular. That industry, I understand, can only be revived by mutual concessions as between employer and employed, by sacrifices on both sides. It is a matter, we are told, of life and death. Yet, when it is urged that the situation might be saved if the miners consented to return to an eight-hours' day, we are informed that such a suggestion is unthinkable. It would mean a monstrous reversion to the bad old days when a so-called free man was brutally restricted to a slave's allowance of only sixteen hours out of the twenty-four for play and sleep."

"For myself," said Mr. Punch, "I propose to persist in the belief that reason will in the end prevail. It is a peculiarity of our breed that it is always at its best with its back to the wall. As with our dogged courage in War, so it will be with our common sense in Peace. I would rather not take sides with either employers or employed. Of both alike I ask good faith and a true devotion to their work, whether of hand or head. And with the idea of encouraging these virtues it is my resolve to offer to representatives of each side, masters and men, a volume of philosophic reflections designed to illuminate all the most important phases of our national life, and in a form adapted to the average intelligence."

The Cynic's left eye quivered. "You refer, no doubt," said he, "to some forthcoming collection of Press articles from the fertile brain of the SECRETARY OF STATE FOR——"

"I do not," said the Sage; "I refer"—and here his voice took on a curious blend of assurance and humility—"I refer to my own

One Hundred and Sixty-Eighth Volume."





Cartoons.

PARTRIDGE, BERNARD
Appeal to the Nation (An) 71
Arthur Cœur-de-Zion 379
Bull-dog's Dilemma (The) 239
Cautious Champion (The) 155
Embarrassment of Ramsay (The) 351
For this Relief not much Thanks 603
Hazard of the Cast (The) 267
In the Basement 15
Infant Hercules (The) 463
International Derby (The) 574
Jack and the Dragon 687
Labour Solution (The) 211
Matter of the Highest Interest (A) 323
Old Love and the New (The) 183
Old Roundhead (The) 127
On the Chain 547
Our Industrial Trouble 631
Philosophic Martyr (The) 519
Picture of the Year (The) 491
Practical Visionary (The) 295
Siege Perilous (A) 43
Two-sided Triangle (A) 659
Very Dark Horse (A) 435
Winston Touch (The) 407
Winter Sport in Russia 99
Work for the Axe 703

RAVEN-HILL, L.
All Fowls' Day 330
Cave Canem 311
Desperate Remedy (A) 451
Double Life (The) 647
Embarrassing Liquidation (An). 563
Foul Weather Friends 171
Galvanising Granny 367
"Here's Health unto His Majesty!" 255
Innocents Abroad (The) 59
Justice Profaned 283
Leo v. J. Pluvius 507
Modern Horatius (The) 227
New Inquisition (The) 199
New Way of Claiming Old Debts (A) 619
Optical Illusion (An) 143
Parting Appeal (A) 3
Queering the Pitch 115
Retort Co-operative (The) 423
Return of the Crusader (The) .. 31
Return of the Gold Standard (The) 87
Stocking in the Chimney (The).. 535
Unpiping Times of Peace (The) 591
Wanted—More Playing Fields .. 395
Women's Idol (The) 479

REYNOLDS, FRANK
Highly Commended 675

Articles.

AGNEW, E. S.
At the Play—
"Pilgrim's Progress (The)" .. 304
AGNEW, MRS. PHILIP
Rings 361
AUSTIN, G. K.
Frock Market News 456
BARNARD, L. T.
Sudden Fame 108
BEARDSWORTH, PAYMASTER-LIEUT. S. T.
Silent Service (The) 348
BINGLEY, MISS BARBARA
Bumblepuppy 172
BIRD, ROBERT
Robert Burns 81
BIRKHEAD, H.
Bird Sanctuary (The) 609
Brighter Suburbia 107
Only Bipeds after all 316
Our Neighbours' Landmarks .. 556
Starred Beauties 411
BOAS, GUY
Theatre Rhymes 539, 568, 600, 671, 652, 694, 702
Traffic Rhymes 220, 236, 261, 304, 321, 355, 371, 399, 439, 467
BOND, MISS P. M.
Dismissed 653
BRETHERTON, C. H.
To the Chequers Cat 152
BROWN, C. L. M.
Rhymes of the R.A.F.—
Air-craft Apprentice (The) 540
Chief Accountant (The) 288
Flight-Lieutenant (The) 210
"Guest Night" 410
R.A.F. Law Officer and Others 677
Service (The) 686
Technical Training Officer (The) 45
Wing Commander (The) 163
BROWN, HILTON
Bill's Cure 546
First Birthday (A) 459
Thirty Years 254
To a Panther 618
Wind-Trees 302
BUCKLE, MISS MARGARET
New Hope for the Pedestrian .. 39
BUTLER, R. B.
Boat-Race and the great Pump Question (The) 422
CAMPBELL, A. Y.
Hope for Stella 378
CAMPBELL, DUNCAN
New Suit (The) 301
CARDEW, F. G.
Forerunner of Epstein (A) 707
CHALMERS, P. R.
Amaryllis 551
Amateur Huntsman (An) 38
Bard and the Butterflies (The) .. 471
Blackbird in the Rain (The) 73
Covers (The) 101
D'ye ken John Peel?" 260
Echo System (The) 404
Jim and Silvia 677
Kelpies (The) 426
Lute and the Flute (The) 349
Marching Song 286
Naiad who Noticed (The) 595
Nectar 114
Nimp (The) 14
Northern Memory (A) 484
Pointed Ear or So (A) 146
Song of Sixpence (The) 216
Teas 248
To Nell 2
CLARK, DUDLEY
If Life were a Film 596, 632
State of Filmland (The)—
Among the Arts 174
Child (The) 118
Climate 344
Commerce and Industries 12
Government and Administration 64
Some Habits and Customs 90
Some outstanding Characteristics 342
Some Professions 230
Sport 286
Travelling Facilities 40
COOTE, C. R.
Through dirty Days 150
CORNER, RICHARD
Prim Roses 354
COX, A. B.
My Secretary 720
Story against Reviewers (A) 590
Our Dramatics 30
Unrespectable Party (The) 430
DALTON, M.
Biographer (New Style) (The) .. 290
Boost (The) 544
General Post 80
Our highbrow Advertisers 366
DARMADY, E. S. AND J.
Wet Blankets 456
DE BURGH, ELIZABETH
Curios from Canada—Gas 710
DE STEIN, E.
Alter Ego 238
DEVEREUX, DONALD
Our Village Umpire 602
DICK, J. W.
Fair Play for Burglars 96
DODS, MARCUS
Ohms 394
DUFFIN, MISS
To the Sublime Porte 712
EDEN, MRS. DENIS
To Vittoria 403
EDGAR, E. J.
Vengeance of Smith major (The) 584
ELDRIDGE, E. L.
Education of a Stilton (The) 120
Fancy Dress 310
Littérateur (The) 676
FANE, MISS VALENTINE
Ancestor (The) 668
Blue Pig (The) 537
Dragon-Dog (The) 366
Genuine Antique (The) 433
Lonely Mermaid (The) 191
Newt (The) 680
To One Who did not Come to Luncheon 93
FARJEON, MISS E.
Lost Farthing (The) 49
FERGUSON, MISS RACHEL
Brighter Russia 512
Sunday Concerts 288
FLEMING, BERRY
New York City—
Advertisements 634
Daylight Saving 318
Entering: What to Say, etc... 272
Germs 524
Ku Klux Klan (The) 684
Laws 458
Natives (The) 130
Newspapers 204
Some Preliminary Information 76
Taximen 414
Title System (The) 509
Psychology of Dryness (The) .. 18
FLEMING, MISS E. S.
Fairy-Sixpence (The) 569
Littleport 553
FLIGHT, CLAUDE
Confidant (The) 637
FOX-SMITH, MISS C.
Bill's Enemy 181
Mike's Fancy 633
New Year 1
Rain 345
FRANKLIN, BERNARD
Letters from a Garrulous Aunt 207, 230, 284, 326, 354, 366
GALLOWAY, E.
Gardening for the Week 343, 388
GARVEY, MISS INA
Diary of a Mondaine .. 4, 126, 228, 338, 480, 592
GODFREY-TURNER, L.
King who couldn't be Bothered 714
GRAHAM, MRS. A. M.
Aconite 125
GRAVES, C. L.
Absentee Genius 443
Call of the Wild (The) 159
Dictionary Hunter (The) 332
Dietetic Ditty (A) 624
Elegy and Eulogy 518
Fair Play for the Fuegians 52
Future of Eros (The) 164
Hints for candid Toast Proposers 136
Ideal Zoo (The) 271
Impenitent Age 705
In Defence of Ducks 80
Indispensable Antidote (An) 596
Jones's Flitting 53
Labour's Latest Need 544
Lady Clara Vere de Vere 114
Lions at Dinner 573
Milestones to the Millennium .. 13
Mr. Bamberger's Return 360

Articles—*continued.*

Musa Tripectora 273
Musical Notes 696
My Godson 562
New Year Resolutions 25
Notes on New Books 607
Old Words and New Rhymes 657
On with the Trot 19
Oxford and her Bloomers 350
Plain Man's View (The) 244
Please the Pigs 556
Protéges of the Panel 691
"Punch" to Paderewski 198
"Punch's" Appeal to Eton 717
Shakespeare on Syncopation ..21, 47
Strange Case of J. S. B. (The) .. 440
Sun-worship at Strubby 497
To Iceland 80
To Jean de Reszke 403
Triumphant Obviousness 97
Unknown Benefactor (An) 663
Vernal Musings 388
Victorian Singer (A) 517
Whitmania 75

GREEN, S. L.
Professor's Presence of Mind .. 235

GREENLAND, GEORGE
Pretty Ringtime 303

GRUBB, A. P.
Mah-Jolff Links (The) 600

GULLICK, L. B.
Bank Lore 154
Four-Wheel Brakes 444
Next War (The) 500
Perfect Father (The) 528
Right to Sign (The) 680
Smith, Caddie and House-boy .. 36

GULLIVER, D. A.
Charivaria ..... weekly

GUTHRIE, F. A.
Points of View 674

HALL, MRS. BASIL
Limit (The) 567

HARRISON, MISS A. M.
Avanti! 175
Personal 488

HARRISON, S.
Food of Love (The) 510

HASELER, D. B.
My Godfather (Curse Him!) 712

HAWKES, LIEUT.-COL. C. P.
Singing Policeman (The) 496

HAYES, J. H.
Harlequin Cushion (The) 506

HERBERT, A. P.
After Dinner 19
Another bad Fox 503
Ascot 692
At the Play—
"Guardsman (The)" 718
"Man with a Load of Mischief (The)" 666
Blacklegs (The) 654
Brighter Cheques 231
Easy Money 401
Electric Lady (The) 104
Face on the Blotter (The) 344
Grand Little Opera (A) 372
Hot-beds and Blots 144
Misleading Cases—
Cross Action (A) 187
Mr. Punch's Music-Hall Songs—
As I was saying only Yesterday 434
Drinking Song (New Style) .. 275
Ha! 209
He didn't Oughter 457
Introduction (The) 247
Laughing Ann 416
My Day out 3 8
Prodigy (The) 338
Sausage and Mash 173
Save the Tiger 285
Wear your White 157
Mr. Honeybubble—
Benefactor (The) 508
Constitutional (The) 542
First Blood 48
Giants (The) 570
Reformers (The) 626
Smuggler (The) 507
Mr. Shaw, Mr. Epstein and the Pretty Birds 706
Mr. Turpentine 136
My Hat! 264
One up 682
Piteous Ballad of Arabella Boo-ley (The) 86
Policeman's Serenade (The) 372
Sport and Science 316
Suburban Scenes 34
Two Rivers 8
Very Bad Fox (A) 122
Vinovi 62
When Knights are Bold 282

HEYWOOD, G. B.
Story out of "Punch" (The) 119

HODGKINSON, T.
Blighted Childhood (A) 528
Last Resort (The) 649
Narrow Escape (A) 623
Obvious Revenge (The) 133
Promotion 299
Real Brain Work 182
Waste Paper 430

HOLLINGWORTH, MISS E. J.
First Lesson (The) 624
Ruling Passion (The) 534

HORN, HOLLOWAY
"Man proposes 502

HUGHMAN, R. W.
Word with Gilligan (A) 42

HYNDMAN, S. H.
Not impossible Ski (The) 243

IMAGE, MRS.
Dilapidations 374

JACKSON, MISS
Me and the King 226

JAY, THOMAS
Charivaria ..... weekly

JENKINS, ERNEST
Dangerous Structure (A) 245
In Defence of the House-Decorator 394
"Max" and Mix 422

KENDALL, MAJOR
"And Friend" 312
Baffled Faust (A) 206
Five in a Row 526
"Maria Jane Higgins" 411
That 'Flu 170
Walking-Stick for George (A) .. 466

KENNEDY, MRS. H.
My Three 'Buses 473

KENNY, MISS A. A.
Cat and the Broom (The) 37

KIDD, ARTHUR
Her Knock-out Blow 720
Masters and Men 405
Thoughtful Spouse (The) 233

KILPATRICK, MISS
Friendship by Coincidence 41
Illusion 556
Unknown Martyrs 695

KNOX, E. V.
At the Cinema—
Foxes, Leopards and Wolves .. 190
One of the Victorians 220
"Owd Bob" 248
Saintly Privateer (The) 428
At the Play—
"Comedy of Good and Evil (A)" 387
"Painted Swan (The)" 329
"Second Summrun (The) 219
Bank Holiday Round (A) 478
Battle of Jutland (The) 36
Circulars and Circulars 346
Dare-devil (The) 266
Dashing up to Town 68
Epstein Golf Memorial (The) 612
Eternal Feminine (The) 523
Everlasting Percy (The) 708
Fate 378
Final Phase (The) 94
Fleet Street Ways 46
Gold Reserve (The) 472
Golf 116
Great Night Club Raid (The) 160
Idols 490
Idyll of Sir Bors (The) 178
Kit's Way 412
Lamas in London 70
Llandudno Now 585
Menace to Civilization (The) 200
More Budget Notes 515
Mr. Punch's New Year Cross-word Competition 6
Note on Sir Agravaine 299
Olympian Food 454
Olympian Homes 278
Panacea (The) 289
Perfect Guest (The) 308
Philomeddlers 656
?? 357
?? 375
Silk 484
Stewpan (The) 640
Taungs Man (The) 148
This Green Winter 11
Truly Rural 123
Truth 98
"U-bike-we" 594
Wembley Regained—
Illustrator assembles a Ford (The) 678
Jules Verne as a Side-show .. 632
Mystery and Romance 566
Palestine 650
Stadium Defended (The) 538
What to think about Waterloo Bridge 236
When Verse is dry 312
Yet one More Garland 540

LAING, MRS. JANET
Casualty (A) 259

LAWRENCE, MISS A. M.
City Cats 427

LEE, A. S. G.
Flying Tragedy (A) 10

LETTS, MISS W. M.
Nursery Tales for Grown-ups—
Beauty and the Berkshire Beast 132
Cinderella in Shepherd's Bush 32
Puss in Sussex Boots 88
Red Riding-Hood in Russia .. 2
Three Bears of Bursley (The) 60

LEWIS, M. A.
Reformer (The) 116

LEYS, MISS H. M.
Places-a-They-Ought-to Be—
Appleby-on-the-Eden 148
Aston Maudit 208
Beer 53
Bourton-on-the-Water 235
Bozent 177
Colney Hatch 8
Higham Ferrers 263
Hinton Admiral 108
Kingsbarns 61
Water-cum-Jolly 137

LIPSCOMB, W. P.
Where the Money goes 478

LOCKER, W. A.
Essence of Parliament ..... weekly during Session

LUCAS, E. V.
Alnaschar II 51
Amazing Week (The) 320
An ill Wind 20
At the Canon's Mouth 552
Beneath the Daisies 356
Better than Counting Sheep 234
Bolt from "The Blue" (A) 65
Celebrity's Plea (The) 527
Chance 416
Dramatists, please note 444
Eaves' Gazette 528
Giving Place to the New 176
Heel of Achilles (The) 432
Inverse Ratio (The) 135
Letter from Gog and Magog to John o' London (A) 104
London Lexicon (The) ..608, 635, 664
Magic of the Moment (The) 256
New Inquisition and the Old Inquisitors (The) 198
No Recommendation 14
"Old World" 370
Poets in Revolt 292
To a Friend indeed 472

MACAULAY, T. C.
Foreign Chauffeurs 310

MACRAE, A.
To a Poet 151

MAGILL, ROBERT
Before Rising 52
Charivaria ..... weekly
Wireless and Morals 170

MARTIN, N. R.
"Chiel amang Us (A)" 62
Silk Stocking By-Election (The) 640

MARTIN, R. E.
Cross Word (A) 468

MASON, A. F.
Golf made easier 164
Process of Elimination (A) 437

MATTHEWS, VIVIAN
Missed Romance (A) 572

MELVIN, H. E.
Bottom's Dream 67

MILNE, K. J.
House-Match (The) 702
Rain Gauge (The) 460

MILTON, C. B.
Courage at Sea 322
Euphemia in the Witness-box ... 703

MORISON, R. H.
Pestilent Feast (The) 193

NAYLOR, REV. G. F.
Printed Formula (The) 646

NICHOLS, LEE
Excruciation 612

NORRISS, CECIL
Charivaria ..... weekly

NOTT-BOWER, W. G.
Good Turn (The) 262

OGILVIE, W. H.
Omission (An) 205

PALMER, JOHN
Crystal Gazer (The) 91
Husbands and Wives—
Drag on the Wheel (The) 486
Flitch of Bacon (The) 336
Four's Company 424
Harlequin and Columbine 368
Labours of the Day (The) 452
Moonset 340

PATTON, MISS DORA
Wigs in the Green Isle 429

PHILLIPS, GORDON
Flash-board (The) 536

PICKTHALL, RUDOLF
Waste Energy 176

POLAK, A. L.
Back to Methuselah 105

PRYOR, MISS
Twenty-first of March (The) 287

PUNSHON, E. R.
Best-dressed Woman (The) 384
Economics 648
Gourmet of Repute (A) 153
New Road to Social Success (A) . 620
Proposal (The) 65
Secrets 179
Test Matches in 1955 86

RICHARDS, W. E.
To-day's Cricket Modes 628

RICHARDSON, R. J.
Charivaria ..... weekly

ROSS, J. D.
Man of Many Quotations (The) 291

ST. GEORGE, G. A.
Tragedy of a Sceptic 237

SALTER, MISS GURNEY
Lyme Regis 611

SALVIDGE, STANLEY
Garden Beautiful (The) 651

SAXELBY, B. N.
"Shingle, Bingle and Bob" 294

SCOTT, G. FORRESTER
Going Back 574

SEAMAN, OWEN
At the Opera—
"Der Fliegende Holländer" .. 630
"Der Rosenkavalier" 560
"Elektra" 638
At the Play—
"Alf's Button" 23
"Grounds for Divorce" 106
"Iris" 354
"Mother Goose" 24
"On with the Dance" 498
"Sea-Urchin (The)" 386
"Tell Me More" 638
"Thief (The)" 134
Azure and Grey 310
"Epstein Again" 618
Eros in Exile 142
Goodly Heritage (A) 646
Hand and Head 394
Labour and Logic 706
Lord Birkenhead, Journalist .. 534
Mr. Maximus Beerbohm 457
Octopus of Finance (The) 590
Primavera at the Starting-Gate 422
Puzzles and Problems 724
Test and the Evening Press (The) 30
To Phyllis, who has spoilt Herself 58
What every other Woman wants to know 674

SIMPSON, T. B.
Statistics while you Wait 234

STALKER, P. A.
My old Friend, Friend 430

STEWART, OLIVER
Balloonatic (The) 680
One Thing after Another 425

STUART, MISS D. M.
Boy-Songs—
Child of the Chapel Royal (A). 164
King George's Guard 258
Pipes in School 202
Rocket (The) 360
Thus Wykeham Willed 79
Francis Top 500
John Stow 368

TALBOT, A. J.
Billiards or Mr. Bulger (The) .. 400
How to circumvent Death-duties 120
Voice from the Outer Darkness 48

TAYLOR, MISS P. C.
Stones and Bread 718

THORP, JOSEPH
At the Play—
"Anyhouse" 304
"Ariadne" 469
"Bamboula (The)" 358
"Camilla states her Case" .. 50
"Cherry Orchard (The)" 610
"Crooked Friday (The)" 610
"Fallen Angels" 470
"Grand Duchess (The)" 246
"Hamlet" 218
"Hay Fever" 666
"Lilac Miss Bluebird" 444
"Mary, Mary, Quite Contrary" 604
"Me and My Diary" 78
"Midsummer Night's Dream (A)" 22
"Ordeal" 582
"Persevering Pat" 332
"Peter Pan" 24
"Punch Bowl (The)" 192
"Rain" 555
"Right Age to Marry (The)" 582
"Rivals (The)" 274
"River (The)" 637
"Round Table (The)" 554
"Six-Cylinder Love" 78
"Spring Cleaning" 162
"Tyrant (The)" 330

TIPTAFT, NORMAN
Mr. Churchill and the Entente .. 499

Articles—*continued.*

TODD, MISS B. E.
Frascati ... 696
Titania's Cot ... 456

VAN DRUTEN, JOHN
Martin Houseman ... 74

VERNÈDE, A. H.
Battle of the Books (The) ... 174

WATSON, E. H. LACON
New Anæsthetic (The) ... 441
What to do in the hot Weather ... 658

WHEELWRIGHT, J. E.
Wanted by the Young ... 147

WHITE, E. P.
Degenerate Age (The) ... 189

WHITE, R. F.
Court Manners ... 511
Picture Press Weather ... 88

WILLIS, LIEUT. G. A. A.
Army Education ... 58
Military Cat Week ... 376
Our Military Fire Alarm ... 564
Our Smoking Concert ... 158

WIGFIELD, Dr. F. P.
Pillar-box (The) ... 704

WILSON, J.
Sassenach Cabinet (The) ... 282

WILSON, MRS.
Cross-Word Asylums ... 518

WOLFE, HUMBERT
Buses ... 215

Books Reviewed.

Acquittal ... 671
Adventures at Rye Town ... 588
Adventures of the D.C.I. ... 475
Affair of Honour (An) ... 390
Amateur Criminal (The) ... 723
And Obey? ... 532
Annals of an Active Life (General Nevil Macready) ... 83
Anthony Dare's Progress ... 722
Arabella in Africa ... 476
Art of the Theatre (The) ... 195
Axe is Laid (The) ... 616
Balisand ... 54
Battle to the Weak (The) ... 336
Beardsley Period (The) ... 307
Bill the Conqueror ... 27
Bindon Parva ... 222
Blackmarston ... 252
Book of Acrostics ... 167
Boswell's Life of Johnson ... 392
Brenda Entertains ... 168
British Sporting Birds ... 55
Broken Bow (The) ... 391
Bullwhack Jo ... 475
Candles of Katara (The) ... 560
Captains and Kings ... 503
Challenge of Asia (The) ... 278
Chase (The) ... 420
Children of the Night ... 642
Cling of the Clay ... 616
Cook and the Captain Bold (The) ... 280
Coral ... 615
Courtyard (The) ... 168
Crowded Street (The) ... 55
Crusaders ... 559
Crystal and the Sphinx (The) ... 56
Cubwood ... 82
Dance (The) ... 27
Daumier: the Man and the Artist ... 194
Day of Atonement ... 644
Declension ... 699
Depths of Prosperity (The) ... 138
Diffidence ... 252
Dominion ... 420
Double Thumb (The) ... 700
Doughty Deeds ... 642
Egypt under the Egyptians ... 308
Eleonora Duse ... 54
Empty Chairs ... 362
English Comic Characters (The) ... 559
Exemplary Theatre (The) ... 306
Fate Knocks at the Door ... 83
Fellowship of Anglers (A) ... 587
Fishing ... 364
Five People ... 474
Gentle Art of Cookery (The) ... 698
George and the Crown (The) ... 448
Germany ... 614
Gilligan's Men ... 722
Girl in Golden Rags (The) ... 644
Goat and Compasses (The) ... 698
Golden Ballast ... 140
Golden Keys (The) ... 446
Golden Village (The) ... 308
Government House ... 587
Grass Spinster (The) ... 336
Half-Loaf (The) ... 558
Half a Minute's Silence ... 418
Here are Dragons ... 504
High Explosive ... 531
High Noon ... 615
House of Menerdue (The) ... 503
Hull Down ... 558
Human Side of Crook and Convict Life (The) ... 168
Hundred to One Chance (The) ... 588
Influence of Racing on Light Horse Breeding (The) ... 670
Island Comedy (An) ... 307
Islands West Indian—Ægean ... 110
It Might Have been Otherwise ... 111
Jacinto Benavente ... 223
John Frensham, K.C. ... 308
Journal of a Jewish Traveller (The) ... 335
Just Like Aunt Bertha ... 391
Kim Ruff ... 615
Lady of the Manor (The) ... 252
Lady Sheba's Last Stunt ... 28
Land and its People (The) ... 699
Last of the Biffins (The) ... 559
Last Days of Mast and Sail ... 722
Lectures to Living Authors ... 671
Letters from England ... 418
Life—and Erica ... 392
Life and Letters of Anton Tchekhov (The) ... 250
Life and Letters of George Wyndham ... 166
Life of James Elroy Flecker (The) ... 138
Life of William Cobbett (The) ... 196
Linden Lea ... 616
Long Way Round (The) ... 196
Love ... 446
Mandarin's Bell (The) ... 223
Marbacka ... 447
Mark Twain's Autobiography ... 55
Martial's Epigrams ... 222
Martin Arrowsmith ... 643
Master and his Boys (The) ... 224
Memories (Sir Arthur Griffith-Boscawen) ... 474
Memories of Forty-eight Years' Service (Gen. Sir H. Smith-Dorrien) ... 390
Miss Tiverton Goes Out ... 195
Moberly Bell and his Times ... 251
Monkey-Puzzle (The) ... 672
More Salty ... 56
Mother's Recompence (The) ... 671
Mr. Pepper, Investigator ... 334
Mr. Petre ... 614
Mrs. Fuller ... 723
Mystery of Angelina Frood (The) ... 84
Mystery of the Evil Eye (The) ... 280
Mystery of the Summerhouse (The) ... 532
New Candide (The) ... 139
Next Move (The) ... 110
Nightingale (The) ... 504
Noblest Frailty (The) ... 363
Numerous Treasure ... 308
Official History of the Great War (Vol. II.) ... 531
On an English Screen ... 140
Our Sussex Parish ... 335
Out of the Blue ... 336
Overheard ... 196
Painted Veil (The) ... 530
Passing Hour (The) ... 448
Pearls of Desire ... 112
Pen and Ink ... 279
People, Houses and Ships ... 84
Places and Persons ... 530
Player under Three Reigns (A) (Sir Johnston Forbes-Robertson) ... 447
Quisto-Box (The) ... 448
Ransom ... 279
Real Ireland (The) ... 334
Rector of Wyck (The) ... 502
Reign of the Pirates (The) ... 223
Retrogression in Art ... 167
Rev. Captain Kettle (The) ... 420
Rex ... 392
Romance and Jane Weston ... 26
Romantic Tradition (The) ... 504
Sally in her Alley ... 531
Saturday Life (A) ... 643
Scandal of Jutland (The) ... 111
Sea Horses ... 700
Secret Gold ... 723
Secret Judges ... 476
Shepherd Easton's Daughter ... 362
Shining Pyramid (The) ... 194
Ship Alley ... 419
Sir Nevil Loring ... 224
Sixty-Four, Ninety-Four ... 278
Scames Green ... 252
Some Contemporary Dramatists ... 56
Some Men and Women ... 306
Soul of China (The) ... 669
Spice of Life (The) ... 672
Sporting Days in Wild Norway ... 420
Starkenden Quest (The) ... 196
Step-Children of Music ... 139
Stephen Crane ... 168
Story of our Inns of Court (The) ... 26
Straws in the Wind ... 363
Success through Dress ... 586
Tale of Genji (The) ... 721
Tales of Harsay ... 112
Talkers (The) ... 166
Tenement ... 586
They Make a Desert ... 82
Thibet, Past and Present ... 251
Third Warning (The) ... 672
Three Pilgrims and a Tinker ... 140
Thundering Herd (The) ... 250
Thunderstorm ... 670
Tragedy of Trifles (The) ... 560
Treble Clef (The) ... 28
Trevalion ... 476
Turkey in Travail ... 700
Twelve Saints (The) ... 475
Upstairs ... 419
Vast Sudan (The) ... 12
Virginia's Husband ... 112
Voice from the Dark (A) ... 588
Wanderings through Ancient Roman Churches ... 392
War History of the 8 xth Batt. South Staffordshire Regt. ... 139
Waterside Creatures ... 502
Wat ings for Worth ... 448
What I have Seen and Heard ... 587
William ... 588
Wind and the Rain (The) ... 84
Wolf Man (The) ... 280
Wood Fires ... 28
Young Dave's Wife ... 28
Young Mrs. Cruse ... 56

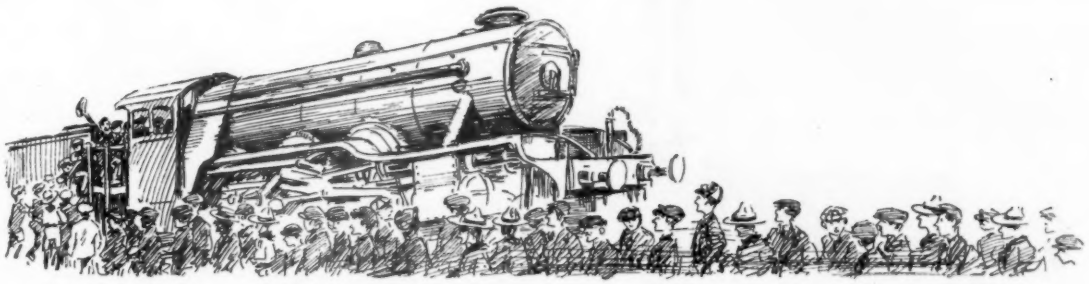
Pictures and Sketches.

ALLINSON, G. W. ... 197, 477
ARMOUR, G. D. ... 21, 51, 75, 110, 124, 217, 250, 262, 301, 318, 340, 384, 401, 459, 525, 572, 639, 655, 707
BATCHELOR, A. E. ... 33, 203
BATEMAN, H. M. ... 12, 13, 40, 41, 64, 65, 85, 90, 91, 118, 119, 174, 175, 221, 230, 231, 276, 277, 286, 287, 314, 315, 342, 343, 441, 442
BAUMER, LEWIS ... 9, 32, 70, 109, 123, 149, 187, 210, 238, 266, 306, 328, 350, 368, 396, 415, 462, 490, 527, 543, 574, 602, 629, 658, 681, 704
BEAUCHAMP, KENNETH ... 14, 96, 117, 161, 419, 448, 460, 643, 723
BELCHER, GEORGE ... 25, 53, 81, 103, 137, 165, 177, 205, 233, 261, 289, 317, 345, 373, 399, 427, 457, 485, 529, 557, 583, 597, 641, 653, 697, 721
BESTALL, A. E. 69, 107, 158, 181, 223, 251, 272, 291, 319, 347, 433, 475, 503, 560, 615
BIRD, W. 56, 57, 92, 188, 236, 264, 292, 392, 403, 458, 476, 501, 524, 561, 578, 701
BROCK, H. M. ... 131, 168, 228, 376, 414, 514, 614, 706
CURRY, J. R. ... 29
DIXON, G. S. ... 76, 279, 293, 410, 439, 516, 683
DOWD, J. H. ... 18, 216, 225, 336, 374, 405, 443, 553, 587, 627, 672, 698
ELMES, RICK. ... 383
EVANS, TREYER ... 505, 544, 677
FENNING, WILSON ... 140, 207
"FOUGASSE" ... 95, 112, 121, 150, 581, 669, 682, 713
FRASER, PETER ... 621
GHILCHIK, D. L. ... 27, 35, 67, 89, 133, 154, 179, 200, 244, 275, 290, 333, 349, 389, 390, 411, 432, 461, 486, 501, 515, 552, 565, 598, 625, 665, 676, 712
GRAHAME, H. ... 141
GRAVE, CHARLES ... 222, 245, 253, 281, 300, 356, 375, 423, 635, 657, 695
HART, FRANK ... 93, 363
HASELDEN, W. K. ... 22, 23, 24, 50, 78, 106, 134, 162, 192, 218, 248, 274, 330, 332, 358, 359, 386, 387, 469, 470, 498, 554, 555, 582, 584, 610, 611, 666, 667, 694, 718
LLOYD, A. W. 104, 132, 160, 185, 186, 213, 214, 241, 242, 269, 270, 297, 298, 325, 326, 353, 354, 381, 382, 409, 449, 493, 494, 521, 522, 549, 550, 577, 605, 634, 661, 662, 689, 690, 715, 716
LOW, DAVID ... 413, 440, 705, 717
MARCHANT, L. P. ... 139, 159, 430, 589, 710



MARTIN, L. B. ... 488
MATTINSON, LANCE ... 169, 348
MILLS, A. WALLIS 4, 47, 77, 88, 135, 151, 180, 206, 235, 256, 284, 321, 355, 377, 424, 467, 483, 508, 536, 564, 620, 648, 691, 711
MORROW, EDWIN ... 84, 122, 468
MORROW, GEORGE 28, 54, 79, 111, 138, 168, 178, 196, 202, 237, 252, 280, 299, 308, 334, 364 371, 415, 446, 465, 495, 513, 532, 541, 558, 585, 606, 644, 663, 685, 722
OWEN, WILL. ... 421
PARTRIDGE, BERNARD ... 1
PAYNE, G. M. ... 20
PETT, NORMAN ... 542
PRANCE, BERTRAM ... 312, 599
RAVEN-HILL, L. ... 82, 193, 219, 258, 259, 309, 428, 429, 454, 455, 502, 523, 538, 539, 566, 567, 588, 609, 622, 623, 668, 650, 651, 678, 725
REYNOLDS, FRANK 17, 37, 63, 73, 97, 126, 145, 187, 215, 243, 257, 294, 322, 346, 369, 417, 434, 452, 489, 496, 518, 551, 579, 593, 617, 630, 649, 686, 714
RIDGEWELL, W. L. ... 60, 102, 189, 195, 234, 271, 327, 365, 397, 425, 481, 530, 571, 592, 642
ROWNTREE, HARRY ... 613
SHEPARD, E. H. ... 10, 42, 98, 129, 146, 147, 152, 191, 203, 278, 303, 331, 361, 391, 406, 431, 473, 480, 510, 511, 526, 546, 569, 594, 595, 637, 670, 692, 693, 709
SMITH, A. T. 19, 55, 66, 153, 273, 307, 471, 497, 531, 608, 626
SMITH, FIELD ... 26, 46, 420, 570, 616, 654, 700
SPEED, LANCELOT ... 45, 101, 337, 600, 601, 673
STAMPA, G. L. ... 7, 49, 61, 105, 116, 167, 194, 201, 247, 263, 335, 341, 383, 404, 437, 474, 499, 509, 545, 656, 684, 715
TERRY, STAN. 34, 38, 68, 74, 113, 144, 224, 302, 320 370, 402, 466, 628
THOMAS, BERT. 5, 30, 83, 125, 157, 173, 208, 229, 265, 285, 313, 357, 378, 418, 447, 487, 517, 559, 586, 633, 664, 679
THORPE, J. H. ... 11, 163, 172, 305, 309, 362, 385, 533, 573, 607, 671, 699
WATTS, ARTHUR ... 249, 537, 645
WHITBURN, FRANK ... 482, 719
WOOD, STARR ... 130

THE RAILWAY CENTENARY



LIFE ON THE FOOTPLATE: EVERY BOY'S DREAM OF BLISS. *British Empire Exhibition, 1925.*

WHEN the first number of *Punch* appeared on July 17, 1841, the Railroad was still in its 'teens, but it cannot honestly be said that he treated it either with the enthusiasm inspired by a new toy or the respect proverbially due to youth. In his serious moments (for *Punch* in these years was often desperately serious) he admitted that we could not go back and must go on, but he foresaw trouble and class-war as the inevitable result of the indefinite extension of machinery: "The steam-engine must and will carry statesmen back to first principles. As it is, machinery is a fiend to the poor; the time will come when it will be a beneficent angel." That was written in January, 1842, but for many years *Punch* was far more concerned with emphasising the dangers and discomforts of the new mode of travel, and the wild speculation to which it led, than given to dilating on its prospective delights. References to accidents—"infernal smashes"—abound in almost every number: *e.g.*, he writes on August 23, 1845, under the heading of "Railway Returns": "The profits annually returned on railways are something enormous; but the largest item in railway returns bids fair to be the list of the killed and wounded."

Railway Directors were his special aversion. Their motto was "Your money *and* your life." In his first volume he declares that "the best thing to do for poor Earth to protect her would be to hang daily a railway director"; and of his many railway cartoons one of the most famous is that with a Director sitting on the front buffers of an engine as the best remedy for collisions. But he has not a good word to say for railwaymen from top to bottom. The list of the objections to railways attributed to Colonel SIBTHORPE, the well-known "Die-Hard" Tory Member for Lincoln (June 19, 1847) is only partly satirical. One entry substantially represents his own feelings: "I have the greatest dislike against directors, guards, policemen, and every one connected with railways. I think a stoker will go any lengths to attain his end; and I am of opinion that every railway engine is more or less an engine of destruction, and that nothing will stop it when once it has made up its boiler to go a certain distance."

All *Punch's* sympathies are reserved for passengers, especially third-class passengers. The first-class alone were comfortable, though grossly overcharged; the rest had to put up with overcrowding, draughts, hard seats, smoke, dust and dirt. Third-class passengers were negligible and contemptible folk. So in his satirical recommendations for the prevention of railway accidents he suggests that behind each engine there should be "second and third-class carriages, so that, in the event of a smash, second and third-class lives only would be sacrificed." In the ironical "Railway Moral Class Book, by the Bishop of London" (August 17, 1844), while first-class passengers are conceded the right to travel on Sundays, in virtue of their wealth and social prestige, second-class passengers are granted the permission only on sufferance, while the Legislature is severely condemned for compelling Sunday trains to run third-class carriages for the benefit of people who were not respectable and should therefore have no respect shown to their inclinations.



PROPHETIC RAILWAY MAP OF ENGLAND. *October 11, 1845.*

Third-class carriages in the 'forties were certainly not luxurious; they almost deserved *Punch's* description as being little better than locomotive sheep-pens. The discourtesy and incivility of railway officials is a constant theme: guards, porters and booking-office clerks are confounded in one common censure of their insolence. They figure as "myrmidons" whose one object was to harry and torment the timid traveller. The "saucy passenger" recently rebuked by a London magistrate did not exist. We have now come to marvel at the amazing patience of the booking-office clerk in holiday time; but in the 'forties and 'fifties, if *Punch* is to be trusted, consideration for the public on the railways was only shown to the nobility and gentry. It is only right to add, however, that in these years *Punch* espoused the cause of overworked and underpaid engine-drivers, stokers, signalmen and pointsmen, of whose lives he charged Directors with being callously lavish.

The humours of railway travelling, as we now understand them, may be looked for in vain in the early files of *Punch*. But there was abundant scope for satire in the orgy of speculation which reached a climax in the year 1846. Burlesque prospectuses of wild-cat schemes constantly occur in his pages, *e.g.*, "The Great North Pole Railway. Capital £200,000,000. Deposit three-pence;" "The Grand Railway from England to China." The "Impudence of Steam" is celebrated

The Railway Centenary.



THE RAILWAY JUGGERNAUT OF 1845. *July* 26, 1845.

in verses in which prophecy is mixed with satire :—

"Ease her, stop her!"
"Any gentleman for Joppa?"
"'Mascus, 'Mascus?" "Tickets, please, Sir."
"Tyre or Sidon?" "Stop her, ease her!"

By 1845 the railway mania had become acute—"a universal epidemic." GEORGE HUDSON, the Railway King, was at the zenith of his fortune and prosperity, but *Punch* was never one of his courtiers. In this year *Punch* condemned M.P.'s for dabbling in speculation which they had themselves the opportunity of unduly favouring. The golden harvest reaped by expert engineering witnesses and counsel before Parliamentary Committees is resentfully acknowledged. *Punch* sympathizes with the protests of the fox-hunters much in the spirit of their laureate :—

"Let the steam pot
Hiss till it 's hot,
But give me the speed of the Tantivy Trot."

All classes and both sexes joined in the gamble for shares. *Punch* satirizes in "A Doe in the City" the ladies who were "stagging it," and suggests a Joint Stock Railway Workhouse as the natural and fitting end of all these operations, just as he had already submitted a design of a Railway Lunatic Asylum as the most appropriate terminus for many of the new schemes. In "Jaques in Capel Court" he writes :—

"All the world are stags,
Yea, all the men and women merely jobbers."

By 1849 the temper of the speculating public had changed, and *Punch* is a faithful index of the cold fit which had followed the disillusionment of the over-sanguine investor. The Press was full of complaints from discontented shareholders, and, though the "Battle of the Gauges" continued, HUDSON is already spoken of by *Punch* as a discrowned sovereign, threatened with disestablishment at Madame TUSSAUD'S. For a while *Punch* was minded to sympathise with him in his downfall, and in "Two Pictures" drew a contrast between Mammon worship and the onslaught on Mammon's high priest by his greedy and discontented worshippers. But the mood of compassion soon changed to resentment in the bitter adaptation of COWPER'S poem, *The Loss of the Royal George* :—



THE HUDSON TESTIMONIAL. *October* 24, 1846.

"Toll for a Knave
A Knave whose day is o'er!
All sunk—with those who gave
Their cash, till they 'd no more.

* * *

The Royal George is gone,
His iron rule is o'er—
And he and his directors
Shall break the lines no more."

In the 'forties and 'fifties *Punch* criticised all the railway companies with impartial acrimony; but the Eastern Counties line was his special butt. He

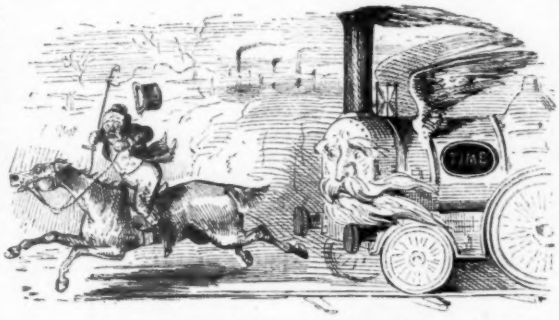
never went so far as RUSKIN in his animosity against railways, but he ridiculed the idea of extending them to the Isle of Wight as unnecessary and calculated to spoil the "Garden of England." As late as in 1865 he indignantly asked why the Great Western should be allowed to set public opinion at insolent defiance by the resolution to persist in the brutal project of ruining Oxford with a hideous factory. Somewhat inconsistently we find him all along welcoming the quickening of the transit to Paris, the increase of excursions and the beginning of *voyages de luxe*, and suggesting improvements "on his own." There is sense as well as absurdity in the "Rules and Regulations for Railways," published in 1846, *e.g.* those relating to stoppages for refreshments and communication between passengers and guard or driver.

"Smoking Saloons" are noted as a novelty on the Eastern Counties Railway in 1846. But smoking-carriages were not generally adopted for many years. *Punch*, who had from the first championed the cause of the smoker, publishes a long article, "Shall we Smoke on Railways?" on March 3, 1860. The Directors of the Brighton and South Coast Line had issued an appeal to the public, begging those who used the line



A DANGEROUS CHARACTER.
Policeman Sibthorpe. "Come, it's high time you were taken to the House; you've done quite mischief enough."
June 19, 1847.

to desist from causing annoyance to the great majority of their fellow-passengers. *Punch* retorts with a statistical analysis of the Customs Report, proving to his satisfaction that of twelve millions of passengers at least eight in ten "hunger and thirst for the weed;" that the attempt to please Low Church parsons, old fogies and women will not do; that the only remedy is a smoking-saloon, and that till then he will go on smoking wherever a fellow-passenger raises no objection. Five-and-a-half years later he returns to the charge in "The Weed on the Rail" in the person of "Senex," who pleads for the repeal of these stupid bye-laws against smoking



ANTI-RAILWAY MEETING OF FOX-HUNTERS. *Oct.* 25, 1845.

on the ground that tobacco-smoke was a disinfectant and ought to be permitted, in face of the "awful epidemic" threatened by the newspapers, in all places where people most do congregate, especially in railway-carriages. There are many references to smoking in later years, but the pendulum had begun to swing in the direction desired by *Punch*, and they chiefly relate to the divergences of opinion between passengers, not to the conflict between them and "myrmidons" or railway officials. He may claim the credit of suggesting refreshment-cars as far back as 1846, and in the same year indulges in a pictorial forecast of underground railways.

In spite, however, of intermittent and reluctant acknowledgments of improvement, the note of complaint and dissatisfaction prevails. The discomfort, danger, unpunctuality and discourtesy endured by railway passengers are rubbed in throughout the 'fifties and 'sixties. In 1852 *Punch* ironically comments on the patience of the British public, "content to travel in railway-pens, like sheep to the slaughter, injured, deluded, derided, only bleating in return," and continues: "Railway accidents, railway frauds, railway impertinence are the staple of our newspaper reading. Railway Chairmen and Directors are descending to the knavery, extortion, impudence and brutality from which cabmen are rising in the scale of manners and morals. And, as aforesaid, the British public stands all this with passive mournfulness, quiet endurance, weak inactive expostulation." These qualities are, at any rate, conspicuously absent from *Punch's* commentary.

The practice of issuing time-tables giving the hours of arrival and departure, together with a simple disclaimer of the obligation to keep them, is roundly denounced as swindling. In 1855 he writes: "The Balaklava Railway does not appear to have been so dangerous as the trenches, at least we do not hear that more lives were lost on the former than in the latter. Railway travelling seems to be better managed in the Crimea than it is at home."

In the following year he is still of opinion that we might take a leaf out of the book of the Russians, who carry surgeons on their trains. Undertakers he had already suggested as a part of the normal equipment of expresses. *A propos* of an engine-driver who had been on duty for thirty hours on end, he suggests that, "if dividends demand economy and economy necessitates the employment of one man to do the work of six, the only thing to be done for public safety is to get a man with an iron constitution." *The Times* remarked in 1858 that compensation paid by railway companies for accidents arising out of their mismanagement was measured by the pecuniary circumstances of the parties maimed or killed, and *Punch* enlarges in a mood of sardonic irony on a state of affairs which must necessarily make Directors very particular in their

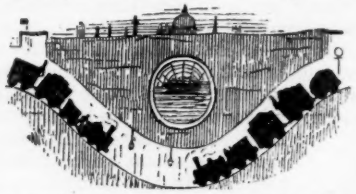


THE PATENT SAFETY RAILWAY BUFFER.
July 18, 1857.

precautions for ensuring the safety of the express trains and rather economical in their provisions for the protection of the "parliamentary." He contrasts the non-official report of a "frightful collision" on the Slap-Dash Railway with the official account of what is euphemistically described a "temporary stoppage." In less serious vein he rallies the Companies for the "parsimony of

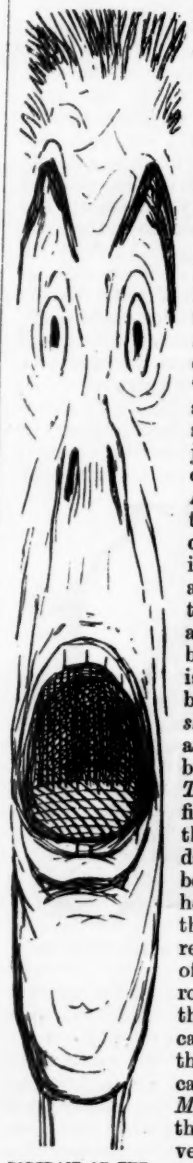
The Railway Centenary.

speech" practised by porters in proclaiming the names of stations, by which



A PROPHETIC VIEW OF THE SUBTERRANEAN RAILWAYS. *Sept.* 28, 1846.

Sydenham was reduced to "N'ham" and New Cross to "'Oss," and compares the position of season-ticket holders unfavourably with that of ticket-of-leave men. Season-tickets, *Punch* declares, are hedged round with about as many drawbacks and exceptions as the granting of his freedom to a serf in Russia. "By 'agreeing' to such conditions we virtually admit the maxim that our Railway Kings 'can do no wrong,' and are wholly irresponsible for any injury which they may cause their subjects. And can we wonder then to find them so continually exercising this privilege and adding new pages to the chapter of accidents?" A witty bishop once scandalised his hearers by bracketing *Bradshaw* with the Bible as an indispensable book. *Bradshaw's Time Tables* were first issued in 1839; the Monthly Guide dates from December 1841; it was not however until 1856 that *Punch* began to realise the elements of comedy and even romance underlying that austere publication and utilised them in a little play called *Bradshaw: A Mystery*, describing the separation, adventures and ultimate reunion of two harassed lovers.



PORTRAIT OF THE RAILWAY PANIC. *Nov.* 8, 1845.

Here is the happy ending of this railway drama:—

Leonora. Oh, don't talk of *Bradshaw*!
Bradshaw has nearly maddened me.
Orlando. And me.
He talks of trains arriving that ne'er start;
Of trains that seem to start and ne'er arrive;
Of junctions where no unions are effected;
Of coaches meeting trains that never come;
Of trains to meet a coach that never goes;
Of trains that start after they have arrived;
Of trains arriving long before they leave.
He bids us "see" some page that can't be found;
Or if 'tis found it speaks of spots remote
From those we seek to reach! By *Bradshaw's* aid
You 've tried to get to London—I attempted
To get to Liverpool—and here we are
At Chester. 'Tis a junction: I 'm content
Our union, at this junction, to cement.
And let us hope nor you nor I again
May be attacked with *Bradshaw* on the brain.
Leonora. I 'm happy now! My husband!
Orlando. Ah, my bride!
Henceforth take me—not *Bradshaw*—for your guide.

Orlando's speech is a good summary of the humours of *Bradshaw* as analysed in *Punch's* "Comic Guide" in 1865, a masterpiece of "judicious levity," admirably illustrated by the brilliant but short-lived C. H. BENNETT, part of the third chapter of which is reproduced on the next page as it stands in the issue of August 26, 1865.

Punch has always been a great Londoner, and we need not wonder that he was much exercised by the extension of intra-urban facilities which grew out of the Act of 1853. The construction of the Underground did not begin till the spring of 1860, and it was not opened for traffic, in its original and limited range, till January 1863. The completion of the Inner and the addition of the Outer Circle followed; the Swiss Cottage extension was opened in 1868; but Highgate and many other suburbs remained isolated till the coming of the Tubes in 1900. *Punch* early in the 'sixties indulged in an imaginative forecast, amongst other new railway projects, of "a tubular Underground from Regent's Circus to the Bank." But the Underground filled him with gloomy misgivings, expressed alike in pen and pencil. "The thirty railways or so which are to intersect the Metropolis," he wrote in March 1863, "will be hard lines for London. The British Capital will be disfigured under the pretence of improvement." London would be given over to the dominion of din as well as stench. The drainage schemes would be interfered with. Nobody would care to attend service in St. Paul's with a railway roaring in its immediate neighbourhood—a railway which was to cross Ludgate Hill in mid-air, and "the same atrocious eyesore, spanning the river, will shut out the view of the cathedral from Blackfriars. . . . In the meantime St. Paul's had best be converted into a Terminus. What else will it be fit for when every railway runs right into London, and we worship the god Terminus?" A year later he gives a lurid dramatic



Jurealle. "Do you object to my smoking a cigar, Sir?"
Elderly Party. "Oh, no, certainly not, if it doesn't make you sick!" *Nov.* 5, 1859.

sketch of an eminent physician's consulting-room in central London, with neurotic and consumptive patients in fits and faints brought on by hideous noises from two new adjoining stations. Communication between guard and engine-driver had been established in the much-abused Eastern Counties Railway in 1861; but the murder of Mr. BRIGGS by MÜLLER on the North London Line in July 1864 had created a scare amongst nervous passengers.

Punch vigorously supported the establishment of communication between passengers and guard, not only for the security of defencelessness from ruffianism, but also for the protection of innocence from false accusations and blackmailing. In January 1868, I may add,



A FACT.
Three Gentlemen smoking in a railway carriage. Guard puts in his head, and loquitur: "*There are two things not allowed on this line, gentlemen: smoking, and the servants of the Company receiving money.*" The result, a metallic pass from Gentlemen to Guard. *October* 25, 1858.

THE GUIDE TO BRADSHAW.

CHAPTER III.—(CONTINUED.)



OLD BRADSHAW'S day is a puzzle. Column 2 is neither morning nor evening—perhaps twilight. Then we come to morning, then to afternoon, then, without any night (with the exception of the one during which all passengers must remain at Stopford), we get back to morning again. This is an express train, and only stops once until it reaches Nark at 2.10. How and when the third-class is suddenly joined on, and how it is dropped again at Snailsborough, where the train doesn't stop, is one of the deep things of BRADSHAW.

Here is one key. Observe Column 5. Compare "*Gov.*" with the stoppage of "*Gov.*" at Column 2. Note that the times are similar. The trains are identical. And yet, on second thoughts, they 're not, as we have omitted the intermediate Stations, extending over nearly a hundred miles, in our calculations. These trains are *Meteoric*, and *become absorbed*, as above mentioned.

After a time you 'll observe BRADSHAW becomes tired of marking fares and distances, and so, beyond a certain point, these matters are left to the imagination of the traveller.

The sum of it all is, When in doubt, ask a Guard, or ask a Porter, and pay for your information.

In order to divert the mind from too protracted a study of the above curious and remarkable Time-table, we will ask our reader to consider one or two of BRADSHAW'S isolated jokes, cast up by the volcanic power of his exuberant humour, and scattered, far and wide, over the broad fields of his book of Railways.

Take the Newcastle Line. He avoids all mere punning about Newcastle *under line*, and so forth: he despises *that*, and startles you chucklingly, with a thorough-paced, practical, knock-at-the-door-and-run-away kind of joke,

"On Saturdays this train stops at all stations, up to and including *Walker*."

You may be annoyed with him at first, but you can't choose but be infected by these high animal spirits. There is a poetical feature in the above line.

Place "On" as the termination of a line immediately preceding, and "Walker" at the commencement of the line following, and we have a neat Hexameter, viz.—

"On
Sătûrdāys *this* trāne stōps ăt āll stāshŭns ŭp t'ăn ĭnclŭding
Walker."

By a very natural transition from one line to another, we drop the *meter* and come to Hexham, on the North Eastern.

What says BRADSHAW? Passengers, (the direction with regard to some trains is to this effect) *can* book to *any* Station on the line, *but* the train only goes to Hexham. A new form of an old joke, of course, which we would advise our author to omit in a later edition, if indeed he has not already done so. To recur to the Time Tables.

The following is what BRADSHAW calls *Irish time*:—

(From Ireland)	A 1 & 2 only. 3rd class.	B 1, 2, 3 aft. 1·50 morn. 3·45	C Runs to the North. See Key, p. 21
Dublin			
Holyhead			
Leeds			
Huddersfield			
Rochdale			
Stockport	1·45		

"A."—This train contains a first and second class, and comes under the head of No. 2, in our "Visible" division. It arrives, but never starts. Yet it is an exception even to this rule, for the *Third class*, which *did not belong to it*, is the only one that arrives. The fearful question must be asked, *What becomes of the other superior compartments?* Why do the Third class *only* arrive?

BRADSHAW is at all events open and above board in the announcement, and first and second class passengers will, with their eyes open, book themselves at their own peril.

How many such have started years ago, and are wandering about England to this day?

The third class *only* have arrived! But the third class passenger must possess no ordinary acuteness, in order to know at what point he may get into the train; and when he *does* catch it, having waylaid it after a night's watching, he must be prepared to go to Stockport, or Nowhere; he must, moreover, be prepared to give up the entire day to this sport of "*Train-stalking*," as 1·45 may be A.M. or P.M.; BRADSHAW being evidently, in this case, not "up to the time of day."



WAYLAYING THE TRAIN FOR STOCKPORT. ("TRAIN-STALKING.")

"B."—Afternoon train from Holyhead at 1·50 gets to Huddersfield at 3·45 next morning, which is a rather tedious journey, considering that only one station, *Leeds*, has to be passed. But it may be that you pass the whole day and night as well at Leeds. Walking would perhaps be preferable, if fine. This is one of the trains for allowing time to passengers to see the country.

"C."—This train "runs" to the North, and belongs to the sixth class of the second division "Invisibles"—a sort of pauper, or orphan train.

Where it goes, or what are its fares,
Nobody knows and nobody cares.

The hand that should indicate North is clearly pointing South, and the hand that points North, only attracts attention to the key, p. 21, where there is rather less about the Dublin, Holyhead, and Stockport train than in the above quoted page, which, however, is saying a great deal.



ALLEGORICAL. NOBODY GOING NOWHERE IN NO TIME.

Anybody who did not *know* BRADSHAW would be angry. But it 's all his fun.

His "show of hands" is an electioneering squib, which might have told pretty well this year.

If the reader remembers that this is *Irish* time, the whole joke is explained.

The Train (C) is eminently adapted for that large section of the British public, who, in the summer time, *go nowhere*; or to those who, having a partiality for travelling express, care about going Nowhere unless they can "go in no time."

there is a pictorial reference to carriages with circular holes between the compartments in order to facilitate communication. Throughout this decade *Punch* reverts to the urgent need of reform in the working hours of railway men and to the inadequacy of compensation for accidents. "Directors merely look at the money cost of accidents and little care what suffering and misery they cause. The chief security for travellers lies in the fact that life and limb are esteemed of money value, and the more highly they are valued the safer they will be" (November, 1869).

Railway reform, he had already declared in 1865, was blocked because there were too many railway M.P.'s, and he appealed to the electors to take care that the railway interest should not be too strong for them in the next Election, an appeal which he repeated even more vigorously in 1873:—



MUDDLEBY JUNCTION.

Overworked Pointsman (puzzled). "Let's see! There's the 'Scursion' were due at 4.45, and it ain't in; then, afore that, were the 'mineral'—no! that *must* ha' been the 'goods'—or the 'cattle.' No! that were after—cattle's shunting now. Let's see! Fast train came through at——Confound!—and here comes 'the express' afore its time, and blest if I know which line she 's on." *Oct.* 19, 1872.

"The candidate *not* to vote for on any account is a Railway Chairman, Director or Official of any kind, or any other person who, if returned to Parliament, will represent not those who plunder you under legal sanctions, and get the sanctions legalised, in the capacity of Railway Members."

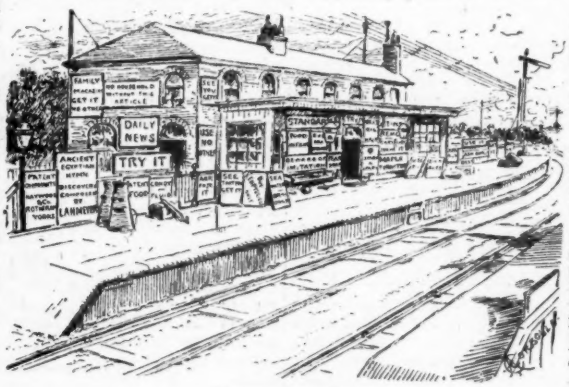
Punch condemned in 1870 the parsimony of Directors in failing to provide foot-warmers gratuitously in winter, but in March 1873 gratefully chronicles the arrival of the "sleeper," first introduced on English railways on the Great Northern express from Glasgow to London. The project of a Channel tunnel had long been seriously considered, though the experimental borings were not made till 1876. Ten years earlier *Punch* had indulged in some fantastic speculations on the result of the preliminary trials conducted by French and English engineers, with Sir JOHN HAWKSHAW at the head of the latter.



Showing what a wonderful improvement the holes in the railway carriages are, particularly during the holidays. *Jan.* 25, 1868.

The abolition of second-class carriages by the Midland in 1874 prompts a ballad, on a familiar model, "The Fine Old Railway Passenger, one of the Second Class."

In 1875 *Punch* discusses the subject of railway carriages for ladies in a series of fictitious letters representing divergent or diametrically opposite views. The most significant is that signed "POLLY RAPID," who condemns the proposal as a great mistake. "Who on earth," she writes, "would think of travelling in a compartment containing a parcel of young children and old maids? Besides they don't allow smoking in them, and I can't get on without my cigarette." The facetious exaggeration of the 'seventies has long been converted into solid fact; but the views of women on the subject of smoking on the rail, and the misunderstandings to which they gave rise, were for many years a fertile field for the pencils of *Punch's* artists.



RAILWAY PUZZLE.
To find the Name of the Station. *Oct.* 27, 1883.

But this decade is more remarkable for the appearance and castigation by *Punch* of a new railway terror—the rough, the rowdy and the hooligan. "Arry on the Rail," in 1879, furnished Mr. MILLIKEN with rich material for his realistic delineation of the manners and speech of the excursionist.

Punch develops this vein in the *Rough's Railway Guide*, of which the key-note is to be found in the statement that while "no one has a legal right to get into a carriage that is full, a third-class carriage never *is* full so long as one more brawny brute can violently force his way into it." *Punch's* indignation is mainly directed against blackguardism on the Underground and the apathy of autocratic official Gallios, and in 1881, under the heading "How to Travel by the Daylightful 'Daylight Route,'" he published the following list of suggestions:—



"THERE AND (NOT) BACK!"
(*Vide any Daily Newspaper*). *Sept.* 14, 1878.

"Dress yourself in a real suit of chain armour;

Provide yourself with a revolver, a life-preserver and a bowie-knife.

Carry a fog-horn, a waterman's rattle and a steam-whistle;

Lay on a telephone wire between you and the nearest police-station;

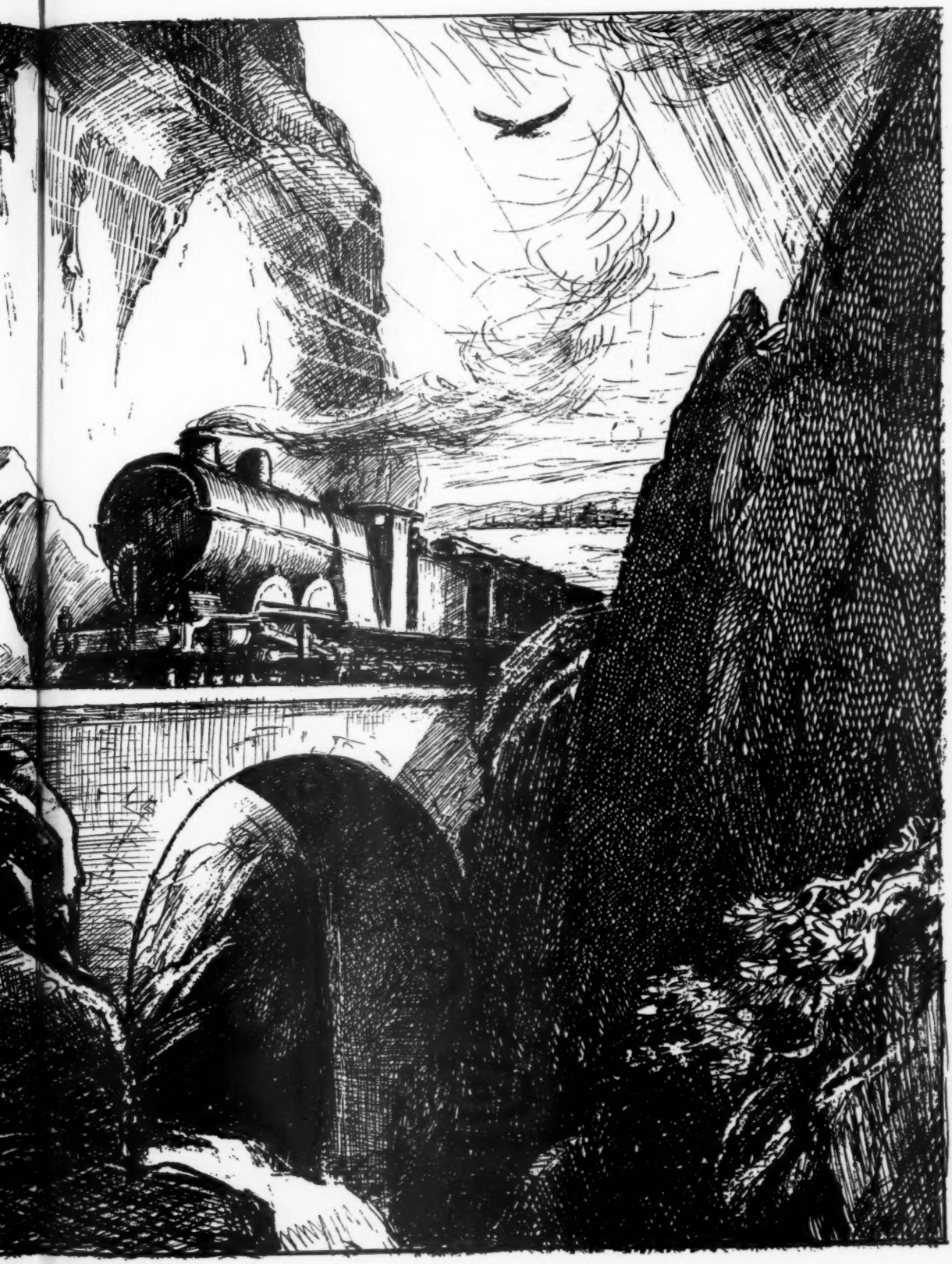
Surround yourself by detectives;

And then possibly you may journey in a third-class carriage on the Metropolitan District Railway without much fear of being subjected to molestation!"

But while the range of *Punch's* satire was extended by the misbehaviour of the passenger, Directors enjoyed no immunity from attack. The report on the Long Ashton accident to the "Flying Dutchman" on July 27, 1876, inspired a scathing poem on the G.W.R. Directors, with



THE CONQUERO



UEROR'S WAY.

The Railway Centenary.

the motto "Westward Ho! with grim Death." *Punch* did not like the manners of excursionists, but the undue proportion of accidents to excursion trains re-awakened his old democratic sympathies. He welcomes the coming of the Pullman car in 1879 in a lyrical effusion contrasting the discomforts of "Mugby Junction" with the new amenities of travel. But his jubilation was short-lived. In 1881 it is the South-Western Company that comes under the lash for its "creepy-crawly trains and rabbit-hutch stations," and its doddering policy generally. In the same year "Luxury on the Line" is the ironic title of a duologue between two first-class passengers on the expensive misery of the "Joggem and Joltem" line, a theme further developed in 1882 in a tirade against whiskered "myrmidons" and the paternal despotism of the railway autocrats. In 1883 his discontent explodes in a wholesale indictment of unnecessary noises, draughts, dismal chilly waiting-rooms, atrocious refreshment-rooms, indistinguishable station names.

On the question of railways in the Lake District, about which RUSKIN had raised an exceeding bitter cry, *Punch*



THE NEW NORTH-WEST PASSAGE.

Britannia. "Now, from my western cliffs that front the deep
To where the warm Pacific waters sweep
Around Cathay and old Zipangu's shore,
My course is clear. What can I wish for more?"
Oct. 15, 1887.

seems rather to favour the Utilitarians and the Philistines:—

"Let sentimental Ruskinites the thing disparage,
Most scenery afoot you miss—it cannot be denied;
The Nature-lover's point of view 's a third-class smoking carriage,
'Twould be a blot if there were not a road to Ambleside."

Punch was no lenient critic of Railwaydom, but he was prompt in acknowledging improvements. In 1883, the same year in which he had been so vocal in complaint, he pays a handsome tribute to the L.C. & D. for their share in arranging a new through express service to Nice, starting at 10 A.M. from



"PUNCH" STAFF GOING TO PARIS: LUNCH EN ROUTE.
June 29, 1889.

Victoria, instead of getting us up by gaslight, with sleeping-cars and other delights, over which he displays a Sybaritic and plutocratic satisfaction. But in 1887 the old note is struck in "Justice at Fault," a cartoon based on a recent inquiry and reiterating the familiar complaint that overworked signalmen are punished while Directors go scot-free. No jarring note, however, is sounded in another cartoon in the same year on the completion of the Canadian-Pacific Railway—"The New North-West Passage"—or in the verses in which Britannia and Canada exchange mutual compliments and indulge in hopeful auguries.

Punch has nothing but praise for "the perfection of all the arrangements" devised by the L. C. & D. in June, 1889, when the proprietors, editor, and seven of the staff visited Paris for the Exhibition. The figures shown in FURNISS's sketch of the lunch between Calais and Amiens are portraits (from left to right) of Sir FRANCIS BURNAND, ANSTEY GUTHRIE, GEORGE DU MAURIER, ARTHUR À BECKETT, LAWRENCE BRADBURY, E. J. MILLIKEN, Sir WILLIAM AGNEW, LINLEY SAMBOURNE, WILLIAM BRADBURY and HARRY FURNISS.

In 1890 it is the turn of the South-Eastern to come in for censure in an Alphabet, from which I may quote the beginning and end:—

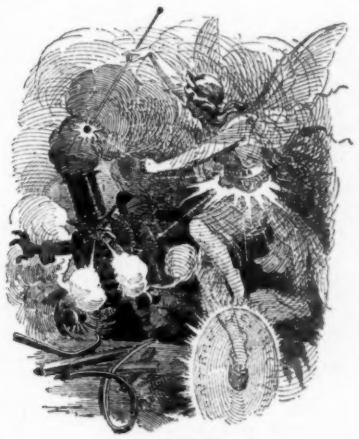
"A was the Anger evinced far and wide;
B was the Boat-train delayed by the tide;
C was the Chairman who found nothing wrong;
D was the Driver who sang the same song;
* * * * *
W stood for time's general Waste;
X for Ex-press that could never make haste;
Y for the Wherefore and Why of this wrong;
And Z for the Zanies who stand it so long!"

The opening of the first electric underground railway in England by the PRINCE OF WALES on November 4, 1890, passed unnoticed by *Punch*, but he rendered full justice in 1892 to the conclusion of the historic "Battle of the Gauges," when STEPHENSON'S triumph over BRUNEL was finally crowned by the abandonment of the broad gauge on the Great Western. It had been an heroic contest, and *Punch* treated the defeated champion with courtesy and respect, quoting the words, "Good-bye, poor old Broad Gauge; God bless you!" which were found chalked on the G.W. track. In 1895 the railway race to the North between the East Coast and North Western lines inspired *Punch* with a series of "pars" in the manner of the various "Majors" and "Prophets" of the Sporting Press:—

"Invicta, the remarkable speedy East Coast seven-year-old, made a very good show in her run from Grantham to York yesterday. She covered the 80½ miles in 78 minutes with Driver TOMKINS up, and a weight of some 120 tons, without turning a hair. She looked extremely well-trained, and I compliment her owners on her appearance.

* * * * *

"Really something ought to be done with certain of the Southern starters. I will name no names, but I noticed one the other day whose pace was more like thirty hours a mile than thirty miles an hour. I have heard of



NOTICE TO QUIT.

The Fairy Electra (to Steam Locomotive Underground Demon). "Now th y've seen *me*, I fancy *your* days are numbered." *July* 4, 1900.
[Centre of London Electric Railway opened by H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, Wednesday, June 27, 1900.]

donkey-engines, and this one would certainly win a donkey race.

* * * * *

"There was some very heavy booking last night at Euston, and Puffing Billy the Second was greatly fancied. He has much finer action and bigger barrel than his famous sire, not to mention being several hands higher. It is to be hoped that he will not turn out a roarer, like the latter.

* * * * *

"There are dark rumours abroad that the

The Railway Centenary.

King's Cross favourite has been got at. She was in the pink of condition two days ago; but when I saw her pass Peterborough to-day, she was decidedly touched in the wind. The way she laboured along was positively distressing. Besides, she was sweating and steaming all over."

Two months later we are given the other side of the medal in "The Dawdle from the North," recounting the exploits of the Highland Railway, which the writer from bitter experience is prepared



Lady (hearing Scotsman grunt with disgust on passing advertisement board). "Ah, I see you agree with me that those vandals should not be allowed to spoil this lovely scenery by putting up such hideous things."
Sandy. "Nay, it wasna that. But she 's no a guid whuskey!"
May 1, 1907.

to back against the most superbly slow-going railway Southward bound out of London.

The Marylebone terminus of the Great Central Railway was opened in March 1900 and greeted by *Punch* with a suavity unknown in his treatment of any terminus forty or fifty years earlier:—

"We welcome you to London as the latest Road of Iron—
To Marylebone your terminus has found its way at length;
Here 's greeting from the Johnian glades that classic 'LORD'S' environ,
While Regent's Park, TUSSAUD'S and Zoo salute you in full strength!
Smooth may your lines be from henceforth, and cast in pleasant places,
And may your way be permanent, your good luck be the same!
Then, running Northward, shall you win the autumn railway races
And boom initials which denote a really first-class name."

Even more pronounced is the gracious welcome which *Punch* bestowed on the Tube in July of the same year:—

"THE CENTRAL LONDON RAILWAY.

OUR sprightly contemporary the *Londoner* calls this line 'The Twopenny Tube.' Why jeer at 'Twopence'? 'Tis the price of the *Londoner* itself.

It is almost worth twopence to see any absolutely clean building in London. When that building is a railway station, it is the more surprising. If we add that it is a railway station without a single advertisement, it is evidently a marvel.

But this will not last long. So walk up, or rather walk down, or lift down, ladies and gentlemen, and see a station at present without puffs, not even puffs of smoke, where the Society for the Propagation of Encouragement to the checking of the Abuse of Advertising by Private Persons or Others in Public Places, or the Association for Abusing Advertising, or whatever its name is, might be quite happy.

Sixty feet, or more, below the level of the ground, westward from the Bank, one may find these reposeful spots. The air is countrified, for it came by the last train from Shepherd's Bush. The temperature is equable, not only cool in summer, as the upper air so often is, but warm in winter. The station is a glittering tube of spotless white tiles, bearing only one inscription—its name. It is so strange to be able to distinguish the name of a railway station anywhere that, at first, passengers will probably not see it at all.

Here is the train, ladies and gentlemen, so please step in. The carriages, made in England, are very comfortable. The seats are divided, and at first sight the space allotted appears rather small. Eighteen inches, or thereabouts, is ample if you are thin, but what if you are plump—nay, more, stout—nay, even more, fat? Why, the Company has provided even for you; and you will find transverse seats, in the middle of each carriage, where a DANIEL LAMBERT in a fur coat, with a few parcels at one side and a handbag at the other, could sit comfortably. It is not quite certain that he could get through the little gangway between the seats, but he might be hauled over the back by the other passengers.

So here 's success to the new railway. It will not interfere with existing means of transport; it will relieve them. A bicycle or two less in Oxford Street would never be missed."

This mood is so rare that I have quoted the passage at length. *Punch* says nothing of the strange and unearthly odour which was introduced to London noses by the Tube railways; and the absence of advertisements on which he comments with such approval has long since been liberally supplied.

The less fault *Punch* had to find with the management, equipment, comfort and safety of our railways, the more critical did he become of the conduct of the passenger. In his hints on the art of "making oneself thoroughly objectionable" in November, 1900, he begins with the railway-carriage as a very good place for the novice to experiment in:—

"First of all, to avoid any possibility of your operations being, so to speak, nipped in the bud and brought to an untimely end, it is advisable to select a long-distance train, and



THE ELECTRIFIED UNDERGROUND.

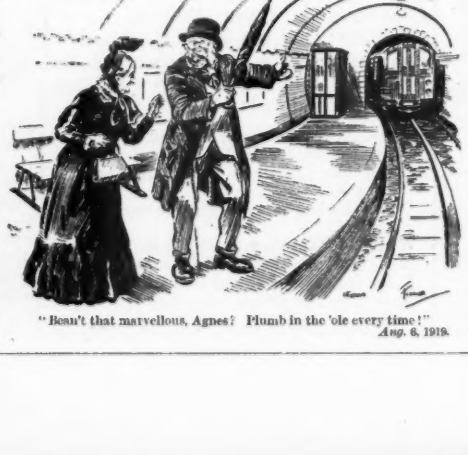
"Which do you prefer, Auntie—facing or back?"
"Well, you see, there 's no engine on this train, so it doesn't very much matter."
April 7, 1909.

one that does not stop for at least an hour after leaving the terminus. Be at the station some time beforehand and try to find a compartment in which all four corner seats have been secured by means of rugs, umbrellas or newspapers placed in them. Having satisfied yourself that the legitimate occupier of one seat is engaged at the other end of the platform looking after the luggage, you proceed to remove his belongings up into the hat-rack. Then you occupy the seat yourself. To ensure complete success at this stage, you should be of the feminine gender and call yourself a lady; in which case the exasperated individual whose place you have taken cannot very well resort to brute force just as the train is starting. . . .

"The true artist should never overdo things. The impression you have created will last for some little time now without further effort on your part. You may, however, derive some amusement from the carriage windows, particularly the one on your side. Study the taste of your fellow-passengers as regards fresh air, and endeavour to do exactly the opposite to what they would wish, by lowering or raising the windows."

Punch returns to the subject with impartial irony in the following year in his comments on the Travellers' Protection League, and suggests a further extension of their activities, hitherto confined to protests against the unpunctuality of certain Companies. We want protection against:—

1. Passengers who try to keep us out of carriages by fictitiously placing hats and wraps on more seats or corners than they will themselves occupy.
2. Passengers who endeavour to enter carriages when we have fictitiously placed hats and wraps on more seats or corners than we shall ourselves occupy.
3. People who smoke bad tobacco in compartments where there are ladies.
4. Ladies who ride in compartments where we smoke bad tobacco.



"Beau't that marvellous, Agnes? Plumb in the 'ole every time!"
Aug. 6, 1919.

5. Parties who insist upon having the window open when we wish it shut.
6. Parties who insist upon having the window shut when we wish it open.
7. Persons who try to squeeze in when our carriage is full.
8. Persons who try to keep us out when their carriage is full.
9. Objectionable babies.
10. Objectors to babies.

And a job lot of grievances, viz.:—

11. The British landscape, now consisting of pill advertisements.
12. Clapham Junction.
13. Bank Holiday traffic and excursionists, racing and football crowds.



AN OLD REPROACH.

Mr. Punch. "Glad they're settling the question of hours and wages; but what about the question of life and limb?" *Dec. 20, 1911.*

14. The weather.
15. Nasty-smelling smoke.
16. Irritatingly uncertain lamps.
17. The increase in the income-tax.
18. The duration of the war.
19. The cussedness of things in general.
20. And, lastly, the Billion Dollar Trust.

If the T. P. L. will abate or abolish any or all of these nuisances we shall be very greatly obliged.

During the last twenty years *Punch* has been more concerned with the humours than the management of our railways, and in this context it is well to draw a distinction between jokes where the humour is elemental, and real railway jokes, which could have only happened on the railway. Of these a typical example is the classical observation of the porter to the old lady travelling with a menagerie of pets: "Station-master say, Mum, as cats is 'dogs,' and rabbits is 'dogs,' and so's parrots; but this 'ere 'tortis' is a insect, so there ain't no charge for it." Since 1900, railway "cuts" have multiplied, but references in the letterpress become few and far between. I may note, however, that, in apportioning the blame for the railway trouble in 1907, *Punch* does not spare Capital. Railway Directors and Trade Unions were, in his view, equally animated by a disregard for the interests of the public. Incidentally it may be added that the volunteer service rendered by the general public in 1919 is anticipated in a humorous sketch of the experiences of an amateur porter. In 1911 *Punch* revives an old reproach in his cartoon advocating the universal use of automatic couplings.

In the "silly season" of 1910 *The Times* opened its columns to a correspondence on the improvement or "brightening" as we now call it, of railway travel. *Punch* followed suit with a list of recommendations from various imaginary correspondents, including the following:—

"BATHS ON THE UNDERGROUND.

SIR,—The suggestions for promoting the amenities of travelling that have appeared in *The Times* seem to be lamentably wanting in actuality. So far as I have seen no one has yet ventured to propose a reform which would meet a crying want—I mean the installation of a swimming bath on every train on the underground. If this were done, instead of arriving at his destination in a grimy and dusty condition, the passenger would emerge, like Venus Anadyomené, in a state of sleek and radiant bloom.

I am, yours faithfully, K. C. B.

CORRIDOR CRICKET.

SIR,—Cricket on board ship has proved an admirable means of speeding the passage of the slow hours. Surely it should be possible to have a pitch in every corridor carriage. To avoid mishaps netting should of course be rigged up and passengers only allowed to leave their compartments when 'over' was called. Another excellent idea that occurs to me is the establishment of winter gardens on the roof of the carriages, where the passengers might enjoy the air amid gay parterres, fountains, clumps of rhododendrons and other horticultural delights.

Yours obediently, TOPIARIST.

THE WAIL OF A VEGETARIAN.

SIR,—The staff of our railways, excellent in many ways, admits of enlargement in a variety of directions. There is one train on which a nurse is always in attendance, but I am not aware of any system which provides the services of a barber, a conjurer, a professional palmist, or a crystal gazer. Another point, which touches me keenly, is the inadequacy of railway cuisine. I have been a vegetarian from infancy, but have never seen a nut cutlet in the menu of the best of our restaurant cars.

I am, Sir, Yours respectfully,
CASPAR WORPLE,
President of the Twickenham Isosceles League.

HOW TO BRIGHTEN OUR TUNNELS.

SIR,—Until aerial locomotion becomes universal we shall never be able to dispense with tunnels, and tunnels to persons of a nervous temperament are always a source of apprehension and alarm. But this discomfort could be greatly alleviated if a photographic camera were installed in every compartment for the purpose of taking flashlight pictures during the passage of the train through all long tunnels. It should thus be possible for passengers at the end of their journey to acquire albums of their fellow-travellers, and so to imprint on the tablets of memory agreeable impressions which might otherwise lapse into the limbo of oblivion. Yours faithfully,
MARMADUKE PODDLE.



THE DELIVERER.

Locomotive (stationary through strike). "Once aboard the lorry and the girl is mine—no more!" *Oct. 8, 1919.*

TRAIN BANDS.

SIR,—We live in a musical age; we boast of our orchestral concerts, our various operatic companies, the Young British School, and so forth. Yet nothing has been done to enliven the monotony of railway travelling by providing concerts of classical and romantic music on board our trains. Imagine the pleasure of listening to *Elektra* on an electric railway, or BERLIOZ'S *'Descent to the Abyss'* (from his *Faust*) while racing down Shap Fell! I commend the idea to the energetic and enterprising Mr. BEECHAM.

Yours faithfully, PAGANINI JUNIOR."



FORCE OF HABIT—THE SCRUM HALF. *June 25, 1919.*

The conjurer, the crystal gazer and the palmist have as yet failed to gain the official support of our enterprising Directors. But films have been shown, classical and romantic music have been supplied by wireless, and when the recent display of mannequins is added, it will be recognised that the wildest stretch of *Punch's* prophetic imagination in 1910 is not very far ahead of the realities of 1925. WHISTLER in a famous phrase spoke of Art "creeping up" on

The Railway Centenary.

Nature. The advance of applied science in its competition with fantasy proceeds by leaps and bounds.

The question of the Channel Tunnel again became acute in 1913, and *Punch*, following the lead of *The Daily Graphic*, professed to have sounded a number of public personages as to the *pros* and *cons* of the scheme. Some of the alleged answers may be here subjoined:—

"Sir THOMAS LIPTON: I disapprove of the Tunnel. Anything that substitutes land for water is obnoxious to me. However, if you must have it, may the best tube win.

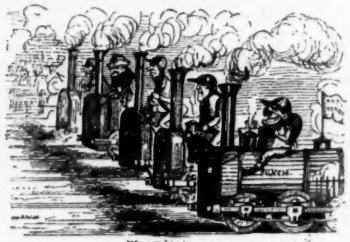
The Rev. W. A. SPOONER, Warden of New College: Many years ago, after a rough crossing, I warmed a strong fish that I might live to see the Tannel Chunnel. That fish has never waded from my heart.

Mr. ARNOLD BENNETT: The Channel Tunnel scheme is a great adventure, but personally I have no desire to be buried alive.

Mr. ALFRED NOYES: The late Sir LEWIS MORRIS is said to have composed a good deal of 'The Epic of Hades' in the Underground. The Channel Tunnel may give us a new DANTE and a finer 'Inferno.'

Mrs. ANNIE SWAN (the Scottish candidate for the laureateship):—

Though leagues of foam-flecked and tempestuous ocean
Part Albion's cliffs from France's lovely shore,
Science and subterranean erosion
Can dodge the sea. My brothers, let us bore."



"THE START." *June 7, 1845.*

According to so high an authority as Sir ARTHUR KEITH, the illustrations of *Punch* form an excellent manual for the craniologist. The railwayman will also find them helpful, I hope, as a pictorial commentary on the development of carriage- and engine-building, from the old "coaches," modelled on the horse-drawn vehicles of the posting days, to the saloons and cars and corridors; from "The Rocket" to the giant locomotives of to-day. For the rest, *Punch* does not fail to note the trials of the strap-hanger. He acquiesced in the inevitable discomforts of railway-travelling in war-time, contenting himself by quoting as a comforting thought R. L. S.'s saying that "to travel hopefully is a better thing than to arrive." As a distraction from graver cares in the black hours of the War, *Punch* found solace in the study of railway nomenclature. Thus in 1916 he compiled the following anthology of oddities from the pages of *Bradshaw* and the *A B C*:—

"RAILWAY RHYMES.

When books are pow'rless to beguile
And papers only stir my bile,
For solace and relief I flee
To *Bradshaw* or the *A B C*,
And find the best of recreations
In studying the names of stations.



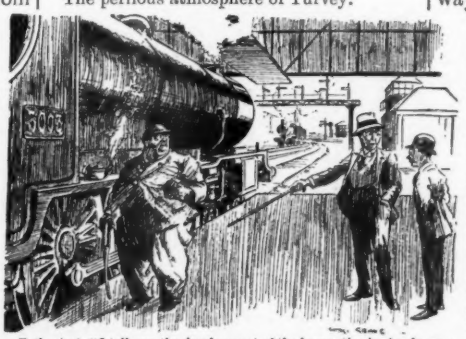
RAILWAY MORALS.

Guard. "Now, Miss! Are you going by this train?"
Miss Rebecca. "Yes. But I must have a carriage where there are no young men likely to be rude to one." *Sept. 17, 1864.*

There is not much among the *A*'s
To prompt enthusiastic praise,
But *B* is infinitely better,
And there are gems in ev'ry letter.
The only fault I have with Barnack
Is that it rhymes with Dr. HARNACK;
Barbon, Beluncle Halt, Bodorgan
Resound like chords upon the organ,
And there 's a spirit blithe and merry
In Evercreech and Egloskerry.
Park Drain and Counter Drain, I 'm sure,
Are hygienically pure,
But when æsthetically viewed
They seem to me a little crude.
I often long to visit Frant,
Hose, Little Kimble and Lelant:
And, if I had sufficient dollars,
Sibley's (for Chickney) and Neen Sollars;
Shustoke and Smeeth my soul arride,
And likewise Sholing, Sole Street, Shide,
But I 'm afraid my speech might go
Awry on reaching Spooner Row.

In serious mood I often bend
My thoughts to Ponder and his End,
And when I 'm feeling dull and down
The very name of Tibshelf Town
Rejoices me, while Par and Praze
And Pylle and Quy promote amaze.

Of all the Straths, a numerous host,
Strathbungo pleases me the most,
While I can court reluctant slumber
By murmuring thy name, Stogumber.
Were I beginning life anew
From Swadlincote I 'd take my cue,
But shun as I would shun the scurvy
The perilous atmosphere of Turvey.



Enthusiast. "I tell you the development of the locomotive is simply wonderful. Why, that engine-driver weighs more than the old 'Rocket.'"
July 30, 1919.

But though the tuneful name of Horbling
Incites to further doggerel warbling,
And Gallions, Goonbell, Gamlingay
Are each deserving of a lay,
No railway bard is worth his salt
Who cannot bear to call a 'Halt.'"

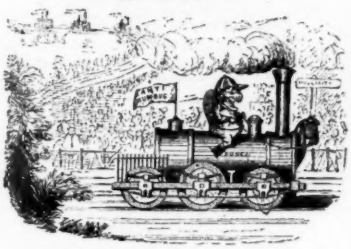
In *Punch's* early years the suburbs were many of them independent villages and treated by him as if they were almost in the provinces. The linking up of Greater London by the District and the Tubes altered his outlook, but he was not always reconciled to the claims of the "outer circle," as may be gathered from his resentment of the popularity of Ealing as a residential resort:—

"THE TYRANNY OF EALING.

(*By an Inner Circler.*)

When, as Evensong is pealing,
Campden Hill-wards bound,
I desire to reach my shieling
By the Underground;
As I humbly stand, appealing
To the indicator, 'Ealing'
Only can be found.

So I stand, my senses reeling,
Anguish in my soul,
As the trains with jolt and squealing
Ever onward roll,
Most conclusively revealing
That the whole world finds in Ealing
Its appointed goal.



THE WINNER. *June 7, 1845.*

To the isle of Cocos-Keeling
Were I forced to fly,
Or the hills of far Darjeeling
Tow'ring to the sky,
Whether walking, standing, kneeling,
They will haunt me, trains to Ealing,
Haunt me till I die."

The loyalty and energy of the railwaymen during the War was above praise. In 1919 the general strike on the railways prompted some severe criticism of the leaders, but it may suffice to remark that *Punch* accurately read the signs of the times by recognising in the motor-lorry a new and most formidable competitor of the railway-truck. Our record may be concluded with a characteristic jibe against an old butt from the "Charivaria" in 1922: "Edible snails from France are now brought to London by aeroplane. It will be remembered that in the old days, when the South-Eastern Railway had no rival, it was found quicker to let them walk the final stage of the journey."

The Railway Centenary.



A LITTLE RAILWAY DRAMA.

(Passenger in train, who naturally objects to having a nasty, odoriferous useless pet dog in the carriage, suggests to the guard that the animal should be put in the van.)
Stupid Old Lady (dashing out of the carriage). "Did it then, a darling! A pretty sweet!—did it get into a carriage with a Bre-ute?" *July* 18, 1863.



"NEM CON!"

Chatty Passenger (on G. W. Railway). "How plainly you can see the lights of Hanwell from the railway!"
Silent Man (in the corner). "Not half so plain as the lights of the train look from Hanwell!" [All change at the next station.] *Dec.* 3, 1881.



À FORTIORI.

Ticket-Collector. "Now, then, make haste! Where 's your ticket?"
Bandsman (refreshed). "Aw 've lost it!"
Ticket-Collector. "Nonsense! Feel in your pockets. Ye cannot hev lost it!"
Bandsman. "Aw cannot? Why, man, aw 've lost the *Big Drum!*" *Jan.* 21, 1871.



"MISUNDERSTOOD."

"This is not a smoking-carriage, is it?"
"No, Miss. You 'll find a smoking-carriage a little further down." *Aug.* 8, 1885.

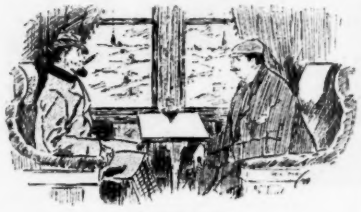
"PUNCH," as we have seen, began by viewing the railways with reluctant acquiescence tempered by grave misgivings. He was prepared to say with TENNYSON in *Locksley Hall* (which was published only a few months after his first number), "Forward, forward let us range!" but did not altogether echo the confident spirit of the next line: "Let the great world spin for ever down the ringing grooves of change." TENNYSON's metaphor was borrowed from the railway, though, as he himself afterwards admitted, he was under the impression that the wheels ran in a groove. *Punch* was a better mechanic than the Laureate, but he took longer to admit the beneficence of the new mode of motion. At the same time his best artists recognised in the relations of passengers and officials, and of passengers among themselves, a fruitful field of humorous illustration. In the little anthology of choice "cuts" with which I propose to round off this brief chronicle, priority is given to LEECH, whose drawing reproduces not only the ambrosial whiskers and the crinoline of the 'sixties, but records the undying infatuation of a certain type of elderly female for pet dogs in preference to human beings. I am sorry that I have not been able to discover in *Punch's* pages any reference to the benevolent activities of railway dogs as collectors. Nor again have I found any illustration of the undoubted fact that friendly relations are often established between total strangers in railway carriages by the presence of a dog. It depends, of course, a good deal on the manners, temper and appearance of the dog, a remark which also applies to babies.

From LEECH I go on to another great master of black-and-white, CHARLES KEENE, and his historic illustration of the convivial bandsman. The extraordinary collection of articles accumulated in Lost Property offices at railway termini acquits him of any exaggeration. Moreover CHARLES KEENE was himself a musician, though his instrument was not the big-drum but the bagpipes, and he was doubtless well acquainted with the peculiarities of bibulous instrumentalists. He would have sympathised with the late Dr. HANS RICHTER, who once reproved his orchestra for their tame performance of the *Venusberg* music from *Tannhäuser* in the words, "Gentlemen, you play it as if you were teetotalers, *which you are not.*"

Insanity has generally and rightly enjoyed immunity from facetious comment. Yet there are occasions on which the harmless lunatic can move one to mirth; and we know, on DRYDEN's authority, that "great wits to madness sure are near allied." Anyhow it was reserved for CHARLES KEENE to turn to grimly humorous account, in one of his most famous pictures, a conversation in a railway carriage on the Great Western. It is so good that it must be true. But I cannot altogether rid myself of the feeling that the silent man in the corner was not really an ex-inmate of Hanwell, but a sardonic humourist who

was pulling the leg of his chatty fellow-passenger.

DU MAURIER, though a lover of beauty, specialised at times in dreams and nightmares, to which category belongs his fantasy of aerial trains to Paris in 1870. The railway scene given on the preceding page is chosen partly because a



NOTES OF TRAVEL.

The Cunard "Special" full speed for London.

John Bull (of the World in general). "There is nothing to be alarmed at. Surely your American trains go much faster than this?"

Jonathan (from the West in particular). "Why, yaas. But 'taan't that. I'm afeard it'll run off your darned little island!" *April* 9, 1898.

Victorian like myself is always glad of an excuse to recall DU MAURIER'S gracious and graceful treatment of Victorian fashions; partly because it is typical of a misunderstanding which the modern addiction of women to the cigarette in public has rendered impossible. It is worthy of note that PHIL MAY treated the same theme with slight variations fifteen years later. Then it was an old maid who asks, "Is this a smoking compartment, young man?" to be assured by the obliging passenger, "No, Mum, 'igher up."

But to PHIL MAY belongs the exclusive credit of introducing an often-quoted saying to the pages of *Punch*—a saying which picturesquely reflects the impression made by the diminutive extent of the British Isles on a son of the "gigantic daughter of the West."



Flustered Traveller. "Porter, does this train clap at Stopham Junction?" *March* 22, 1911.

JOSEPH JEFFERSON, the most lovable of American comedians, expressed the same idea more sympathetically when he said he would like to take up our dear little country in his arms and carry her off. PHIL MAY'S American did not recognize the endearing quality of littleness; if he was alarmed it was only at the prospect of running over the edge. But "yaas" is more suggestive of Lord Dundreary than Jonathan. "Yep" is, I fancy, the correct form. *Punch* has not always been friendly towards Americans, witness his early misreading of the nobleness of character which underlay LINCOLN'S uncouth exterior. But he made handsome amends in the palinode which appeared after his assassination. And I am sure that our American cousins and comrades in arms are magnanimous enough to overlook the chaff in F. H. TOWNSEND'S picture of



Literary Mother (en route from Liverpool to London). "Say! This is Rugby! See here, Emerson, just you step right down and stand on the deepest platform, and you kin tell 'em way back home you've been where Tom Jones spent his school-days." *Oct.* 21, 1908.

the literary mother who confounded *Tom Brown* with *Tom Jones*. The genial TOM HUGHES, one of *Punch's* worthies, would have been the first to enjoy the confusion, for, though the model community which he started in Tennessee under the name of "RUGBY" was not a commercial success, he was always a great admirer of America in general and LOWELL in particular.

Railway travelling is bound to lead to confusion of speech in the flustered passenger. Mr. TOWNSEND gave us a happy example of that "accidental transposition of the initial sounds, or other parts, of two or more words known in colloquial use at Oxford from about 1885." I quote from the *New English Dictionary's* definition of "Spoonerism." The malady, however, does not seem to have spread to railway officials. *Punch* has more than once criticised the speech of railway porters, but it has been for the unintelligibility of their pronunciation, or the



A BRIGHT OUTLOOK.

Mother (in the Tube). "Stop fidgeting, 'Grace, or you shan't look out of the window!" *Aug.* 11, 1909.

practice of telescoping the names of stations, not for actually jumbling them up in the "portmanteau" fashion described by LEWIS CARROLL.

My last example of railway humour is drawn from the latest addition to our subterranean system—the Tubes. To the Tubes we owe, amongst other boons and banes, the escalator and the unearthly odour which I have already alluded to. They are, as Mr. FRANK REYNOLDS shows, powerless to eradicate from inquisitive youth the desire at all costs and hazards to look out of the window, even when there is nothing to see.

And now we must stop. If, slightly adapting *Punch's* own words at the end of his *Guide to Bradshaw*, we have shown that throughout his career as a railway commentator he has striven to combine amusement with instruction, romance with practicality, censure with approval, this Centenary Chronicle will have served its purpose. C. L. G.



With Mr. Punch's Compliments to Mr. J. H. Thomas

No. 4379 A PUNCH, OR THE LONDON CHARIVARI, June 15, 1925. Registered at the General Post Office as a Newspaper.

PUNCH

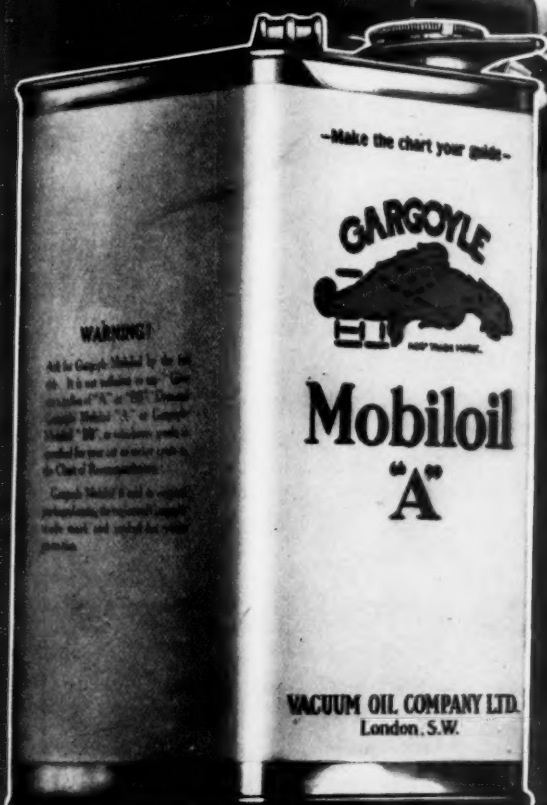


1925 SUMMER NUMBER 1/-

FR

Postage—Inland & Canada 1½d. Foreign 2½d.





Wherever you go

The delights of summer touring—whether by car or motor cycle—depend largely upon the successful running of your engine.

Start right by filling up with the correct grade of Mobiloil—a high-grade oil produced by lubrication specialists.

A long chain of Mobiloil dealers enables you to obtain supplies *wherever you go.*

Always ask for Mobiloil by the full title. It is not sufficient to say, "Give me a gallon of 'A' or 'BB'." Demand Mobiloil "A" or Mobiloil "BB," or whichever grade is specified for your car or motor cycle in the Chart of Recommendations.

These Booklets Free

"Correct Lubrication for Cars" and "Correct Lubrication for Motor Cycles" are two well-illustrated and instructive booklets which should be in the hands of every car or motor cycle owner. Write to our Head Office, Caxton House, Westminster, S.W.1

VACUUM OIL COMPANY, LTD